CYCLOPÆDIA

OF

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

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ENGLISH LITERATURE;

A HISTORY, CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL, OF BRITISH AUTHORS,

FROM THE EARLIEST TO THE PRESENT TIMES.

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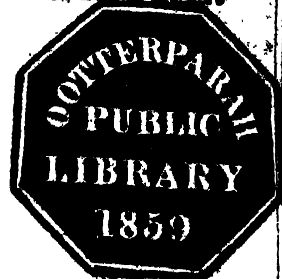
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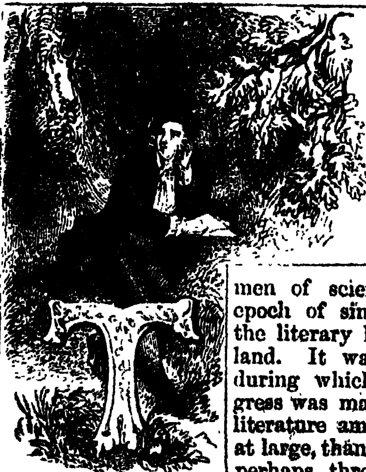
CYCLOPÆDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.



Sixth Period.

FROM 1727 TO 1780.

POETS.



THE fifty-three years between 1727 and 1780, comprehending the reign of George II., and a portion of that of George III., produced more men of letters, as well as more men of science, than any epoch of similar extent in the literary history of England. It was also a time during which greater progress was made in diffusing literature among the people at large, than had been made, perhaps, throughout all the ages that went before it. Yet while letters, and the cultivators of letters, were thus abundant, it must be allowed that, if we keep out of view the rise of the species of fiction called the *novel* (including the delineation of character and not merely incidents), the age was not by any means marked by such striking features of originality or vigour as some of the preceding eras.

For about a third of this period Pope lived, and his name continued to be the greatest in English poetry. The most distinguished of his contemporaries, however, adopted styles of their own, or at least departed widely from that of their illustrious master. Thomson (who survived Pope only four years) made no attempt to enter the school of polished satire and pungent wit. His enthusiastic descriptions of nature, and his warm poetical feeling, seemed to revive the spirit of the elder muse, and to assert the dignity of genuine inspiration. Young in his best performances—his startling denunciations of death and judgment, his solemn appeals, his piety, and his epigram—was equally an original. Gray and Collins aimed at the dazzling imagery and magnificence of lyrical poetry—the direct antipodes of Pope. Akenside descanted on the operations of the mind, and the associated charms of taste and genius, in a strain of melodious and original blank verse. Goldsmith blended morality and philosophy with a beautiful simplicity of expression and numbers, pathetic imagery, and natural description. Beattie portrayed the romantic hopes and aspirations of youthful genius in a style formed from imitation of Spenser and Thomson. And the best of the secondary poets, as Shenstone, Dyer, and Mason, had each a distinct and independent poetical character. Johnson alone, of all the eminent authors of this period, seems to have directly copied the style of Pope and Dryden. The publication of Percy's *Reliques*, and Warton's *History of Poetry*, may be here adverted to, as directing public attention to the early writers, and to the powerful effects which could be produced by simple narrative and natural emotion in verse. It is true that few or none of the poets we have named had much immediate influence on literature: Gray was ridiculed, and Collins was neglected, because both public taste and criticism had been vitiated and reduced to a low ebb. The spirit of true poetry, however, was not broken; the seed was sown, and in the next generation, Cowper completed what Thomson had begun. The conventional style was destined to fall, leaving only that taste for correct language and versification which was established by the example of Pope, and found to be quite compatible with the utmost freedom and originality of conception and expression.

In describing the poets of this period, it will not be necessary to include all the names that have descended to us dignified with this title. But we shall omit none whose literary history is important, singular, or instructive.

RICHARD SAVAGE.

RICHARD SAVAGE is better known for his misfortunes, as related by Johnson, than for any peculiar

R: Savage

novelty or merit in his poetry. The latter rarely rises above the level of tame mediocrity; the former were a romance of real life, stranger than fiction. Savage was born in London in 1698, the issue of an adulterous connexion between the Countess of Mac-

clesfield and Lord Rivers. The lady openly avowed her profligacy, in order to obtain a divorce from her husband, with whom she lived on unhappy terms, and the illegitimate child was born after their separation. He was placed under the charge of a poor woman, and brought up as her son. The boy, however, obtained a superior education through the care and generosity of his maternal grandmother, Lady Mason, who placed him at a grammar-school in St Albans. Whilst he was there Lord Rivers died, and in his last illness, it is said the countess had the inhumanity and falsehood to state that Savage was dead, by which he was deprived of a provision intended for him by his father. Such unnatural and unprincipled conduct almost exceeds belief. The boy was now withdrawn from school, and placed apprentice to a shoemaker; but an accident soon revealed his birth and the cause of its concealment. His nurse and supposed mother died, and among her effects Savage found some letters which disclosed the circumstances of his paternity. The discovery must have seemed like the opening of a new world to his hopes and ambition. He was already distinguished for quickness and proficiency, and for a sanguine enthusiastic temperament. A bright prospect had dawned on him; he was allied to rank and opulence; and though his birth was accompanied by humiliating circumstances, it was not probable that he felt these deeply, in the immediate view of emancipation from the low station and ignoble employment to which he had been harshly condemned. We know also that Savage was agitated by those tenderer feelings which link the child to the parent, and which must have burst upon him with peculiar force after so unexpected and wonderful a discovery. The mother of the youth, however, was an exception to ordinary humanity—an anomaly in the history of the female heart. She had determined to disown him, and repulsed every effort at acknowledgment and recognition—

Alone from strangers every comfort flowed.

His remarkable history became known, and friends sprang up to shield the hapless youth from poverty. Unfortunately, the vices and frailties of his own character began soon to be displayed. Savage was not destitute of a love of virtue and principles of piety, but his habits were low and sensual. His temper was irritable and capricious; and whatever money he received was instantly spent in the obscure haunts of dissipation. In a tavern brawl he had the misfortune to kill a Mr James Sinclair, for which he was tried and condemned to death. His relentless mother, it is said, endeavoured to intercept the royal mercy; but Savage was pardoned by Queen Caroline, and set at liberty. He published various poetical pieces as a means of support; and having addressed a birth-day ode to the queen, calling himself the 'Volunteer Laureate' (to the annoyance, it is said, of Colley Cibber, the legitimate inheritor of the laurel), her majesty sent him £50, and continued the same sum to him every year. His threats and menaces induced Lord Tyrconnel, a friend of his mother, to take him into his family, where he lived on equal terms, and was allowed a sum of £200 per annum. This, as Johnson remarks, was the 'golden period' of Savage's life. As might have been foreseen, however, the habits of the poet differed very widely from those of the peer; they soon quarrelled, and the former was again set adrift on the world. The death of the queen also stopped his pension; but his friends made up an annuity for him of equal amount, to which Pope generously contributed £20. Savage agreed to withdraw to the country to avoid the temptations of London. He selected Swansea, but stopping at Bristol, was treated with great kindness by the opulent merchants and other inhabitants, whom he afterwards libelled in a sarcastic poem. In Swansea he resided about a year; but on revisiting Bristol, he was arrested for a small debt, and being unable to find bail, was thrown into prison. His folly, extravagance, and pride, though it was 'pride that licks the dust,' had left him almost without a friend. He made no vigorous effort to extricate or maintain himself. Pope continued his allowance; but being provoked by some part of his conduct, he wrote to him, stating that he was 'determined to keep out of his suspicion by not being officious any longer, or obtruding into any of his concerns.' Savage felt the force of this rebuke from the steadiest and most illustrious of his friends. He was soon afterwards taken ill, and his condition not enabling him to procure medical assistance, he was found dead in his bed on the morning of the 1st of August 1743. The keeper of the prison, who had treated him with great kindness, buried the unfortunate poet at his own expense.

Savage was the author of two plays, and a volume of miscellaneous poems. Of the latter, the principal piece is *The Wanderer*, written with greater care than most of his other productions, as it was the offspring of that happy period of his life when he lived with Lord Tyrconnel. Amidst much puerile and tawdry description, 'The Wanderer' contains some impressive passages. The versification is easy and correct. *The Bastard* is, however, a superior poem, and bears the impress of true and energetic feeling. One couplet is worthy of Pope. Of the bastard he says,

He lives to build, not boast a generous race:
No tenth transmitter of a foolish face.

The concluding passage, in which he mourns over the fatal act by which he deprived a fellow mortal of life, and over his own distressing condition, possesses a genuine and manly pathos:—

Is chance a guilt, that my disastrous heart,
For mischief never meant, must ever smart?
Can self-defence be sin? Ah, plead no more!
What though no purposed malice stained thee o'er?
Had heaven befriended thy unhappy side,
Thou hadst not been provoked—or thou hadst died.
Far be the guilt of homeshed blood from all
On whom, unsought, embroiling dangers fall!
Still the pale dead revives, and lives to me,
To me! through Pity's eye condemned to see.
Remembrance veils his rage, but swells his fate;
Grieved I forgive, and am grown cool too late.
Young and unthoughtful then; who knows, one day,
What ripening virtues might have made their way!
He might have lived till folly died in shame,
Till kindling wisdom felt a thirst for fame.
He might perhaps his country's friend have proved;
Both happy, generous, candid, and beloved;
He might have saved some worth, now doomed to fall,
And I, perchance, in him, have murdered all.
O fate of late repentance! always vain:
Thy remedies but lull undying pain.
Where shall my hope find rest? No mother's care
Shielded my infant innocence with prayer:
No father's guardian hand my youth maintained,
Called forth my virtues, or from vice restrained;
Is it not thine to snatch some powerful arm,
First to advance, then screen from future harm?
Am I returned from death to live in pain?
Or would imperial pity save in vain?
Distrust it not. What blame can mercy find,
Which gives at once a life, and rears a mind?
Mother, miscalled, farewell—of soul severe,
This sad reflection yet may force one tear:

All I was wretched by to you I owed;
Alone from strangers every comfort flowed!
Lost to the life you gave, your son no more,
And now adopted, who was doomed before,
New born, I may a nobler mother claim,
But dare not whisper her immortal name;
Supremely lovely, and serenely great,
Majestic mother of a kneeling state;
Queen of a people's heart, who ne'er before
Agreed—yet now with one consent adore!
One contest yet remains in this desire,
Who most shall give applause where all admire.

[*From The Wanderer.*]

Yon mansion, made by beaming tapers gay,
Drowns the dim night, and counterfeits the day;
From lumined windows glancing on the eye,
Around, athwart, the frisking shadows fly.
There midnight riot spreads illusive joys,
And fortune, health, and dearer time destroys.
Soon death's dark agent to luxuriant ease
Shall wake sharp warnings in some fierce disease.
O man! thy fabric 's like a well-formed state;
Thy thoughts, first ranked, were sure designed the great;
Passions plebeians are, which faction raise;
Wine, like poured oil, excites the raging blaze;
Then giddy anarchy's rude triumphs rise:
Then sovereign Reason from her empire flies:
That ruler once deposed, wisdom and wit,
To noise and folly place and power submit;
Like a frail bark thy weakened mind is tost,
Unsteered, unbalanced, till its wealth is lost.
The miser-spirit eyes the spendthrift heir,
And mourns, too late, effects of sordid care.
His treasures fly to cloy each fawning slave,
Yet grudge a stone to dignify his grave.
For this, low-thoughted craft his life employed;
For this, though wealthy, he no wealth enjoyed;
For this, he griped the poor, and alms denied,
Unfriended lived, and unlamented died.
Yet smile, grieved shade! when that unprosperous store
Fast lessens, when gay hours return no more;
Smile at thy heir, beholding, in his fall,
Men once obliged, like him, ungrateful all!
Then thought-inspiring wo his heart shall mend,
And prove his only wise, unflattering friend.
Folly exhibits thus unmanly sport,
While plotting mischief keeps reserved her court.
Lo! from that mount, in blasting sulphur broke,
Stream flames voluminous, enwrapped with smoke!
In chariot-shape they whirl up yonder tower,
Lean on its brow, and like destruction lower!
From the black depth a fiery legion springs;
Each bold bad spectre claps her sounding wings:
And straight beneath a summoned, traitorous band,
On horror bent, in dark convention stand:
From each fiend's mouth a ruddy vapour flows,
Glides through the roof, and o'er the council glows:
The villains, close beneath the infection pent,
Feel, all possessed, their rising galls ferment;
And burn with faction, hate, and vengeful ire,
For rapine, blood, and devastation dire!
But justice marks their ways: she waves in air
The sword, high-threatening, like a comet's glare.
While here dark villany herself deceives,
There studious honesty our view relieves.
A feeble taper from yon lonesome room,
Scattering thin rays, just glimmers through the gloom.
There sits the sapient bard in museful mood,
And glows impassioned for his country's good!
All the bright spirits of the just combined,
Inform, refine, and prompt his towering mind!

ROBERT BLAIR.

Mr Southey has incautiously ventured a statement in his 'Life of Cowper,' that Blair's *Grave* is the only poem he could call to mind which has been composed in imitation of the 'Night Thoughts.' 'The Grave' was written prior to the publication of the 'Night Thoughts,' and has no other resemblance to the work of Young, than that it is of a serious devout cast, and is in blank verse. The author was an accomplished and exemplary Scottish clergyman, who enjoyed some private fortune, independent of his profession, and was thus enabled to live in a superior style, and cultivate the acquaintance of the neighbouring gentry. As a poet of pleasing and elegant manners, a botanist and florist, as well as a man of scientific and general knowledge, his society was much courted, and he enjoyed the correspondence of Dr Isaac Watts and Dr Doddridge. Blair was born in Edinburgh in 1699, his father being minister of the Old Church there. In 1731 he was appointed to the living of Athelstaneford, a parish in East Lothian. Previous to his ordination, he had written 'The Grave,' and submitted the manuscript to Watts and Doddridge. It was published in 1743. Blair died at the age of forty-seven, in February 1746. By his marriage with a daughter of Mr Law, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh (to whose memory he dedicated a poem), he left a numerous family; and his fourth son, a distinguished lawyer, rose to be Lord President of the Court of Session.

'The Grave' is a complete and powerful poem, of limited design, but masterly execution. The subject precluded much originality of conception, but, at the same time, is recommended by its awful importance and its universal application. The style seems to be formed upon that of the old sacred and puritanical poets, elevated by the author's admiration of Milton and Shakspeare. There is a Scottish presbyterian character about the whole, relieved by occasional flashes and outbreaks of true genius. These coruscations sometimes subside into low and vulgar ideas, as towards the close of the following noble passage:—

Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war?
The Roman Cæsars and the Grecian chiefs,
The boast of story? Where the hot-brained youth,
Who the tiara at his pleasure tore
From kings of all the then discovered globe;
And cried, forsooth, because his arm was hampered,
And had not room enough to do its work?
Alas, how slim—dishonourably slim!
And crammed into a space we blush to name!
Proud royalty! How altered in thy looks!
How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!
Son of the morning! whither art thou gone?
Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,
And the majestic menace of thine eyes,
Felt from afar? Pliant and powerless now:
Like new-born infant wound up in his swathes,
Or victim tumbled flat upon his back,
That throbs beneath his sacrificer's knife;
Mute must thou bear the strife of little tongues,
And coward insults of the base-born crowd,
That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,
But only hoped for in the peaceful grave—
Of being unmolested and alone!
Arabia's gums and odoriferous drugs,
And honours by the heralds duly paid
In mode and form, e'en to a very scruple;
(Oh cruel irony!) these come too late,
And only mock whom they were meant to honour!

The death of the strong man is forcibly depicted—

Strength, too! thou surly and less gentle boast
Of those that laugh loud at the village ring!
A fit of common sickness pulls thee down
With greater ease than e'er thou didst the stripling
That rashly dared thee to the unequal fight.
What groan was that I heard? Deep groan, indeed,
With anguish heavy laden! let me trace it:
From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man,
By stronger arm belaboured, gasps for breath
Like a hard-hunted beast. How his great heart
Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too scant
To give the lungs full play! What now avail
The strong-built sinewy limbs and well-spread shoulders?
See, how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
Mad with his pain! Eager he catches hold
Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,
Just like a creature drowning. Hideous sight!
Oh how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly!
While the distemper's rank and deadly venom
Shoots like a burning arrow 'cross his bowels,
And drinks his marrow up. Heard you that groan?
It was his last. See how the great Goliah,
Just like a child that brawled itself to rest,
Lies still. What mean'st thou then, O mighty boaster,
To vaunt of nerves of thine? What means the bull,
Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,
And flee before a feeble thing like man;
That, knowing well the slackness of his arm,
Trusts only in the well-invented knife?

In our extracts from Congreve, we have quoted a passage, much admired by Johnson, descriptive of the awe and fear inspired by a cathedral scene at midnight, 'where all is hushed and still as death.' Blair has ventured on a similar description, and has imparted to it a terrible and gloomy power—

See yonder hallowed fane! the pious work
Of names once famed, now dubious or forgot,
And buried midst the wreck of things which were:
There lie interred the more illustrious dead.
The wind is up: hark! how it howls! methinks
Till now I never heard a sound so dreary!
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird,
Rocked in the spire, screams loud: the gloomy aisles,
Black-plastered, and hung round with shreds of 'scutcheons,
And tattered coats of arms, send back the sound,
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
The mansions of the dead. Roused from their slumbers,
In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
Grin horrible, and, obstinately sullen,
Pass and repass, hushed as the foot of night.
Again the screech-owl shrieks—ungracious sound!
I'll hear no more; it makes one's blood run chill.

With tenderness equal to his strength, Blair laments the loss of death-divided friendships—

Invidious Grave! how dost thou rend in sunder
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one!
A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.
Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweetener of life! and solder of society!
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserved from me
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I proved the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of thy gentle heart,
Anxious to please. Oh! when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wandered heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-covered bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
In grateful errors through the underwood,
Sweet murmuring, methought the shrill-tongued thrush
Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird
Mellowed his pipe, and softened every note:
The eglantine smelled sweeter, and the rose
Assumed a dye more deep; whilst every flower
Vied with its fellow-plant in luxury
Of dress! Oh! then the longest summer's day
Seemed too, too much in haste: still, the full heart
Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!

Some of his images are characterised by a Shakspearian force and picturesque fancy: of suicides, he says—

The common damned shun their society,
And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.

Men see their friends

Drop off like leaves in autumn; yet launch out
Into fantastic schemes, *which the long livers
In the world's hale and undegenerate days*
Would scarce have leisure for.

The divisions of churchmen are for ever closed—

The lawn-robed prelate and plain presbyter,
Erewhile that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
Familiar mingle here, *like sister-streams
That some rude interposing rock has split.*

Man, sick of bliss, tried evil; and, as a result—

The good he scorned
Stalked off reluctant, like an ill-used ghost,
Not to return; or, if it did, in visits,
Like those of angels, short and far between.

The latter simile has been appropriated by Mr Campbell, in his 'Pleasures of Hope,' with one slight verbal alteration, which can scarcely be called an improvement—

What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
Like angel visits, few and far between.

The original comparison seems to belong to an obscure religious poet, Norris of Bemerton, who, prior to Blair, wrote a poem, 'The Parting,' which contains the following verse:—

How fading are the joys we dote upon;
Like apparitions seen and gone;
But those who soonest take their flight,
Are the most exquisite and strong,
Like angels' visits short and bright;
Mortality's too weak to bear them long.

The conclusion of 'The Grave' has been pronounced to be inferior to the earlier portions of the poem; yet the following passage has a dignity, pathos, and devotional rapture, equal to the higher flights of Young:—

Thrice welcome, Death!
That, after many a painful bleeding step,
Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe
On the long-wished-for shore. Prodigious change!
Our bane turned to a blessing! Death, disarmed,
Loses his fellness quite; all thanks to Him
Who scourged the venom out. Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace! How calm his exit!
Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.
Behold him! in the evening tide of life,
A life well spent, whose early care it was
His riper years should not upbraid his green:
By unperceived degrees he wears away;
Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting!
High in his faith and hopes, look how he reaches
After the prize in view! and, like a bird
That's hampered, struggles hard to get away!
Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
Of the fast-coming harvest. Then, oh then,

Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
Shrunk to a thing of nought! Oh, how he longs
To have his passport signed, and be dismissed!
'Tis done—and now he's happy! The glad soul
Has not a wish uncrowned. E'en the lag flesh
Rests, too, in hope of meeting once again
Its better half, never to sunder more.
Nor shall it hope in vain: the time draws on
When not a single spot of burial earth,
Whether on land, or in the spacious sea,
But must give back its long-committed dust
Inviolate; and faithfully shall these
Make up the full account; not the least atom
Embezzled or mislaid of the whole tale.
Each soul shall have a body ready furnished;
And each shall have his own. Hence, ye profane!
Ask not how this can be? Sure the same power
That reared the piece at first, and took it down,
Can re-assemble the loose scattered parts,
And put them as they were. Almighty God
Hath done much more: nor is his arm impaired
Through length of days; and what he can, he will;
His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.
When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumbering dust,
Not unattentive to the call, shall wake;
And every joint possess its proper place,
With a new elegance of form, unknown
To its first state. Nor shall the conscious soul
Mistake its partner, but amidst the crowd,
Singling its other half, into its arms
Shall rush, with all the impatience of a man
That's new come home, and, having long been absent,
With haste runs over every different room,
In pain to see the whole. Thrice-happy meeting!
Nor time, nor death, shall ever part them more.
'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night;
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone!
Thus, at the shut of even, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
Cowers down, and dozes till the dawn of day,
Then claps his well-fledged wings, and bears away.

DR WATTS.

Isaac Watts—a name never to be pronounced without reverence by any lover of pure Christianity, or by any well-wisher of mankind—was born at Southampton, July 17, 1674. His parents were remarkable for piety. Means would have been pro-



Dr Watts.

vided for placing him at the university, but he early inclined to the Dissenters, and he was educated at one of their establishments, taught by the Rev. Thomas Rowe. He was afterwards four years in the family of Sir John Hartopp, at Stoke Newington. Here he was chosen (1698) assistant minister by an Independent congregation, of which four years after he succeeded to the full charge; but bad health soon rendered him unfit for the performance of the heavy labours thus imposed upon him, and in his turn he required the assistance of a joint pastor. His health continuing to decline, Watts was received



Abney House.

in 1712 into the house of a benevolent gentleman of his neighbourhood, Sir Thomas Abney of Abney Park, where he spent all the remainder of his life. There is no circumstance in English literary biography parallel to the residence of this sacred bard in the house of a friend for the long period of thirty-

six years. Abney House was a handsome mansion, surrounded by beautiful pleasure-grounds. He had apartments assigned to him, of which he enjoyed the use as freely as if he had been the master of the house. Dr Gibbons says, 'Here, without any care of his own, he had everything which could contribute to the enjoyment of life, and favour the pursuit of his studies. Here he dwelt in a family which, for piety, order, harmony, and every virtue, was a house of God. Here he had the privilege of a country recess, the fragrant bower, the spreading lawn, the flowery garden, and other advantages to soothe his mind and aid his restoration to health; to yield him, whenever he chose them, most grateful intervals from his laborious studies, and enable him to return to them with redoubled vigour and delight.' The death of Sir Thomas Abney, eight years after he went to reside with him, made no change in these agreeable arrangements, as the same benevolent patronage was extended to him by the widow, who outlived him a year. While in this retirement, he preached occasionally, but gave the most of his time to study, and to the composition of those works which have given him a name in the annals of literature. His treatises on *Logic* and on the *Improvement of the Mind* are still highly prized for their cogency of argument and felicity of illustration. Watts also wrote several theological works and volumes of sermons. His poetry consists almost wholly of devotional hymns, which, by their simplicity, their unaffected ardour, and their imagery, powerfully arrest the attention of children, and are never forgotten in mature life. In infancy we learn the hymns of Watts, as part of maternal instruction, and in youth his moral and logical treatises impart the germs of correct reasoning and virtuous self-government. The life of this good and useful man terminated on the 25th of November 1748, having been prolonged to the advanced age of seventy-five.

[*The Rose.*]

How fair is the rose! what a beautiful flower,
The glory of April and May!
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
Above all the flowers of the field;
When its leaves are all dead, and its fine colours lost,
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield!

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
Though they bloom and look gay like the rose;
But all our fond care to preserve them is vain,
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth nor my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade;
But gain a good name by well-doing my duty;
This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.

[*The Hebrew Bard.*]

* * *

Softly the tuneful shepherd leads
The Hebrew flocks to flowery meads:
He marks their path with notes divine,
While fountains spring with oil and wine.

Rivers of peace attend his song,
And draw their milky train along.
He jars; and, lo! the flints are broke,
But honey issues from the rock.

When, kindling with victorious fire,
He shakes his lance across the lyre,
The lyre resounds unknown alarms,
And sets the Thunderer in arms.

Behold the God! the Almighty King
Rides on a tempest's glorious wing:
His ensigns lighten round the sky,
And moving legions sound on high.

Ten thousand cherubs wait his course,
Chariots of fire and flaming horse:
Earth trembles; and her mountains flow,
At his approach, like melting snow.

But who those frowns of wrath can draw,
That strike heaven, earth, and hell, with awe?
Red lightning from his eyelids broke;
His voice was thunder, hail, and smoke.

He spake; the cleaving waters fled,
And stars beheld the ocean's bed:
While the great Master strikes his lyre,
You see the frighted floods retire:

In heaps the frighted billows stand,
Waiting the changes of his hand:
He leads his Israel through the sea,
And watery mountains guard their way.

Turning his hand with sovereign sweep,
He drowns all Egypt in the deep:
Then guides the tribes, a glorious band,
Through deserts to the promised land.

Here camps, with wide-embattled force,
Here gates and bulwarks stop their course;
He storms the mounds, the bulwark falls,
The harp lies strewed with ruined walls.

See his broad sword flies o'er the strings,
And mows down nations with their kings:
From every chord his bolts are hurled,
And vengeance smites the rebel world.

Lo! the great poet shifts the scene,
And shows the face of God serene.
Truth, meekness, peace, salvation, ride,
With guards of justice at his side.

* * *

[*A Summer Evening.*]

How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun,
How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
And there followed some droppings of rain!
But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best;
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretells a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian; his course he begins,
Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears; then he breaks out and shines,
And travels his heavenly way:
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope at the end of his days,
Of rising in brighter array.

EDWARD YOUNG.

EDWARD YOUNG, author of the *Night Thoughts*, was born in 1681 at Upham, in Hampshire, where his father (afterwards dean of Salisbury) was rector. He was educated at Winchester school, and subsequently at All Souls' college, Oxford. In 1712 he commenced public life as a courtier and poet, and he continued both characters till he was past eighty. One of his patrons was the notorious Duke of Wharton, 'the scorn and wonder of his days,' whom Young accompanied to Ireland in 1717. He was next tutor to Lord Burleigh, and was induced to give up this situation by Wharton, who promised to provide for him in a more suitable and ample

manner. The duke also prevailed on Young, as a political supporter, to come forward as a candidate for the representation of the borough of Cirencester in parliament, and he gave him a bond for £600 to defray the expenses. Young was defeated, Wharton died, and the court of chancery decided against the validity of the bond. The poet, being now qualified by experience, published a satire on the *Universal Passion—the Love of Fame*, which is at once keen and powerful, and the nearest approach we have to the polished satire of Pope. When upwards of fifty, Young entered the church, wrote a panegyric on the king, and was made one of his majesty's chaplains. Swift has said that the poet was compelled to



Edward Young.

——— torture his invention
To flatter knaves, or lose his pension.

But it does not appear that there was any other reward than the appointment as chaplain. In 1730, Young obtained from his college the living of Welwyn, in Hertfordshire, where he was destined to close his days. He was eager to obtain further preferment, but having in his poetry professed a strong love of retirement, the ministry seized upon this as a pretext for keeping him out of a bishopric. The poet made a noble alliance with the daughter of the Earl of Lichfield, widow of Colonel Lee, which lasted ten years, and proved a happier union than the titled marriages of Dryden and Addison. The lady had two children by her first marriage, to whom Young was warmly attached. Both died; and when the mother also followed, Young composed his 'Night Thoughts.' Sixty years had strengthened and enriched his genius, and augmented even the brilliancy of his fancy. In 1761 the poet was made clerk of the closet to the Princess Dowager of Wales, and died four years afterwards, in April 1765, at the advanced age of eighty-four.

A life of so much action and worldly anxiety has rarely been united to so much literary industry and genius. In his youth, Young was gay and dissipated, and all his life he was an indefatigable courtier. In his poetry he is a severe moralist and ascetic divine. That he felt the emotions he describes, must be true; but they did not permanently influence his conduct. He was not weaned from the world till age had incapacitated him for its pursuits; and the epigrammatic point and wit of his 'Night Thoughts,' with the gloomy views it presents of life and religion, show the poetical artist fully as much as the humble and penitent Christian. His works are numerous; but the best are the 'Night Thoughts,' the 'Universal Passion,' and the tragedy of *Revenge*. The foundation of his great poem was family misfortune, coloured and exaggerated for poetical effect—

Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?
Thy shafts flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain;
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had filled her horn.

This rapid succession of bereavements was a poetical license; for in one of the cases there was an interval of four years, and in another of seven months. The profligate character of Lorenzo has been supposed to indicate Young's own son. It seems to us a mere fancy sketch. Like the character of Childe Harold, in the hands of Byron, it afforded the poet scope for dark and powerful painting, and was made the vehicle for bursts of indignant virtue, sorrow, regret, and admonition. This artificial character pervades the whole poem, and is essentially a part of its structure. But it still leaves to our admiration many noble and sublime passages, where the poet speaks as from inspiration—with the voice of one crying in the wilderness—of life, death, and immortality. The truths of religion are enforced with a commanding energy and persuasion. Epigram and repartee are then forgotten by the poet; fancy yields to feeling; and where imagery is employed, it is select, nervous, and suitable. In this sustained and impressive style Young seldom remains long at a time; his desire to say witty and smart things, to load his picture with supernumerary horrors, and conduct his personages to their 'sulphureous or ambrosial seats,' soon converts the great poet into the painter and epigrammatist. The ingenuity of his second style is in some respects as wonderful as the first, but it is of a vastly inferior order of poetry. Mr Southey thinks, that when Johnson said (in his 'Life of Milton') that 'the good and evil of eternity were too ponderous for the wings of wit,' he forgot Young. The moral critic could not, however, but have condemned even witty thoughts and sparkling metaphors, which are so incongruous and misplaced. The 'Night Thoughts,' like 'Hudibras,' is too pointed, and too full of compressed reflection and illustration, to be read continuously with pleasure. Nothing can atone for the want of simplicity and connection in a long poem. In Young there is no plot or progressive interest. Each of the nine books is independent of the other. The general reader, therefore, seeks out favourite passages for perusal, or contents himself with a single excursion into his wide and variegated field. But the more carefully it is studied, the more extraordinary and magnificent will the entire poem appear. The fertility of his fancy, the pregnancy of his wit and knowledge, the striking and felicitous combinations everywhere presented, are indeed remarkable. Sound sense is united to poetical imagery; maxims of the highest practical value, and passages of great force, tenderness, and everlasting truth, are constantly rising, like sunshine, over the quaint and gloomy recesses of the poet's imagination—

The glorious fragments of a fire immortal,
With rubbish mixed, and glittering in the dust.

After all his bustling toils and ambition, how finely

does Young advert to the quiet retirement of his country life—

Blest be that hand divine, which gently laid
My heart at rest beneath this humble shade!
The world's a stately bark, on dangerous seas,
With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril;
Here, on a single plank, thrown safe ashore,
I hear the tumult of the distant throng,
As that of seas remote, or dying storms;
And meditate on scenes more silent still;
Pursue my theme, and fight the fear of death.
Here like a shepherd, gazing from his hut,
Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,
Eager ambition's fiery chase I see;
I see the circling hunt of noisy men
Burst law's enclosure, leap the mounds of right,
Pursuing and pursued, each other's prey;
As wolves for rapine; as the fox for wiles;
Till death, that mighty hunter, earths them all.
Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
What though we wade in wealth, or soar in fame,
Earth's highest station ends in 'here he lies,'
And 'dust to dust' concludes her noblest song.

And when he argues in favour of the immortality of man from the analogies of nature, with what exquisite taste and melody does he characterise the changes and varied appearances of creation—

Look nature through, 'tis revolution all;
All change, no death; day follows night, and night
The dying day; stars rise and set, and set and rise:
Earth takes the example. See, the Summer gay,
With her green chaplet and ambrosial flowers,
Droops into pallid Autumn: Winter gray,
Horrid with frost and turbulent with storm,
Blows Autumn and his golden fruits away,
Then melts into the Spring: soft Spring, with breath
Favonian, from warm chambers of the south,
Recalls the first. All, to reflourish, fades:
As in a wheel, all sinks to reascend:
Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.

He thus moralises on human life—

———— Life speeds away
From point to point, though seeming to stand still.
The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth,
Too subtle is the movement to be seen;
Yet soon man's hour is up, and we are gone.
Warnings point out our danger; gnomons, time;
As these are useless when the sun is set,
So those, but when more glorious reason shines.
Reason should judge in all; in reason's eye
That sedentary shadow travels hard.
But such our gravitation to the wrong,
So prone our hearts to whisper that we wish,
'Tis later with the wise than he's aware:
A Wilmington[1] goes slower than the sun:
And all mankind mistake their time of day;
Even age itself. Fresh hopes are hourly sown
In furrowed brows. To gentle life's descent
We shut our eyes, and think it is a plain.
We take fair days in winter for the spring,
And turn our blessings into bane. Since oft
Man must compute that age he cannot feel,
He scarce believes he's older for his years.
Thus, at life's latest eve, we keep in store
One disappointment sure, to crown the rest—
The disappointment of a promised hour.

And again in a still nobler strain, where he compares human life to the sea—

Self-flattered, unexperienced, high in hope,
When young, with sanguine cheer and streamers gay,
We cut our cable, launch into the world,
And fondly dream each wind and star our friend;
All in some darling enterprise embarked:
But where is he can fathom its event?
Amid a multitude of artless hands,
Ruin's sure perquisite, her lawful prize!
Some steer aright, but the black blast blows hard,
And puffs them wide of hope: with hearts of proof
Full against wind and tide, some win their way,
And when strong effort has deserved the port,
And tugged it into view, 'tis won! 'tis lost!
Though strong their oar, still stronger is their fate:
They strike! and while they triumph they expire.
In stress of weather most, some sink outright;
O'er them, and o'er their names the billows close;
To-morrow knows not they were ever born.
Others a short memorial leave behind,
Like a flag floating when the bark's ingulfed;
It floats a moment, and is seen no more.
One Cæsar lives; a thousand are forgot.
How few beneath auspicious planets born
(Darlings of Providence! fond Fate's elect!)
With swelling sails make good the promised port,
With all their wishes freighted! yet even these,
Freighted with all their wishes, soon complain;
Free from misfortune, not from nature free,
They still are men, and when is man secure?
As fatal time, as storm! the rush of years
Beats down their strength, their numberless escapes
In ruin end. And now their proud success
But plants new terrors on the victor's brow:
What pain to quit the world, just made their own,
Their nest so deeply downed, and built so high!
Too low they build, who build beneath the stars.

With such a throng of poetical imagery, bursts of sentiment, and rays of fancy, does the poet-divine clothe the trite and simple truths, that all is vanity, and that man is born to die!

These thoughts, O Night! are thine;
From thee they came like lovers' secret sighs,
While others slept. So Cynthia, poets feign,
In shadows veiled, soft, sliding from her sphere,
Her shepherd cheered; of her enamoured less
Than I of thee. And art thou still unsung,
Beneath whose brow, and by whose aid, I sing?
Immortal silence! where shall I begin?
Where end? or how steal music from the spheres
To soothe their goddess?
O majestic Night!
Nature's great ancestor! Day's elder born!
And fated to survive the transient sun!
By mortals and immortals seen with awe!
A starry crown thy raven brow adorns,
An azure zone thy waist; clouds, in heaven's loom
Wrought through varieties of shape and shade,
In ample folds of drapery divine,
Thy flowing mantle form, and, heaven throughout,
Voluminously pour thy pompous train:
Thy gloomy grandeurs—Nature's most august,
Inspiring aspect!—claim a grateful verse;
And, like a sable curtain starred with gold,
Drawn o'er my labours past, shall clothe the scene.

This magnificent apostrophe has scarcely been equalled in our poetry since the epic strains of Milton.

On Life, Death, and Immortality.

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where Fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes:
Swift on his downy pinion flies from wo,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.
From short (as usual) and disturbed repose
I wake: how happy they who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.

[1] Lord Wilmington.

I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wrecked desponding thought
From wave to wave of fancied misery
At random drove, her helm of reason lost.
Though now restored, 'tis only change of pain
(A bitter change!), severer for severe:
The day too short for my distress; and night,
E'en in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the colour of my fate.
Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.
Silence, how dead! and darkness how profound!
Nor eye nor listening ear an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be soon fulfilled:
Fate! drop the curtain; I can lose no more.
Silence and Darkness! solemn sisters! twins
From ancient Night, who nurse the tender thought
To reason, and on reason build resolve
(That column of true majesty in man),
Assist me: I will thank you in the grave;
The grave your kingdom: there this frame shall fall
A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
But what are ye?
Thou, who didst put to flight
Primeval Silence, when the morning stars,
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball;
Oh Thou! whose word from solid darkness struck
That spark, the sun, strike wisdom from my soul;
My soul, which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to their gold, while others rest.
Through this opaque of nature and of soul,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten and to cheer. Oh lead my mind
(A mind that fain would wander from its wo),
Lead it through various scenes of life and death,
And from each scene the noblest truths inspire.
Nor less inspire my conduct than my song;
Teach my best reason, reason; my best will
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear:
Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, poured
On this devoted head, be poured in vain. * *
How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!
How passing wonder He who made him such!
Who centered in our make such strange extremes,
From different natures marvellously mixed,
Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguished link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt!
Though sullied and dishonoured, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust:
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god! I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost. At home, a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
And wondering at her own. How reason reels!
Oh what a miracle to man is man!
Triumphantly distressed! what joy! what dread!
Alternately transported and alarmed!
What can preserve my life! or what destroy!
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.
'Tis past conjecture; all things rise in proof:
While o'er my limbs sleep's soft dominion spread,
What though my soul fantastic measures trod
O'er fairy fields; or mourned along the gloom
Of silent woods; or, down the craggy steep
Hurled headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool;
Or scaled the cliff; or danced on hollow winds,
With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain!
Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her nature
Of subtler essence than the common clod;
Even silent night proclaims my soul immortal! * *
Why, then, their loss deplore that are not lost? * *
This is the desert, *this* the solitude:
How populous, how vital is the grave!
This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom;
The land of apparitions, empty shades!
All, all on earth, is shadow, all beyond
Is substance; the reverse is folly's creed;
How solid all, where change shall be no more!
This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the vestibule;
Life's theatre as yet is shut, and death,
Strong death alone can heave the massy bar,
This gross impediment of clay remove,
And make us embryos of existence free
From real life; but little more remote
Is he, not yet a candidate for light,
The future embryo, slumbering in his sire.
Embryos we must be till we burst the shell,
Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,
The life of gods, oh transport! and of man.
Yet man, fool man! here buries all his thoughts;
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh.
Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wishes; winged by heaven
To fly at infinite: and reach it there
Where seraphs gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambrosial clustering glow
In his full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more!
Where time, and pain, and chance, and death expire!
And is it in the flight of threescore years
To push eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust?
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptured or alarmed,
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

[*Thoughts on Time.*]

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss: to give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands despatch:
How much is to be done? My hopes and fears
Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? A fathomless abyss.
A dread eternity! how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?

O time! than gold more sacred; more a load
Than lead to fools, and fools reputed wise.
What moment granted man without account?
What years are squandered, wisdom's debt unpaid!
Our wealth in days all due to that discharge.
Haste, haste, he lies in wait, he's at the door;
Insidious Death; should his strong hand arrest,
No composition sets the prisoner free.
Eternity's inexorable chain
Fast binds, and vengeance claims the full arrear.

Youth is not rich in time; it may be poor;
Part with it as with money, sparing; pay
No moment, but in purchase of its worth;
And what it's worth, ask death-beds; they can tell.

Part with it as with life, reluctant; big
With holy hope of nobler time to come;
Time higher aimed, still nearer the great mark
Of men and angels, virtue more divine.

On all important time, through every age,
Though much, and warm, the wise have urged, the man
Is yet unborn who duly weighs an hour.
'I've lost a day'—the prince who nobly cried,
Had been an emperor without his crown.
Of Rome? say, rather, lord of human race:
He spoke as if deputed by mankind.
So should all speak; so reason speaks in all:
From the soft whispers of that God in man,
Why fly to folly, why to frenzy fly,
For rescue from the blessings we possess?
Time, the supreme!—Time is eternity;
Pregnant with all that makes archangels smile.
Who murders Time, he crushes in the birth
A power ethereal, only not adored.
  Ah! how unjust to nature and himself
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man!
Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,
We censure Nature for a span too short;
That span too short we tax as tedious too;
Torture invention, all expedients tire,
To lash the lingering moments into speed,
And whirl us (happy riddance) from ourselves.

Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep, decrepit with his age.
Behold him when passed by; what then is seen
But his broad pinions swifter than the winds?
And all mankind, in contradiction strong,
Rueful, aghast, cry out on his career.

We waste, not use our time; we breathe, not live;
Time wasted is existence; used, is life:
And bare existence man, to live ordained,
Wrings and oppresses with enormous weight.
And why? since time was given for use, not waste,
Enjoined to fly, with tempest, tide, and stars,
To keep his speed, nor ever wait for man.
Time's use was doomed a pleasure, waste a pain,
That man might feel his error if unseen,
And, feeling, fly to labour for his cure;
Not blundering, split on idleness for ease.

We push time from us, and we wish him back;
Life we think long and short; death seek and shun.
Oh the dark days of vanity! while
Here, how tasteless! and how terrible when gone!
Gone? they ne'er go; when past, they haunt us
    still:
The spirit walks of every day deceased,
And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.
Nor death nor life delight us. If time past,
And time possessed, both pain us, what can please?
That which the Deity to please ordained,
Time used. The man who consecrates his hours
By vigorous effort, and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death:
He walks with nature, and her paths are peace.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven,
And how they might have borne more welcome news.
Their answers form what men experience call;
If wisdom's friend her best, if not, worst foe.

All-sensual man, because untouched, unseen,
He looks on time as nothing. Nothing else
Is truly man's; 'tis fortune's. Time's a god.
Hast thou ne'er heard of Time's omnipotence?
For, or against, what wonders can he do!
And will; to stand blank neuter he disdains.
Not on those terms was time (heaven's stranger!) sent
On his important embassy to man.
Lorenzo! no: on the long destined hour,
From everlasting ages growing ripe,
That memorable hour of wondrous birth,
When the Dread Sire, on emanation bent,
And big with nature, rising in his might,
Called forth creation (for then time was born)
By Godhead streaming through a thousand worlds;
Not on those terms, from the great days of heaven,
From old eternity's mysterious orb
Was time cut off, and cast beneath the skies;
The skies, which watch him in his new abode,
Measuring his motions by revolving spheres,
That horologe machinery divine.
Hours, days, and months, and years, his children play,
Like numerous wings, around him, as he flies;
Or rather, as unequal plumes, they shape
His ample pinions, swift as darted flame,
To gain his goal, to reach his ancient rest,
And join anew eternity, his sire:
In his immutability to nest,
When worlds that count his circles now, unhinged,
(Fate the loud signal sounding) headlong rush
To timeless night and chaos, whence they rose.

But why on time so lavish is my song:
On this great theme kind Nature keeps a school
To teach her sons herself. Each night we die—
Each morn are born anew; each day a life;
And shall we kill each day? If trifling kills,
Sure vice must butcher. O what heaps of slain
Cry out for vengeance on us! time destroyed
Is suicide, where more than blood is spilt.

                    Throw years away?
Throw empires, and be blameless: moments seize;
Heaven's on their wing: a moment we may wish,
When worlds want wealth to buy. Bid day stand still,
Bid him drive back his car and re-impart
The period past, re-give the given hour.
Lorenzo! more than miracles we want.
Lorenzo! O for yesterdays to come!

[*The Man whose Thoughts are not of this World.*]

Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw,
What nothing less than angel can exceed,
A man on earth devoted to the skies;
Like ships in seas, while in, above the world.
  With aspect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him seated on a mount serene,
Above the fogs of sense, and passion's storm;
All the black cares and tumults of this life,
Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet,
Excite his pity, not impair his peace.
Earth's genuine sons, the sceptred and the slave,
A mingled mob! a wandering herd! he sees,
Bewildered in the vale; in all unlike!
His full reverse in all! what higher praise?
What stronger demonstration of the right?
  The present all their care, the future his.
When public welfare calls, or private want,
They give to Fame; his bounty he conceals.
Their virtues varnish Nature, his exalt.
Mankind's esteem they court, and he his own.
Theirs the wild chase of false felicities;
His the composed possession of the true.
Alike throughout is his consistent peace,
All of one colour, and an even thread;
While party-coloured shreds of happiness,
With hideous gaps between, patch up for them
A madman's robe; each puff of Fortune blows
The tatters by, and shows their nakedness.
  He sees with other eyes than theirs: where they
Behold a sun, he spies a Deity.
What makes them only smile, makes him adore.
Where they see mountains, he but atoms sees.
An empire in his balance weighs a grain.

They things terrestrial worship as divine;
His hopes, immortal, blow them by as dust
That dims his sight, and shortens his survey,
Which longs, in infinite, to lose all bound.
Titles and honours (if they prove his fate)
He lays aside to find his dignity;
No dignity they find in aught besides.
They triumph in externals (which conceal
Man's real glory), proud of an eclipse:
Himself too much he prizes to be proud,
And nothing thinks so great in man as man.
Too dear he holds his interest to neglect
Another's welfare, or his right invade:
Their interest, like a lion, lives on prey.
They kindle at the shadow of a wrong;
Wrong he sustains with temper, looks on heaven,
Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe.
Nought but what wounds his virtue wounds his peace.
A covered heart their character defends;
A covered heart denies him half his praise.
With nakedness his innocence agrees,
While their broad foliage testifies their fall.
Their no-joys end where his full feast begins;
His joys create, theirs murder future bliss.
To triumph in existence his alone;
And his alone triumphantly to think
His true existence is not yet begun.
His glorious course was yesterday complete;
Death then was welcome, yet life still is sweet.

[*Procrastination.*]

Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer:
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.
Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm, 'That all men are about to live,'
For ever on the brink of being born:
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel, and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise;
At least their own; their future selves applaud;
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
Time lodged in their own hands is Folly's vails;
That lodged in Fate's to wisdom they consign;
The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone.
'Tis not in folly not to scorn a fool,
And scarce in human wisdom to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through every stage. When young, indeed,
In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves, and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
At thirty man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves, and re-resolves; then dies the same.
And why? because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal but themselves;
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread:
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon close; where past the shaft no trace is found,
As from the wing no scar the sky retains,
The parted wave no furrow from the keel,
So dies in human hearts the thought of death:
E'en with the tender tear which nature sheds
O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.

[*From the Love of Fame.*]

Not all on books their criticism waste;
The genius of a dish some justly taste,
And eat their way to fame! with anxious thought
The salmon is refused, the turbot bought.
Impatient Art rebukes the sun's delay,
And bids December yield the fruits of May.
Their various cares in one great point combine
The business of their lives, that is, to dine;
Half of their precious day they give the feast,
And to a kind digestion spare the rest.
Apicius here, the taster of the town,
Feeds twice a-week, to settle their renown.
These worthies of the palate guard with care
The sacred annals of their bills of fare;
In those choice books their panegyrics read,
And scorn the creatures that for hunger feed;
If man, by feeding well, commences great,
Much more the worm, to whom that man is meat.

Belus with solid glory will be crowned;
He buys no phantom, no vain empty sound,
But builds himself a name; and to be great,
Sinks in a quarry an immense estate;
In cost and grandeur Chandos he'll outdo;
And, Burlington, thy taste is not so true;
The pile is finished, every toil is past,
And full perfection is arrived at last;
When lo! my lord to some small corner runs,
And leaves state-rooms to strangers and to duns.
The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home, from which to run away.
In Britain what is many a lordly seat,
But a discharge in full for an estate?

Some for renown on scraps of learning dote,
And think they grow immortal as they quote.
To patch-work learned quotations are allied;
Both strive to make our poverty our pride.

Let high birth triumph! what can be more great?
Nothing—but merit in a low estate.
To Virtue's humblest son let none prefer
Vice, though descended from the Conqueror.
Shall men, like figures, pass for high or base,
Slight or important only by their place?
Titles are marks of honest men, and wise;
The fool or knave that wears a title, lies.
They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce their debt instead of their discharge.

[*The Emptiness of Riches.*]

Can gold calm passion, or make reason shine?
Can we dig peace or wisdom from the mine?
Wisdom to gold prefer, for 'tis much less
To make our fortune than our happiness:
That happiness which great ones often see,
With rage and wonder, in a low degree,
Themselves unblessed. The poor are only poor.
But what are they who droop amid their store?
Nothing is meaner than a wretch of state.
The happy only are the truly great.
Peasants enjoy like appetites with kings,
And those best satisfied with cheapest things.
Could both our Indies buy but one new sense,
Our envy would be due to large expense;
Since not, those pomps which to the great belong,
Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.
See how they beg an alms of Flattery:
They languish! oh, support them with a lie!
A decent competence we fully taste;
It strikes our sense, and gives a constant feast;

More we perceive by dint of thought alone;
The rich must labour to possess their own,
To feel their great abundance, and request
Their humble friends to help them to be blest;
To see their treasure, hear their glory told,
And aid the wretched impotence of gold.
But some, great souls! and touched with warmth divine,
Give gold a price, and teach its beams to shine;
All hoarded treasures they repute a load,
Nor think their wealth their own, till well bestowed.
Grand reservoirs of public happiness,
Through secret streams diffusively they bless,
And, while their bounties glide, concealed from view,
Relieve our wants, and spare our blushes too.

JAMES THOMSON.

The publication of the *Seasons* was an important era in the history of English poetry. So true and beautiful are the descriptions in the poem, and so entirely do they harmonise with those fresh feelings and glowing impulses which all would wish to cherish, that a love of nature seems to be synonymous with a love of Thomson. It is difficult to conceive a person of education in this country, imbued



James Thomson.

with an admiration of rural or woodland scenery, not entertaining a strong affection and regard for that delightful poet, who has painted their charms with so much fidelity and enthusiasm. The same features of blandness and benevolence, of simplicity of design and beauty of form and colour, which we recognise as distinguishing traits of the natural landscape, are seen in the pages of Thomson, conveyed by his artless mind as faithfully as the lights and shades on the face of creation. No criticism or change of style has, therefore, affected his popularity. We may smile at sometimes meeting with a heavy monotonous period, a false ornament, or tumid expression, the result of an indolent mind working itself up to a great effort, and we may wish the subjects of his description were sometimes more select and dignified; but this drawback does not affect our permanent regard or general feeling; our first love remains unaltered; and Thomson is still the poet with whom some of our best and purest associations are indissolubly joined. In the *Seasons* we have a poetical subject poetically treated—filled to overflowing with the richest materials of poetry, and the emanations of benevolence. In the *Castle of Indolence* we have the concentration or essence of those materials applied to a subject less poetical, but still affording room for luxuriant fancy, the most exquisite art, and still greater melody of numbers.

JAMES THOMSON was born at Ednam, near Kelso, county of Roxburgh, on the 11th of September, 1700. His father, who was then minister of the parish of Ednam, removed a few years afterwards to that of Southdean in the same county, a primitive and retired district situated among the lower slopes of the Cheviots. Here the young poet spent his boyish years. The gift of poesy came early, and some lines written by him at the age of fourteen, show how soon his manner was formed:—

Now I surveyed my native faculties,
And traced my actions to their teeming source:
Now I explored the universal frame,
Gazed nature through, and with interior light
Conversed with angels and unbodied saints
That tread the courts of the Eternal King!
Gladly I would declare in lofty strains
The power of Godhead to the sons of men,
But thought is lost in its immensity:
Imagination wastes its strength in vain,
And fancy tires and turns within itself,
Struck with the amazing depths of Deity!
Ah! my Lord God! in vain a tender youth,
Unskilled in arts of deep philosophy,
Attempts to search the bulky mass of matter,
To trace the rules of motion, and pursue
The phantom Time, too subtle for his grasp:
Yet may I from thy most apparent works
Form some idea of their wondrous Author.[1]

In his eighteenth year, Thomson was sent to Edinburgh college. His father died, and the poet proceeded to London to push his fortune. His college friend Mallet procured him the situation of tutor to the son of Lord Binning, and being shown some of his descriptions of 'Winter,' advised him to connect them into one regular poem. This was done, and 'Winter' was published in March 1726, the poet having received only three guineas for the copyright. A second and a third edition appeared the same year. 'Summer' appeared in 1727. In 1728 he issued proposals for publishing, by subscription, the 'Four Seasons;' the number of subscribers, at a guinea each copy, was 387; but many took more than one, and Pope (to whom Thomson had been introduced by Mallet) took three copies. The tragedy of *Sophonisba* was next produced; and in 1731 the poet accompanied the son of Sir Charles Talbot, afterwards lord chancellor, in the capacity of tutor or travelling companion, to the continent. They visited France, Switzerland, and Italy, and it is easy to conceive with what pleasure Thomson must have passed or sojourned among scenes which he had often viewed in imagination. In November of the same year the poet was at Rome, and no doubt indulged the wish expressed in one of his letters, 'to see the fields where Virgil gathered his immortal honey, and tread the same ground where men have thought and acted so greatly.' On his return next year he published his poem of *Liberty*, and obtained the sinecure situation of Secretary of Briefs in the Court of Chancery, which he held till the death of Lord Talbot, the chancellor. The succeed-

[1] This curious fragment was first published in 1841, in a life of Thomson by Mr Allan Cunningham, prefixed to an illustrated edition of the 'Seasons.'

ing chancellor bestowed the situation on another, Thomson not having, it is said, from characteristic indolence, solicited a continuance of the office. He again tried the stage, and produced *Agamemnon*, which was coldly received. *Edward and Eleonora* followed, and the poet's circumstances were brightened by a pension of L.100 a-year, which he obtained through Lyttelton from the Prince of Wales. He further received the appointment of Surveyor General of the Leeward Islands, the duties of which he was allowed to perform by deputy, and which brought him L.300 per annum. He was now in comparative opulence, and his residence at Kew-lane, near Richmond, was the scene of social enjoyment and lettered ease. Retirement and nature became, he said, more and more his passion every day. 'I have enlarged my rural domain,' he writes to a friend: 'the two fields next to me, from the first of which I have walled—no, no—*paled* in, about as much as my garden consisted of before, so that the walk runs round the hedge, where you may figure me walking any time of the day, and sometimes at night.' His house appears to have


Thomson's Cottage.

been elegantly furnished: the sale catalogue of his effects, which enumerates the contents of every room, prepared after his death, fills eight pages of print, and his cellar was stocked with wines and Scotch ale. In this snug suburban retreat Thomson now applied himself to finish the 'Castle of Indolence,' on which he had been long engaged, and a tragedy on the subject of Coriolanus. The poem was published in May 1748. In August following, he took a boat at Hammersmith to convey him to Kew, after having walked from London. He caught cold, was thrown into a fever, and, after a short illness, died (27th of August 1748). No poet was ever more deeply lamented or more sincerely mourned.

Though born a poet, Thomson seems to have advanced but slowly, and by reiterated efforts, to refinement of taste. The natural fervour of the man overpowered the rules of the scholar. The first edition of the 'Seasons' differs materially from the second, and the second still more from the third. Every alteration was an improvement in delicacy of thought and language, of which we may mention one instance. In the scene betwixt Damon and Musidora—'the solemnly-ridiculous bathing,' as Campbell has justly termed it—the poet had originally introduced three damsels! Of propriety of language consequent on these corrections, we may cite an example in a line from the episode of Lavinia—

> And as he viewed her ardent o'er and o'er,

stood originally

> And as he *run* her ardent o'er and o'er.

One of the finest and most picturesque similes in the work was supplied by Pope, to whom Thomson had given an interleaved copy of the edition of 1736. The quotation will not be out of place here, as it is honourable to the friendship of the brother poets, and tends to show the importance of careful revision, without which no excellence can be attained in literature or the arts. How deeply must it be regretted that Pope did not oftener write in blank verse! In autumn, describing Lavinia, the lines of Thomson were—

> Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self,
> Recluse among the woods; if city dames
> Will deign their faith: and thus she went, compelled
> By strong necessity, with as serene
> And pleased a look as Patience e'er put on,
> To glean Palemon's fields.

Pope drew his pen through this description, and supplied the following lines, which Thomson must have been too much gratified with not to adopt with pride and pleasure—and so they stand in all the subsequent editions:—

> Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self,
> Recluse among the close-embowering woods.
> As in the hollow breast of Apennine,
> Beneath the shelter of encircling hills
> A myrtle rises, far from human eyes,
> And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
> So flourished blooming, and unseen by all,
> The sweet Lavinia; till at length compelled
> By strong Necessity's supreme command,
> With smiling patience in her looks, she went
> To glean Palemon's fields.*

That the genius of Thomson was purifying and working off its alloys up to the termination of his existence, may be seen from the superiority in style and diction of the 'Castle of Indolence.' 'Between the period of his composing the Seasons and the Castle of Indolence,' says Mr Campbell, 'he wrote several works which seem hardly to accord with the improvement and maturity of his taste exhibited in the latter production. To the Castle of Indolence he brought not only the full nature, but the perfect art of a poet. The materials of that exquisite poem are derived originally from Tasso; but he was more immediately indebted for them to the Faery Queen: and in meeting with the paternal spirit of Spenser, he seems as if he were admitted more intimately to the home of inspiration.' If the critic had gone

* The interleaved copy with Pope's and Thomson's alterations is in the possession of the Rev. J. Mitford. See that gentleman's edition of Gray's works, vol. ii. p. 8, where other instances are given. All Pope's corrections were adopted by Thomson.

over the alterations in the 'Seasons,' which Thomson had been more or less engaged upon for about sixteen years, he would have seen the gradual improvement of his taste, as well as imagination. So far as the *art* of the poet is concerned, the last corrected edition is a new work. The power of Thomson, however, lay not in his art, but in the exuberance of his genius, which sometimes required to be disciplined and controlled. The poetic glow is spread over all. He never slackens in his enthusiasm, nor tires of pointing out the phenomena of nature which, indolent as he was, he had surveyed under every aspect, till he had become familiar with all. Among the mountains, vales, and forests, he seems to realise his own words—

Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise
And looking lively gratitude.

But he looks also, as Johnson has finely observed, 'with the eye which nature bestows only on a poet —the eye that distinguishes, in everything presented to its view, whatever there is on which imagination can delight to be detained, and with a mind that at once comprehends the vast, and attends to the minute.' He looks also with a heart that feels for all mankind. His sympathies are universal. His touching allusions to the condition of the poor and suffering, to the hapless state of bird and beast in winter; the description of the peasant perishing in the snow, the Siberian exile, or the Arab pilgrims, all are marked with that humanity and true feeling which shows that the poet's virtues 'formed the magic of his song.' The genuine impulses under which he wrote he has expressed in one noble stanza of the 'Castle of Indolence:'—

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny;
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace,
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave;
Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.

'The love of nature,' says Coleridge, 'seems to have led Thomson to a cheerful religion; and a gloomy religion to have led Cowper to a love of nature. The one would carry his fellow-men along with him into nature; the other flies to nature from his fellow-men. In chastity of diction, however, and the harmony of blank verse, Cowper leaves Thomson immeasurably below him; yet, I still feel the latter to have been the born poet.' The ardour and fulness of Thomson's descriptions distinguish them from those of Cowper, who was naturally less enthusiastic, and who was restricted by his religious tenets, and by his critical and classically formed taste. The diction of the Seasons is at times pure and musical; it is too elevated and ambitious, however, for ordinary themes, and where the poet descends to minute description, or to humorous or satirical scenes (as in the account of the chase and foxhunters' dinner in Autumn), the effect is grotesque and absurd. Mr Campbell has happily said, that 'as long as Thomson dwells in the pure contemplation of nature, and appeals to the universal poetry of the human breast, his redundant style comes to us as something venial and adventitious—it is the flowing vesture of the Druid; and perhaps to the general experience, is rather imposing; but when he returns to the familiar narrations or courtesies of life, the same diction ceases to seem the mantle of inspiration, and only strikes us by its unwieldy difference from the common costume of expression.' Cowper avoided this *want of keeping* between his style and his subjects, adapting one to the other with inimitable ease, grace, and variety; yet only rising in one or two instances to the higher flights of Thomson.

In 1843, a *Poem to the Memory of Mr Congreve, Inscribed to her Grace Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough*, was reprinted for the Percy Society (under the care of Mr Peter Cunningham) as a genuine though unacknowledged production of Thomson, first published in 1729. We have no doubt of the genuineness of this poem as the work of Thomson. It possesses all the characteristics of his style—its exaggeration, enthusiasm, and the peculiar rhythm of his blank verse. The poet's praise of Congreve is excessive, and must have been designed rather to gratify the Duchess of Marlborough than to record Thomson's own deliberate convictions. Jeremy Collier would have started with amazement from such a tribute as the following:—

What art thou, Death! by mankind poorly feared,
Yet period of their ills. On thy near shore
Trembling they stand, and see through dreaded mists
The eternal port, irresolute to leave
This various misery, these air-fed dreams
Which men call life and fame. Mistaken minds!
'Tis reason's prime aspiring, greatly just;
'Tis happiness supreme, to venture forth
In quest of nobler worlds; to try the deeps
Of dark futurity, with heaven our guide,
The unerring Hand that led us safe through time:
That planted in the soul this powerful hope,
This infinite ambition of new life,
And endless joys, still rising, ever new.
These Congreve tastes, safe on the ethereal coast,
Joined to the numberless immortal quire
Of spirits blest. High-seated among these,
He sees the public fathers of mankind,
The greatly good, those universal minds,
Who drew the sword or planned the holy scheme,
For liberty and right; to check the rage
Of blood-stained tyranny, and save a world.
Such, high-born Marlbro', be thy sire divine
With wonder named; fair freedom's champion he,
By heaven approved, a conqueror without guilt;
And such on earth his friend, and joined on high
By deathless love, Godolphin's patriot worth,
Just to his country's fame, yet of her wealth
With honour frugal; above interest great.
Hail men immortal! social virtues hail!
First heirs of praise! But I, with weak essay,
Wrong the superior theme; while heavenly choirs,
In strains high warbled to celestial harps,
Resound your names; and Congreve's added voice
In heaven exalts what he admired below.
With these he mixes, now no more to swerve
From reason's purest law; no more to please,
Borne by the torrent down a sensual age.
Pardon, loved shade, that I with friendly blame,
Slight note thy error; not to wrong thy worth,
Or shade thy memory (far from my soul
Be that base aim), but haply to deter,
From flattering the gross vulgar, future pens
Powerful like thine in every grace, and skilled
To win the listening soul with virtuous charms.

The gentle and benevolent nature of Thomson is seen in this slight shade of censure. He, too, flattered the 'gross vulgar,' but it was with adulation, not licentiousness.

We subjoin a few of the detached pictures and descriptions in the 'Seasons,' and part of the 'Castle of Indolence.'

[*Showers in Spring.*]

The north-east spends his rage; he now, shut up
Within his iron cave, the effusive south
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.
At first, a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining either, but by swift degrees,
In heaps on heaps the doubled vapour sails
Along the loaded sky, and, mingling deep,
Sits on the horizon round, a settled gloom;
Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope, of every joy,
The wish of nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm, that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves
Of aspen tall. The uncurling floods, diffused
In glassy breadth, seem, through delusive lapse,
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and, mute-imploring, eye
The falling verdure. Hushed in short suspense,
The plumy people streak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off,
And wait the approaching sign, to strike at once
Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
And forests, seem impatient to demand
The promised sweetness. Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude. At last,
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields,
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow
In large effusion o'er the freshened world.
The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard
By such as wander through the forest-walks,
Beneath the umbrageous multitude of leaves.

[*Birds Pairing in Spring.*]

To the deep woods
They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleasure, or food, or secret safety, prompts;
That nature's great command may be obeyed:
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
Indulged in vain. Some to the holly hedge
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble offspring; the cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests:
Others apart, far in the grassy dale
Or roughening waste their humble texture weave:
But most in woodland solitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms or shaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whose murmurs soothe them all the live-long day,
When by kind duty fixed. Among the roots
Of hazel pendent o'er the plaintive stream,
They frame the first foundation of their domes,
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
But restless hurry through the busy air,
Beat by unnumbered wings. The swallow sweeps
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
Intent: and often from the careless back
Of herds and flocks a thousand tugging bills
Steal hair and wool; and oft, when unobserved,
Pluck from the barn a straw; till soft and warm,
Clean and complete, their habitation grows.
As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
Not to be tempted from her tender task
Or by sharp hunger or by smooth delight,
Though the whole loosened spring around her blows,
Her sympathising lover takes his stand
High on the opponent bank, and ceaseless sings
The tedious time away; or else supplies
Her place a moment, while she sudden flits
To pick the scanty meal. The appointed time
With pious toil fulfilled, the callow young,
Warmed and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light;
A helpless family! demanding food
With constant clamour: O what passions then,
What melting sentiments of kindly care,
On the new parent seize! away they fly
Affectionate, and, undesiring, bear
The most delicious morsel to their young,
Which, equally distributed, again
The search begins. Even so a gentle pair,
By fortune sunk, but formed of generous mould,
And charmed with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
In some lone cot amid the distant woods,
Sustained alone by providential heaven,
Oft as they, weeping, eye their infant train,
Check their own appetites, and give them all.
Nor toil alone they scorn; exalting love,
By the great Father of the spring inspired,
Gives instant courage to the fearful race,
And to the simple art. With stealthy wing,
Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,
Amid the neighbouring bush they silent drop,
And whirring thence, as if alarmed, deceive
The unfeeling schoolboy. Hence around the head
Of wandering swain the white-winged plover wheels
Her sounding flight, and then directly on,
In long excursion, skims the level lawn
To tempt him from her nest. The wild-duck hence
O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste
The heath-hen flutters: pious fraud! to lead
The hot-pursuing spaniel far astray.

[*A Summer Morning.*]

With quickened step
Brown night retires: young day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine;
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps awkward; while along the forest glade
The wild-deer trip, and often turning gaze
At early passenger. Music awakes
The native voice of undissembled joy;
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Roused by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells;
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

[*Summer Evening.*]

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds
Assembled gay, a richly gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
Air, earth, and ocean smile immense. And now,
As if his weary chariot sought the bowers
Of Amphitrite, and her tending nymphs,
(So Grecian fable sung) he dips his orb;
Now half immersed; and now a golden curve
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.
Confessed from yonder slow-extinguished clouds,
All ether softening, sober evening takes
Her wonted station in the middle air;
A thousand shadows at her beck. First this

She sends on earth; then that of deeper dye
Steals soft behind; and then a deeper still,
In circle following circle, gathers round,
To close the face of things. A fresher gale
Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,
Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn:
While the quail clamours for his running mate.
Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,
A whitening shower of vegetable down
Amusive floats. The kind impartial care
Of nature nought disdains: thoughtful to feed
Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
From field to field the feathered seeds she wings.
His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
Hies merry-hearted; and by turns relieves
The ruddy milkmaid of her brimming pail;
The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart—
Unknowing what the joy-mixed anguish means—
Sincerely loves, by that best language shown
Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.
Onward they pass o'er many a panting height,
And valley sunk, and unfrequented; where
At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
In various game and revelry, to pass
The summer night, as village stories tell.
But far about they wander from the grave
Of him whom his ungentle fortune urged
Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
Of impious violence. The lonely tower
Is also shunned; whose mournful chambers hold—
So night-struck fancy dreams—the yelling ghost.
Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glowworm lights his gem; and through the dark
A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
The world to night; not in her winter robe
Of massy Stygian woof, but loose arrayed
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanced from the imperfect surfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the straining eye;
While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retained
The ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
Thence weary vision turns; where, leading soft
The silent hours of love, with purest ray
Sweet Venus shines; and from her genial rise,
When daylight sickens till it springs afresh,
Unrivalled reigns, the fairest lamp of night.

[*Autumn Evening Scene.*]

But see the fading many-coloured woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage dusk and dun,
Of every hue, from wan declining green
To sooty dark. These now the lonesome muse,
Low whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
And give the season in its latest view.
Meantime, light shadowing all, a sober calm
Fleeces unbounded ether: whose least wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current: while illumined wide,
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
And through their lucid veil his softened force
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,
For those whom virtue and whom nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things:
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet;
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace;
And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.
Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And through the saddened grove, where scarce is heard
One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.
Haply some widowed songster pours his plaint,
Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copse;
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
Swelled all the music of the swarming shades,
Robbed of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock:
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
And nought save chattering discord in their note.
O let not, aimed from some inhuman eye,
The gun the music of the coming year
Destroy; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
Lay the weak tribes a miserable prey
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground!
The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove;
Oft startling such as studious walk below,
And slowly circles through the waving air.
But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams;
Till choked, and matted with the dreary shower,
The forest walks, at every rising gale,
Roll wide the withered waste, and whistle bleak.
Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields;
And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
Their sunny robes resign. E'en what remained
Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree;
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards all around,
The desolated prospect thrills the soul. * *
The western sun withdraws the shortened day,
And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky,
In her chill progress, to the ground condensed
The vapour throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along
The dusky-mantled lawn. Meanwhile the moon,
Full-orbed, and breaking through the scattered clouds,
Shows her broad visage in the crimsoned east.
Turned to the sun direct her spotted disk,
Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
And caverns deep as optic tube descries,
A smaller earth, gives us his blaze again,
Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
Now through the passing clouds she seems to stoop,
Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.
Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
O'er the skied mountain to the shadowy vale,
While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam;
The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
Of silver radiance trembling round the world. * *
The lengthened night elapsed, the morning shines
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
Unfolding fair the last autumnal day.
And now the mounting sun dispels the fog;
The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam;
And hung on every spray, on every blade
Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.

[*Episode of Lavinia.*]

The lovely young Lavinia once had friends;
And Fortune smiled, deceitful, on her birth;
For, in her helpless years deprived of all,
Of every stay, save innocence and heaven,
She, with her widowed mother, feeble, old,
And poor, lived in a cottage, far retired
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty, concealed.
Together thus they shunned the cruel scorn
Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy passion and low-minded pride:
Almost on Nature's common bounty fed;

Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was fresher than the morning rose
When the dew wets its leaves; unstained and pure,
As is the lily, or the mountain snow.
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithless fortune promised once,
Thrilled in her thought, they, like the dewy star
Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair-proportioned on her polished limbs,
Veiled in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorned, adorned the most.
Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.
As in the hollow breast of Apennine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
So flourished blooming, and unseen by all,
The sweet Lavinia; till, at length, compelled
By strong Necessity's supreme command,
With smiling patience in her looks, she went
To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains
Palemon was, the generous, and the rich;
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, such as Arcadian song
Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times;
When tyrant custom had not shackled man,
But free to follow nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
Amusing, chanced beside his reaper-train
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye;
Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
With unaffected blushes from his gaze:
He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty concealed.
That very moment love and chaste desire
Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;
For still the world prevailed, and its dread laugh,
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field:
And thus in secret to his soul he sighed:
'What pity! that so delicate a form,
By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense
And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
Should be devoted to the rude embrace
Of some indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
Of old Acasto's line; and to my mind
Recalls that patron of my happy life,
From whom my liberal fortune took its rise;
Now to the dust gone down; his houses, lands,
And once fair-spreading family, dissolved.
'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
Urged by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
His aged widow and his daughter live,
Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
Romantic wish! would this the daughter were!'
When, strict inquiring, from herself he found
She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
Of bountiful Acasto, who can speak
The mingled passions that surprised his heart,
And through his nerves in shivering transport ran!
Then blazed his smothered flame, avowed, and bold;
And as he viewed her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, gratitude, and pity, wept at once.
Confused and frightened at his sudden tears,
Her rising beauties flushed a higher bloom,
As thus Palemon, passionate and just,
Poured out the pious rapture of his soul:
'And art thou, then, Acasto's dear remains!
She, whom my restless gratitude has sought
So long in vain? Oh heavens! the very same,
The softened image of my noble friend,
Alive his every look, his every feature,
More elegantly touched. Sweeter than Spring!
Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
That nourished up my fortune! Say, ah where,
In what sequestered desert hast thou drawn
The kindest aspect of delighted Heaven!
Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair;
Though poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,
Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years!
Oh let me now into a richer soil
Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns and showers
Diffuse their warmest, largest influence;
And of my garden be the pride and joy!
Ill it befits thee, oh, it ill befits
Acasto's daughter, his whose open stores,
Though vast, were little to his ample heart,
The father of a country, thus to pick
The very refuse of those harvest-fields,
Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
But ill applied to such a rugged task;
The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine;
If to the various blessings which thy house
Has on me lavished, thou wilt add that bliss,
That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee!'
Here ceased the youth: yet still his speaking eye
Expressed the sacred triumph of his soul,
With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely raised.
Nor wanted he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodness irresistible, and all
In sweet disorder lost, she blushed consent.
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While, pierced with anxious thought, she pined away
The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate;
Amazed, and scarce believing what she heard,
Joy seized her withered veins, and one bright gleam
Of setting life shone on her evening hours:
Not less enraptured than the happy pair;
Who flourished long in tender bliss, and reared
A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.

[*A Winter Landscape.*]

Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin-wavering, till at last the flakes
Fall broad and wide, and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white:
'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar head; and ere the languid sun
Faint from the west, emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wide dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets, leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is;
Till more familiar grown, the table crumbs
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds

Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares and dogs,
And more unpitying men, the garden seeks,
Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kine
Eye the bleak heaven, and next, the glistening earth,
With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispersed,
Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow. * *
As thus the snows arise, and foul and fierce
All winter drives along the darkened air,
In his own loose revolving fields the swain
Disastered stands; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow, and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain;
Nor finds the river nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray,
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
What black despair, what horror, fills his heart!
When for the dusky spot which fancy feigned,
His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track and blessed abode of man;
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of covered pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost;
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge
Smoothed up with snow; and what is land unknown,
What water of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps, and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mixed with the tender anguish nature shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends, unseen.
In vain for him the officious wife prepares
The fire fair blazing, and the vestment warm:
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
Nor wife nor children more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly winter seizes, shuts up sense,
And o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows a stiffened corse,
Stretched out, and bleaching on the northern blast.

[Benevolent Reflections, from 'Winter.']

Ah little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;
Ah little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death
And all the sad variety of pain.
How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,
By shameful variance betwixt man and man.
How many pine in want and dungeon glooms;
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery. Sore pierced by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty. How many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse;
Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furnish matter for the tragic muse.
Even in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,
With friendship, peace, and contemplation joined,
How many, racked with honest passions, droop
In deep retired distress. How many stand
Around the deathbed of their dearest friends,
And point the parting anguish. Thought fond man
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
That one incessant struggle render life,
One scene of toil, of suff'ring, and of fate,
Vice in his high career would stand appalled,
And heedless rambling impulse learn to think;
The consious heart of charity would warm,
And her wide wish benevolence dilate;
The social tear would rise, the social sigh;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
Refining still, the social passions work.

Hymn on the Seasons.

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year:
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks,
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful thou! with clouds and storms
Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled,
Majestic darkness! On the whirlwind's wing
Riding sublime, thou bidst the world adore,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.
Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep-felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined;
Shade unperceived, so softening into shade;
And all so forming a harmonious whole,
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with rude unconscious gaze,
Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots steaming thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth,
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.
Nature, attend! join, every living soul
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and ardent raise
One general song! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes.
Oh talk of Him in solitary glooms,
Where o'er the rock the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake the astonished world, lift high to heaven
The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound His stupendous praise, whose greater voice

Or bids you roar, or bids your roaring fall.
So roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave to Him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams;
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day! blest image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write with every beam His praise.
The thunder rolls: be hushed the prostrate world,
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh ye hills; ye mossy rocks
Retain the sound; the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns,
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands, all awake; a boundless song
Burst from the groves; and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles;
At once the head, the heart, the tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast,
Assembled men to the deep organ join
The long resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling base;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour rise to heaven.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove,
There let the shepherd's lute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of seasons as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the Summer ray
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
Or Winter rises in the blackening east—
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.
  Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles, 'tis nought to me;
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where He vital breathes, there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go
Where universal love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in light ineffable!
Come, then, expressive silence, muse His praise.

[*The Caravan of Mecca.*]

Breathed hot
From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
And the wide glittering waste of burning sand,
A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil,
Son of the desert! e'en the camel feels,
Shot through his withered heart, the fiery blast.
Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad,
Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Straight the sands
Commoved around, in gathering eddies play;
Nearer and nearer still they darkening come,
Till with the general all-involving storm
Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise;
And by their noon-day fount dejected thrown,
Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep,
Beneath descending hills, the caravan
Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets
The impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
And Mecca saddens at the long delay.

[*The Siberian Exile.*]

Our infant winter sinks
Divested of his grandeur, should our eye
Astonished shoot into the frigid zone;
Where for relentless months continual night
Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign.
There, through the prison of unbounded wilds,
Barred by the hand of nature from escape,
Wide roams the Russian exile. Nought around
Strikes his sad eye, but deserts lost in snow;
And heavy-loaded groves; and solid floods
That stretch athwart the solitary waste
Their icy horrors to the frozen main;
And cheerless towns far distant, never blessed
Save when its annual course the caravan
Bends to the golden coast of rich Cathay.

[*Pestilence at Carthagena.*]

Wasteful, forth
Walks the dire power of pestilent disease.
A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,
Sick nature blasting, and to heartless wo
And feeble desolation casting down
The towering hopes and all the pride of man.
Such as of late at Carthagena quenched
The British fire. You, gallant Vernon, saw
The miserable scene; you, pitying, saw
To infant weakness sunk the warrior's arm;
Saw the deep racking pang, the ghastly form,
The lip pale quivering, and the beamless eye
No more with ardour bright; you heard the groans
Of agonising ships, from shore to shore;
Heard, nightly plunged amid the sullen waves,
The frequent corse; while on each other fixed
In sad presage, the blank assistants seemed
Silent to ask whom Fate would next demand.

[*From the 'Castle of Indolence.'*]

O mortal man, who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate;
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date;
And, certes, there is for it reason great;
For, though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,
Withouten that would come a heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompassed round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground:
And there a season atween June and May,
Half pranked with spring, with summer half imbrowned,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared even for play.

Was nought around but images of rest:
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between;
And flowery beds that slumberous influence kest,
From poppies breathed; and beds of pleasant green,

Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Meantime unnumbered glittering streamlets played,
And hurled everywhere their waters sheen;
That, as they bickered through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

Joined to the prattle of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale:
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stock-doves 'plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep;
Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale above,
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood,
Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move,
As Idlesse fancied in her dreaming mood:
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood;
And where this valley winded out below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye:
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky:
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And the calm pleasures, always hovered nigh;
But whate'er smacked of noyance or unrest,
Was far, far off expelled from this delicious nest.

The landskip such, inspiring perfect ease,
Where Indolence (for so the wizard hight)
Close hid his castle mid embowering trees,
That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
And made a kind of checkered day and night.
Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,
Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
Was placed; and to his lute, of cruel fate,
And labour harsh, complained, lamenting man's estate.

Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,
From all the roads of earth that pass there by;
For, as they chanced to breathe on neighbouring hill,
The freshness of this valley smote their eye,
And drew them ever and anon more nigh;
Till clustering round the enchanter false they hung,
Ymolten with his syren melody;
While o'er the enfeebling lute his hand he flung,
And to the trembling chords these tempting verses sung:

'Behold! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold!
See all but man with unearned pleasure gay:
See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May!
What youthful bride can equal her array?
Who can with her for easy pleasure vie?
From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,
From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,
Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.

Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,
The swarming songsters of the careless grove,
Ten thousand throats! that from the flowering thorn,
Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of love,
Such grateful kindly raptures them emove:
They neither plough, nor sow; ne, fit for flail,
E'er to the barn the nodding sheaves they drove;
Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,
Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the vale.

Outcast of nature, man! the wretched thrall
Of bitter dropping sweat, of sweltry pain,
Of cares that eat away thy heart with gall,
And of the vices, an inhuman train,
That all proceed from savage thirst of gain:
For when hard-hearted interest first began
To poison earth, Astræa left the plain;
Guile, violence, and murder seized on man,
And, for soft milky streams, with blood the rivers ran!

Come, ye who still the cumbrous load of life
Push hard up hill; but as the farthest steep
You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,
Down thunders back the stone with mighty sweep,
And hurls your labours to the valleys deep,
For ever vain; come, and, withouten fee,
I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,
Your cares, your toils, will steep you in a sea
Of full delight: oh come, ye weary wights, to me!

With me, you need not rise at early dawn,
To pass the joyless day in various stounds;
Or, louting low, on upstart fortune fawn,
And sell fair honour for some paltry pounds;
Or through the city take your dirty rounds,
To cheat, and dun, and lie, and visit pay,
Now flattering base, now giving secret wounds:
Or prowl in human courts of law for human prey,
In venal senate thieve, or rob on broad highway.

No cocks, with me, to rustic labour call,
From village on to village sounding clear:
To tardy swain no shrill-voiced matrons squall;
No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your ear;
No hammers thump; no horrid blacksmith fear;
No noisy tradesmen your sweet slumbers start,
With sounds that are a misery to hear:
But all is calm, as would delight the heart
Of Sybarite of old, all nature, and all art.

Here nought but candour reigns, indulgent ease,
Good-natured lounging, sauntering up and down:
They who are pleased themselves must always please;
On others' ways they never squint a frown,
Nor heed what haps in hamlet or in town:
Thus, from the source of tender indolence,
With milky blood the heart is overflown,
Is soothed and sweetened by the social sense;
For interest, envy, pride, and strife, are banished hence.

What, what is virtue, but repose of mind,
A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm;
Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,
Above the passions that this world deform,
And torture man, a proud malignant worm?
But here, instead, soft gales of passion play,
And gently stir the heart, thereby to form
A quicker sense of joy; as breezes stray
Across the enlivened skies, and make them still more gay.

The best of men have ever loved repose:
They hate to mingle in the filthy fray;
Where the soul sours, and gradual rancour grows,
Imbittered more from peevish day to day.
Even those whom Fame has lent her fairest ray,
The most renowned of worthy wights of yore,
From a base world at last have stolen away:
So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore
Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before.

But if a little exercise you choose,
Some zest for ease, 'tis not forbidden here.
Amid the groves you may indulge the muse,
Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal year;
Or softly stealing, with your watery gear,
Along the brook, the crimson-spotted fry
You may delude; the whilst, amused, you hear
Now the hoarse stream, and now the zephyr's sigh,
Attuned to the birds, and woodland melody.

Oh, grievous folly! to heap up estate,
Losing the days you see beneath the sun;
When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting fate,
And gives the untasted portion you have won,
With ruthless toil, and many a wretch undone,
To those who mock you gone to Pluto's reign,
There with sad ghosts to pine, and shadows dun:
But sure it is of vanities most vain,
To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain.'

He ceased. But still their trembling ears retained
The deep vibrations of his witching song;
That, by a kind of magic power, constrained
To enter in, pell-mell, the listening throng,
Heaps poured on heaps, and yet they slipped along,
In silent ease; as when beneath the beam
Of summer-moons, the distant woods among,
Or by some flood all silvered with the gleam,
The soft-embodied fays through airy portal stream.

* * *

Waked by the crowd, slow from his bench arose
A comely full-spread porter, swollen with sleep;
His calm, broad, thoughtless aspect breathed repose;
And in sweet torpor he was plunged deep,
Ne could himself from ceaseless yawning keep;
While o'er his eyes the drowsy liquor ran,
Through which his half-waked soul would faintly peep,
Then taking his black staff, he called his man,
And roused himself as much as rouse himself he can.

The lad leaped lightly at his master's call.
He was, to weet, a little roguish page,
Save sleep and play who minded nought at all,
Like most the untaught striplings of his age.
This boy he kept each band to disengage,
Garters and buckles, task for him unfit,
But ill-becoming his grave personage,
And which his portly paunch would not permit,
So this same limber page to all performed it.

Meantime the master-porter wide displayed
Great store of caps, of slippers, and of gowns;
Wherewith he those that entered in, arrayed
Loose, as the breeze that plays along the downs,
And waves the summer-woods when evening frowns.
Oh fair undress, best dress! it checks no vein,
But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,
And heightens ease with grace. This done, right fain
Sir porter sat him down, and turned to sleep again.

* * *

Strait of these endless numbers, swarming round,
As thick as idle motes in sunny ray,
Not one eftsoons in view was to be found,
But every man strolled off his own glad way,
Wide o'er this ample court's blank area,
With all the lodges that thereto pertained;
No living creature could be seen to stray;
While solitude and perfect silence reigned:
So that to think you dreamt you almost was constrained.

As when a shepherd of the Hebrid isles,
Placed far amid the melancholy main
(Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles,
Or that aërial beings sometimes deign
To stand embodied to our senses plain),
Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
The whilst in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,
A vast assembly moving to and fro;
Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous show.

* * *

The doors, that know no shrill alarming bell,
Ne cursed knocker plied by villain's hand,
Self-opened into halls, where, who can tell
What elegance and grandeur wide expand,
The pride of Turkey and of Persia land!
Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
And couches stretched around in seemly band;
And endless pillows rise to prop the head;
So that each spacious room was one full-swelling bed.

And everywhere huge covered tables stood,
With wines high flavoured and rich viands crowned;
Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
On the green bosom of this earth are found,
And all old ocean genders in his round;
Some hand unseen these silently displayed,
Even undemanded by a sign or sound;
You need but wish, and, instantly obeyed,
Fair ranged the dishes rose, and thick the glasses played.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
Where was inwoven many a gentle tale;
Such as of old the rural poets sung,
Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale:
Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
Poured forth at large the sweetly-tortured heart;
Or, sighing tender passion, swelled the gale,
And taught charmed echo to resound their smart;
While flocks, woods, streams, around, repose and peace impart.

Those pleased the most, where, by a cunning hand,
Depainted was the patriarchal age;
What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land,
And pastured on from verdant stage to stage,
Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage.
Toil was not then. Of nothing took they heed,
But with wild beasts the sylvan war to wage,
And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed;
Blest sons of nature they! true golden age indeed!

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
Bade the gay bloom of vernal landscapes rise,
Or autumn's varied shades imbrown the walls;
Now the black tempest strikes the astonished eyes,
Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies;
The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,
And now rude mountains frown amid the skies;
Whate'er Lorraine light-touched with softening hue,
Or savage Rosa dashed, or learned Poussin drew.

A certain music, never known before,
Here lulled the pensive melancholy mind,
Full easily obtained. Behoves no more,
But sidelong, to the gently-waving wind,
To lay the well-tuned instrument reclined;
From which with airy flying fingers light,
Beyond each mortal touch the most refined,
The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight;
Whence, with just cause, the harp of Æolus it hight.

Ah me! what hand can touch the string so fine!
Who up the lofty diapason roll
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the soul!
Now rising love they fanned; now pleasing dole
They breathed, in tender musings, through the heart;
And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
As when seraphic hands a hymn impart:
Wild warbling nature all, above the reach of art!

Such the gay splendour, the luxurious state
Of Caliphs old, who on the Tigris' shore,
In mighty Bagdad, populous and great,
Held their bright court, where was of ladies store;
And verse, love, music, still the garland wore;
When sleep was coy, the bard in waiting there
Cheered the lone midnight with the muse's lore;
Composing music bade his dreams be fair,
And music lent new gladness to the morning air.

Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran
Soft tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,
And sobbing breezes sighed, and oft began
(So worked the wizard) wintry storms to swell,
As heaven and earth they would together mell;
At doors and windows threatening seemed to call
The demons of the tempest, growling fell,
Yet the least entrance found they none at all;
Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy hall.

And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,
Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace;
O'er which were shadowy cast Elysian gleams,
That played in waving lights, from place to place,
And shed a roseate smile on nature's face.
Not Titian's pencil e'er could so array,
So fierce with clouds, the pure ethereal space;
Ne could it e'er such melting forms display,
As loose on flowery beds all languishingly lay.

No, fair illusions! artful phantoms, no!
My muse will not attempt your fairy land;
She has no colours that like you can glow;
To catch your vivid scenes too gross her hand.
But sure it is, was ne'er a subtler band
Than these same guileful angel-seeming sprights,
Who thus in dreams voluptuous, soft, and bland,
Poured all the Arabian heaven upon our nights,
And blessed them oft besides with more refined delights.

They were, in sooth, a most enchanting train,
Even feigning virtue; skilful to unite
With evil good, and strew with pleasure pain.
But for those fiends whom blood and broils delight,
Who hurl the wretch, as if to hell outright,
Down, down black gulfs, where sullen waters sleep;
Or hold him clambering all the fearful night
On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep;
They, till due time should serve, were bid far hence to keep.

Ye guardian spirits, to whom man is dear,
From these foul demons shield the midnight gloom;
Angels of fancy and of love be near,
And o'er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom;
Evoke the sacred shades of Greece and Rome,
And let them virtue with a look impart:
But chief, awhile, oh lend us from the tomb
Those long-lost friends for whom in love we smart,
And fill with pious awe and joy-mixt wo the heart.

Rule Britannia.

When Britain first at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung the strain:
Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves!
Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee,
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
And work their wo and thy renown.
Rule Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All shall be subject to the main,
And every shore it circles thine.
Rule Britannia, &c.

The muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest isle, with matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule Britannia, &c.

JOHN DYER.

JOHN DYER, a picturesque and moral poet, was a native of Wales, being born at Aberglasslyn, Carmarthenshire, in 1700. His father was a solicitor, and intended his son for the same profession. The latter, however, had a taste for the fine arts, and rambled over his native country, filling his mind with a love of nature, and his portfolio with sketches of her most beautiful and striking objects. The sister art of poetry also claimed his regard, and during his excursions he wrote *Grongar Hill*, the production on which his fame rests, and where it rests securely. Dyer next made a tour to Italy, to study painting. He does not seem to have excelled as an artist, though he was an able sketcher. On his return in 1740, he published another poem, *The Ruins of Rome*, in blank verse. One short passage, often quoted, is conceived, as Johnson remarks, 'with the mind of a poet:'—

The pilgrim oft
At dead of night, 'mid his orison, hears,
Aghast, the voice of time, disparting towers,
Tumbling all precipitate down dashed,
Rattling around, loud thundering to the moon.

Seeing, probably, that he had little chance of succeeding as an artist, Dyer entered the church, and obtained successively the livings of Calthrop, in Leicestershire, of Conningsby, in Huntingdonshire, and of Belchford and Kirkby, in Lincolnshire. He published in 1757 his longest poetical work, *The Fleece*, devoted to

The care of sheep, the labours of the loom.

The subject was not a happy one. How can a man write poetically, as was remarked by Johnson, of serges and druggets? One critic asked Dodsley how old the author of 'The Fleece' was; and learning that he was in advanced life, 'He will,' said the critic, 'be buried in woollen.' The poet did not long survive the publication, for he died next year, on the 24th of July 1758. The poetical pictures of Dyer are happy miniatures of nature, correctly drawn, beautifully coloured, and grouped with the taste of an artist. His moral reflections arise naturally out of his subject, and are never intrusive. All bear evidence of a kind and gentle heart, and a true poetical fancy.

Grongar Hill.

Silent nymph, with curious eye,
Who, the purple evening, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man;
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings;
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale;
Come, with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy sister Muse;
Now, while Phœbus, riding high,
Gives lustre to the land and sky!

Grongar Hill invites my song,
Draw the landscape bright and strong;
Grongar, in whose mossy cells,
Sweetly musing, Quiet dwells;
Grongar, in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made;
So oft I have, the evening still,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sat upon a flowery bed,
With my hand beneath my head;
While strayed my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead, and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till contemplation had her fill.
About his chequered sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves, and grottos where I lay,
And vistas shooting beams of day:
Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal:
The mountains round, unhappy fate,
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise:
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads;
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly-risen hill.
Now I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landscape lies below!
No clouds, no vapours intervene,
But the gay, the open scene,
Does the face of nature show,
In all the hues of heaven's bow;
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.
Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly towering in the skies!
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires!
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain heads!
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks!
Below me trees unnumbered rise,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir, that taper grows,
The sturdy oak, with broad-spread boughs.
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye!
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His sides are clothed with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps:
So both a safety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.
'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now the apartment of the toad;
And there the fox securely feeds,
And there the poisonous adder breeds,
Concealed in ruins, moss, and weeds;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary mouldered walls.
Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state;
But transient is the smile of fate!
A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.
And see the rivers, how they run
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life, to endless sleep!
Thus is nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wandering thought;
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.
Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valleys, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky!
The pleasant seat, the ruined tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.
See, on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide,
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
A step, methinks, may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem;
So we mistake the future's face,
Eyed through hope's deluding glass;
As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the same coarse way,
*The present's still a cloudy day.**
O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see!
Content me with a humble shade,
My passions tamed, my wishes laid;
For while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul:
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.
Now, even now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain turf I lie;
While the wanton zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep,
While the shepherd charms his sheep,
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fills the sky,
Now, even now, my joys run high.
Be full, ye courts; be great who will;
Search for peace with all your skill;
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor:
In vain you search, she is not there;
In vain you search the domes of care!
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain heads,
Along with Pleasure close allied,
Ever by each other's side:
And often, by the murmuring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

* Byron thought the lines here printed in Italics the original of Campbell's far-famed lines at the opening of 'The Pleasures of Hope:'—

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.'

WILLIAM HAMILTON.

WILLIAM HAMILTON of Bangour, a Scottish gentleman of education, rank, and accomplishments, was born of an ancient family in Ayrshire in 1704. He was the delight of the fashionable circles of his native country, and became early distinguished for his poetical talents. In 1745, struck, we may suppose, with the *romance* of the enterprise, Hamilton joined the standard of Prince Charles, and became the 'volunteer laureate' of the Jacobites, by celebrating the battle of Gladsmuir. On the discomfiture of the party, Hamilton succeeded in effecting his escape to France; but having many friends and admirers among the royalists at home, a pardon was procured for the rebellious poet, and he was soon restored to his native country and his paternal estate. He did not, however, live long to enjoy his good fortune. His health had always been delicate, and a pulmonary complaint forced him to seek the warmer climate of the continent. He gradually declined, and died at Lyons in 1754.

Hamilton's first and best strains were dedicated to lyrical poetry. Before he was twenty, he had assisted Allan Ramsay in his 'Tea-Table Miscellany.' In 1748, some person, unknown to him, collected and published his poems in Glasgow; but the first genuine and correct copy did not appear till after the author's death, in 1760, when a collection was made from his own manuscripts. The most attractive feature in his works is his pure English style, and a somewhat ornate poetical diction. He had more fancy than feeling, and in this respect his amatory songs resemble those of the courtier poets of Charles II.'s court. Nor was he more sincere, if we may credit an anecdote related of him by Alexander Tytler in his life of Henry Home, Lord Kames. One of the ladies whom Hamilton annoyed by his perpetual compliments and solicitations, consulted Home how she should get rid of the poet, who she was convinced had no serious object in view. The philosopher advised her to dance with him, and show him every mark of her kindness, as if she had resolved to favour his suit. The lady adopted the counsel, and the success of the experiment was complete. Hamilton wrote a serious poem, entitled *Contemplation*, and a national one on the Thistle, which is in blank verse:—

How oft beneath
Its martial influence have Scotia's sons,
Through every age, with dauntless valour fought
On every hostile ground! While o'er their breast,
Companion to the silver star, blest type
Of fame, unsullied and superior deed,
Distinguished ornament! this native plant
Surrounds the sainted cross, with costly row
Of gems emblazed, and flame of radiant gold,
A sacred mark, their glory and their pride!

Professor Richardson of Glasgow (who wrote a critique on Hamilton in the 'Lounger') quotes the following as a favourable specimen of his poetical powers:—

In everlasting blushes seen,
Such Pringle shines, of sprightly mien;
To her the power of love imparts,
Rich gift! the soft successful arts,
That best the lover's fire provoke,
The lively step, the mirthful joke,
The speaking glance, the amorous wile,
The sportful laugh, the winning smile.
Her soul awakening every grace,
Is all abroad upon her face;
In bloom of youth still to survive,
All charms are there, and all alive.

Others of his amatory strains are full of quaint conceits and exaggerated expressions, without any trace of real passion. His ballad of *The Braes of Yarrow* is by far the finest of his effusions: it has real nature, tenderness, and pastoral simplicity. As the cause of the composition of Wordsworth's three beautiful poems, 'Yarrow Unvisited,' 'Yarrow Visited,' and 'Yarrow Revisited,' it has, moreover, some external importance in the records of British literature. The poet of the lakes has copied some of its lines and images.

The Braes of Yarrow.

A. Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?
A. I gat her where I darena weil be seen,
Pouing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow!
Nor let thy heart lament to leave
Pouing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen,
Pouing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?

A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,
Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow,
And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen
Pouing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint her lover lover dear,
Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow,
And I hae slain the comeliest swain
That e'er poued birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholious weeds
Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

What's yonder floats on the rueful rueful flude?
What's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!
'Tis he, the comely swain I slew
Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.

Wash, oh wash his wounds his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears with dule and sorrow,
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,
And weep around in waeful wise,
His helpless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierced his breast,
His comely breast, on the Braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee not to lue,
And warn from fight, but to my sorrow;
O'er rashly bauld a stronger arm
Thou met'st, and fell on the Braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the grass,
Yellow on Yarrow bank the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,
As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae the rock as mellow.

Fair was thy love, fair fair indeed thy love,
In flowery bands thou him didst fetter;
Though he was fair and weil beloved again,
Than me he never lued thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and lue me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

C. How can I busk a bonny bonny bride,
How can I busk a winsome marrow,
How lue him on the banks of Tweed,
That slew my love on the Braes of Yarrow.

O Yarrow fields! may never never rain,
Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover,
For there was basely slain my love,
My love, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, 'twas my ain sewing,
Ah! wretched me! I little little kenned
He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white milk-white steed,
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow,
But e'er the to-fall of the night
He lay a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoiced that waeful waeful day;
I sang, my voice the woods returning,
But lang ere night the spear was flown
That slew my love, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My lover's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

My happy sisters may be may be proud;
With cruel and ungentle scoffin,
May bid me seek on Yarrow Braes
My lover nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,
And strive with threatening words to move me,
My lover's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou ever bid me love thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love,
With bridal sheets my body cover,
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the expected husband lover.

But who the expected husband husband is?
His hands, methinks, are bathed in slaughter.
Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon,
Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him lay him down,
O lay his cold head on my pillow;
Take aff take aff these bridal weeds,
And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale though thou art, yet best yet best beloved,
O could my warmth to life restore thee!
Ye'd lie all night between my breasts,
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale pale, indeed, O lovely lovely youth,
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lie all night between my breasts,
No youth shall ever lie there after.

A. Return, return, O mournful mournful bride,
Return and dry thy useless sorrow;
Thy lover heeds nought of thy sighs,
He lies a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

Song.

Ye shepherds of this pleasant vale,
Where Yarrow streams along,
Forsake your rural toils, and join
In my triumphant song.

She grants, she yields; one heavenly smile
Atones her long delays,
One happy minute crowns the pains
Of many suffering days.

Raise, raise the victor notes of joy,
These suffering days are o'er;
Love satiates now his boundless wish
From beauty's boundless store:

No doubtful hopes, no anxious fears,
This rising calm destroy;
Now every prospect smiles around,
All opening into joy.

The sun with double lustre shone
That dear consenting hour,
Brightened each hill, and o'er each vale
New coloured every flower:

The gales their gentle sighs withheld,
No leaf was seen to move,
The hovering songsters round were mute,
And wonder hushed the grove.

The hills and dales no more resound
The lambkin's tender cry;
Without one murmur Yarrow stole
In dimpling silence by:

All nature seemed in still repose
Her voice alone to hear,
That gently rolled the tuneful wave,
She spoke and blessed my ear.

Take, take whate'er of bliss or joy
You fondly fancy mine;
Whate'er of joy or bliss I boast,
Love renders wholly thine:

The woods struck up to the soft gale,
The leaves were seen to move,
The feathered choir resumed their voice,
And wonder filled the grove;

The hills and dales again resound
The lambkins' tender cry,
With all his murmurs Yarrow trilled
The song of triumph by;

Above, beneath, around, all on
Was verdure, beauty, song;
I snatched her to my trembling breast,
All nature joyed along.

Song.

Ah, the poor shepherd's mournful fate,
When doomed to love and doomed to languish,
To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
Nor dare disclose his anguish!
Yet eager looks and dying sighs
My secret soul discover,
While rapture, trembling through mine eyes,
Reveals how much I love her.
The tender glance, the reddening cheek,
O'erspread with rising blushes,
A thousand various ways they speak
A thousand various wishes.

For, oh! that form so heavenly fair,
Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
That artless blush and modest air,
So fatally beguiling;

Thy every look, and every grace,
So charm, whene'er I view thee,
Till death o'ertake me in the chase,
Still will my hopes pursue thee.
Then, when my tedious hours are past,
Be this last blessing given,
Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
And die in sight of heaven.

DR SAMUEL JOHNSON.

In massive force of understanding, multifarious knowledge, sagacity, and moral intrepidity, no writer



Dr Samuel Johnson.

of the eighteenth century surpassed DR SAMUEL JOHNSON. His various works, with their sententious morality and high-sounding sonorous periods—his manly character and appearance—his great virtues and strong prejudices—his early and severe struggles, illustrating his own noble verse—

Slow rises worth by poverty depressed—

his love of argument and society, into which he poured the treasures of a rich and full mind—his wit, repartee, and brow-beating—his rough manners and kind heart—his curious household, in which were congregated the lame, blind, and despised—his very looks, gesticulation, and dress—have all been brought so vividly before us by his biographer, Boswell, that to readers of every class Johnson is as well known as a member of their own family. His heavy form seems still to haunt Fleet Street and the Strand, and he has stamped his memory on the remote islands of the Hebrides. In literature his influence has been scarcely less extensive. No prose writer of that day escaped the contagion of his peculiar style. He banished for a long period the naked simplicity of Swift and the idiomatic graces of Addison; he depressed the literature and poetry of imagination, while he elevated that of the understanding; he based criticism on strong sense and solid judgment, not on scholastic subtleties and refinement; and though some of the higher qualities and attributes of genius eluded his grasp and observation, the withering scorn and invective with which he assailed all affected sentimentalism, immorality, and licentiousness, introduced a pure and healthful and invigorating atmosphere into the crowded walks of literature. These are solid and substantial benefits which should weigh down errors of taste or the caprices of a temperament constitutionally prone to melancholy and ill health, and which was little sweetened by prosperity or applause at that period of life when the habits are formed and the manners become permanent. As a *man*, Johnson was an admirable representative of the Englishman—as an *author*, his course was singularly pure, high-minded, and independent. He could boast with more truth than Burke, that 'he had no arts but manly arts.' At every step in his progress his passport was talent and virtue; and when the royal countenance and favour were at length extended to him, it was but a ratification by the sovereign of the wishes and opinions entertained by the best and wisest of the nation.

Johnson was born at Lichfield, September 18, 1709. His father was a bookseller, and in circumstances that enabled him to give his son a good education. In his nineteenth year he was placed at Pem-



Street Scene in Lichfield, including the birthplace of Johnson (being the under part of the lighted side of the large house on the right hand side of the picture.)

broke college, Oxford. Misfortunes in trade happened to the elder Johnson, and Samuel was compelled to leave the university without a degree. He was



Dr Johnson's Room in Pembroke College.

a short time usher in a school at Market Bosworth; but marrying a widow, Mrs Porter (whose age was double his own), he set up a private academy near his native city. He had only three pupils, one of whom was David Garrick. After an unsuccessful career of a year and a-half, Johnson went to London, accompanied by Garrick. He now commenced author by profession, contributing essays, reviews, &c., to the Gentleman's Magazine. In 1738 appeared his *London, a satire*; in 1744 his *Life of Savage*; in 1749 *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, an imitation of Juvenal's tenth Satire, and the tragedy of *Irene*; in 1750–52 the *Rambler*, published in numbers; in 1755 his *Dictionary of the English Language*, which had engaged him above seven years; in 1758–60 the *Idler*, another series of essays; in 1759 *Rasselas*; in 1775 the *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*; and in 1781 the *Lives of the Poets*. The high church and Tory predilections of Johnson led him to embark on the troubled sea of party politics, and he wrote some vigorous pamphlets in defence of the ministry and against the claims of the Americans. His degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him first by Trinity college, Dublin, and afterwards by the university of Oxford. His majesty, in 1762, settled upon him an annuity of £300 per annum. Johnson died on the 13th of December 1784.

As an illustration of Johnson's character, and incidentally of his prose style, we subjoin his celebrated letter to Lord Chesterfield. The courtly nobleman had made great professions to the retired scholar, but afterwards neglected him for some years. When his 'Dictionary' was on the eve of publication, Chesterfield (hoping the work might be dedicated to him) attempted to conciliate the author by writing two papers in the periodical called 'The World,' in recommendation of the work. Johnson thought all was 'false and hollow,' and penned his indignant letter. He did Chesterfield injustice in the affair, as from a collation of the facts and circumstances is now apparent; but as a keen and dignified expression of wounded pride and surly independence, the composition is inimitable:—

February 7, 1755.

My Lord—I have been lately informed by the proprietor of the 'World,' that two papers, in which my 'Dictionary' is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*;—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my lord—Your lordship's most humble, most obedient servant—SAM. JOHNSON.

The poetry of Johnson forms but a small portion of the history of his mind or of his works. His imitations of Juvenal are, however, among the best imitations of a classic author which we possess; and Gray has pronounced an opinion, that 'London (the first in time, and by far the inferior of the two) has all the ease and all the spirit of an original.' Pope also admired the composition. In *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, Johnson departs more from his original, and takes wider views of human nature, society, and manners. His pictures of Wolsey and Charles of Sweden have a strength and magnificence that would do honour to Dryden, while the historical and philosophic paintings are contrasted by reflections on the cares, vicissitudes, and sorrows of life, so profound, so true, and touching, that they may justly be denominated 'mottoes of the heart.' Sir Walter Scott has termed this poem 'a satire, the deep and pathetic morality of which has often extracted tears from those whose eyes wander dry over pages professedly sentimental.' Johnson was too prone to indulge in dark and melancholy views of human life; yet those who have experienced its disappointments and afflictions must subscribe to the

severe morality and pathos with which the contemplative poet

Expatiates free o'er all this scene of man.

The peculiarity of Juvenal, according to Johnson's own definition, 'is a mixture of gaiety and stateliness, of pointed sentences and declamatory grandeur.' He had less reflection and less moral dignity than his English imitator.

The other poetical pieces of Johnson are short and occasional; but his beautiful Prologue on the opening of Drury Lane, and his lines on the death of Levett, are in his best manner.

[*From the Vanity of Human Wishes.*]

Let observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind, from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wavering man, betrayed by venturous pride,
To tread the dreary paths without a guide;
As treacherous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good.
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice.
How nations sink, by darling schemes oppressed,
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
Fate wings with every wish the afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art,
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows,
Impeachment stops the speaker's powerful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death.
But scarce observed, the knowing and the bold,
Fall in the general massacre of gold;
Wide-wasting pest! that rages unconfined,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind;
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;
Wealth heaped on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys,
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.
Let history tell where rival kings command,
And dubious title shakes the maddened land;
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the lord;
Low skulks the hind beneath the rage of power,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tower,
Untouched his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
Though confiscation's vultures hover round. * *
Unnumbered suppliants crowd preferment's gate,
Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great;
Delusive fortune hears the incessant call,
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
On every stage, the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.
Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
Pours in the morning worshipper no more;
For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies;
From every room descends the painted face,
That hung the bright palladium of the place,
And smoked in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold;
For now no more we trace in every line
Heroic worth, benevolence divine;
The form distorted justifies the fall,
And detestation rids the indignant wall.
But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
Sign her foes' doom, or guard her favourites' zeal?
Through freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,
Degrading nobles and controlling kings;
Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes;
With weekly libels and septennial ale,
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.
In full-blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the church, the realm, their powers consign;
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine;
Turned by his nod the stream of honour flows,
His smile alone security bestows:
Still to new heights his restless wishes tower;
Claim leads to claim, and power advances power;
Till conquest unresisted ceased to please,
And rights submitted, left him none to seize.
At length his sovereign frowns—the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate:
Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glittering plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liveried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppressed,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
Grief aids disease, remembered folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.
Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
Shall Wolsey's wealth, with Wolsey's end be thine?
Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest Justice on the banks of Trent?
For why did Wolsey near the steeps of fate,
On weak foundations raise the enormous weight?
Why, but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulfs below.
What gave great Villiers to the assassin's knife,
And fixed disease on Harley's closing life?
What murdered Wentworth, and what exiled Hyde,
By kings protected, and to kings allied?
What, but their wish indulged in courts to shine,
And power too great to keep, or to resign! * *
The festal blazes, the triumphal show,
The ravished standard, and the captive foe,
The senate's thanks, the gazettes pompous tale,
With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirled,
For such the steady Romans shook the world;
For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine;
This power has praise, that virtue scarce can warm,
Till fame supplies the universal charm.
Yet reason frowns on war's unequal game,
Where wasted nations raise a single name,
And mortgaged states their grandsires wreaths regret,
From age to age in everlasting debt;
Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey
To rust on medals, or on stones decay.
On what foundations stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide;
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain.
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding kings their power combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;
'Think nothing gained,' he cries, 'till nought remain,
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky.'
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
And winter barricades the realms of frost:
He comes, nor want, nor cold, his course delay;
Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day:

The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands;
Condemned a needy supplicant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound,
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.*
All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
From Persia's tyrant, to Bavaria's lord.
In gay hostility and barbarous pride,
With half mankind embattled at his side,
Great Xerxes came to seize the certain prey,
And starves exhausted regions in his way;
Attendant flattery counts his myriads o'er,
Till counted myriads soothe his pride no more;
Fresh praise is tried till madness fires the mind,
The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind;
New powers are claimed, new powers are still bestowed,
Till rude resistance lops the spreading god;
The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
And heap their valleys with the gaudy foe;
The insulted sea with humbler thoughts he gains,
A single skiff to speed his flight remains;
The encumbered oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast
Through purple billows and a floating host. * *
Enlarge my life with multitude of days,
In health, and sickness, thus the suppliant prays;
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,
That life protracted, is protracted wo.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy:
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flower;
With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
He views and wonders that they please no more;
Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,
And luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain:
No sounds, alas! would touch the impervious ear,
Though dancing mountains witnessed Orpheus near;
Nor lute nor lyre his feeble powers attend,
Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend,
But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perversely grave, or positively wrong.
The still returning tale, and lingering jest,
Perplex the fawning niece, and pampered guest,
While growing hopes scarce awe the gathering sneer,
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear;
The watchful guests still hint the last offence,
The daughter's petulance, the son's expense,
Improve his heady rage with treacherous skill,
And mould his passions till they make his will.
Unnumbered maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade;
But unextinguished avarice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains;
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.
But grant the virtues of a temperate prime,
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime;
An age that melts with unperceived decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating conscience cheers;
The general favourite as the general friend;
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?
Yet even on this her load misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes' flagging wings;
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated friendship claims a tear.
Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from withering life away;
New forms arise, and different views engage,
Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage,
Till pitying nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.
But few there are whom hours like these await,
Who set unclouded in the gulfs of fate.
From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
By Solon cautioned to regard his end.
In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise?
From Marlb'rough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driveller and a show. * *
Where, then, shall hope and fear their objects find?
Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?
Inquirer, cease; petitions yet remain,
Which Heaven may hear, nor deem religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice.
Safe in his power, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious prayer.
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resigned;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat:
These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain,
These goods he grants, who grants the power to gain;
With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

* To show how admirably Johnson has imitated this part of Juvenal, applying to the modern hero, Charles XII., what the Roman satirist directed against Hannibal, we subjoin a literal version of the words of Juvenal:—'Weigh Hannibal—how many pounds' weight will you find in that consummate general? This is the man whom Africa, washed by the Moorish sea, and stretching to the warm Nile, cannot contain. Again, in addition to Ethiopia, and other elephant-breeding countries, Spain is added to his empire. He jumps over the Pyrenees: in vain nature opposed to him the Alps with their snows; he severed the rocks, and rent the mountains with vinegar. Now he reaches Italy, yet he determines to go farther: "Nothing is done," says he, "unless with our Punic soldiers we break down their gates, and I plant my standard in the midst of Saburra (street). O what a figure, and what a fine picture he would make, the one-eyed general, carried by the Getulian brute! What, after all, was the end of it? Alas for glory! this very man is routed, and flies headlong into banishment, and there the great and wonderful commander sits like a poor dependent at the palace door of a king, till it please the Bithynian tyrant to awake. That life, which had so long disturbed all human affairs, was brought to an end, not by swords, nor stones, nor darts, but by that redresser of Cannæ, and avenger of the blood that had been shed—a ring.[1] Go, madman; hurry over the savage Alps, to please the schoolboys, and become their subject of declamation!"'

[1] It will be recollected that Hannibal, to prevent his falling into the hands of the Romans, swallowed poison, which he carried in a ring on his finger.

Prologue spoken by Mr Garrick, at the opening of the Theatre in Drury Lane, in 1747.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes
First reared the stage, immortal Shakspeare rose;
Each change of many-coloured life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting time toiled after him in vain:
His powerful strokes presiding truth impressed,
And unresisted passion stormed the breast.
Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,
To please in method, and invent by rule;
His studious patience and laborious art,
By regular approach essayed the heart:
Cold approbation gave the lingering bays,
For those who durst not censure, scarce could praise.
A mortal born, he met the general doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.
The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,
Nor wished for Jonson's art, or Shakspeare's flame;
Themselves they studied, as they felt they writ,
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.
Vice always found a sympathetic friend;
They pleased their age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like these aspired to lasting praise,
And proudly hoped to pimp in future days:
Their cause was general, their supports were strong,
Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long;
Till shame regained the post that sense betrayed,
And virtue called oblivion to her aid.
Then crushed by rules, and weakened as refined,
For years the power of Tragedy declined:
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till declamation roared, whilst passion slept;
Yet still did virtue deign the stage to tread;
Philosophy remained, though nature fled.
But forced at length her ancient reign to quit,
She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of wit.
Exulting folly hailed the joyful day,
And Pantomime and song confirmed her sway.
But who the coming changes can presage,
And mark the future periods of the stage?
Perhaps, if skill could distant times explore,
New Behns, new D'Urfeys, yet remain in store;
Perhaps, where Lear has raved, and Hamlet died,
On flying cars new sorcerers may ride;
Perhaps (for who can guess the effects of chance?)
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.
Hard is his lot, that, here by fortune placed,
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste;
With every meteor of caprice must play,
And chase the new-blown bubble of the day.
Ah! let not censure term our fate our choice,
The stage but echoes back the public voice;
The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please to live.
Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;
'Tis yours this night to bid the reign commence
Of rescued nature and reviving sense;
To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of show,
For useful mirth and salutary wo,
Bid Scenic Virtue form the rising age,
And Truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.

On the Death of Dr Robert Levett—1782.

Condemned to hope's delusive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blasts, or slow decline,
Our social comforts drop away.

Well tried through many a varying year,
See Levett to the grave descend,
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
Obscurely wise and coarsely kind;
Nor, lettered arrogance, deny
Thy praise to merit unrefined.

When fainting nature called for aid,
And hovering death prepared the blow,
His vigorous remedy displayed
The power of art without the show.

In misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless anguish poured his groan,
And lonely want retired to die.

No summons mocked by chill delay,
No petty gain disdained by pride;
The modest wants of every day
The toil of every day supplied.

His virtues walked their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
And sure the Eternal Master found
The single talent well employed.

The busy day—the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
His frame was firm—his powers were bright,
Though now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then with no fiery throbbing pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

None of our poets have lived more under the 'skiey influences' of imagination than that exquisite but ill-fated bard, COLLINS. His works are imbued with a fine ethereal fancy and purity of taste; and though, like the poems of Gray, they are small in number and amount, they are rich in vivid imagery and beautiful description. His history is brief but painful. William Collins was the son of a respectable tradesman, a hatter, at Chichester, where he was born on Christmas day, 1720. In his 'Ode to Pity,' the poet alludes to his 'native plains,' which are bounded by the South Down hills, and to the small river Arun, one of the streams of Sussex, near which Otway, also, was born.

But wherefore need I wander wide
To old Ilissus' distant side?
Deserted stream and mute!
Wild Arun, too, has heard thy strains,
And Echo 'midst my native plains
Been soothed by Pity's lute.

Collins received a learned education, in which he was aided by pecuniary assistance from his uncle, Colonel Martin, stationed with his regiment in Flanders. While at Magdalen college, Oxford, he published his *Oriental Eclogues*, which, to the disgrace of the university and the literary public, were wholly neglected. Meeting shortly afterwards with some repulse or indignity at the university, he suddenly quitted Oxford, and repaired to London, full of high hopes and magnificent schemes. His learning was extensive, but he wanted steadiness of purpose and application. Two years afterwards, in 1746, he published his *Odes*, which were purchased by Millar the bookseller, but failed to attract attention. Collins sunk under the disappointment, and became still more indolent and dissipated. The fine promise of his youth, his ardour and ambition, melted away under this baneful and depressing influence. Once again, however, he strung his lyre with poetical enthusiasm. Thomson died in 1747: Collins seems to have known and loved him, and he

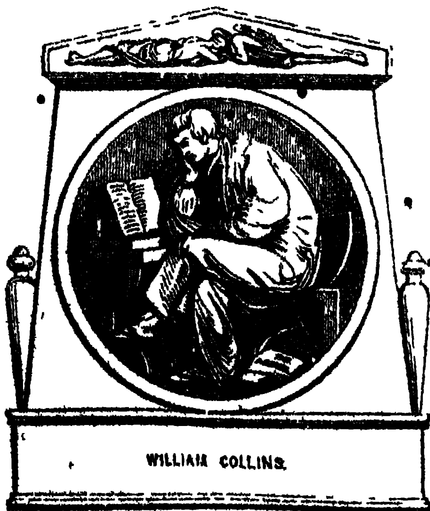
honoured his memory with an Ode, which is certainly one of the finest elegiac productions in the language. Among his friends was also Home, the author of 'Douglas,' to whom he addressed an Ode, which was found unfinished after his death, on the *Superstitions of the Highlands.* He loved to dwell on these dim and visionary objects, and the compliment he pays to Tasso, may be applied equally to himself—

> Prevailing poet, whose undoubting mind
> Believed the magic wonders which he sung.

At this period, Collins seems to have contemplated a journey to Scotland—

> The time shall come when I perhaps may tread
> Your lowly glens o'erhung with spreading broom;
> Or o'er your stretching heaths by Fancy led;
> Or o'er your mountains creep in awful gloom!
> Then will I dress once more the faded flower,
> Where Jonson sat in Drummond's classic shade;
> Or crop from Teviotdale each lyric flower,
> And mourn on Yarrow's banks where Willy's laid.

In the midst of the poet's difficulties and distresses, his uncle died and left him £2000; 'a sum,' says Johnson, 'which Collins could scarcely think exhaustible, and which he did not live to exhaust.' He repaid Millar the bookseller the loss sustained by the publication of his 'Odes;' and buying up the remaining copies, committed them all to the flames. He became still more irregular in his habits, and sank into a state of nervous imbecility. All hope and exertion had fled. Johnson met him one day, carrying with him as he travelled an English Testament. 'I have but one book,' said Collins, 'but it is the best.' In his latter days he was tended by his sister in Chichester; but it was necessary at one time to confine him in a lunatic asylum. He used, when at liberty, to wander day and night among the aisles and cloisters of Chichester cathedral, accompanying the music with loud sobs and moans. Death at length came to his relief, and in 1756—at the early age of thirty-six, ten years after the publication of his immortal works—his troubled and melancholy career was terminated. it affords one of the most touching examples of accomplished youth and genius, linked to personal humiliation and calamity, that throws its lights and shades on our literary annals.



Collins's Monument in Chichester Cathedral.

Mr Southey has remarked, that, though utterly neglected on their first appearance, the 'Odes' of Collins, in the course of one generation, without any adventitious aid to bring them into notice, were acknowledged to be the best of their kind in the language. 'Silently and imperceptibly they had risen by their own buoyancy, and their power was felt by every reader who had any true poetic feeling.' This popularity seems still to be on the increase, though the want of human interest and of action in Collins's poetry prevent its being generally read. The 'Eclogues' are free from the occasional obscurity and remoteness of conception that in part pervade the 'Odes,' and they charm by their figurative language and descriptions, the simplicity and beauty of their dialogues and sentiments, and their musical versification. The desert scene in Hassan, the Camel Driver, is a finished picture—impressive and even appalling in its reality. The Ode on the Passions, and that on Evening, are the finest of his lyrical works. The former is a magnificent gallery of allegorical paintings; and the poetical diction is equally rich with the conception. No poet has made more use of metaphors and personification. He has individualised even metaphysical pursuits, which he terms 'the shadowy tribes of Mind.' Pity is presented with 'eyes of dewy light'—a felicitous epithet; and Danger is described with the boldness and distinctness of sculpture—

> Danger, whose limbs of giant mould
> What mortal eye can fixed behold?
> Who stalks his round, a hideous form,
> Howling amidst the midnight storm,
> Or throws him on the ridgy steep
> Of some loose hanging rock to sleep.

Eclogue II.—Hassan; or the Camel Driver.

Scene—The Desert. Time—Mid day.

> In silent horror, o'er the boundless waste,
> The driver Hassan with his camels past;
> One cruise of water on his back he bore,
> And his light scrip contained a scanty store;
> A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
> To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
> The sultry sun had gained the middle sky,
> And not a tree and not a herb was nigh;
> The beasts with pain their dusty way pursue,
> Shrill roared the winds, and dreary was the view!
> With desperate sorrow wild, the affrighted man
> Thrice sighed, thrice struck his breast, and thus began:
> 'Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
> When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!'
> Ah! little thought I of the blasting wind,
> The thirst or pinching hunger that I find!
> Bethink thee, Hassan! where shall thirst assuage,
> When fails this cruise, his unrelenting rage?
> Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign,
> Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine?
> Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
> In all my griefs a more than equal share!
> Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
> Or moss-crowned fountains mitigate the day,
> In vain ye hope the green delight to know,
> Which plains more blessed or verdant vales bestow;
> Here rocks alone and tasteless sands are found,
> And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.
> 'Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
> When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!'
> Cursed be the gold and silver which persuade
> Weak men to follow far fatiguing trade!
> The lily peace outshines the silver store,
> And life is dearer than the golden ore;
> Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
> To every distant mart and wealthy town.
> Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea;
> And are we only yet repaid by thee?

Ah! why was ruin so attractive made,
Or why fond man so easily betrayed?
Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
The gentle voice of Peace, or Pleasure's song?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's side,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride;
Why think we these less pleasing to behold
Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold?
'Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!'
O cease, my fears! All frantic as I go,
When thought creates unnumbered scenes of wo,
What if the lion in his rage I meet!
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet;
And fearful oft, when Day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner Night,
By hunger roused he scours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train;
Before them Death with shrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
'Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!'
At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep;
Or some swoln serpent twist his scales around,
And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor,
From lust of wealth and dread of death secure!
They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find;
Peace rules the day where reason rules the mind.
'Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!'
O hapless youth! for she thy love hath won,
The tender Zara! will be most undone.
Big swelled my heart, and owned the powerful maid,
When fast she dropped her tears, as thus she said:
'Farewell the youth whom sighs could not detain,
Whom Zara's breaking heart implored in vain!
Yet as thou go'st, may every blast arise
Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs;
Safe o'er the wild no perils may'st thou see,
No griefs endure, nor weep, false youth! like me.'
'O! let me safely to the fair return,
Say with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn;
O! let me teach my heart to lose its fears,
Recalled by Wisdom's voice and Zara's tears.'
He said, and called on Heaven to bless the day
When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

Ode Written in the Year 1746.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

Ode to Evening.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales;

Oh nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat,
With short shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial loved return!

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut
That from the mountain's side
Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light:

While sallow autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
Or Winter yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes:

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name!

Ode on the Passions.

When Music, heavenly maid! was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell;
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possessed beyond the muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round,
They snatched her instruments of sound;
And as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for madness ruled the hour,
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords, bewildered laid;
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
Even at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rushed, his eyes on fire
In lightnings owned his secret stings;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair,
Low sullen sounds his grief beguiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, oh Hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail.
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still through all the song;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair:
And longer had she sung, but with a frown
Revenge impatient rose;
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread.
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of wo;
And ever and anon he beat
The double drum with furious heat;
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien.
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fixed:
Sad proof of thy distressful state;
Of differing themes the veering song was mixed,
And now it courted Love, now raving called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired,
And from her wild sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul;
And dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels joined the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole:
Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But oh! how altered was its sprightly tone,
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call, to Fawn and Dryad known;
The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys, were seen
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
And Sport leaped up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addressed;
But soon he saw the brisk, awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing:
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
Love framed with Mirth, a gay fantastic round,
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound:
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

Oh Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid,
Why, goddess! why to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As in that loved Athenian bower,
You learn an all-commanding power;
Thy mimic soul, oh nymph endeared,
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders in that godlike age
Fill thy recording sister's page;
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age;
Even all at once together found,
Cecilia's mingled world of sound.
Oh! bid your vain endeavours cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece;
Return in all thy simple state;
Confirm the tales her sons relate.

Ode to Liberty.

STROPHE.

Who shall awake the Spartan fife,
And call in solemn sounds to life,
The youths, whose locks divinely spreading,
Like vernal hyacinths in sullen hue,
At once the breath of fear and virtue shedding,
Applauding freedom loved of old to view?
What new Alcæus, fancy-blessed,
Shall sing the sword, in myrtles dressed,
At wisdom's shrine a while its flame concealing,
(What place so fit to seal a deed renowned?)
Till she her brightest lightnings round revealing,
It leaped in glory forth, and dealt her prompted wound!
Oh goddess, in that feeling hour,
When most its sounds would court thy ears,
Let not my shell's misguided power,
E'er draw thy sad, thy mindful tears.
No, freedom, no; I will not tell
How Rome, before thy face,
With heaviest sound, a giant statue fell,
Pushed by a wild and artless race
From off its wide ambitious base,
When time his northern sons of spoil awoke,
And all the blended work of strength and grace,
With many a rude repeated stroke,
And many a barbarous yell, to thousand fragments broke.

EPODE.

Yet, even where'er the least appeared,
The admiring world thy hand revered;
Still 'midst the scattered states around
Some remnants of her strength were found;
They saw, by what escaped the storm,
How wondrous rose her perfect form;
How in the great, the laboured whole,
Each mighty master poured his soul;
For sunny Florence, seat of art,
Beneath her vines preserved a part,
Till they, whom science loved to name,
(Oh, who could fear it?) quenched her flame.
And, lo, a humbler relic laid
In jealous Pisa's olive shade!
See small Marino joins the theme,
Though least, not last in thy esteem;
Strike, louder strike the ennobling strings
To those whose merchants' sons were kings;
To him, who, decked with pearly pride,
In Adria weds his green-haired bride:

Hail port of glory, wealth and pleasure,
Ne'er let me change this Lydian measure;
Nor e'er her former pride relate,
To sad Liguria's bleeding state.
Ah, no! more pleased thy haunts I seek,
On wild Helvetia's mountains bleak
(Where, when the favoured of thy choice,
The daring archer heard thy voice,
Forth from his eyry roused in dread,
The ravening eagle northward fled);
Or dwell in willowed meads more near,
With those to whom thy stork is dear:
Those whom the rod of Alva bruised,
Whose crown a British queen refused!
The magic works, thou feel'st the strains,
One holier name alone remains;
The perfect spell shall then avail,
Hail, nymph, adored by Britain, hail!

ANTISTROPHE.

Beyond the measure vast of thought,
The works the wizard time has wrought!
The Gaul, 'tis held of antique story,
Saw Britain linked to his now adverse strand,
No sea between, nor cliff sublime and hoary,
He passed with unwet feet through all our land.
To the blown Baltic then, they say,
The wild waves found another way,
Where Orcas howls. his wolfish mountains rounding;
Till all the banded west at once 'gain rise,
A wide wild storm even Nature's self confounding,
Withering her giant sons with strange uncouth surprise.
This pillared earth so firm and wide,
By winds and inward labours torn,
In thunders dread was pushed aside,
And down the shouldering billows borne.
And see, like gems, her laughing train,
The little isles on every side,
Mona, once hid from those who search the main,
Where thousand elfin shapes abide,
And Wight who checks the westering tide,
For thee consenting heaven has each bestowed
A fair attendant on her sovereign pride:
To thee this blessed divorce she owed,
For thou hast made her vales thy loved, thy last abode!

SECOND EPODE.

Then, too, 'tis said, a hoary pile,
'Midst the green naval of our isle,
Thy shrine in some religious wood,
O soul enforcing goddess, stood!
There oft the painted native's feet
Were wont thy form celestial meet:
Though now with hopeless toil we trace
Time's backward rolls, to find its place,
Whether the fiery-tressed Dane,
Or Roman's self o'erturned the fane,
Or in what heaven left age it fell,
'Twere hard for modern song to tell.
Yet still, if truth those beams infuse,
Which guide at once, and charm the muse,
Beyond yon braided clouds that lie,
Paving the light embroidered sky;
Amidst the bright pavilioned plains,
The beauteous model still remains.
There happier than in islands blessed,
Or bowers by spring or Hebe dressed,
The chiefs who fill our Albion's story,
In warlike weeds, retired in glory,
Hear their consorted Druids sing
Their triumphs to the immortal string.
How may the poet now unfold
What never tongue or numbers told?
How learn delighted, and amazed,
What hands unknown that fabric raised?
Even now, before his favoured eyes,
In Gothic pride it seems to rise!
Yet Grecia's graceful orders join,
Majestic, though the mixed design;
The secret builder knew to choose,
Each sphere found gem of richest hues;
Whate'er heaven's purer mould contains,
When nearer suns emblaze its veins;
There on the walls the patriots sight
May ever hang with fresh delight,
And, graved with some prophetic rage,
Read Albion's fame through every age.
Ye forms divine, ye laureate band,
That near her inmost altar stand!
Now soothe her to her blissful train,
Blithe Concord's social form to gain:
Concord, whose myrtle wand can steep
Even Anger's blood-shot eyes in sleep:
Before whose breathing bosom's balm,
Rage drops his steel, and storms grow calm;
Her let our sires and matrons hoar
Welcome to Britain's ravaged shore;
Our youths, enamoured of the fair,
Play with the tangles of her hair;
Till, in one loud applauding sound,
The nations shout to her around.
O how supremely art thou blest,
Thou, lady, thou shalt rule the west!

Dirge in Cymbeline.

Sung by GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS over FIDELE, supposed to be dead.

To fair Fidele' grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove,
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No withered witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew;

The redbreast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gathered flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake thy sylvan cell,
Or midst the chase on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Beloved till life can charm no more;
And mourned till pity's self be dead.

Ode on the Death of Mr Thomson.

The scene of the following stanzas is supposed to lie on the Thames, near Richmond.

In yonder grave a Druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave!
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise,
To deck its poet's sylvan grave!

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp shall now be laid,
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love through life the soothing shade.

The maids and youths shall linger here,
And, while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore,
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest;
And oft suspend the dashing oar,
To bid his gentle spirit rest!

And oft as ease and health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening spire,
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

But thou, who own'st that earthly bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail?
Or tears, which love and pity shed,
That mourn beneath the gliding sail!

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near?
With him, sweet bard, may fancy die,
And joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
No sedge-crowned sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side,
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

And see, the fairy valleys fade,
Dun night has veiled the solemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek nature's child, again adieu!

The genial meads, assigned to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom!
Their hinds and shepherd girls shall dress
With simple hands thy rural tomb.

Long, long thy stone and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes:
O! vales, and wild woods, shall he say,
In yonder grave your Druid lies!

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

William Shenstone added some pleasing pastoral and elegiac strains to our national poetry, but he wanted, as Johnson justly remarks, 'comprehension and variety.' Though highly ambitious of poetical fame, he devoted a large portion of his time, and squandered most of his means, in landscape-gardening and ornamental agriculture. He reared up around him a sort of rural paradise, expending his poetical taste and fancy in the disposition and embellishment of his grounds, till at length pecuniary difficulties and distress drew a cloud over the fair prospect, and darkened the latter days of the poet's life. Swift, who entertained a mortal aversion to all projectors, might have included the unhappy Shenstone among the fanciful inhabitants of his Laputa. The estate which he laboured to adorn was his natal ground. At Leasowes, in the parish of Hales Owen, Shropshire, the poet was born in November 1714. He was taught to read at what is termed a dame school, and his venerable preceptress has been immortalised by his poem of the *Schoolmistress*. At the proper age he was sent to Pembroke college, Oxford, where he remained four years. In 1745, by the death of his parents and an elder brother, the paternal estate fell to his own care and management, and he began from this time, as Johnson characteristically describes it, 'to point his prospects, to diversify his surface, to entangle his walks, and to wind his waters; which he did with such judgment and fancy, as made his little domain the envy of the great and the admiration of the skilful; a place to be visited by travellers and copied by designers.' Descriptions of the Leasowes have been written by Dodsley and Goldsmith. The property was altogether not worth more than £300 per annum, and Shenstone had devoted so much of his



The Leasowes.

means to external embellishment, that he was compelled to live in a dilapidated house, not fit, as he acknowledges, to receive 'polite friends.' An unfortunate attachment to a young lady, and disappointed ambition—for he aimed at political as well as poetical celebrity—conspired, with his passion for gardening and improvement, to fix him in his solitary situation. He became querulous and dejected, pined at the unequal gifts of fortune, and even contemplated with a gloomy joy the complaint of Swift, that he would be 'forced to die in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole.' Yet Shenstone was essentially kind and benevolent, and he must at times have experienced exquisite pleasure in his romantic retreat, in which every year would give fresh beauty, and develop more distinctly the creations of his taste and labour. 'The works of a person that builds,' he says, 'begin immediately to decay; while those of him who plants begin directly to improve.' This advantage he possessed, with the additional charm of a love of literature; but Shenstone sighed for more than inward peace and satisfaction. He built his happiness on the applause of others, and died in solitude a votary of the world. His death took place at the Leasowes, February 11, 1763.

The works of Shenstone were collected and published after his death by his friend Dodsley, in three volumes. The first contains his poems, the second his prose essays, and the third his letters and other pieces. Gray remarks of his correspondence, that it is 'about nothing else but the Leasowes, and his writings with two or three neighbouring clergyman who wrote verses too.' The essays are good, displaying an ease and grace of style united to judgment and discrimination. They have not the mellow

ripeness of thought and learning of Cowley's essays, but they resemble them more closely than any others we possess. In poetry, Shenstone tried different styles; his elegies barely reach mediocrity; his levities, or pieces of humour, are dull and spiritless. His highest effort is the 'Schoolmistress,' a descriptive sketch in imitation of Spenser, so delightfully quaint and ludicrous, yet true to nature, that it has all the force and vividness of a painting by Teniers or Wilkie. His *Pastoral Ballad*, in four parts, is also the finest English poem of that order. The pastorals of Spenser do not aim at lyrical simplicity, and no modern poet has approached Shenstone in the simple tenderness and pathos of pastoral song. Mr Campbell seems to regret the affected Arcadianism of these pieces, which undoubtedly present an incongruous mixture of pastoral life and modern manners. But, whether from early associations (for almost every person has read Shenstone's ballad in youth), or from the romantic simplicity, the true touches of nature and feeling, and the easy versification of the stanzas, they are always read and remembered with delight. We must surrender up the judgment to the imagination in perusing them, well knowing that no such Corydons or Phylisses are to be found; but this is a sacrifice which the Faery Queen equally demands, and which few readers of poetry are slow to grant. Johnson quotes the following verses of the first part, with the striking eulogium, that, if any mind denies its sympathy to them, it has no acquaintance with love or nature:—

I prized every hour that went by,
  Beyond all that had pleased me before;
But now they are past, and I sigh,
  And I grieve that I prized them no more.

When forced the fair nymph to forego,
  What anguish I felt in my heart!
Yet I thought (but it might not be so)
  'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.

She gazed as I slowly withdrew,
  My path I could hardly discern;
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
  I thought that she bade me return.

We subjoin the best part of the 'Schoolmistress;' but one other stanza is worthy of notice, not only for its intrinsic excellence, but for its having probably suggested to Gray the fine reflection in his elegy—

'Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,' &c.

Mr D'Israeli has pointed out this resemblance in his 'Curiosities of Literature,' and it appears well-founded. The palm of merit, as well as originality, seems to rest with Shenstone; for it is more natural and just to predict the existence of undeveloped powers and great eminence in the humble child at school, than to conceive they had slumbered through life in the peasant in the grave. Yet the conception of Gray has a sweet and touching pathos, that sinks into the heart and memory. Shenstone's is as follows:—

Yet, nursed with skill, what dazzling fruits appear!
Even now sagacious foresight points to show
A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo,
Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,
As Milton, Shakspeare—names that ne'er shall die!
Though now he crawl along the ground so low,
Nor weeting how the Muse should soar on high,
Wisheth, poor starveling elf! his paper kite may fly.

The Schoolmistress.

Ah me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
  To think how modest worth neglected lies;
  While partial fame doth with her blasts adorn
  Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise;
  Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise;
  Lend me thy clarion, goddess! let me try
  To sound the praise of merit ere it dies;
  Such as I oft have chanced to espy,
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

  In every village marked with little spire,
  Embowered in trees, and hardly known to fame,
  There dwells, in lowly shed, and mean attire,
  A matron old, whom we schoolmistress name;
  Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame:
  They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
  Awed by the power of this relentless dame;
  And ofttimes, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconned, are sorely shent.



Cottage of the Schoolmistress, near Hales-Owen, Shropshire.

  And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
  Which learning near her little dome did stowe;
  Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
  Though now so wide its waving branches flow,
  And work the simple vassals mickle woe;
  For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
  But their limbs shuddered, and their pulse beat low;
  And as they looked, they found their horror grew,
And shaped it into rods, and tingled at the view.

  Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
  On which the tribe their gambols do display;
  And at the door imprisoning board is seen,
  Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray;
  Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
  The noises intermixed, which thence resound,
  Do learning's little tenement betray;
  Where sits the dame, disguised in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

  Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
  Emblem right meet of decency does yield:
  Her apron dyed in grain, as blue, I trow,
  As is the harebell that adorns the field;

And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
Tway birchen sprays; with anxious fear entwined,
With dark distrust, and sad repentance filled;
And steadfast hate, and sharp affliction joined,
And fury uncontrolled, and chastisement unkind.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown;
A russet kirtle fenced the nipping air;
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own;
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair!
'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare;
And, sooth to say, her pupils ranged around,
Through pious awe, did term it passing rare;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground.

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;
Goody, good woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;
Yet these she challenged, these she held right dear;
Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,
Who should not honoured eld with these revere;
For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame;
Which, ever and anon, impelled by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came;
Such favour did her past deportment claim;
And, if neglect had lavished on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same;
For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

Herbs, too, she knew, and well of each could speak,
That in her garden sipped the silvery dew;
Where no vain flower disclosed a gaudy streak,
But herbs for use and physic, not a few,
Of gray renown, within those borders grew:
The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
Fresh balm, and marigold of cheerful hue:
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb;
And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
Hymnèd such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete:
If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave,
But in her garden found a summer-seat:
Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foemen did a song entreat,
All, for the nonce, untuning every string,
Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had they to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
And passed much time in truly virtuous deed;
And, in those elfins' ears would oft deplore
The times, when truth by popish rage did bleed,
And tortuous death was true devotion's meed;
And simple faith in iron chains did mourn,
That nould on wooden image place her creed;
And lawny saints in smouldering flames did burn:
Ah! dearest Lord, forefend thilk days should e'er return.

In elbow-chair (like that of Scottish stem,
By the sharp tooth of cankering eld defaced,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our sovereign prince and liefest liege is placed)
The matron sat; and some with rank she graced,
(The source of children's and of courtiers' pride!)
Redressed affronts—for vile affronts there passed;
And warned them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry,
To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise;
Some with vile copper-prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittance small of praise;
And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays:
Even absent, she the reins of power doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways;
Forewarned, if little bird their pranks behold,
'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo! now with state she utters her command;
Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair,
Their books of stature small they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn secured are,
To save from finger wet the letters fair:
The work so gay, that on their back is seen,
St George's high achievements does declare;
On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,
Kens the forthcoming rod—unpleasing sight, I ween!

Ah! luckless he, and born beneath the beam
Of evil star! it irks me whilst I write;
As erst the bard by Mulla's silver stream,*
Oft, as he told of deadly dolorous plight,
Sighed as he sung, and did in tears indite;
For brandishing the rod, she doth begin
To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight;
And down they drop; appears his dainty skin,
Fair as the furry coat of whitest ermilin.

O ruthful scene! when, from a nook obscure,
His little sister doth his peril see,
All playful as she sat, she grows demure;
She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee;
She meditates a prayer to set him free;
Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny
(If gentle pardon could with dames agree)
To her sad grief that swells in either eye,
And wrings her so that all for pity she could die.

No longer can she now her shrieks command;
And hardly she forbears, through awful fear,
To rushen forth, and, with presumptuous hand,
To stay harsh justice in its mid career.
On thee she calls, on thee her parent dear;
(Ah! too remote to ward the shameful blow!)
She sees no kind domestic visage near,
And soon a flood of tears begins to flow,
And gives a loose at last to unavailing wo.

But, ah! what pen his piteous plight may trace!
Or what device his loud laments explain—
The form uncouth of his disguised face—
The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain—
The plenteous shower that does his cheek distain?
When he, in abject wise, implores the dame,
Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain;
Or when from high she levels well her aim,
And, through the thatch, his cries each falling stroke proclaim.

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle sky,
And liberty unbars her prison door;
And like a rushing torrent out they fly;
And now the grassy cirque han covered o'er
With boisterous revel rout and wild uproar;
A thousand ways in wanton rings they run.
Heaven shield their short-lived pastimes I implore;
For well may freedom erst so dearly won
Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your sportive trade,
And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flowers;
For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid,
Oh never may ye taste more careless hours
In knightly castles or in ladies' bowers.

* Spenser.

Oh vain to seek delight in earthly thing!
But most in courts, where proud ambition towers;
Deluded wight! who weens fair peace can spring
Beneath the pompous dome of kesar or of king.

See in each sprite some various bent appear!
These rudely carol most incondite lay;
Those sauntering on the green, with jocund leer
Salute the stranger passing on his way;
Some builden fragile tenements of clay;
Some to the standing lake their courses bend,
With pebbles smooth at duck and drake to play;
Thilk to the huxter's savoury cottage tend,
In pastry kings and queens the allotted mite to spend.

Here as each season yields a different store,
Each season's stores in order ranged been;
Apples with cabbage-net y-covered o'er,
Galling full sore the unmoneyed wight, are seen,
And goosebrie clad in livery red or green;
And here, of lovely dye, the catharine pear,
Fine pear! as lovely for thy juice, I ween;
O may no wight e'er penniless come there,
Lest, smit with ardent love, he pine with hopeless care.

See, cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,
With thread so white in tempting posies tied,
Scattering, like blooming maid, their glances round,
With pampered look draw little eyes aside;
And must be bought, though penury betide.
The plum all azure, and the nut all brown;
And here each season do those cakes abide,
Whose honoured names* the inventive city own,
Rendering through Britain's isle Salopia's praises known.

Admired Salopia! that with venial pride
Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave,
Famed for her loyal cares in perils tried,
Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave:
Ah! midst the rest, may flowers adorn his grave
Whose art did first these dulcet cates display!
A motive fair to learning's imps he gave,
Who cheerless o'er her darkling region stray;
Till reason's morn arise, and light them on their way.

A Pastoral Ballad, in Four Parts—1743.

'Arbusta humilesque myricæ.'—VIRG.

I. ABSENCE.

Ye shepherds, so cheerful and gay,
Whose flocks never carelessly roam;
Should Corydon's happen to stray,
Oh! call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muse and to sigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None once was so watchful as I;
I have left my dear Phyllis behind.

Now I know what it is to have strove
With the torture of doubt and desire;
What it is to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah! lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each evening repel;
Alas! I am faint and forlorn—
I have bade my dear Phyllis farewell.

Since Phyllis vouchsafed me a look,
I never once dreamt of my vine;
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.
I prized every hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleased me before;
But now they are past, and I sigh,
And I grieve that I prized them no more.

* Shrewsbury Cakes.

But why do I languish in vain!
Why wander thus pensively here!
Oh! why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the smiles of my dear!
They tell me, my favourite maid,
The pride of that valley, is flown;
Alas! where with her I have strayed,
I could wander with pleasure alone.

When forced the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart:
Yet I thought—but it might not be so—
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
She gazed as I slowly withdrew,
My path I could hardly discern;
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journies all day
To visit some far distant shrine,
If he bear but a relic away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely removed from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe;
Soft hope is the relic I bear,
And my solace, wherever I go.

II. HOPE.

My banks they are furnished with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottos are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow;
My fountains, all bordered with moss,
Where the harebells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a sweetbrier entwines it around.
Not my fields in the prime of the year
More charms than my cattle unfold;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
To the bower I have laboured to rear;
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
But I hasted and planted it there.
O how sudden the jessamine strove
With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands, and groves,
What strains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves,
From thickets of roses that blow!
And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
As—she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair,
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed;
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will say, 'twas a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, she averred,
Who could rob a poor bird of his young;
And I loved her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold
How that pity was due to a dove;
That it ever attended the bold,
And she called it the sister of Love.

But her words such a pleasure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she say,
Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
Unmoved, when her Corydon sighs?
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
These plains and this valley despise?
Dear regions of silence and shade!
Soft scenes of contentment and ease!
Where I could have pleasingly strayed,
If aught in her absence could please.

But where does my Phyllida stray?
And where are her grots and her bowers?
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
And the shepherds as gentle as ours?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the valleys as fine;
The swains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine.

III. SOLICITUDE.

Why will you my passion reprove?
Why term it a folly to grieve?
Ere I show you the charms of my love:
She is fairer than you can believe.
With her mien she enamours the brave,
With her wit she engages the free,
With her modesty pleases the grave;
She is every way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays;
I could lay down my life for the swain,
That will sing but a song in her praise.
When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping, and listen the while;
Nay, on him let not Phyllida frown,
But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
Any favour with Phyllis to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
Might she ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets he dresses his hair,
And his crook is bestudded around;
And his pipe—oh my Phyllis, beware
Of a magic there is in the sound.

'Tis his with mock passion to glow,
'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold
'How her face is as bright as the snow,
And her bosom, be sure, is as cold.
How the nightingales labour the strain,
With the notes of his charmer to vie;
How they vary their accents in vain,
Repine at her triumphs, and die.'

To the grove or the garden he strays,
And pillages every sweet;
Then suiting the wreath to his lays,
He throws it at Phyllis's feet.
'O Phyllis, he whispers, more fair,
More sweet than the jessamine's flower!
What are pinks in a morn, to compare?
What is eglantine after a shower?

Then the lily no longer is white,
Then the rose is deprived of its bloom,
Then the violets die with despite,
And the woodbines give up their perfume.'
Thus glide the soft numbers along,
And he fancies no shepherd his peer;
Yet I never should envy the song,
Were not Phyllis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So Phyllis the trophy despise:
Let his forehead with laurels be crowned,
So they shine not in Phyllis's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart,
Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue;
Yet may she beware of his art,
Or sure I must envy the song.

IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

Ye shepherds, give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep:
They have nothing to do but to stray;
I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove;
She was fair, and my passion begun;
She smiled, and I could not but love;
She is faithless, and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought:
Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
That a nymph so complete would be sought
By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah! love every hope can inspire;
It banishes wisdom the while;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorned with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone;
Ye that witness the woes I endure,
Let reason instruct you to shun
What it cannot instruct you to cure.
Beware how you loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of a higher degree:
It is not for me to explain
How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes?
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repose.
Yet time may diminish the pain:
The flower, and the shrub, and the tree,
Which I reared for her pleasure in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.
High transports are shown to the sight,
But we are not to find them our own;
Fate never bestowed such delight,
As I with my Phyllis had known.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace;
To your deepest recesses I fly;
I would hide with the beasts of the chase;
I would vanish from every eye.
Yet my reed shall resound through the grove
With the same sad complaint it begun;
How she smiled, and I could not but love;
Was faithless, and I am undone!

*Song.—Jemmy Dawson.**

Come listen to my mournful tale,
Ye tender hearts and lovers dear;
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
Nor will you blush to shed a tear.

*** Captain James Dawson, the amiable and unfortunate subject of these stanzas, was one of the eight officers belonging to the Manchester regiment of volunteers, in the service of the young chevalier, who were hanged, drawn, and quartered, on Kennington-Common in 1746.**

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid,
Do thou a pensive ear incline;
For thou canst weep at every wo,
And pity every plaint but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant youth,
A brighter never trod the plain;
And well he loved one charming maid,
And dearly was he loved again.

One tender maid she loved him dear,
Of gentle blood the damsel came:
And faultless was her beauteous form,
And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,
That led the favoured youth astray;
The day the rebel clans appeared,
O had he never seen that day!

Their colours and their sash he wore,
And in the fatal dress was found;
And now he must that death endure,
Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true love's cheek,
When Jemmy's sentence reached her ear!
For never yet did Alpine snows
So pale or yet so chill appear.

With faltering voice she weeping said,
Oh Dawson, monarch of my heart!
Think not thy death shall end our loves,
For thou and I will never part.

Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
And bring relief to Jemmy's woes,
O George! without a prayer for thee
My orisons should never close.

The gracious prince that gave him life
Would crown a never-dying flame;
And every tender babe I bore
Should learn to lisp the giver's name.

But though, dear youth, thou shouldst be dragged
To yonder ignominious tree,
Thou shalt not want a faithful friend
To share thy bitter fate with thee.

O then her mourning-coach was called,
The sledge moved slowly on before;
Though borne in her triumphal car,
She had not loved her favourite more.

She followed him, prepared to view
The terrible behests of law;
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes
With calm and steadfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,
Which she had fondly loved so long;
And stifled was that tuneful breath,
Which in her praise had sweetly sung:

And severed was that beauteous neck,
Round which her arms had fondly closed;
And mangled was that beauteous breast,
On which her love-sick head reposed:

And ravished was that constant heart,
She did to every heart prefer;
For though it could its king forget,
'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames
She bore this constant heart to see;
But when 'twas mouldered into dust,
Now, now, she cried, I follow thee.

My death, my death alone can show
The pure and lasting love I bore:
Accept, O Heaven! of woes like ours,
And let us, let us weep no more.

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
The lover's mournful hearse retired;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And, sighing forth his name, expired.

Though justice ever must prevail,
The tear my Kitty sheds is due;
For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, and so true.

[*Written at an Inn at Henley.*]

To thee, fair Freedom, I retire
From flattery, cards, and dice, and din;
Nor art thou found in mansions higher
Than the low cot or humble inn.

'Tis here with boundless power I reign,
And every health which I begin
Converts dull port to bright champagne:
Such freedom crowns it at an inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate,
I fly from falsehood's specious grin;
Freedom I love, and form I hate,
And choose my lodgings at an inn.

Here, waiter! take my sordid ore,
Which lackeys else might hope to win;
It buys what courts have not in store,
It buys me freedom at an inn.

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.

DAVID MALLET.

DAVID MALLET, author of some beautiful ballad stanzas, and some florid unimpassioned poems in blank verse, was a successful but unprincipled literary adventurer. He praised and courted Pope while living, and, after experiencing his kindness, traduced his memory when dead. He earned a disgraceful pension by contributing to the death of a brave naval officer, Admiral Byng, who fell a victim to the clamour of faction; and by various other acts of his life, he evinced that self-aggrandisement was his only steady and ruling passion. When Johnson, therefore, states that Mallet was the only Scot whom Scotchmen did not commend, he pays a compliment to the virtue and integrity of the natives of Scotland. The original name of the poet was Malloch, which, after his removal to London, and his intimacy with the great, he changed to Mallet, as more easily pronounced by the English. His father kept a small inn at Crieff, Perthshire, where David was born about the year 1700. He attended Aberdeen college, and was afterwards received, though without salary, as tutor in the family of Mr Home of Dreghorn, near Edinburgh. He next obtained a similar situation, but with a salary of £30 per annum, in the family of the Duke of Montrose. In 1723, he went to London with the duke's family, and next year his ballad of *William and Margaret* appeared in Hill's periodical, 'The Plain Dealer.' He soon numbered among his friends Young, Pope, and other eminent persons, to whom his assiduous attentions, his agreeable manners, and literary taste, rendered his society acceptable. In 1733 he published a satire on Bentley, inscribed to Pope, entitled *Verbal Criticism*, in which he characterises the venerable scholar as

In error obstinate, in wrangling loud,
For trifles eager, positive, and proud;
Deep in the darkness of dull authors bred,
With all their refuse lumbered in his head.

Mallet was appointed under-secretary to the Prince of Wales, with a salary of £200 per annum; and, in conjunction with Thomson, he produced, in 1740, the *Masque of Alfred*, in honour of the birth-day of the Princess Augusta. A fortunate second marriage (nothing is known of his first) brought to the poet a fortune of £10,000. The lady was daughter of Lord Carlisle's steward. Both Mallet and his wife professed to be deists, and the lady is said to have surprised some of her friends by commencing her arguments with—'*Sir, we deists.*' When Gibbon the historian was dismissed from his college at Oxford for embracing popery, he took refuge in Mallet's house, and was rather scandalised, he says, than reclaimed, by the philosophy of his host. Wilkes mentions that the vain and fantastic wife of Mallet one day lamented to a lady that her husband *suffered in reputation* by his name being so often confounded with that of Smollett; the lady wittily answered, 'Madam, there is a short remedy: let your husband keep his own name.' To gratify Lord Bolingbroke, Mallet, in his preface to the 'Patriot King,' heaped abuse on the memory of Pope, and Bolingbroke rewarded him by bequeathing to him the whole of his works and manuscripts. When the government became unpopular by the defeat at Minorca, he was employed to defend them, and under the signature of a Plain Man, he published an address imputing cowardice to the admiral of the fleet. He succeeded: Byng was shot, and Mallet was pensioned. On the death of the Duchess of Marlborough, it was found that she had left £1000 to Glover, author of 'Leonidas,' and Mallet, jointly, on condition that they should draw up from the family papers a life of the great duke. Glover, indignant at a stipulation in the will, that the memoir was to be submitted before publication to the Earl of Chesterfield, and being a high-spirited man, devolved the whole on Mallet, who also received a pension from the second Duke of Marlborough, to stimulate his industry. He pretended to be busy with the work, and in the dedication to a small collection of his poems published in 1762, he stated that he hoped soon to present his grace with something *more solid* in the life of the first Duke of Marlborough. Mallet had received the solid money, and cared for nothing else. On his death, it was found that not a single line of the memoir had been written. In his latter days the poet held the lucrative situation of Keeper of the Book of Entries for the port of London. He died April 21, 1765.

Mallet wrote some theatrical pieces, which, though partially successful on their representation, are now utterly forgotten. Gibbon anticipated, that, if ever his friend should attain poetic fame, it would be acquired by his poem of *Amyntor and Theodora*. This, the longest of his poetical works, is a tale in blank verse, the scene of which is laid in the solitary island of St Kilda, whither one of his characters, Aurelius, had fled to avoid the religious persecutions under Charles II. Some highly-wrought descriptions of marine scenery, storms, and shipwreck, with a few touches of natural pathos and affection, constitute the chief characteristics of the poem. The whole, however, even the very names in such a locality, has an air of improbability and extravagance. Another work of the same kind, but inferior in execution, is his poem *The Excursion*, written in imitation of the style of Thomson's 'Seasons.' The defects of Thomson's style are servilely copied; some of his epithets and expressions are also borrowed; but there is no approach to his redeeming graces and beauties. Contrary to the *dictum* of Gibbon, the poetic fame of Mallet rests on his ballads, and chiefly on his 'William and Margaret,' which, written at the age of twenty-three, afforded high hopes of ultimate excellence. The simplicity, here remarkable, he seems to have thrown aside when he assumed the airs and dress of a man of taste and fashion. All critics, from Dr Percy downwards, have united in considering 'William and Margaret' one of the finest compositions of the kind in our language. Sir Walter Scott conceived that Mallet had imitated an old Scottish tale to be found in Allan Ramsay's 'Tea-Table Miscellany,' beginning,

There came a ghost to Margaret's door.

The resemblance is striking. Mallet confessed only (in a note to his ballad) to the following verse in Fletcher's 'Knight of the Burning Pestle:'—

When it was grown to dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In came Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

In the first printed copies of Mallet's ballad, the two first lines were nearly the same as the above—

When all was wrapt in dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep.

He improved the rhyme by the change; but beautiful as the idea is of night and morning meeting, it may be questioned whether there is not more of superstitious awe and affecting simplicity in the old words.

William and Margaret.

'Twas at the silent solemn hour,
When night and morning meet;
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn
Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily hand
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear
When youth and years are flown:
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consumed her early prime;
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek—
She died before her time.

Awake! she cried, thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refused to save.

This is the dark and dreary hour
When injured ghosts complain;
When yawning graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath!
And give me back my maiden-vow,
And give me back my troth.

Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

How could you say my face was fair,
  And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
  Yet leave that heart to break?

Why did you say my lip was sweet,
  And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witless maid!
  Believe the flattering tale?

That face, alas! no more is fair,
  Those lips no longer red:
Dark are my eyes, now closed in death,
  And every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sister is;
  This winding-sheet I wear:
And cold and weary lasts our night,
  Till that last morn appear.

But hark! the cock has warned me hence;
  A long and last adieu!
Come see, false man, how low she lies,
  Who died for love of you.

The lark sung loud; the morning smiled
  With beams of rosy red:
Pale William quaked in every limb,
  And raving left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place
  Where Margaret's body lay;
And stretched him on the green-grass turf
  That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he called on Margaret's name,
  And thrice he wept full sore;
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
  And word spake never more!

Edwin and Emma.

Far in the windings of a vale,
  Fast by a sheltering wood,
The safe retreat of health and peace,
  A humble cottage stood.

There beauteous Emma flourished fair,
  Beneath a mother's eye;
Whose only wish on earth was now
  To see her blest, and die.

The softest blush that nature spreads
  Gave colour to her cheek;
Such orient colour smiles through heaven,
  When vernal mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
  This charmer of the plains:
That sun who bids their diamonds blaze,
  To paint our lily deigns.

Long had she filled each youth with love,
  Each maiden with despair;
And though by all a wonder owned,
  Yet knew not she was fair:

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,
  A soul devoid of art;
And from whose eye, serenely mild,
  Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught,
  Was quickly too revealed;
For neither bosom lodged a wish
  That virtue keeps concealed.

What happy hours of home-felt bliss
  Did love on both bestow!
But bliss too mighty long to last,
  Where fortune proves a foe.

His sister, who, like envy formed,
  Like her in mischief joyed,
To work them harm, with wicked skill,
  Each darker art employed.

The father too, a sordid man,
  Who love nor pity knew,
Was all unfeeling as the clod
  From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their secret flame,
  And seen it long unmoved;
Then with a father's frown at last
  Had sternly disapproved.

In Edwin's gentle heart, a war
  Of differing passions strove:
His heart, that durst not disobey,
  Yet could not cease to love.

Denied her sight, he oft behind
  The spreading hawthorn crept,
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
  Where Emma walked and wept.

Oft, too, on Stanmore's wintry waste,
  Beneath the moonlight shade,
In sighs to pour his softened soul,
  The midnight mourner strayed.

His cheek, where health with beauty glowed,
  A deadly pale o'ercast;
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
  Before the northern blast.

The parents now, with late remorse,
  Hung o'er his dying bed;
And wearied Heaven with fruitless vows,
  And fruitless sorrows shed.

'Tis past! he cried, but, if your souls
  Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let these dim eyes once more behold
  What they must ever love!

She came; his cold hand softly touched,
  And bathed with many a tear:
Fast-falling o'er the primrose pale,
  So morning dews appear.

But oh! his sister's jealous care,
  A cruel sister she!
Forbade what Emma came to say;
  'My Edwin, live for me!'

Now homeward as she hopeless wept,
  The churchyard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl screamed
  Her lover's funeral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
  Her startling fancy found
In every bush his hovering shade,
  His groan in every sound.

Alone, appalled, thus had she passed
  The visionary vale—
When lo! the death-bell smote her ear,
  Sad sounding in the gale!

Just then she reached, with trembling step,
  Her aged mother's door:
He's gone! she cried, and I shall see
  That angel-face no more.

I feel, I feel this breaking heart
  Beat high against my side!
From her white arm down sunk her head—
  She shivered, sighed, and died.

The Birks of Invermay.

The smiling morn, the breathing spring,
Invite the tunefu' birds to sing;
And, while they warble from the spray,
Love melts the universal lay.
Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
Like them, improve the hour that flies;
And in soft raptures waste the day,
Among the birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear;
At this thy living bloom will fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade.
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feathered songsters are no more;
And when they drop and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Invermay!

Some additional stanzas were added to the above by Dr Bryce, Kirknewton. Invermay is in Perthshire, the native county of Mallet, and is situated near the termination of a little picturesque stream called the May. The 'birk' or birch-tree is abundant, adding grace and beauty to rock and stream. Though a Celt by birth and language, Mallet had none of the imaginative wildness or superstition of his native country. Macpherson, on the other hand, seems to have been completely imbued with it.

MARK AKENSIDE.

The author of *The Pleasures of Imagination*, one of the most pure and noble-minded poems of the age, was of humble origin. His parents were dissenters, and the Puritanism imbibed in his early years seems, as in the case of Milton, to have given a gravity and earnestness to his character, and a love of freedom to his thoughts and imagination. MARK AKENSIDE was the son of a respectable butcher at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where he was born, November 9, 1721. An accident in his early years—the fall of one of his father's cleavers, or hatchets, on his foot—rendered him lame for life, and perpetuated the recollection of his lowly birth. The Society of Dissenters advanced a sum for the education of the poet as a clergyman, and he repaired to Edinburgh for this purpose in his eighteenth year. He afterwards repented of this destination, and, returning the money, entered himself as a student of medicine. He was then a poet, and in his *Hymn to Science*, written in Edinburgh, we see at once the formation of his classic taste, and the dignity of his personal character:—



House in which Akenside was born.

That last best effort of thy skill,
To form the life and rule the will,
Propitious Power! impart;
Teach me to cool my passion's fires,
Make me the judge of my desires,
The master of my heart.

Raise me above the vulgar's breath,
Pursuit of fortune, fear of death,
And all in life that's mean;
Still true to reason be my plan,
Still let my actions speak the man,
Through every various scene.

A youth animated by such sentiments, promised a manhood of honour and integrity. After three years spent in Edinburgh, Akenside removed to Leyden to complete his studies; and in 1744 he was admitted to the degree of M.D. He next established himself as a physician in London. In Holland he had (at the age of twenty-three) written his 'Pleasures of Imagination,' which he now offered to Dodsley, demanding £120 for the copyright. The bookseller consulted Pope, who told him 'to make no niggardly offer, since this was no every-day writer.' The poem attracted much attention, and was afterwards translated into French and Italian. Akenside established himself as a physician in Northampton, where he remained a year and a-half, but did not succeed. The latter part of his life was spent in London. At Leyden he had formed an intimacy with a young Englishman of fortune, Jeremiah Dyson, Esq., which ripened into a friendship of the most close and enthusiastic description; and Mr Dyson (who was afterwards clerk of the House of Commons, a lord of the treasury, &c.) had the generosity to allow the poet £300 a-year. After writing a few *Odes*, and attempting a total alteration of his great poem (in which he was far from successful), Akenside made no further efforts at composition. His society was courted for his taste, knowledge, and eloquence; but his solemn sententiousness of manner, his romantic ideas of liberty, and his unbounded admiration of the ancients, exposed him occasionally to ridicule. The physician in Peregrine Pickle, who gives a feast in the manner of the ancients, is supposed to have been a caricature of Akenside. The description, for rich humour and grotesque combinations of learning and folly, has not been excelled by Smollett; but it was unworthy his talents to cast ridicule on a man of high character and splendid genius. Akenside died suddenly of a putrid sore throat, on the 23d of June 1770, in his 49th year, and was buried in St James's church. With a feeling common to poets, as to more ordinary mortals, Akenside, in his latter days, reverted with delight to his native landscape on the banks of the Tyne. In his fragment of a fourth book of 'The Pleasures of Imagination,' written in the last year of his life, there is the following beautiful passage:—

O ye dales
Of Tyne, and ye most ancient woodlands; where
Oft as the giant flood obliquely strides,

And his banks open and his lawns extend,
Stops short the pleased traveller to view,
Presiding o'er the scene, some rustic tower
Founded by Norman or by Saxon hands:
O ye Northumbrian shades, which overlook
The rocky pavement and the mossy falls
Of solitary Wensbeck's limpid stream!
How gladly I recall your well-known seats
Beloved of old; and that delightful time
When all alone, for many a summer's day,
I wandered through your calm recesses, led
In silence by some powerful hand unseen.
Nor will I e'er forget you; nor shall e'er
The graver tasks of manhood, or the advice
Of vulgar wisdom, move me to disclaim
Those studies which possessed me in the dawn
Of life, and fixed the colour of my mind
For every future year: whence even now
From sleep I rescue the clear hours of morn,
And, while the world around lies overwhelmed
In idle darkness, am alive to thoughts
Of honourable fame, of truth divine
Or moral, and of minds to virtue won
By the sweet magic of harmonious verse.

The spirit of Milton seems to speak in this strain of lofty egotism!

'The Pleasures of Imagination' is a poem seldom read continuously, though its finer passages, by frequent quotation, particularly in works of criticism and moral philosophy, are well known. Gray censured the mixture of spurious philosophy—the speculations of Hutcheson and Shaftesbury—which the work contains. Plato, Lucretius, and even the papers by Addison in the Spectator, were also laid under contribution by the studious author. He gathered sparks of enthusiasm from kindred minds, but the train was in his own. The pleasures which his poem professes to treat of, 'proceed,' he says, 'either from natural objects, as from a flourishing grove, a clear and murmuring fountain, a calm sea by moonlight, or from works of art, such as a noble edifice, a musical tune, a statue, a picture, a poem.' These, with the moral and intellectual objects arising from them, furnish abundant topics for illustration; but Akenside dealt chiefly with abstract subjects, pertaining more to philosophy than to poetry. He did not seek to graft upon them human interests and passions. In tracing the final causes of our emotions, he could have described their exercise and effects in scenes of ordinary pain or pleasure in the walks of real life. This does not seem, however, to have been the purpose of the poet, and hence his work is deficient in interest. He seldom stoops from the heights of philosophy and classic taste. He considered that physical science improved the charms of nature. Contrary to the feeling of an accomplished living poet, who repudiates these 'cold material laws,' he viewed the rainbow with additional pleasure after he had studied the Newtonian theory of lights and colours.

Nor ever yet
The melting rainbow's vernal tinctured hues
To me have shone so pleasing, as when first
The hand of Science pointed out the path
In which the sunbeams gleaming from the west
Fall on the watery cloud, whose darksome veil
Involves the orient.

Akenside's *Hymn to the Naiads* has the true classical spirit. He had caught the manner and feeling, the varied pause and harmony, of the Greek poets, with such felicity, that Lloyd considered his Hymn as fitted to give a better idea of that form of composition, than could be conveyed by any translation of Homer or Callimachus. Gray was an equally learned poet, perhaps superior. His knowledge was better digested. But Gray had not the romantic enthusiasm of character, tinged with pedantry, which naturally belonged to Akenside. He had also the experience of mature years. The genius of Akenside was early developed, and his diffuse and florid descriptions seem the natural product—marvellous of its kind—of youthful exuberance. He was afterwards conscious of the defects of his poem. He saw that there was too much leaf for the fruit; but in cutting off these luxuriances, he sacrificed some of the finest blossoms. Posterity has been more just to his fame, by almost wholly disregarding this second copy of his philosophical poem. In his youthful aspirations after moral and intellectual greatness and beauty, he seems, like Jeremy Taylor in the pulpit, 'an angel newly descended from the visions of glory.' In advanced years, he is the professor in his robes; still free from stain, but stately, formal, and severe. The blank verse of 'The Pleasures of Imagination' is free and well-modulated, and seems to be distinctively his own. Though apt to run into too long periods, it has more compactness of structure than Thomson's ordinary composition. Its occasional want of perspicuity probably arises from the fineness of his distinctions, and the difficulty attending mental analysis in verse. He might also wish to avoid all vulgar and common expressions, and thus err from excessive refinement. A redundancy of ornament undoubtedly, in some passages, takes off from the clearness and prominence of his conceptions. His highest flights, however—as in the allusion to the death of Cæsar, and his exquisitely-wrought parallel between art and nature—have a flow and energy of expression, with appropriate imagery, which mark the great poet. His style is chaste, yet elevated and musical. He never compromised his dignity, though he blended sweetness with its expression.

[*Aspirations after the Infinite.*]

Say, why was man so eminently raised
Amid the vast creation; why ordained
Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
But that the Omnipotent might send him forth
In sight of mortal and immortal powers,
As on a boundless theatre, to run
The great career of justice; to exalt
His generous aim to all diviner deeds;
To chase each partial purpose from his breast;
And through the mists of passion and of sense,
And through the tossing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his course unfaltering, while the voice
Of Truth and Virtue, up the steep ascent
Of Nature, calls him to his high reward,
The applauding smile of Heaven? Else wherefore burns
In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope,
That breathes from day to day sublimer things,
And mocks possession? wherefore darts the mind
With such resistless ardour to embrace
Majestic forms; impatient to be free,
Spurning the gross control of wilful might;
Proud of the strong contention of her toils;
Proud to be daring? who but rather turns
To Heaven's broad fire his unconstrained view,
Than to the glimmering of a waxen flame?
Who that, from Alpine heights, his labouring eye
Shoots round the wide horizon, to survey
Nilus or Ganges rolling his bright wave
Through mountains, plains, through empires black with shade,
And continents of sand, will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a scanty rill
That murmurs at his feet? The high-born soul

Disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tired of earth
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
Through fields of air; pursues the flying storm;
Rides on the vollied lightning through the heavens;
Or, yoked with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she soars
The blue profound, and, hovering round the sun,
Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
Of light; beholds his unrelenting sway
Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
The fated rounds of Time. Thence far effused,
She darts her swiftness up the long career
Of devious comets; through its burning signs
Exulting measures the perennial wheel
Of Nature, and looks back on all the stars,
Whose blended light, as with a milky zone,
Invest the orient. Now, amazed she views
The empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold,
Beyond this concave heaven, their calm abode;
And fields of radiance, whose unfading light
Has travelled the profound six thousand years,
Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things.
Even on the barriers of the world, untired
She meditates the eternal depth below;
Till half recoiling, down the headlong steep
She plunges; soon o'erwhelmed and swallowed up
In that immense of being. There her hopes
Rest at the fated goal. For from the birth
Of mortal man, the sovereign Maker said,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of Renown,
Power's purple robes, nor Pleasure's flowery lap,
The soul should find enjoyment: but from these
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Through all the ascent of things enlarge her view,
Till every bound at length should disappear,
And infinite perfection close the scene.

[Intellectual Beauty—Patriotism.]

Mind, mind alone (bear witness earth and heaven!)
The living fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime: here hand in hand
Sit paramount the Graces; here enthroned,
Celestial Venus, with divinest airs,
Invites the soul to never-fading joy.
Look, then, abroad through Nature, to the range
Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres,
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense;
And speak, oh man! does this capacious scene
With half that kindling majesty dilate
Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose
Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
Amid the crowd of patriots; and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove
When guilt brings down the thunder, called aloud
On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
And bade the father of his country, hail!
For lo! the tyrant prostrate on the dust,
And Rome again is free! Is aught so fair
In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
In the bright eye of Hesper, or the morn,
In Nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
As virtuous friendship? as the candid blush
Of him who strives with fortune to be just?
The graceful tear that streams for others' woes,
Or the mild majesty of private life,
Where Peace, with ever-blooming olive, crowns
The gate; where Honour's liberal hands effuse
Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings
Of Innocence and Love protect the scene?
Once more search, undismayed, the dark profound
Where nature works in secret; view the beds
Of mineral treasure, and the eternal vault
That bounds the hoary ocean; trace the forms
Of atoms moving with incessant change
Their elemental round: behold the seeds
Of being, and the energy of life
Kindling the mass with ever-active flame:
Then to the secrets of the working mind
Attentive turn; from dim oblivion call
Her fleet, ideal band; and bid them, go!
Break through time's barrier, and o'ertake the hour
That saw the heavens created: then declare
If aught were found in those external scenes
To move thy wonder now. For what are all
The forms which brute unconscious matter wears,
Greatness of bulk, or symmetry of parts?
Not reaching to the heart, soon feeble grows
The superficial impulse; dull their charms,
And satiate soon, and pall the languid eye.
Not so the moral species, nor the powers
Of genius and design: the ambitious mind
There sees herself: by these congenial forms
Touched and awakened, with intenser act
She bends each nerve, and meditates well-pleased
Her features in the mirror. For of all
The inhabitants of earth, to man alone
Creative Wisdom gave to lift his eye
To truth's eternal measures; thence to frame
The sacred laws of action and of will,
Discerning justice from unequal deeds,
And temperance from folly. But beyond
This energy of truth, whose dictates bind
Assenting reason, the benignant Sire,
To deck the honoured paths of just and good,
Has added bright imagination's rays:
Where virtue, rising from the awful depth
Of truth's mysterious bosom, doth forsake
The unadorned condition of her birth;
And, dressed by fancy in ten thousand hues,
Assumes a various feature to attract
With charms responsive to each gazer's eye,
The hearts of men. Amid his rural walk,
The ingenious youth, whom solitude inspires
With purest wishes, from the pensive shade
Beholds her moving, like a virgin-muse
That wakes her lyre to some indulgent theme
Of harmony and wonder: while among
The herd of servile minds her strenuous form
Indignant flashes on the patriot's eye,
And through the rolls of memory appeals
To ancient honour, or, in act serene
Yet watchful, raises the majestic sword
Of public power, from dark ambition's reach,
To guard the sacred volume of the laws.

[Operations of the Mind in the Production of Works of Imagination.]

By these mysterious ties, the busy power
Of memory her ideal train preserves
Entire; or when they would elude her watch,
Reclaims their fleeting footsteps from the waste
Of dark oblivion; thus collecting all
The various forms of being, to present
Before the curious eye of mimic art
Their largest choice: like spring's unfolded blooms
Exhaling sweetness, that the skilful bee
May taste at will from their selected spoils
To work her dulcet food. For not the expanse
Of living lakes in summer's noontide calm,
Reflects the bordering shade and sun-bright heavens
With fairer semblance; not the sculptured gold
More faithful keeps the graver's lively trace,
Than he whose birth the sister powers of art
Propitious viewed, and from his genial star
Shed influence to the seeds of fancy kind.
Than his attempered bosom must preserve
The seal of nature. There alone, unchanged
Her form remains. The balmy walks of May

There breathe perennial sweets: the trembling chord
Resounds for ever in the abstracted ear,
Melodious; and the virgin's radiant eye,
Superior to disease, to grief, and time,
Shines with unbating lustre. Thus at length
Endowed with all that nature can bestow,
The child of fancy oft in silence bends
O'er these mixed treasures of his pregnant breast
With conscious pride. From them he oft resolves
To frame he knows not what excelling things,
And win he knows not what sublime reward
Of praise and wonder. By degrees the mind
Feels her young nerves dilate: the plastic powers
Labour for action: blind emotions heave
His bosom; and with loveliest frenzy caught,
From earth to heaven he rolls his daring eye,
From heaven to earth. Anon ten thousand shapes,
Like spectres trooping to the wizard's call,
Flit swift before him. From the womb of earth,
From ocean's bed they come: the eternal heavens
Disclose their splendours, and the dark abyss
Pours out her births unknown. With fixed gaze
He marks the rising phantoms. Now compares
Their different forms; now blends them, now divides;
Enlarges and extenuates by turns;
Opposes, ranges in fantastic bands,
And infinitely varies. Hither now,
Now thither fluctuates his inconstant aim,
With endless choice perplexed. At length his plan
Begins to open. Lucid order dawns;
And as from Chaos old the jarring seeds
Of nature at the voice divine repaired
Each to its place, till rosy earth unveiled
Her fragrant bosom, and the joyful sun
Sprung up the blue serene; by swift degrees
Thus disentangled, his entire design
Emerges. Colours mingle, features join,
And lines converge: the fainter parts retire;
The fairer eminent in light advance;
And every image on its neighbour smiles.
Awhile he stands, and with a father's joy
Contemplates. Then with Promethean art
Into its proper vehicle he breathes
The fair conception; which, embodied thus,
And permanent, becomes to eyes or ears
An object ascertained: while thus informed,
The various objects of his mimic skill,
The consonance of sounds, the featured rock,
The shadowy picture, and impassioned verse,
Beyond their proper powers attract the soul
By that expressive semblance, while in sight
Of nature's great original we scan
The lively child of art; while line by line,
And feature after feature, we refer
To that divine exemplar whence it stole
Those animating charms. Thus beauty's palm
Betwixt them wavering hangs: applauding love
Doubts where to choose; and mortal man aspires
To tempt creative praise. As when a cloud
Of gathering hail with limpid crusts of ice
Enclosed, and obvious to the beaming sun,
Collects his large effulgence; straight the heavens
With equal flames present on either hand
The radiant visage: Persia stands at gaze,
Appalled; and on the brink of Ganges doubts
The snowy-vested seer, in Mithra's name,
To which the fragrance of the south shall burn,
To which his warbled orisons ascend.

[*Taste.*]

What then is taste, but these internal powers
Active, and strong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulse? a discerning sense
Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
From things deformed or disarranged, or gross
In species? This, nor gems nor stores of gold,
Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow;
But God alone, when first his active hand
Imprints the secret bias of the soul.
He, mighty parent! wise and just in all,
Free as the vital breeze or light of heaven,
Reveals the charms of nature. Ask the swain
Who journies homeward from a summer day's
Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils
And due repose, he loiters to behold
The sunshine gleaming, as through amber clouds,
O'er all the western sky; full soon, I ween,
His rude expression and untutored airs,
Beyond the power of language, will unfold
The form of beauty smiling at his heart,
How lovely! how commanding! But though heaven
In every breast hath sown these early seeds
Of love and admiration, yet in vain,
Without fair culture's kind parental aid,
Without enlivening suns, and genial showers,
And shelter from the blast, in vain we hope
The tender plant should rear its blooming head,
Or yield the harvest promised in its spring.
Nor yet will every soil with equal stores
Repay the tiller's labour; or attend
His will, obsequious, whether to produce
The olive or the laurel. Different minds
Incline to different objects: one pursues
The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild;
Another sighs for harmony, and grace,
And gentlest beauty. Hence when lightning fires
The arch of heaven, and thunders rock the ground;
When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
And ocean, groaning from his lowest bed,
Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky,
Amid the mighty uproar, while below
The nations tremble, Shakspeare looks abroad
From some high cliff superior, and enjoys
The elemental war. But Waller longs
All on the margin of some flowery stream
To spread his careless limbs amid the cool
Of plantain shades, and to the listening deer
The tale of slighted vows and love's disdain
Resound soft-warbling all the live-long day:
Consenting zephyr sighs; the weeping rill
Joins in his plaint, melodious; mute the groves;
And hill and dale with all their echoes mourn.
Such and so various are the tastes of men.

O blest of heaven! whom not the languid songs
Of luxury, the siren! not the bribes
Of sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
Of pageant honour, can seduce to leave
Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store
Of nature fair imagination culls
To charm the enlivened soul! What though not all
Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
Of envied life; though only few possess
Patrician treasures or imperial state;
Yet nature's care, to all her children just,
With richer treasures and an ampler state,
Endows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marbles and the sculptured gold,
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him the spring
Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him the hand
Of autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold and blushes like the morn.
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain

From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure, unreproved. Nor thence partakes
Fresh pleasure only: for the attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her powers,
Becomes herself harmonious: wont so oft
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
To find a kindred order, to exert
Within herself this elegance of love,
This fair inspired delight: her tempered powers
Refine at length, and every passion wears
A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.
But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze
On nature's form, where, negligent of all
These lesser graces, she assumes the port
Of that eternal majesty that weighed
The world's foundations; if to these the mind
Exalts her daring eye; then mightier far
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
Of servile custom cramp her generous power;
Would sordid policies, the barbarous growth
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear?
Lo! she appeals to nature, to the winds
And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
The elements and seasons: all declare
For what the eternal Maker has ordained
The powers of man: we feel within ourselves
His energy divine: he tells the heart,
He meant, he made us to behold and love
What he beholds and loves, the general orb
Of life and being; to be great like him,
Beneficent and active. Thus the men
Whom nature's works can charm, with God himself
Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions, act upon his plan,
And form to his, the relish of their souls.

On a Sermon Against Glory.—1747.

Come, then, tell me, sage divine,
Is it an offence to own
That our bosoms e'er incline
Towards immortal glory's throne?
For with me nor pomp nor pleasure,
Bourbon's might, Braganza's treasure,
So can fancy's dream rejoice,
So conciliate reason's choice,
As one approving word of her impartial voice.

If to spurn at noble praise
Be the passport to thy heaven,
Follow thou those gloomy ways;
No such law to me was given;
Nor, I trust, shall I deplore me,
Faring like my friends before me;
Nor a holier place desire
Than Timoleon's arms acquire,
And Tully's curule chair, and Milton's golden lyre.

Inscription for a Monument to Shakspeare.

O youths and virgins: O declining eld:
O pale misfortune's slaves: O ye who dwell
Unknown with humble quiet: ye who wait
In courts, or fill the golden seat of kings:
O sons of sport and pleasure: O thou wretch
That weep'st for jealous love, or the sore wounds
Of conscious guilt, or death's rapacious hand,
Which left thee void of hope: O ye who roam
In exile, ye who through the embattled field
Seek bright renown, or who for nobler palms
Contend, the leaders of a public cause,
Approach: behold this marble. Know ye not
The features? Hath not oft his faithful tongue
Told you the fashion of your own estate,
The secrets of your bosom? Here then round
His monument with reverence while ye stand,
Say to each other: 'This was Shakspeare's form;
Who walked in every path of human life,
Felt every passion; and to all mankind
Doth now, will ever that experience yield,
Which his own genius only could acquire.'

Inscription for a Statue of Chaucer, at Woodstock.

Such was old Chaucer: such the placid mien
Of him who first with harmony informed
The language of our fathers. Here he dwelt
For many a cheerful day. These ancient walls
Have often heard him, while his legends blithe
He sang; of love, or knighthood, or the wiles
Of homely life; through each estate and age,
The fashions and the follies of the world
With cunning hand portraying. Though perchance
From Blenheim's towers, O stranger, thou art come
Glowing with Churchill's trophies; yet in vain
Dost thou applaud them, if thy breast be cold
To him, this other hero; who in times
Dark and untaught, began with charming verse
To tame the rudeness of his native land.

LORD LYTTELTON.

As a poet, LYTTELTON might escape remembrance, but he comes before us as a general author, and is, from various considerations apart from literary talent, worthy of notice. He was the son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton of Hagley, in Worcestershire (near the Leasowes of Shenstone); and after distinguishing



Hagley, the seat of Lord Lyttelton.

himself at Eton and Oxford, he went abroad, and passed some time in France and Italy. On his return, he obtained a seat in parliament, and opposed the measures of Sir Robert Walpole. He became secretary to the Prince of Wales, and was thus able to benefit his literary friends, Thomson and Mallet. In 1741 he married Miss Lucy Fortescue of Devonshire, who, dying five years afterwards, afforded a theme for his muse, considered by many the most successful of his poetical efforts. When Walpole and the Whigs were vanquished, Lyttelton

was made one of the lords of the treasury. He was afterwards a privy councillor and chancellor of the exchequer, and was elevated to the peerage. He died August 22, 1773, aged sixty-four. Lyttelton was author of a short but excellent treatise on *The Conversion of St Paul*, which is still regarded as one of the subsidiary bulwarks of Christianity. He also wrote an elaborate *History of the Reign of Henry II.*, to which he brought ample information and a spirit of impartiality and justice. These valuable works, and his patronage of literary men (Fielding, it will be recollected, dedicated to him his Tom Jones, and to Thomson he was a firm friend), constitute the chief claim of Lyttelton upon the regard of posterity. Gray has praised his *Monody* on his wife's death as tender and elegiac; but undoubtedly the finest poetical effusion of Lyttelton is his *Prologue to Thomson's Tragedy of Coriolanus*. Before this play could be brought out, Thomson had paid the debt of nature, and his premature death was deeply lamented. The tragedy was acted for the benefit of the poet's relations, and when Quin spoke the prologue by Lyttelton, many of the audience wept at the lines—

He loved his friends—forgive this gushing tear:
Alas! I feel I am no actor here.

[*From the Monody.*]

In vain I look around
O'er all the well-known ground,
My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry;
Where oft we used to walk,
Where oft in tender talk
We saw the summer sun go down the sky;
Nor by yon fountain's side,
Nor where its waters glide
Along the valley, can she now be found:
In all the wide-stretched prospect's ample bound,
No more my mournful eye
Can aught of her espy,
But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.

Sweet babes, who, like the little playful fawns,
Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns,
By your delighted mother's side:
Who now your infant steps shall guide?
Ah! where is now the hand whose tender care
To every virtue would have formed your youth,
And strewed with flowers the thorny ways of truth?
O loss beyond repair!

O wretched father, left alone
To weep their dire misfortune and thy own!
How shall thy weakened mind, oppressed with wo,
And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
Perform the duties that you doubly owe,
Now she, alas! is gone,
From folly and from vice their helpless age to save!

Advice to a Lady.

The counsels of a friend, Belinda, hear,
Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear,
Unlike the flatteries of a lover's pen,
Such truths as women seldom learn from men.
Nor think I praise you ill, when thus I show
What female vanity might fear to know:
Some merit's mine to dare to be sincere;
But greater yours sincerity to bear.
Hard is the fortune that your sex attends;
Women, like princes, find few real friends:
All who approach them their own ends pursue;
Lovers and ministers are seldom true.
Hence oft from Reason heedless Beauty strays,
And the most trusted guide the most betrays;
Hence, by fond dreams of fancied power amused,
When most you tyrannise, you're most abused.
What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
Your heart's supreme ambition?—To be fair.
For this, the toilet every thought employs,
Hence all the toils of dress, and all the joys:
For this, hands, lips, and eyes, are put to school,
And each instructed feature has its rule;
And yet how few have learnt, when this is given,
Not to disgrace the partial boon of Heaven!
How few with all their pride of form can move!
How few are lovely, that are made for love!
Do you, my fair, endeavour to possess
An elegance of mind, as well as dress;
Be that your ornament, and know to please
By graceful Nature's unaffected ease.
Nor make to dangerous wit a vain pretence,
But wisely rest content with modest sense;
For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
Too strong for feeble woman to sustain:
Of those who claim it more than half have none;
And half of those who have it are undone.
Be still superior to your sex's arts,
Nor think dishonesty a proof of parts:
For you, the plainest is the wisest rule:
A cunning woman is a knavish fool.
Be good yourself, nor think another's shame
Can raise your merit, or adorn your fame.
Virtue is amiable, mild, serene;
Without all beauty, and all peace within;
The honour of a prude is rage and storm,
'Tis ugliness in its most frightful form;
Fiercely it stands, defying gods and men,
As fiery monsters guard a giant's den.
Seek to be good, but aim not to be great;
A woman's noblest station is retreat;
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light.
To rougher man Ambition's task resign,
'Tis ours in senates or in courts to shine,
To labour for a sunk corrupted state,
Or dare the rage of Envy, and be great;
One only care your gentle breasts should move,
The important business of your life is love;
To this great point direct your constant aim,
This makes your happiness, and this your fame.
Be never cool reserve with passion joined;
With caution choose! but then be fondly kind.
The selfish heart, that but by halves is given,
Shall find no place in Love's delightful heaven;
Here sweet extremes alone can truly bless:
The virtue of a lover is excess.
A maid unasked may own a well-placed flame;
Not loving *first*, but loving *wrong*, is shame.
Contemn the little pride of giving pain,
Nor think that conquest justifies disdain.
Short is the period of insulting power;
Offended Cupid finds his vengeful hour;
Soon will resume the empire which he gave,
And soon the tyrant shall become the slave.
Blest is the maid, and worthy to be blest,
Whose soul, entire by him she loves possessed,
Feels every vanity in fondness lost,
And asks no power but that of pleasing most:
Hers is the bliss, in just return, to prove
The honest warmth of undissembled love;
For her, inconstant man might cease to range,
And gratitude forbid desire to change.
But, lest harsh care the lover's peace destroy,
And roughly blight the tender buds of joy,
Let Reason teach what Passion fain would hide,
That Hymen's bands by Prudence should be tied;
Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
If angry Fortune on their union frown:
Soon will the flattering dream of bliss be o'er,
And cloyed Imagination cheat no more.

Then, waking to the sense of lasting pain,
With mutual tears the nuptial couch they stain;
And that fond love, which should afford relief,
Does but increase the anguish of their grief:
While both could easier their own sorrows bear,
Than the sad knowledge of each other's care.
Yet may you rather feel that virtuous pain,
Than sell your violated charms for gain,
Than wed the wretch whom you despise or hate,
For the vain glare of useless wealth or state.
E'en in the happiest choice, where favouring Heaven
Has equal love and easy fortune given,
Think not, the husband gained, that all is done;
The prize of happiness must still be won:
And oft the careless find it to their cost,
The lover in the husband may be lost;
The Graces might alone his heart allure;
They and the Virtues meeting must secure.
Let e'en your prudence wear the pleasing dress
Of care for him, and anxious tenderness;
From kind concern about his weal or wo,
Let each domestic duty seem to flow
The household sceptre if he bids you bear,
Make it your pride his servant to appear:
Endearing thus the common acts of life,
The mistress still shall charm him in the wife;
And wrinkled age shall unobserved come on,
Before his eye perceives one beauty gone.
E'en o'er your cold, your ever sacred urn,
His constant flame shall unextinguished burn
Thus I, Belinda, would your charms improve,
And form your heart to all the arts of love
The task were harder, to secure my own
Against the power of those already known;
For well you twist the secret chains that bind
With gentle force the captivated mind;
Skilled every soft attraction to employ,
Each flattering hope, and each alluring joy;
I own your genius, and from you receive
The rules of pleasing, which to you I give.

[*Prologue to the Tragedy of Coriolanus—Spoken by Mr Quin.*]

I come not here your candour to implore
For scenes whose author is, alas! no more;
He wants no advocate his cause to plead,
You will yourselves be patrons of the dead.
No party his benevolence confined,
No sect—alike it flowed to all mankind.
He loved his friends—forgive this gushing tear:
Alas! I feel I am no actor here—
He loved his friends with such a warmth of heart,
So clear of interest, so devoid of art,
Such generous friendship, such unshaken zeal,
No words can speak it, but our tears may tell.
O candid truth! O faith without a stain!
O manners gently firm, and nobly plain!
O sympathising love of others' bliss—
Where will you find another breast like his!
Such was the man: the poet well you know;
Oft has he touched your hearts with tender wo;
Oft in this crowded house, with just applause,
You heard him teach fair Virtue's purest laws;
For his chaste muse employed her heaven-taught lyre
None but the noblest passions to inspire;
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line which, dying, he could wish to blot.
O may to-night your favourable doom
Another laurel add to grace his tomb:
Whilst he, superior now to praise or blame,
Hears not the feeble voice of human fame.
Yet if to those whom most on earth he loved,
From whom his pious care is now removed,
With whom his liberal hand, and bounteous heart,
Shared all his little fortune could impart:
If to those friends your kind regard shall give
What they no longer can from his receive,
That, that, even now, above yon starry pole,
May touch with pleasure his immortal soul.

To the 'Castle of Indolence,' Lyttelton contributed the following excellent stanza, containing a portrait of Thomson.—

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems,
Who, void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,
On virtue still, and nature's pleasing themes,
Poured forth his unpremeditated strain.
The world forsaking with a calm disdain,
Here laughed he careless in his easy seat;
Here quaffed encircled with the joyous train,
Oft moralising sage: his ditty sweet
He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat.

THOMAS GRAY.

THOMAS GRAY was born at Cornhill, London, December 26, 1716 His father, Philip Gray, was a money-scrivener—the same occupation carried



on by Milton's father; but though a 'respectable citizen,' the parent of Gray was a man of harsh and violent disposition. His wife was forced to separate from him; and it was to the exertions of this excellent woman, as partner with her sister in a millinery business, that the poet owed the advantages of a learned education, first at Eton and afterwards at Cambridge. The painful domestic circumstances of his youth gave a tinge of melancholy and pensive reflection to Gray, which is visible in his poetry. At Eton, the young student had made the friendship of Horace Walpole, son of the prime minister; and when his college education was completed, Walpole induced him to accompany him in a tour through France and Italy. They had been about a twelvemonth together, exploring the natural beauties, antiquities, and picture galleries of Rome, Florence, Naples, &c., when a quarrel took place between them at Reggio, and the travellers separated, Gray returning to England. Walpole took

the blame of this difference on himself, as he was vain and volatile, and not disposed to trust in the better knowledge and the somewhat fastidious tastes and habits of his associate. Gray went to Cambridge, to take his degree in civil law, but without intending to follow up the profession. His father had died, his mother's fortune was small, and the poet was more intent on learning than on riches. He had, however, enough for his wants. He fixed his residence at Cambridge; and amidst its noble libraries and learned society, passed the greater part of his remaining life. He hated mathematical and metaphysical pursuits, but was ardently devoted to classical learning, to which he added the study of architecture, antiquities, natural history, and other branches of knowledge. His retired life was varied by occasional residence in London, where he revelled among the treasures of the British Museum; and by frequent excursions to the country on visits to a few learned and attached friends. At Cambridge Gray was considered as an unduly fastidious man, and this gave occasion to practical jokes being played off upon him by his fellow-inmates of St Peter's college, one of which—a false alarm of fire, by which he was induced to descend from his window to the ground by a rope—was the cause of his removing (1756) to Pembroke Hall. In 1765 he took a journey into Scotland,



Gray's Window, St Peter's college, Cambridge.

and met his brother poet Dr Beattie, at Glammis castle. He also penetrated into Wales, and made a journey to Cumberland and Westmoreland, to see the scenery of the lakes. His letters describing these excursions are remarkable for elegance and precision, for correct and extensive observation, and for a dry scholastic humour peculiar to the poet. On returning from these agreeable holidays, Gray set himself calmly down in his college retreat—pored over his favourite authors, compiled tables of chronology or botany, moralised on 'all he felt and all he saw' in correspondence with his friends, and occasionally ventured into the realms of poetry and imagination. He had studied the Greek poets with such intense devotion and critical care, that their spirit and essence seem to have sunk into his mind, and coloured all his efforts at original composition. At the same time, his knowledge of human nature, and his sympathy with the world, were varied and profound. Tears fell unbidden among the classic flowers of fancy, and in his almost monastic cell, his heart vibrated to the finest tones of humanity.

Gray's first public appearance as a poet was made in 1747, when his *Ode to Eton College* was published by Dodsley. Two years afterwards, his *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard* was printed, and immediately became popular. His *Pindaric Odes* appeared in 1757, but met with little success. His name, however, was now so well known, that he was offered the situation of poet-laureate, vacant by the death of Colley Cibber. Gray declined the appointment; but shortly afterwards he obtained the more reputable and lucrative situation of Professor of Modern History, which brought him in about £400 per annum. For some years he had been subject to hereditary gout, and as his circumstances improved, his health declined. While at dinner one day in the college hall, he was seized with an attack in the stomach, which was so violent, as to resist all the efforts of medicine, and after six days of suffering, he expired on the 30th of July 1771, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. He was buried, according to his desire, by the side of his mother, at Stoke, near Eton—adding one more poetical association to that beautiful and classic district of England.

The poetry of Gray is all comprised in a few pages, yet he appears worthy to rank in quality with the first order of poets. His two great odes, *The Progress of Poesy*, and *The Bard*, are the most splendid compositions we possess in the Pindaric style and measure. They surpass the odes of Collins in fire and energy, in boldness of imagination, and in condensed and brilliant expression. Collins is as purely and entirely poetical, but he is less commanding and sublime. Gray's stanzas, notwithstanding their varied and complicated versification, flow with lyrical ease and perfect harmony. Each presents rich personification, striking thoughts, or happy imagery—

Sublime their starry fronts they rear.

'The Bard' is more dramatic and picturesque than 'The Progress of Poesy,' yet in the latter are some of the poet's richest and most majestic strains. As, for example, the sketch of the savage youth of Chili:—

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The muse has broke the twilight gloom,
To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
And oft beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
In loose numbers wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctured chiefs and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursue and generous shame,
The unconquerable mind and Freedom's holy flame.

Or the poetical characters of Shakspeare, Milton, and Dryden:—

Far from the sun and summer gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon strayed,
To him the mighty mother did unveil

Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretched forth his little arms, and smiled.
'This pencil take,' she said, 'whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy;
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.'

Nor second he, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstacy,
The secrets of the abyss to spy.
He passed the flaming bounds of space and time:
The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.
Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding pace.

The 'Ode to Eton College,' the 'Ode to Adversity,' and the far-famed 'Elegy,' present the same careful and elaborate finishing; but the thoughts and imagery are more simple, natural, and touching. A train of moral feelings, and solemn or affecting associations, is presented to the mind, in connection with beautiful natural scenery and objects of real life. In a letter to Beattie, Gray remarks—'As to description, I have always thought that it made the most graceful ornament of poetry, but never ought to make the subject.' He practised what he taught; for there is always some sentiment or reflection arising out of the poet's descriptive passages. These are generally grave, tender, or pathetic. The cast of his own mind, and the comparative loneliness of his situation and studies, nursed a sort of philosophic spleen, and led him to moralise on the vanity of life. Byron and others have attached inordinate value to the 'Elegy,' as the main prop of Gray's reputation. It is, doubtless, the most frequently read and repeated of all his productions, because it is connected with ordinary existence and genuine feeling, and describes, in exquisite harmonious verse, what all persons must, at some time or other, have felt or imagined. But the highest poetry can never be very extensively popular. A simple ballad air will convey pleasure to a greater number of persons than the most successful efforts of accomplished musical taste and genius; and, in like manner, poetry which deals with subjects of familiar life, must find more readers than those inspired flights of imagination, or recondite allusions, however graced with the charms of poetry, which can only be enjoyed by persons of fine sensibility, and something of kindred taste and knowledge. Gray's classical diction, his historical and mythological personifications, must ever be lost on the multitude. Even Dr Johnson was tempted into a coarse and unjust criticism of Gray, chiefly because the critic admired no poetry which did not contain some weighty moral truth, or some chain of reasoning. To restrict poetical excellence to this standard, would be to blot out Spenser from the list of high poets, and to curtail Shakspeare and Milton of more than half their glory. Let us recollect with another poet—the author of the Night Thoughts—that 'a fixed star is as much in the bounds of nature as a flower of the field, though less obvious, and of far greater dignity.'

In the character of Gray there are some seeming inconsistencies. As a man, he was nice, reserved, and proud—a haughty retired scholar; yet we find him in his letters full of English idiom and English feeling, with a touch of the gossip, and sometimes not over fastidious in his allusions and remarks. He was indolent, yet a severe student—hating Cambridge and its college discipline, yet constantly residing there. He loved intellectual ease and luxury, and wished, as a sort of Mohammedan paradise, to 'lie on a sofa, and read eternal new romances of Marivaux and Crebillon.' Yet all he could say of Thomson's 'Castle of Indolence,' when it was first published, was, that there were some good verses in it! Akenside, too, whom he was so well fitted to appreciate, he thought 'often obscure, and even unintelligible.' As a poet, Gray studied in the school of the ancient and Italian poets, labouring like an artist to infuse part of their spirit, their melody, and even some of their expressions, into his inimitable Mosaic work, over which he breathed the life and fragrance of eternal spring. In his country tours, the poet carried with him a plano-convex mirror, which, in surveying landscapes, gathers into one confined glance the forms and tints of the surrounding scene. His imagination performed a similar operation in collecting, fixing, and appropriating the materials of poetry. All is bright, natural, and interesting—rich or magnificent—but it is seen but for a moment. Yet, despite his classic taste and models, Gray was among the first to welcome and admire the Celtic strains of Macpherson's Ossian; and he could also delight in the wild superstitions of the Gothic nations: in translating from the Norse tongue the Fatal Sisters and the Descent of Odin, he called up the martial fire, the rude energy and abruptness of the ancient ballad minstrels. Had his situation and circumstances been different, the genius of this accomplished and admirable poet would in all probability have expanded, so as to embrace subjects of wider and more varied interest—of greater length and diversity of character.

The subdued humour and fancy of Gray are perpetually breaking out in his letters, with brief picturesque touches that mark the poet and man of taste. The advantages of travelling and of taking notes on the spot, he has playfully but admirably summed up in a letter to a friend, then engaged in making a tour in Scotland:—'Do not you think a man may be the wiser (I had almost said the better) for going a hundred or two of miles; and that the mind has more room in it than most people seem to think, if you will but furnish the apartments? I almost envy your last month, being in a very insipid situation myself; and desire you would not fail to send me some furniture for my Gothic apartment, which is very cold at present. It will be the easier task, as you have nothing to do but transcribe your little red books, if they are not rubbed out; for I conclude you have not trusted everything to memory, which is ten times worse than a lead pencil. Half a word fixed upon or near the spot is worth a cartload of recollection. When we trust to the picture that objects draw of themselves on our mind, we deceive ourselves; without accurate and particular observation, it is but ill-drawn at first, the outlines are soon blurred, the colours every day grow fainter, and at last, when we would produce it to anybody, we are forced to supply its defects with a few strokes of our own imagination.'

Impressed with the opinion he here inculcates, the poet was a careful note-taker, and his delineations are all fresh and distinct. Thus, he writes in the following graceful strain to his friend Nicholls, in commemoration of a tour which he made to Southampton and Netley Abbey:—'My health is much improved by the sea, not that I drank it or bathed in it, as the common people do:

no, I only walked by it, and looked upon it. The climate is remarkably mild, even in October and November; no snow has been seen to lie there for these thirty years past; the myrtles grow in the ground against the houses, and Guernsey lilies bloom in every window; the town clean and well-built, surrounded by its old stone-walls, with their towers and gateways, stands at the point of a peninsula, and opens full south to an arm of the sea, which, having formed two beautiful bays on each hand of it, stretches away in direct view, till it joins the British Channel; it is skirted on either side with gently-rising grounds, clothed with thick wood, and directly cross its mouth rise the high lands of the Isle of Wight at some distance, but distinctly seen. In the bosom of the woods (concealed from profane eyes) lie hid the ruins of Netley Abbey; there may be richer and greater houses of religion, but the abbot is content with his situation. See there, at the top of that hanging meadow, under the shade of those old trees that bend into a half circle about it, he is walking slowly (good man!), and bidding his beads for the souls of his benefactors, interred in that venerable pile that lies beneath him. Beyond it (the meadow still descending) nods a thicket of oaks that mask the building, and have excluded a view too garish and luxuriant for a holy eye; only on either hand they leave an opening to the blue glittering sea. Did you not observe how, as that white sail shot by and was lost, he turned and crossed himself to drive the tempter from him that had thrown that distraction in his way? I should tell you that the ferryman who rowed me, a lusty young fellow, told me that he would not for all the world pass a night at the abbey (there were such things near it), though there was a power of money hid there. From thence I went to Salisbury, Wilton, and Stonehenge; but of these I say no more; they will be published at the university press.

P. S.—I must not close my letter without giving you one principal event of my history, which was, that (in the course of my late tour) I set out one morning before five o'clock, the moon shining through a dark and misty autumnal air, and got to the sea-coast time enough to be at the sun's levee. I saw the clouds and dark vapours open gradually to right and left, rolling over one another in great smoky wreaths, and the tide (as it flowed gently in upon the sands) first whitening, then slightly tinged with gold and blue; and all at once a little line of insufferable brightness that (before I can write these five words) was grown to half an orb, and now to a whole one, too glorious to be distinctly seen. It is very odd it makes no figure on paper; yet I shall remember it as long as the sun, or at least as long as I endure. I wonder whether anybody ever saw it before? I hardly believe it.'

Much as has since been written on the lake country, nothing can exceed the beauty and *finish* of this miniature picture of Grassmere:—'Passed by the little chapel of Wiborn, out of which the Sunday congregation were then issuing. Passed a beck [rivulet] near *Dunmailrouse*, and entered Westmoreland a second time; now begin to see *Helmcrag*, distinguished from its rugged neighbours not so much by its height, as by the strange broken outline of its top, like some gigantic building demolished, and the stones that composed it flung across each other in wild confusion. Just beyond it opens one of the sweetest landscapes that art ever attempted to imitate. The bosom of the mountains spreading here into a broad basin, discovers in the midst *Grassmere water*; its margin is hollowed into small bays with bold eminences, some of them rocks, some of soft turf, that half conceal and vary the figure of the little lake they command. From the shore a low promontory pushes itself far into the water, and on it stands a white village with the parish church rising in the midst of it; hanging inclosures, corn fields, and meadows green as an emerald, with their trees, hedges, and cattle, fill up the whole space from the edge of the water. Just opposite to you is a large farm-house, at the bottom of a steep smooth lawn embosomed in old woods, which climb half way up the mountain's side, and discover above them a broken line of crags, that crown the scene. Not a single red tile, no glaring gentleman's house or garden walls, break in upon the repose of this little unsuspected paradise; but all is peace, rusticity, and happy poverty, in its neatest and most becoming attire.'

The sublime scenery of the Grande Chartreuse, in Dauphiny (the subject of Gray's noble Alcaic ode), awakened all his poetical enthusiasm. Writing to his mother from Lyons, he says—'It is a fortnight since we set out hence upon a little excursion to Geneva. We took the longest road, which lies through Savoy, on purpose to see a famous monastery, called the Grande Chartreuse, and had no reason to think our time lost. After having travelled seven days very slow (for we did not change horses, it being impossible for a chaise to go post in these roads), we arrived at a little village among the mountains of Savoy, called Echelles; from thence we proceeded on horses, who are used to the way, to the mountain of the Chartreuse. It is six miles to the top; the road runs winding up it, commonly not six feet broad; on one hand is the rock, with woods of pine-trees hanging overhead; on the other a monstrous precipice, almost perpendicular, at the bottom of which rolls a torrent, that, sometimes tumbling among the fragments of stone that have fallen from on high, and sometimes precipitating itself down vast descents with a noise like thunder, which is still made greater by the echo from the mountains on each side, concurs to form one of the most solemn, the most romantic, and the most astonishing scenes I ever beheld. Add to this the strange views made by the crags and cliffs on the other hand, the cascades that in many places throw themselves from the very summit down into the vale and the river below, and many other particulars impossible to describe, you will conclude we had no occasion to repent our pains. This place St Bruno chose to retire to, and upon its very top founded the aforesaid convent, which is the superior of the whole order. When we came there, the two fathers who are commissioned to entertain strangers (for the rest must neither speak one to another, nor to any one else) received us very kindly, and set before us a repast of dried fish, eggs, butter, and fruits, all excellent in their kind, and extremely neat. They pressed us to spend the night there, and to stay some days with them; but this we could not do, so they led us about their house, which is, you must think, like a little city, for there are a hundred fathers, besides three hundred servants, that make their clothes, grind their corn, press their wine, and do everything among themselves. The whole is quite orderly and simple; nothing of finery; but the wonderful decency, and the strange situation, more than supply the place of it. In the evening we descended by the same way, passing through many clouds that were then forming themselves on the mountain's side.'

In a subsequent letter to his poetical friend West, Gray again adverts to this memorable visit: 'In our little journey up the Grande Chartreuse,' he says, 'I do not remember to have gone ten paces without an exclamation that there was no restraining. *Not*

a precipice, not a torrent, not a cliff, but is pregnant with religion and poetry. There are certain scenes that would awe an atheist into belief, without the help of other argument. One need not have a very fantastic imagination to see spirits there at noonday. You have Death perpetually before your eyes, only so far removed, as to compose the mind without frightening it.'

In turning from these exquisite fragments of description to the poetry of Gray, the difference will be found to consist chiefly in the rhyme and measure: in loftiness of sentiment and vividness of expression, the prose is equal to the verse.

Hymn to Adversity.

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge, and torturing hour,
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied, and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, designed,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurse, thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore:
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learned to melt at others' wo.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flattering foe;
By vain Prosperity received,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

Wisdom, in sable garb arrayed,
Immersed in rapturous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend:
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread goddess, lay thy chastening hand!
Not in thy gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen),
With thundering voice, and threatening mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh goddess! wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there,
To soften, not to wound, my heart.
The generous spark extinct revive;
Teach me to love and to forgive;
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are, to feel, and know myself a man.

Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful science still adores
Her Henry's* holy shade;

* King Henry VI., founder of the college.

And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights the expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey;
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way!

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain:
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As, waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace,
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave!
The captive linnet which inthral?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty;
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run, they look behind;
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possessed;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast.
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly the approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play;
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to day;
Yet see how all around 'em wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train.
Ah! show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murth'rous band;
Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And shame that skulks behind;
Or pining love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart;
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' altered eye,

That mocks the tear it forced to flow;
  And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
  And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest wo.

Lo! in the vale of years beneath
  A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
  More hideous than their queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
  Lo! Poverty, to fill the band,
  That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
  Condemned alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
  The unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies?
  Thought would destroy their paradise.
  No more; where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

[*The Bard.—A Pindaric Ode.*]

[This ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward I., when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.]

'Ruin seize thee, ruthless king,
  Confusion on thy banners wait;
Though fanned by conquest's crimson wing,
  They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!'
Such were the sounds, that o'er the crested pride
  Of the first Edward scattered wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's[1] shaggy side
  He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo'ster[2] stood aghast in speechless trance;
'To arms!' cried Mortimer,[3] and couched his quivering lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
  Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of wo,
  With haggard eyes the poet stood
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Streamed, like a meteor, to the troubled air);
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
'Hark, how each giant oak, and desert cave,
  Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
O'er thee, oh king! their hundred arms they wave,
  Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
  That hushed the stormy main:
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
  Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topped head.
On dreary Arvon's shore[1] they lie,
  Smeared with gore, and ghastly pale:
  Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail;
The famished eagle[2] screams, and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
  Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
  Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
No more I weep. They do not sleep.
  On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit; they linger yet,
  Avengers of their native land:
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.'

'Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
  The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
Give ample room, and verge enough
  The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright,
The shrieks of death through Berkeley's[3] roof that ring,
Shrieks of an agonising king!
She-wolf[4] of France, with unrelenting fangs,
  That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born,[5] who o'er thy country hangs
  The scourge of Heaven! What terrors round him wait!
Amazement in his van, with Flight combined,
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

Mighty victor, mighty lord,
  Low[6] on his funeral couch he lies!
No pitying heart, no eye afford
  A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable warrior[7] fled?
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
The swarm, that in thy noontide beam were born?
Gone to salute the rising morn.
Fair laughs the morn,[8] and soft the zephyr blows,
  While proudly riding o'er the azure realm,
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
  Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

Fill high the sparkling bowl,[9]
  The rich repast prepare;
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
  Close by the regal chair
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.

[1] Snowdon was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous tract which the Welsh themselves call Craigian-eryri. It included all the highlands of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire, as far east as the river Conway. R. Hygden, speaking of the castle of Conway, built by King Edward I., says, 'Ad ortum amnis Conway ad clivum montis Erery;' and Matthew of Westminster (ad ann. 1283), 'Apud Aberconway ad pedes montis Snowdoniæ fecit erigi castrum forte.'

[2] Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, son-in-law to King Edward

[3] Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore. They both were Lords-Marchers, whose lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the king in this expedition.

[1] The shores of Caernarvonshire, opposite to the Isle of Anglesey.

[2] Camden and others observe, that eagles used annually to build their eyry among the rocks of Snowdon, which from thence (as some think) were named by the Welsh Craiglan-eryri, or the crags of the eagles. At this day, I am told, the highest point of Snowdon is called the eagle's nest. That bird is certainly no stranger to this island, as the Scots and the people of Cumberland, Westmoreland, &c., can testify; it has even built its nest in the Peak of Derbyshire.—(See *Willoughby's Ornithology*, published by Ray).

[3] Edward II., cruelly butchered in Berkeley Castle.

[4] Isabel of France, Edward II.'s adulterous queen.

[5] Alluding to the triumphs of Edward III. in France.

[6] Alluding to the death of that king, abandoned by his children, and even robbed in his last moments by his courtiers and his mistress.

[7] Edward, the Black Prince, dead some time before his father.

[8] Magnificence of Richard II.'s reign. See Froissart, and other contemporary writers.

[9] Richard II. (as we are told by Archbishop Scroop, and the

Heard ye the din of battle bray,[1]
Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
Long years of havoc urge their destined course,
And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.
Ye Towers of Julius,[2] London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
Revere his consort's faith,[3] his father's[4] fame,
And spare the meek usurper's[5] holy head!
Above, below, the rose of snow,[6]
Twined with her blushing foe, we spread:
The bristled boar[7] in infant gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursed loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

"Edward, lo! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun).
Half of thy heart[8] we consecrate.
(The web is wove. The work is done)."
Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unblessed, unpitied, here to mourn:
In yon bright tract, that fires the western skies,
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
But oh! what solemn scenes, on Snowdon's height
Descending slow, their glittering skirts unroll?
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight;
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
No more our long-lost Arthur[9] we bewail.
All hail, ye genuine kings![10] Britannia's issue hail!

Girt with many a baron bold,
Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old,
In bearded majesty appear.
In the midst a form divine!
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
Her lion-port,[11] her awe-commanding face,
Attempered sweet to virgin-grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
What strains of vocal transport round her play!
Hear from the grave, great Taliessin,[12] hear!
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-coloured wings.

The verse adorn again
Fierce War, and faithful Love,
And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction dressed.
In buskined[1] measures move
Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
A voice[2] as of the cherub-choir,
Gales from blooming Eden bear;
And distant warblings[3] lessen on my ear,
That, lost in long futurity, expire.
Fond, impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
Raised by thy breath, has quenched the orb of day?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
Enough for me: with joy I see
The different doom our Fates assign.
Be thine Despair, and sceptred Care;
To triumph, and to die, are mine.'
He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height,
Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.

Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard.



Stoke Pogeis Church, and Tomb of Gray.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

confederate lords in their manifesto, by Thomas of Walsingham, and all the older writers) was starved to death. The story of his assassination by Sir Piers, of Exon, is of much later date.

[1] Ruinous civil wars of York and Lancaster.

[2] Henry VI., George, Duke of Clarence, Edward V., Richard, Duke of York, &c., believed to be murdered secretly in the Tower of London. The oldest part of that structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæsar.

[3] Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her husband and her crown.

[4] Henry V.

[5] Henry VI., very near been canonised. The line of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the crown.

[6] The white and red roses, devices of York and Lancaster.

[7] The silver boar was the badge of Richard III.; whence he was usually known, in his own time, by the name of the Boar.

[8] Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her lord is well-known. The monuments of his regret and sorrow for the loss of her, are still to be seen at Northampton, Geddington, Waltham, and other places.

[9] It was the common belief of the Welsh nation, that King Arthur was still alive in Fairy Land, and should return again to reign over Britain.

[10] Both Merlin and Taliessin had prophesied, that the Welsh should regain their sovereignty over this island, which seemed to be accomplished in the house of Tudor.

[11] Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinski, ambassador of Poland, says, 'And thus she, lion-like, rising, daunted the malipert orator no less with her stately port and majestical deporture, than with the tartnesse of her princelie checkes.'

[12] Taliessin, chief of the bards, flourished in the sixth century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen.

[1] Shakspeare.

[2] Milton.

[3] The succession of poets after Milton's time.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes.

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind:

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind!

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonoured dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate;

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
'Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
Along the heath and near his favourite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

The next, with dirges due in sad array,
Slow through the churchway path we saw him borne;
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.

The Alliance between Government and Education; a Fragment.

As sickly plants betray a niggard earth,
Whose barren bosom starves her generous birth,
Nor genial warmth, nor genial juice retains
Their roots to feed, and fill their verdant veins:
And, as in climes where Winter holds his reign,
The soil, though fertile, will not teem in vain,
Forbids her germs to swell, her shades to rise,
Nor trusts her blossoms to the churlish skies:
To draw mankind in vain the vital airs,
Unformed, unfriended by those kindly cares,
That health and vigour to the soul impart,
Spread the young thought, and warm the opening heart;
So fond instruction on the growing powers
Of nature idly lavishes her stores,
If equal justice, with unclouded face,
Smile not indulgent on the rising race,

And scatter with a free, though frugal hand,
Light golden showers of plenty o'er the land;
But tyranny has fixed her empire there,
To check their tender hopes with chilling fear,
And blast the blooming promise of the year.
The spacious animated scene survey,
From where the rolling orb that gives the day,
His sable sons with nearer course surrounds,
To either pole, and life's remotest bounds.
How rude soe'er the exterior form we find,
Howe'er opinion tinge the varied mind,
Alike to all the kind impartial Heaven
The sparks of truth and happiness has given:
With sense to feel, with memory to retain,
They follow pleasure, and they fly from pain;
Their judgment mends the plan their fancy draws,
The event presages, and explores the cause;
The soft returns of gratitude they know,
By fraud elude, by force repel the foe;
While mutual wishes mutual woes endear,
The social smile and sympathetic tear.
Say, then, through ages by what fate confined,
To different climes seem different souls assigned?
Here measured laws and philosophic ease
Fix and improve the polished arts of peace.
There industry and gain their vigils keep,
Command the winds, and tame the unwilling deep.
Here force and hardy deeds of blood prevail;
There languid pleasure sighs in every gale.
Oft o'er the trembling nations from afar
Has Scythia breathed the living cloud of war;
And, where the deluge burst, with sweepy sway,
Their arms, their kings, their gods were rolled away.
As oft have issued, host impelling host,
The blue-eyed myriads from the Baltic coast,
The prostrate south to the destroyer yields
Her boasted titles, and her golden fields;
With grim delight the brood of winter view
A brighter day, and heavens of azure hue,
Scent the new fragrance of the breathing rose,
And quaff the pendent vintage as it grows.
Proud of the yoke, and pliant to the rod,
Why yet does Asia dread a monarch's nod,
While European freedom still withstands
The encroaching tide that drowns her lessening lands,
And sees far off, with an indignant groan,
Her native plains and empires once her own?
Can opener skies and suns of fiercer flame
O'erpower the fire that animates our frame;
As lamps, that shed at eve a cheerful ray,
Fade and expire beneath the eye of day?
Need we the influence of the northern star
To string our nerves and steel our hearts to war?
And where the face of nature laughs around,
Must sickening virtue fly the tainted ground?
Unmanly thought! what seasons can control,
What fancied zone can circumscribe the soul,
Who, conscious of the source from whence she springs,
By reason's light, on resolution's wings,
Spite of her frail companion, dauntless goes
O'er Lybia's deserts and through Zembla's snows?
She bids each slumbering energy awake,
Another touch, another temper take,
Suspends the inferior laws that rule our clay;
The stubborn elements confess her sway;
Their little wants, their low desires, refine,
And raise the mortal to a height divine.
Not but the human fabric from the birth
Imbibes a flavour of its parent earth.
As various tracts enforce a various toil,
The manners speak the idiom of their soil.
An iron race the mountain-cliffs maintain,
Foes to the gentle genius of the plain;
For where unwearied sinews must be found,
With side-long plough to quell the flinty ground,
To turn the torrent's swift-descending flood,
To brave the savage rushing from the wood,
What wonder, if to patient valour trained,
They guard with spirit what by strength they gained?
And while their rocky ramparts round they see,
The rough abode of want and liberty,
(As lawless force from confidence will grow),
Insult the plenty of the vales below?
What wonder, in the sultry climes that spread,
Where Nile, redundant o'er his summer bed,
From his broad bosom life and verdure flings,
And broods o'er Egypt with his watery wings,
If with adventurous oar and ready sail,
The dusky people drive before the gale;
Or on frail floats to neighbouring cities ride,
That rise and glitter o'er the ambient tide.

WILLIAM MASON.

William Mason, the friend and literary executor of Gray, long survived the connection which did him so much honour, but he appeared early as a poet. He was the son of the Rev. Mr Mason, vicar of St. Trinity, Yorkshire, where he was born in 1725. At Pembroke college, Cambridge, he became acquainted with Gray, who assisted him in obtaining his degree of M.A. His first literary production was an attack on the Jacobitism of Oxford, to which Thomas Warton replied in his 'Triumph of Isis.' In 1753 appeared his tragedy of *Elfrida*, 'written,' says Southey, 'on an artificial model, and in a gorgeous diction, because he thought Shakspeare had precluded all hope of excellence in any other form of drama.' The model of Mason was the Greek drama, and he introduced into his play the classic accompaniment of the chorus. A second drama, *Caractacus*, is of a higher cast than 'Elfrida:' more noble and spirited in language, and of more sustained dignity in scenes, situations, and character. Mason also wrote a series of odes on *Independence*, *Memory*, *Melancholy*, and *The Fall of Tyranny*, in which his gorgeousness of diction swells into extravagance and bombast. His other poetical works are his *English Garden*, a long descriptive poem in blank verse, extended over four books, and an ode on the *Commemoration of the British Revolution*, in which he asserts those Whig principles which he steadfastly maintained during the trying period of the American war. As in his dramas Mason had made an innovation on the established taste of the times, he ventured, with equal success, to depart from the practice of English authors, in writing the life of his friend Gray. Instead of presenting a continuous narrative, in which the biographer alone is visible, he incorporated the journals and letters of the poet in chronological order, thus making the subject of the memoir in some degree his own biographer, and enabling the reader to judge more fully and correctly of his situation, thoughts, and feelings. The plan was afterwards adopted by Boswell in his Life of Johnson, and has been sanctioned by subsequent usage, in all cases where the subject is of importance enough to demand copious information and minute personal details. The circumstances of Mason's life are soon related. After his career at college, he entered into orders, and was appointed one of the royal chaplains. He held the living of Ashton, and was precentor of York cathedral. When politics ran high, he took an active part on the side of the Whigs, but was respected by all parties. He died in 1797.

Mason's poetry cannot be said to be popular, even with poetical readers. His greatest want is simplicity, yet at times his rich diction has a fine effect. In his 'English Garden,' though verbose and dan-

guid as a whole, there are some exquisite images. Thus, he says of Time, its

Gradual touch
Has mouldered into beauty many a tower
Which, when it frowned with all its battlements,
Was only terrible.

Of woodland scenery—

Many a glade is found
The haunt of wood-gods only; where, if art
E'er dared to tread, 'twas with unsandaled foot,
Printless, as if 'twere holy ground.

Gray quotes the following lines in one of Mason's odes as 'superlative:'—

While through the west, where sinks the crimson day,
Meek twilight slowly sails, and waves her banners gray.

[*From Caractacus.*]

Mona on Snowdon calls:
Hear, thou king of mountains, hear;
Hark, she speaks from all her strings:
Hark, her loudest echo rings;
King of mountains, bend thine ear:
Send thy spirits, send them soon,
Now, when midnight and the moon
Meet upon thy front of snow;
See, their gold and ebon rod,
Where the sober sisters nod,
And greet in whispers sage and slow.
Snowdon, mark! 'tis magic's hour,
Now the muttered spell hath power;
Power to rend thy ribs of rock,
And burst thy base with thunder's shock:
But to thee no ruder spell
Shall Mona use, than those that dwell
In music's secret cells, and lie
Steeped in the stream of harmony.
Snowdon has heard the strain:
Hark, amid the wondering grove
Other harpings answer clear,
Other voices meet our ear,
Pinions flutter, shadows move,
Busy murmurs hum around,
Rustling vestments brush the ground;
Round and round, and round they go,
Through the twilight, through the shade,
Mount the oak's majestic head,
And gild the tufted misletoe.
Cease, ye glittering race of light,
Close your wings, and check your flight;
Here, arranged in order due,
Spread your robes of saffron hue;
For lo! with more than mortal fire,
Mighty Mador smites the lyre:
Hark, he sweeps the master-strings;
Listen all——

Epitaph on Mrs Mason, in the Cathedral of Bristol.

Take, holy earth! all that my soul holds dear:
Take that best gift which heaven so lately gave:
To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care
Her faded form; she bowed to taste the wave,
And died! Does youth, does beauty, read the line?
Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm?
Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine;
Even from the grave thou shalt have power to charm.
Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee;
Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move;
And if so fair, from vanity as free;
As firm in friendship, and as fond in love.
Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die,
('Twas even to thee) yet the dread path once trod,
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids 'the pure in heart behold their God.'

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Oliver Goldsmith, whose writings range over every department of miscellaneous literature, challenges attention as a poet chiefly for the unaffected ease, grace, and tenderness of his descriptions of rural and domestic life, and for a certain vein of pensive philosophic reflection. His countryman Burke said of himself, that he had taken his ideas of liberty not too high, that they might last him through life. Goldsmith seems to have pitched his poetry in a subdued under tone, that he might luxuriate at will among those images of quiet beauty, comfort, benevolence, and simple pathos, that were most congenial to his own character, his hopes, or his experience. This popular poet was born at Pallas, a small village in the parish of Forney, county of Longford, Ireland, on the 10th of November 1728. He was the sixth of a family of nine children, and his father, the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, was a poor curate, who eked out the scanty funds which he derived from his profession, by renting and cultivating some land. The poet's father afterwards succeeded to the rectory of Kilkenny West, and removed to the house and farm



Ruins of the house at Lissoy, where Goldsmith spent his youth.

of Lissoy, in his former parish. Here Goldsmith's youth was spent, and here he found the materials for his *Deserted Village*. After a good country education, Oliver was admitted a sizer of Trinity college, Dublin, June 11, 1745. The expense of his education was chiefly defrayed by his uncle, the Rev. Thomas Contarini, an excellent man, son to an Italian of the Contarini family at Venice, and a clergyman of the established church. At college, the poet was thoughtless and irregular, and always in want. His tutor was a man of fierce and brutal passions, and having struck him on one occasion before a party of friends, the poet left college, and wandered about the country for some time in the utmost poverty. His brother Henry clothed and carried him back to college, and on the 27th of February 1749, he was admitted to the degree of B.A. Goldsmith now gladly left the university, and returned to Lissoy.

His father was dead, but he idled away two years among his relations. He afterwards became tutor in the family of a gentleman in Ireland, where he remained a year. His uncle then gave him £50 to study the law in Dublin, but he lost the whole in a gaming house. A second contribution was raised, and the poet next proceeded to Edinburgh, where he continued a year and a half studying medicine. He then drew upon his uncle for £20, and embarked for Bordeaux. The vessel was driven into Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and whilst there, Goldsmith and his fellow passengers were arrested and put into prison, where the poet was kept a fortnight. It appeared that his companions were Scotsmen, in the French service, and had been in Scotland enlisting soldiers for the French army. Having overcome this most innocent of all his misfortunes, he is represented as having immediately proceeded to Leyden; but this part of his biography has lately got a new turn from the inquiries of a gentleman whose book is quoted below,* according to which it would appear to have been now, instead of four years later, that Goldsmith acted as usher of Dr Milner's school at Peckham, in the neighbourhood of London. The tradition of the school is, that he was extremely good-natured and playful, and advanced his pupils more by conversation than by book-tasks. On the supposition of this being the true account of Goldsmith's 25th year, we may presume that he next went to Leyden, and there made the resolution to travel over the Continent in spite of all pecuniary deficiencies. He stopped some time at Louvain, in Flanders, at Antwerp, and at Brussels. In France, he is said, like George Primrose, in his Vicar of Wakefield, to have occasionally earned a night's lodging and food by playing on his flute.

How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshened from the wave the zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch, faltering still,
But mocked all tune, and marred the dancer's skill,
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.

Traveller.

Scenes of this kind formed an appropriate school for the poet. He brooded with delight over these pictures of humble primitive happiness, and his imagination loved to invest them with the charms of poetry. Goldsmith afterwards visited Germany and the Rhine. From Switzerland he sent the first sketch of the 'Traveller' to his brother. The loftier charms of nature in these Alpine scenes seems to have had no permanent effect on the character or direction of his genius. He visited Florence, Verona, Venice, and stopped at Padua some months, where he is supposed to have taken his medical degree. In 1756 the poet reached England, after two years of wandering, lonely, and in poverty, yet buoyed up by dreams of hope and fame. Many a hard struggle he had yet to encounter! His biographers represent him as now becoming usher at Dr Milner's school, a portion of his history which we have seen reason to place at an earlier period. However this may be, he is soon after found contributing to the Monthly Review. He was also some time assistant to a chemist. A college friend, Dr Sleigh, enabled him to commence practice as a humble physician in Bankside, Southwark; but his chief support arose from contributions to the periodical literature of the day. In 1758 he presented himself at Surgeons Hall for examination as an hospital mate, with the view of entering the army or navy; but he had the mortification of being rejected as unqualified. That he might appear before the examining surgeon suitably dressed, Goldsmith obtained a new suit of clothes, for which Griffiths, publisher of the Monthly Review, became security. The clothes were immediately to be returned when the purpose was served, or the debt was to be discharged. Poor Goldsmith, having failed in his object, and probably distressed by urgent want, *pawned the clothes*. The publisher threatened, and the poet replied—'I know of no misery but a gaol, to which my own imprudences and your letter seem to point. I have seen it inevitable these three or four weeks, and, by heavens! request it as a favour—as a favour that may prevent somewhat more fatal. I have been some years struggling with a wretched being—with all that contempt and indigence brings with it—with all those strong passions which make contempt insupportable. What, then, has a gaol that is formidable?' Such was the almost hopeless condition, the deep despair, of this imprudent but amiable author, who has added to the delight of millions, and to the glory of English literature.

Henceforward the life of Goldsmith was that of a man of letters. He lived solely by his pen. Besides numerous contributions to the Monthly and Critical Reviews, the Lady's Magazine, the British Magazine, &c., he published an *Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe* (1759), his admirable *Chinese Letters*, afterwards published with the title of *The Citizen of the World*, a *Life of Beau Nash*, and the *History of England* in a series of letters from a nobleman to his son. The latter was highly successful, and was popularly attributed to Lord Chesterfield. In December 1764 appeared his poem of *The Traveller*, the chief corner-stone of his fame, 'without one bad line,' as has been said; 'without one of Dryden's careless verses.' Charles Fox pronounced it one of the finest poems in the English language; and Dr Johnson (then numbered among Goldsmith's friends) said that the merit of 'The Traveller' was so well established, that Mr Fox's praise could not augment it, nor his censure diminish it. The periodical critics were unanimous in its praise. In 1766 he published his exquisite novel, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, which had been written two years before, and sold to Newberry the bookseller, to discharge a pressing debt. His comedy of *The Good-Natured Man* was produced in 1767, his *Roman History* next year, and *The Deserted Village* in 1770. The latter was as popular as 'The Traveller,' and speedily ran through a number of editions. In 1773, Goldsmith's comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer*, was brought out at Covent Garden theatre with immense applause. He was now at the summit of his fame and popularity. The march had been long and toilsome, and he was often nearly fainting by the way; but his success was at length complete. His name stood among the foremost of his contemporaries; his works brought him in from £1000 to £1800 per annum. Difficulty and distress, however, still clung to him: poetry had found him poor at first, and she kept him so. From heedless profusion and extravagance, chiefly in dress, and from a benevolence which knew no limit while his funds lasted, Goldsmith was scarcely ever free from debt. The gaming table also presented irresistible attractions. He hung loosely on society, without wife or domestic tie; and his early habits and experience were ill calculated to teach him strict conscientiousness or regularity. He continued to write task-work for the booksellers,

* Collections Illustrative of the Geology, History, Antiquities, and Associations of Camberwell. By Douglas Allport. Camberwell: 1841.

and produced a 'History of England' in four volumes. This was succeeded by a 'History of Greece' in two volumes, for which he was paid £250. He had contracted to write a 'History of Animated Nature' in eight volumes, at the rate of a hundred guineas for each volume; but this work he did not live to complete, though the greater part was finished in his own attractive and easy manner. In March 1774, he was attacked by a painful complaint (dysuria) caused by close study, which was succeeded by a nervous fever. Contrary to the advice of his apothecary, he persisted in the use of James's powders, a medicine to which he had often had recourse; and gradually getting worse, he expired in strong convulsions on the 4th of April. The death of so popular an author, at the age of forty-five, was a shock equally to his friends and the public. The former knew his sterling worth, and loved him with all his foibles—his undisguised vanity, his national proneness to blundering, his thoughtless extravagance, his credulity, and his frequent absurdities. Under these ran a current of generous benevolence, of enlightened zeal for the happiness and improvement of mankind, and of manly independent feeling. He died £2000 in debt: 'Was ever poet so trusted before!' exclaimed Johnson. His remains were interred in the Temple burying ground, and a monument erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey, next the grave of Gay, whom he somewhat resembled in character, and far surpassed in genius.

The plan of 'The Traveller' is simple, yet comprehensive and philosophical. The poet represents himself as sitting among Alpine solitudes, looking down on a hundred realms—

> Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
> The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

He views the whole with delight, yet sighs to think that the hoard of human bliss is so small, and he wishes to find some spot consigned to real happiness, where his 'worn soul'

> Might gather bliss to see his fellows blessed.

But where is such a spot to be found? The natives of each country think their own the best—the patriot boasts—

> His first, best country, ever is at home.

If nations are compared, the amount of happiness in each is found to be about the same; and to illustrate this position, the poet describes the state of manners and government in Italy, Switzerland, France, Holland, and England. In general correctness and beauty of expression, these sketches have never been surpassed. The politician may think that the poet ascribes too little importance to the influence of government on the happiness of mankind, seeing that in a despotic state the whole must depend on the individual character of the governor; yet in the cases cited by Goldsmith, it is difficult to resist his conclusions; while his short sententious reasoning is relieved and elevated by bursts of true poetry. His character of the men of England used to draw tears from Dr Johnson:—

> Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
> With daring aims irregularly great.
> Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
> I see the lords of human kind pass by;
> Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
> By forms unfashioned, fresh from nature's hand.
> Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
> True to imagined right, above control,
> While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
> And learns to venerate himself as man.

Goldsmith was a master of the art of contrast in heightening the effect of his pictures. In the following quotation, the rich scenery of Italy, and the effeminate character of its population, are placed in striking juxtaposition with the rugged mountains of Switzerland and their hardy natives.

[Italians and Swiss Contrasted.]

> Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
> Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
> Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
> Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
> While oft some temple's mouldering tops between,
> With venerable grandeur mark the scene.
> Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
> The sons of Italy were surely blest.
> Whatever fruits in different climes were found,
> That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
> Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
> Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
> Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
> With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
> These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
> Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
> While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
> To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.
> But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
> And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
> In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
> Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
> Contrasted faults through all his manners reign:
> Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
> Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
> And even in penance planning sins anew.
> All evils here contaminate the mind,
> That opulence departed leaves behind;
> For wealth was theirs, not far removed the date,
> When commerce proudly flourished through the state;
> At her command the palace learned to rise,
> Again the long-fallen column sought the skies;
> The canvass glowed beyond even nature warm,
> The pregnant quarry teemed with human form,
> Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
> Commerce on other shores displayed her sail;
> While nought remained of all that riches gave,
> But towns unmanned, and lords without a slave;
> And late the nation found with fruitless skill,
> Its former strength was but plethoric ill.
> Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supplied
> By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
> From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind
> An easy compensation seem to find.
> Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp arrayed,
> The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade;
> Processions formed for piety and love,
> A mistress or a saint in every grove.
> By sports like these are all their cares beguiled,
> The sports of children satisfy the child;
> Each nobler aim, repressed by long control,
> Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
> While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
> In happier meanness occupy the mind:
> As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
> Defaced by time and tottering in decay,
> There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
> The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
> And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
> Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.
> My soul turn from them, turn we to survey
> Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
> Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
> And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;
> No product here the barren hills afford,
> But man and steel, the soldier and his sword;
> No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
> But winter lingering chills the lap of May;

No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.
Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loath his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board:
And haply too some pilgrim thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.
Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And even those ills that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

[*France Contrasted with Holland.*]

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here.
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or even imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land.
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleased, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.
But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise:
For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robe of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a-year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.
To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosomed in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore:
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescued from his reign.
Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here displayed. Their much-loved wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
Even liberty itself is bartered here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves;
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

The 'Deserted Village' is limited in design, but exhibits the same correctness of outline, and the same beauty of colouring, as 'The Traveller.' The poet drew upon his recollections of Lissoy for most of the landscape, as well as the characters introduced. His father sat for the village pastor, and such a portrait might well have cancelled, with Oliver's relations, all the follies and irregularities of his youth. Perhaps there is no poem in the English language more universally popular than the 'Deserted Village.' Its best passages are learned in youth, and never quit the memory. Its delineations of rustic life accord with those ideas of romantic purity, seclusion, and happiness, which the young mind associates with the country and all its charms, before modern manners and oppression had driven them thence—

To pamper luxury, and thin mankind.

Political economists may dispute the axiom, that luxury is hurtful to nations; and curious speculators, like Mandeville, may even argue that private vices are public benefits; but Goldsmith has a surer advocate in the feelings of the heart, which yield a spontaneous assent to the principles he inculcates, when teaching by examples, with all the efficacy of apparent truth, and all the effect of poetical beauty and excellence.

[*Description of Auburn—The Village Preacher, the Schoolmaster, and Alehouse—Reflections.*]

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain;
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please;
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm!
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm;
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighbouring hill;
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age, and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blessed the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play;
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.

And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired:
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove—
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please.
Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There as I passed, with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watchdog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a-year;
Remote from towns, he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their wo;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But, in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt her new fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway;
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.
Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning's face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned;
Yet he was kind; or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage;
And even the story ran that he could guage;
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For even, though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thundering sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame: the very spot
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retired;
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place;
The white-washed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;
The chest, contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.
Vain transitory splendour! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall!
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.
Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be pressed,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.
Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway:
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks if this be joy?
Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,

'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards, even beyond the miser's wish, abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name,
That leaves our useful product still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his parks extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
Has robbed the neighbouring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies.
While thus the land adorned for pleasure all,
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.
As some fair female, unadorned and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrowed charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress:
Thus fares the land, by luxury betrayed,
In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed;
But verging to decline, its splendours rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden, and a grave.

Edwin and Angelina.

'Turn, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow;
Where wilds immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go.'

'Forbear, my son,' the hermit cries,
To tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder phantom only flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

Here, to the houseless child of want,
My door is open still:
And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows;
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

No flocks that range the valley free,
To slaughter I condemn;
Taught by that power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.

But from the mountain's grassy side,
A guiltless feast I bring;
A scrip, with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring.

Then, Pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
All earth-born cares are wrong:
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.'

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell;
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure,
The lonely mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Required a master's care;
The wicket, opening with a latch,
Received the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire,
To take their evening rest,
The hermit trimmed his little fire,
And cheered his pensive guest:

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily pressed and smiled;
And, skilled in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguiled.

Around, in sympathetic mirth,
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart,
To soothe the stranger's wo;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spied,
With answering care opprest:
'And whence, unhappy youth,' he cried,
'The sorrows of thy breast?

From better habitations spurned,
Reluctant dost thou rove?
Or grieve for friendship unreturned,
Or unregarded love?

Alas! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling and decay;
And those who prize the paltry things
More trifling still than they.

And what is friendship but a name:
A charm that lulls to sleep!
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep!

And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair-one's jest;
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex,' he said:
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betrayed.

Surprised, he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view;
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms;
The lovely stranger stands confest
A maid in all her charms.

'And ah! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn,' she cried,
'Whose feet unhallowed thus intrude
Where heaven and you reside.

But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray:
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired:
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
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Where heaven and you reside.

But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray:
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

My father lived beside the Tyne,
  A wealthy lord was he;
And all his wealth was marked as mine;
  He had but only me.

To win me from his tender arms,
  Unnumbered suitors came;
Who praised me for imputed charms,
  And felt, or feigned, a flame.

Each hour a mercenary crowd
  With richest proffers strove;
Amongst the rest young Edwin bowed,
  But never talked of love.

In humblest, simplest, habit clad,
  No wealth nor power had he;
Wisdom and worth were all he had;
  But these were all to me.

The blossom opening to the day,
  The dews of heaven refined,
Could nought of purity display,
  To emulate his mind.

The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
  With charms inconstant shine;
Their charms were his; but, wo to me,
  Their constancy was mine.

For still I tried each fickle art,
  Importunate and vain;
And while his passion touched my heart,
  I triumphed in his pain.

Till quite dejected with my scorn,
  He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
  In secret, where he died!

But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
  And well my life shall pay:
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
  And stretch me where he lay.

And there, forlorn, despairing, hid,
  I'll lay me down and die:
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
  And so for him will I.'

'Forbid it, Heaven!' the hermit cried,
  And clasped her to his breast:
The wondering fair one turned to chide;
  'Twas Edwin's self that prest!

'Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
  My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
  Restored to love and thee.

Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
  And every care resign;
And shall we never, never part,
  My life—my all that's mine?

No, never from this hour to part,
  We'll live and love so true;
The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
  Shall break thy Edwin's too.'

[*Extracts from Retaliation.*]

[Goldsmith and some of his friends occasionally dined together at the St James's coffee-house. One day it was proposed to write epitaphs upon him. His country, dialect, and wisdom, furnished subjects for witticism. He was called on for retaliation, and, at the next meeting, produced his poem bearing that name, in which we find much of the shrewd observation, wit, and liveliness which distinguish his prose writings.]

* * *

Here lies our good Edmund,* whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.

* Burke.

Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his
  throat,
To persuade Tommy Townsend to lend him a vote;
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of
  dining.
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit;
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit:
For a patriot too cool; for a drudge disobedient,
And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
In short, 'twas his fate, unemployed, or in place, sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

* * * *

Here lies David Garrick, describe him who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man;
As an actor, confessed without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line;
Yet with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings—a dupe to his art;
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
And beplastered with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting:
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turned and he varied full ten times a day;
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick:
He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew, when he pleased, he could whistle them
  back.
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came;
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;
Till his relish grown callous almost to disease,
Who peppered the highest was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind;
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls so grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you
  gave!
How did Grub Street re-echo the shouts that you raised,
While he was be-Rosciused, and you were be-praised!
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel, and mix with the skies:
Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will;
Old Shakspeare, receive him with praise and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

* * *

Here Reynolds* is laid; and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind.
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart.
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering;
When they judged without skill, he was still hard of
  hearing:
When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and
  stuff,
He shifted his trumpet,† and only took snuff.

TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT.

Many who are familiar with Smollett as a novelist, scarcely recollect him as a poet, though he has scattered some fine verses amidst his prose fictions, and has written an *Ode to Independence*, which possesses the masculine strength of Dryden, with an elevation of moral feeling and sentiment rarely attempted or felt by that great poet. TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT was born in Dalquhurn-house, near the village of Renton, Dumbartonshire, in

* Sir Joshua Reynolds.

† Sir Joshua was so remarkably deaf, as to be under the necessity of using an ear-trumpet in company.

1721. His father, a younger son of Sir James Smollett of Bonhill, having died early, the poet was educated by his grandfather. After the usual



Birthplace of Smollett.

course of instruction in the grammar school of Dumbarton, and at the university of Glasgow, Tobias was placed apprentice to a medical practitioner, Mr Gordon, Glasgow. He was nineteen when his term of apprenticeship expired, and, at this early age, his grandfather having died without making any provision for him, the young and sanguine adventurer proceeded to London, his chief dependence being a tragedy, called the *Regicide*, which he attempted to bring out at the theatres. Foiled in this effort of juvenile ambition, Smollett became surgeon's mate on board an eighty-gun ship, and was present at the ill-planned and disastrous expedition against Carthagena, which he has described with much force in his *Roderick Random*. He returned to England in 1746, published two satires, *Advice* and *Reproof*, and in 1748 gave to the world his novel of 'Roderick Random.' *Peregrine Pickle* appeared three years afterwards. Smollett next attempted to practise as a physician, but failed, and, taking a house at Chelsea, devoted himself to literature as a profession. Notwithstanding his facility of composition, his general information and talents, his life was one continual struggle for existence, embittered by personal quarrels, brought on partly by irritability of temper. In 1753, his romance of *Ferdinand Count Fathom* was published, and in 1755 his translation of Don Quixote. The version of Motteux is now generally preferred to that of our author, though the latter is marked by his characteristic humour and versatility of talent. After he had finished this task, Smollett paid a visit to his native country. His fame had gone before him, and his reception by the literati of Scotland was cordial and flattering. His filial tenderness and affection was also gratified by meeting with his surviving parent. 'On Smollett's arrival,' says Dr Moore, 'he was introduced to his mother, with the connivance of Mrs Telfer (his sister) as a gentleman from the West Indies, who was intimately acquainted with her son. The better to support his assumed character, he endeavoured to preserve a serious countenance approaching to a frown; but, while his mother's eyes were rivetted on his countenance, he could not refrain from smiling. She immediately sprung from her chair, and throwing her arms around his neck, exclaimed, "Ah, my son! my son! I have found you at last." She afterwards told him that if he had kept his austere looks, and continued to *gloom*, he might have escaped detection some time longer; "but your old roguish smile," added she, "betrayed you at once."' On this occasion Smollett visited his relations and native scenes in Dumbartonshire, and spent two days in Glasgow, amidst his boyish companions. Returning to England, he resumed his literary occupations. He unfortunately became editor of the Critical Review, and an attack in that journal on Admiral Knowles, one of the commanders at Carthagena (which Smollett acknowledged to be his composition), led to a trial for libel; and the author was sentenced to pay a fine of £100, and suffered three months imprisonment. He consoled himself by writing, in prison, his novel of *Launcelot Greaves*. Another proof of his fertility and industry as an author was afforded by his *History of England*, written, it is said, in fourteen months. He engaged in political discussion, for which he was ill qualified by temper, and, taking the unpopular side, he was completely vanquished by the truculent satire and abuse of Wilkes. His health was also shattered by close application to his studies, and by private misfortune. In his early days Smollett had married a young West Indian lady, Miss Lascelles, by whom he had a daughter. This only child died at the age of fifteen, and the disconsolate father tried to fly from his grief by a tour through France and Italy. He was absent two years, and published an account of his travels, which, amidst gleams of humour and genius, is disfigured by the coarsest prejudices. Sterne has successfully ridiculed this work in his Sentimental Journey. Some of the critical dicta of Smollett are mere ebullitions of spleen. In the famous statue of the Venus de Medici, 'which enchants the world,' he could see no beauty of feature, and the attitude he considered awkward and out of character! The Pantheon at Rome—that 'glorious combination of beauty and magnificence'—he said looked like a huge cock-pit, open at the top. Sterne said justly, that such declarations should have been reserved for his physician; they could only have sprung from bodily distemper. 'Yet, be it said,' remarks Sir Walter Scott, 'without offence to the memory of the witty and elegant Sterne, it is more easy to assume, in composition, an air of alternate gaiety and sensibility, than to practise the virtues of generosity and benevolence, which Smollett exercised during his whole life, though often, like his own Matthew Bramble, under the disguise of peevishness and irritability. Sterne's writings show much flourish concerning virtues of which his life is understood to have produced little fruit; the temper of Smollett was

like a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.'

The native air of the great novelist was more cheering and exhilarating than the genial gales of the south. On his return from Italy he repaired to Scotland, saw once more his affectionate mother, and sojourned a short time with his cousin, Mr Smollett of Bonhill, on the banks of the Leven.

'The water of Leven,' he observes in his Humphry Clinker, 'though nothing near so considerable as the Clyde, is much more transparent, pastoral,

and delightful. This charming stream is the outlet of Loch Lomond, and through a track of four miles pursues its winding course over a bed of pebbles, till it joins the Firth of Clyde at Dumbarton. On this spot stands the castle formerly called Alcluyd, and washed by these two rivers on all sides except a narrow isthmus, which at every spring-tide is overflowed; the whole is a great curiosity, from the quality and form of the rock, as from the nature of its situation.* A very little above the source of the Leven, on the lake, stands the house of Cameron, belonging to Mr Smollett (the late commissary), so embosomed in oak wood, that we did not perceive it till we were within fifty yards of the door. The lake approaches on one side to within six or seven yards of the windows. It might have been placed on a higher site, which would have afforded a more extensive prospect, and a drier atmosphere; but this imperfection is not chargeable on the present proprietor, who purchased it ready built, rather than be at the trouble of repairing his own family house of Bonhill, which stands two miles hence, on the Leven, so surrounded with plantations, that it used to be known by the name of the Mavis (or Thrush) Nest. Above the house is a romantic glen, or cleft of a mountain, covered with hanging woods, having at the bottom a stream of fine water, that forms a number of cascades in its descent to join the Leven, so that the scene is quite enchanting.

I have seen the Lago di Gardi, Albano di Vico, Bolsena and Geneva, and I prefer Loch Lomond to them all—a preference which is certainly owing to the verdant islands that seem to float upon its surface, affording the most enchanting objects of repose to the excursive view. Nor are the banks destitute of beauties which can partake of the sublime. On this side they display a sweet variety of woodland, corn field, and pasture, with several agreeable villas, emerging as it were out of the lake, till at some distance the prospect terminates in huge mountains, covered with heath, which, being in the bloom, affords a very rich covering of purple. Everything here is romantic beyond imagination. This country is justly styled the Arcadia of Scotland; I do not doubt but it may vie with Arcadia in everything but climate. I am sure it excels it in verdure, wood, and water.'

All who have traversed the banks of the Leven, or sailed along the shores of Loch Lomond, in a calm clear summer day, when the rocks and islands are reflected with magical brightness and fidelity in its waters, will acknowledge the truth of this description, and can readily account for Smollett's preference, independently of the early recollections which must have endeared the whole to his feelings and imagination. The extension of manufactures in Scotland has destroyed some of the pastoral charms and seclusion of the Leven, but the course of the river is still eminently rich and beautiful in sylvan scenery. Smollett's health was now completely gone. His pen, however, was his only resource, and on his return to England he published a political satire, *The Adventures of an Atom*, in which he attacks his former patron, Lord Bute, and also the Earl of Chatham. As a politician, Smollett was far from consistent. His conduct in this respect was guided more by personal feelings than public principles, and any seeming neglect or ingratitude at once roused his constitutional irritability and indignation. He was no longer able, however, to contend with the 'sea of troubles' that encompassed him. In 1770, he again went abroad in quest of health. His friends endeavoured, but in vain, to procure him an appointment as consul in some port in the Mediterranean; and he took up his residence in a cottage which Dr Armstrong, then abroad, engaged for him in the neighbourhood of Leghorn. The warm and genial climate seems to have awakened his fancy, and breathed a temporary animation into his debilitated frame. He here wrote his *Humphry Clinker*, the most rich, varied, and agreeable of all his novels. Like Fielding, Smollett was destined to die in a foreign country. He had just committed his novel to the public, when he expired, on the 21st of October 1771, aged 51. Had he lived a few years longer, he would have inherited, as heir of entail, the estate of Bonhill, worth about £1000 a-year. His widow erected a plain monument over his remains at Leghorn, and his relations, who had neglected him in his days of suffering and distress, raised a cenotaph to his memory on the banks of the Leven. The prose works of Smollett will hereafter be noticed. He wrote no poem of any length; but it is evident he could have excelled in verse had he cultivated his talents, and enjoyed a life of greater ease and competence. Sir Walter Scott has praised the fine mythological commencement of his Ode; and few readers of taste or feeling are unacquainted with his lines on Leven Water, the picturesque scene of his early days. The latter were first published in 'Humphry Clinker,' after the above prose description of the same landscape, scarcely less poetical. When soured by misfortune, by party conflicts, and the wasting effects of disease, the generous heart and warm sensibilities of Smollett seem to have kindled at the recollection of his youth, and at the rural life and manners of his native country

Ode to Independence.

Strophe.

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye;
Thy steps I follow, with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.
Deep in the frozen regions of the north,
A goddess violated brought thee forth,
Immortal Liberty, whose look sublime
Hath bleached the tyrant's cheek in every varying clime.
What time the iron-hearted Gaul,
With frantic superstition for his guide,
Armed with the dagger and the pall,
The sons of Woden to the field defied
The ruthless hag, by Weser's flood,
In Heaven's name urged the infernal blow,
And red the stream began to flow:
The vanquished were baptised with blood!

Antistrophe.

The Saxon prince in horror fled,
From altars stained with human gore,
And Liberty his routed legions led
In safety to the bleak Norwegian shore.
There in a cave asleep she lay,
Lulled by the hoarse-resounding main,
When a bold savage passed that way,
Impelled by destiny, his name Disdain.
Of ample front the portly chief appeared:
The hunted bear supplied a shaggy vest;
The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard,
And his broad shoulders braved the furious blast.
He stopt, he gazed, his bosom glowed,
And deeply felt the impression of her charms:
He seized the advantage Fate allowed,
And straight compressed her in his vigorous arms.

Strophe.

The curlew screamed, the tritons blew
Their shells to celebrate the ravished rite;
Old Time exulted as he flew;
And Independence saw the light.

The light he saw in Albion's happy plains,
Where under cover of a flowering thorn,
While Philomel renewed her warbled strains,
The auspicious fruit of stolen embrace was born—
The mountain Dryads seized with joy,
The smiling infant to their charge consigned;
The Doric muse caressed the favourite boy;
The hermit Wisdom stored his opening mind.
As rolling years matured his age,
He flourished bold and sinewy as his sire;
While the mild passions in his breast assuage
The fiercer flames of his maternal fire.

Antistrophe.

Accomplished thus, he winged his way,
And zealous roved from pole to pole,
The rolls of right eternal to display,
And warm with patriot thought the aspiring soul.
On desert isles 'twas he that raised
Those spires that gild the Adriatic wave,
Where Tyranny beheld amazed
Fair Freedom's temple, where he marked her grave.
He steeled the blunt Batavian's arms
To burst the Iberian's double chain;
And cities reared, and planted farms,
Won from the skirts of Neptune's wide domain.
He, with the generous rustics, sat
On Uri's rocks in close divan;
And winged that arrow sure as fate,
Which ascertained the sacred rights of man.

Strophe.

Arabia's scorching sands he crossed,
Where blasted nature pants supine,
Conductor of her tribes adust,
To Freedom's adamantine shrine;
And many a Tartar horde forlorn, aghast!
He snatched from under fell Oppression's wing,
And taught amidst the dreary waste,
The all-cheering hymns of liberty to sing.
He virtue finds, like precious ore,
Diffused through every baser mould;
Even now he stands on Calvi's rocky shore,
And turns the dross of Corsica to gold:
He, guardian genius, taught my youth
Pomp's tinsel livery to despise:
My lips by him chastised to truth,
Ne'er paid that homage which my heart denies.

Antistrophe.

Those sculptured halls my feet shall never tread,
Where varnished vice and vanity combined,
To dazzle and seduce, their banners spread,
And forge vile shackles for the free-born mind.
While Insolence his wrinkled front uprears,
And all the flowers of spurious fancy blow;
And Title his ill-woven chaplet wears,
Full often wreathed around the miscreant's brow:
Where ever-dimpling falsehood, pert and vain,
Presents her cup of stale profession's froth;
And pale disease, with all his bloated train,
Torments the sons of gluttony and sloth.

Strophe.

In Fortune's car behold that minion ride,
With either India's glittering spoils oppressed,
So moves the sumpter-mule in harnessed pride,
That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.
For him let venal bards disgrace the bay,
And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string;
Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay,
And jingling bells fantastic folly ring:
Disquiet, doubt, and dread, shall intervene;
And nature, still to all her feelings just,
In vengeance hang a damp on every scene,
Shook from the baleful pinions of disgust.

Antistrophe.

Nature I'll court in her sequestered haunts,
By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell;
Where the poised lark his evening ditty chaunts,
And health, and peace, and contemplation dwell.
There, study shall with solitude recline,
And friendship pledge me to his fellow-swains,
And toil and temperance sedately twine
The slender cord that fluttering life sustains:
And fearless poverty shall guard the door,
And taste unspoiled the frugal table spread,
And industry supply the humble store,
And sleep unbribed his dews refreshing shed;
White-mantled Innocence, ethereal sprite,
Shall chase far off the goblins of the night;
And Independence o'er the day preside,
Propitious power! my patron and my pride.

Ode to Leven-Water.

On Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love,
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod the Arcadian plain.
Pure stream, in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
No torrents stain thy limpid source,
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polished pebbles spread;
While, lightly poised, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood;
The springing trout in speckled pride,
The salmon, monarch of the tide;
The ruthless pike, intent on war,
The silver eel, and mottled par.
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
And edges flowered with eglantine.
Still on thy banks so gaily green,
May numerous herds and flocks be seen:
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale;
And ancient faith that knows no guile,
And industry embrowned with toil;
And hearts resolved, and hands prepared,
The blessings they enjoy to guard!

The Tears of Scotland.

[Written on the barbarities committed in the Highlands by order of the Duke of Cumberland, after the battle of Culloden, 1746. Smollett was then a surgeon's mate, newly returned from service abroad. It is said that he originally finished the poem in six stanzas; when, some one representing that such a diatribe against government might injure his prospects, he sat down and added the still more pointed invective of the seventh stanza.]

Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valour long renowned,
Lie slaughtered on their native ground;
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life.
Thy swains are famished on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks;
Thy ravished virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it, then, in every clime,
Through the wide-spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crowned with praise,
Still shone with undiminished blaze?
Thy towering spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day:
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night:
No strains but those of sorrow flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of wo,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

Oh! baneful cause, oh! fatal morn,
Accursed to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their father stood,
The parent shed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceased,
The victor's soul was not appeased:
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and murdering steel!

The pious mother, doomed to death,
Forsaken wanders o'er the heath,
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend:
And stretched beneath the inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpaired remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathising verse shall flow:
'Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn.'

JOHN ARMSTRONG.

JOHN ARMSTRONG, the friend of Thomson, of Mallet, Wilkes, and other public and literary characters of that period, is now only known as the author of a didactic poem, the *Art of Preserving Health*, which is but little read. Armstrong was son of the minister of Castleton, a pastoral parish in Roxburghshire. He studied medicine in Edinburgh, and took his degree of M.D. in 1732. He repaired to London, and became known by the publication of several fugitive pieces and medical essays. A very objectionable poem, the *Economy of Love*, gave promise of poetical powers, but marred his practice as a physician. In 1744 appeared his 'Art of Preserving Health,' which was followed by two other poems, *Benevolence* and *Taste*, and a volume of prose essays, the latter indifferent enough. In 1760 he was appointed physician to the forces in Germany; and on the peace in 1763, he returned to London, where he practised, but with little success, till his death, September 7, 1779, in the 70th year of his age. Armstrong seems to have been an indolent and splenetic, but kind-hearted man—shrewd, caustic, and careful (he left £3000, saved out of a small income), yet warmly attached to his friends. His portrait in the 'Castle of Indolence' is in Thomson's happiest manner:—

With him was sometimes joined in silent walk
(Profoundly silent, for they never spoke)
One shyer still, who quite detested talk;
Oft stung by spleen, at once away he broke
To groves of pine and broad o'ershadowing oak;
There, inly thrilled, he wandered all alone,
And on himself his pensive fury wroke,
Nor ever uttered word, save when first shone
The glittering star of eve—'Thank Heaven, the day is done!'

Warton has praised the 'Art of Preserving Health' for its classical correctness and closeness of style, and its numberless poetical images. In general, however, it is stiff and laboured, with occasional passages of tumid extravagance; and the images are not unfrequently echoes of those of Thomson and other poets. The subject required the aid of ornament, for scientific rules are in general bad themes for poetry, and few men are ignorant of the true philosophy of life, however they may deviate from it in practice. That health is to be preserved by temperance, exercise, and cheerful recreation, is a truth familiar to all from infancy. Armstrong, however, was no ascetic philosopher. His motto is, 'take the good the gods provide you,' but take it in moderation.

When you smooth
The brows of care, indulge your festive vein
In cups by well-informed experience found
The least your bane, *and only with your friends.*

The effects of over-indulgence in wine he has finely described:—

But most too passive, when the blood runs low,
Too weakly indolent to strive with pain,
And bravely by resisting conquer fate,
Try Circe's arts; and in the tempting bowl
Of poisoned nectar sweet oblivion swill.
Struck by the powerful charm, the gloom dissolves
In empty air; Elysium opens round,
A pleasing phrenzy buoys the lightened soul,
And sanguine hopes dispel your fleeting care;
And what was difficult, and what was dire,
Yields to your prowess and superior stars:
The happiest you of all that e'er were mad,
Or are, or shall be, could this folly last.
But soon your heaven is gone: a heavier gloom
Shuts o'er your head; and, as the thundering stream,
Swollen o'er its banks with sudden mountain rain,
Sinks from its tumult to a silent brook,
So, when the frantic raptures in your breast
Subside, you languish into mortal man;
You sleep, and waking find yourself undone.
For, prodigal of life, in one rash night
You lavished more than might support three days.
A heavy morning comes; your cares return
With tenfold rage. An anxious stomach well
May be endured; so may the throbbing head;
But such a dim delirium, such a dream,
Involves you; such a dastardly despair
Unmans your soul, as maddening Pentheus felt,
When, baited round Cithæron's cruel sides,
He saw two suns, and double Thebes ascend.

In prescribing as a healthy situation for residence a house on an elevated part of the sea-coast, he indulges in a vein of poetical luxury worthy the enchanted grounds of the 'Castle of Indolence:'

Oh! when the growling winds contend, and all
The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm;
To sink in warm repose, and hear the din
Howl o'er the steady battlements, delights
Above the luxury of vulgar sleep.
The murmuring rivulet, and the hoarser strain
Of waters rushing o'er the slippery rocks,
Will nightly lull you to ambrosial rest.
To please the fancy is no trifling good,
Where health is studied; for whatever moves
The mind with calm delight, promotes the just
And natural movements of the harmonious frame.

All who have witnessed or felt the inspiriting effects of fine mountain scenery on invalids, will subscribe to the truth so happily expressed in the concluding lines of this passage. The blank verse of Armstrong somewhat resembles that of Cowper in compactness and vigour, but his imagination was hard and literal, and wanted the airy expansiveness and tenderness of pure inspiration. It was a high merit, however, to succeed where nearly all have failed, in blending with a subject so strictly practical and prosaic, the art and fancy of the poet. Much learning, skill, and knowledge are compressed into his poem, in illustration of his medical and ethical doctrines. The whole is divided into four books or divisions—the first on air, the second on diet, the third on exercise, and the fourth on the passions. In his first book, Armstrong has penned a ludicrously pompous invective on the climate of Great Britain, 'steeped in continual rains, or with raw fogs bedewed.' He exclaims—

Our fathers talked
Of summers, balmy airs, and skies serene:
Good Heaven! for what unexpiated crimes
This dismal change! The brooding elements
Do they, your powerful ministers of wrath,
Prepare some fierce exterminating plague?
Or is it fixed in the decrees above,
That lofty Albion melt into the main?
Indulgent nature! O, dissolve this gloom;
Bind in eternal adamant the winds
That drown or wither; give the genial west
To breathe, and in its turn the sprightly south,
And may once more the circling seasons rule
The year, not mix in every monstrous day!

Now, the fact we believe is, that in this country there are more good days in the year than in any other country in Europe. A few extracts from the 'Art of Preserving Health' are subjoined. The last, which is certainly the most energetic passage in the whole poem, describes the 'sweating sickness' which scourged England

Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had spent
Their ancient rage at Bosworth's purple field.

In the second, Armstrong introduces an apostrophe to his native stream, which perhaps suggested the more felicitous ode of Smollett to Leven Water. It is not unworthy of remark, that the poet entirely overlooks the store of romantic association and ballad-poetry pertaining to Liddisdale, which a mightier than he, in the next age, brought so prominently before the notice of the world.

[*Wrecks and Mutations of Time.*]

What does not fade? The tower that long had stood
The crush of thunder and the warring winds,
Shook by the slow but sure destroyer Time,
Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base,
And flinty pyramids and walls of brass
Descend. The Babylonian spires are sunk;
Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down.
Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
And tottering empires rush by their own weight.
This huge rotundity we tread grows old,
And all those worlds that roll around the sun;
The sun himself shall die, and ancient night
Again involve the desolate abyss,
Till the great Father, through the lifeless gloom,
Extend his arm to light another world,
And bid new planets roll by other laws.

[*Recommendation of Angling.*]

But if the breathless chase o'er hill and dale
Exceed your strength, a sport of less fatigue,
Not less delightful, the prolific stream
Affords. The crystal rivulet, that o'er
A stony channel rolls its rapid maze,
Swarms with the silver fry: such through the bounds
Of pastoral Stafford runs the brawling Trent;
Such Eden, sprung from Cumbrian mountains; such
The Esk, o'erhung with woods; and such the stream
On whose Arcadian banks I first drew air;
Liddel, till now, except in Doric lays,
Tuned to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,
Unknown in song, though not a purer stream
Through meads more flowery, or more romantic groves,
Rolls towards the western main. Hail, sacred flood!
May still thy hospitable swains be blest
In rural innocence, thy mountains still
Teem with the fleecy race, thy tuneful woods
For ever flourish, and thy vales look gay
With painted meadows and the golden grain;
Oft with thy blooming sons, when life was new,
Sportive and petulant, and charmed with toys,
In thy transparent eddies have I laved;
Oft traced with patient steps thy fairy banks,
With the well-imitated fly to hook
The eager trout, and with the slender line
And yielding rod solicit to the shore
The struggling panting prey, while vernal clouds
And tepid gales obscured the ruffled pool,
And from the deeps called forth the wanton swarms.
Formed on the Samian school, or those of Ind,
There are who think these pastimes scarce humane;
Yet in my mind (and not relentless I)
His life is pure that wears no fouler stains.

[*Pestilence of the Fifteenth Century.*]

Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had spent
Their ancient rage at Bosworth's purple field;
While, for which tyrant England should receive,
Her legions in incestuous murders mixed,
And daily horrors; till the fates were drunk
With kindred blood by kindred hands profused:
Another plague of more gigantic arm
Arose, a monster never known before,
Reared from Cocytus its portentous head;
This rapid fury not, like other pests,
Pursued a gradual course, but in a day
Rushed as a storm o'er half the astonished isle,
And strewed with sudden carcases the land.
First through the shoulders, or whatever part
Was seized the first, a fervid vapour sprung;
With rash combustion thence, the quivering spark
Shot to the heart, and kindled all within;
And soon the surface caught the spreading fires.
Through all the yielding pores the melted blood
Gushed out in smoky sweats; but nought assuaged
The torrid heat within, nor aught relieved
The stomach's anguish. With incessant toil,
Desperate of ease, impatient of their pain,
They tossed from side to side. In vain the stream
Ran full and clear, they burnt, and thirsted still.
The restless arteries with rapid blood
Beat strong and frequent. Thick and pantingly
The breath was fetched, and with huge labourings heaved.
At last a heavy pain oppressed the head,
A wild delirium came: their weeping friends
Were strangers now, and this no home of theirs.
Harassed with toil on toil, the sinking powers
Lay prostrate and o'erthrown; a ponderous sleep
Wrapt all the senses up: they slept and died.
In some a gentle horror crept at first
O'er all the limbs; the sluices of the skin

Withheld their moisture, till by art provoked
The sweats o'erflowed, but in a clammy tide;
Now free and copious, now restrained and slow;
Of tinctures various, as the temperature
Had mixed the blood, and rank with fetid streams:
As if the pent-up humours by delay
Were grown more fell, more putrid, and malign.
Here lay their hopes (though little hope remained),
With full effusion of perpetual sweats
To drive the venom out. And here the fates
Were kind, that long they lingered not in pain.
For, who survived the sun's diurnal race,
Rose from the dreary gates of hell redeemed;
Some the sixth hour oppressed, and some the third.
Of many thousands, few untainted 'scaped;
Of those infected, fewer 'scaped alive;
Of those who lived, some felt a second blow;
And whom the second spared, a third destroyed.
Frantic with fear, they sought by flight to shun
The fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land
The infected city poured her hurrying swarms:
Roused by the flames that fired her seats around,
The infected country rushed into the town.
Some sad at home, and in the desert some
Abjured the fatal commerce of mankind.
In vain: where'er they fled, the fates pursued.
Others, with hopes more specious, crossed the main,
To seek protection in far distant skies;
But none they found. It seemed the general air,
From pole to pole, from Atlas to the east,
Was then at enmity with English blood;
For but the race of England all were safe
In foreign climes; nor did this fury taste
The foreign blood which England then contained.
Where should they fly? The circumambient heaven
Involved them still, and every breeze was bane:
Where find relief? The salutary art
Was mute, and, startled at the new disease,
In fearful whispers hopeless omens gave.
To heaven, with suppliant rites they sent their prayers;
Heaven heard them not. Of every hope deprived,
Fatigued with vain resources, and subdued
With woes resistless, and enfeebling fear,
Passive they sunk beneath the weighty blow.
Nothing but lamentable sounds were heard,
Nor aught was seen but ghastly views of death.
Infectious horror ran from face to face,
And pale despair. 'Twas all the business then
To tend the sick, and in their turns to die.
In heaps they fell; and oft the bed, they say,
The sickening, dying, and the dead contained.

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

An admirable translation of 'The Lusiad' of Camoens, the most distinguished poet of Portugal, was executed by WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE, himself a poet of taste and fancy, but of no great originality or energy. Mickle was son of the minister of Langholm, in Dumfriesshire, where he was born in 1734. He was engaged in trade in Edinburgh as conductor, and afterwards partner, of a brewery; but he failed in business, and in 1764 went to London, desirous of literary distinction. Lord Lyttelton noticed and encouraged his poetical efforts, and Mickle was buoyed up with dreams of patronage and celebrity. Two years of increasing destitution dispelled this vision, and the poet was glad to accept the situation of corrector of the Clarendon press at Oxford. Here he published *Pollio*, an elegy, and *The Concubine*, a moral poem in the manner of Spenser, which he afterwards reprinted with the title of *Syr Martyn*. Mickle adopted the obsolete phraseology of Spenser, which was too antiquated even for the age of the 'Faery Queen,' and which Thomson had almost wholly discarded in his 'Castle of Indolence.' The first stanza of this poem has been quoted by Sir Walter Scott (divested of its antique spelling) in illustration of a remark made by him, that Mickle, 'with a vein of great facility, united a power of verbal melody, which might have been envied by bards of much greater renown:'—

Awake, ye west winds, through the lonely dale,
And Fancy to thy faery bower betake;
Even now, with balmy sweetness, breathes the gale,
Dimpling with downy wing the stilly lake;
Through the pale willows faltering whispers wake,
And Evening comes with locks bedropped with dew;
On Desmond's mouldering turrets slowly shake
The withered rye-grass and the harebell blue,
And ever and anon sweet Mulla's plaints renew.

Sir Walter adds, that Mickle, 'being a printer by profession, frequently put his lines into types without taking the trouble previously to put them into writing.' This is mentioned by none of the poet's biographers, and is improbable. The office of a corrector of the press is quite separate from the mechanical operations of the printer. Mickle's poem was highly successful (not the less, perhaps, because it was printed anonymously, and was ascribed to different authors), and it went through three editions. In 1771 he published the first canto of his great translation, which was completed in 1775; and being supported by a long list of subscribers, was highly advantageous both to his fame and fortune. In 1779 he went out to Portugal as secretary to Commodore Johnston, and was received with much distinction in Lisbon by the countrymen of Camoens. On the return of the expedition, Mickle was appointed joint agent for the distribution of the prizes. His own share was considerable; and having received some money by his marriage with a lady whom he had known in his obscure sojourn at Oxford, the latter days of the poet were spent in ease and leisure. He died at Forest Hill, near Oxford, in 1788.

The most popular of Mickle's original poems is his ballad of *Cumnor Hall*, which has attained additional celebrity by its having suggested to Sir Walter Scott the groundwork of his romance of Kenilworth.* The plot is interesting, and the versification easy and musical. Mickle assisted in Evans's Collection of Old Ballads (in which 'Cumnor Hall' and other pieces of his first appeared), and though in this style of composition he did not copy the direct simplicity and unsophisticated ardour of the real old ballads, he had much of their tenderness and pathos. A still stronger proof of this is afforded by a Scottish song, the author of which was long unknown, but which seems clearly to have been written by Mickle. An imperfect, altered, and corrected copy was found among his manuscripts after his death; and his widow being applied to, confirmed the external evidence in his favour, by an express declaration that her husband had said the song was his own, and that he had explained to her the Scottish words It is the fairest flower in his poetical chaplet. The delineation of humble matrimonial happiness and affection which the song presents, is almost unequalled—

Sae true his words, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air!
His very foot has music in't
As he comes up the stair.

* Sir Walter intended to have named his romance Cumnor Hall, but was persuaded by Mr Constable, his publisher, to adopt the title of Kenilworth.

And will I see his face again?
  And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy with the thought,
  In troth I'm like to greet.

Then there are the two lines—a happy Epicurean fancy, but elevated by the situation and the faithful love of the speaker—which Burns says 'are worthy of the first poet'—

The present moment is our ain,
  The neist we never saw.

These brief felicities of natural expression and feeling, so infinitely superior to the stock images of poetry, show that Mickle could have excelled in the Scottish dialect, and in portraying Scottish life, had he truly known his own strength, and trusted to the impulses of his heart instead of his ambition.

Cumnor Hall.

The dews of summer night did fall,
  The moon (sweet regent of the sky)
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
  And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now nought was heard beneath the skies
  (The sounds of busy life were still),
Save an unhappy lady's sighs,
  That issued from that lonely pile.

'Leicester,' she cried, 'is this thy love
  That thou so oft hast sworn to me,
To leave me in this lonely grove,
  Immured in shameful privity?

No more thou com'st, with lover's speed,
  Thy once beloved bride to see;
But be she alive, or be she dead,
  I fear, stern Earl's, the same to thee.

Not so the usage I received
  When happy in my father's hall;
No faithless husband then me grieved,
  No chilling fears did me appal.

I rose up with the cheerful morn,
  No lark so blithe, no flower more gay;
And, like the bird that haunts the thorn,
  So merrily sung the live-long day.

If that my beauty is but small,
  Among court ladies all despised,
Why didst thou rend it from that hall,
  Where, scornful Earl, it well was prized?

And when you first to me made suit,
  How fair I was, you oft would say!
And, proud of conquest, plucked the fruit,
  Then left the blossom to decay.

Yes! now neglected and despised,
  The rose is pale, the lily's dead;
But he that once their charms so prized,
  Is sure the cause those charms are fled.

For know, when sickening grief doth prey,
  And tender love's repaid with scorn,
The sweetest beauty will decay:
  What floweret can endure the storm?

At court, I'm told, is beauty's throne,
  Where every lady's passing rare,
That eastern flowers, that shame the sun,
  Are not so glowing, not so fair.

Then, Earl, why didst thou leave the beds
  Where roses and where lilies vie,
To seek a primrose, whose pale shades
  Must sicken when those gauds are by?

'Mong rural beauties I was one;
  Among the fields wild flowers are fair;
Some country swain might me have won,
  And thought my passing beauty rare.

But, Leicester (or I much am wrong),
  It is not beauty lures thy vows;
Rather ambition's gilded crown
  Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

Then, Leicester, why, again I plead
  (The injured surely may repine),
Why didst thou wed a country maid,
  When some fair princess might be thine?

Why didst thou praise my humble charms,
  And, oh! then leave them to decay?
Why didst thou win me to thy arms,
  Then leave me to mourn the live-long day?

The village maidens of the plain
  Salute me lowly as they go:
Envious they mark my silken train,
  Nor think a countess can have wo.

The simple nymphs! they little know
  How far more happy's their estate;
To smile for joy, than sigh for wo;
  To be content, than to be great.

How far less blessed am I than them,
  Daily to pine and waste with care!
Like the poor plant, that, from its stem
  Divided, feels the chilling air.

Nor, cruel Earl! can I enjoy
  The humble charms of solitude;
Your minions proud my peace destroy,
  By sullen frowns, or pratings rude.

Last night, as sad I chanced to stray,
  The village death-bell smote my ear;
They winked aside, and seemed to say,
  "Countess, prepare—thy end is near."

And now, while happy peasants sleep,
  Here I sit lonely and forlorn;
No one to soothe me as I weep,
  Save Philomel on yonder thorn.

My spirits flag, my hopes decay;
  Still that dread death-bell smites my ear;
And many a body seems to say,
  "Countess, prepare—thy end is near."'

Thus sore and sad that lady grieved
  In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear;
And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,
  And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appeared,
  In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,
Full many a piercing scream was heard,
  And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,
  An aërial voice was heard to call,
And thrice the raven flapped his wing
  Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howled at village door,
  The oaks were shattered on the green;
Wo was the hour, for never more
  That hapless Countess e'er was seen.

And in that manor, now no more
  Is cheerful feast or sprightly ball;
For ever since that dreary hour
  Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids with fearful glance,
  Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall;
Nor ever lead the merry dance
  Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Full many a traveller has sighed,
And pensive wept the Countess' fall,
As wandering onwards they've espied
The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall.

The Mariner's Wife.

But are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to think o' wark?
Ye jauds, fling bye your wheel.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a',
There's nae luck about the house,
When our gudeman's awa.

Is this a time to think o' wark,
When Colin's at the door?
Rax down my cloak—I'll to the key,
And see him come ashore.

Rise up and make a clean fireside,
Put on the mickle pat;
Gie little Kate her cotton goun,
And Jock his Sunday's coat.

And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
Their stockins white as snaw;
It's a' to pleasure our gudeman—
He likes to see them braw.

There are twa hens into the crib,
Hae fed this month and mair,
Mak haste and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare.

My Turkey slippers I'll put on,
My stockins pearl blue—
It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.

Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue;
His breath's like caller air;
His very fit has music in't,
As he comes up the stair.

And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought:
In troth I'm like to greet.

[*The Spirit of the Cape.*]

[From the 'Lusiad.']

Now prosperous gales the bending canvass swelled;
From these rude shores our fearless course we held:
Beneath the glistening wave the god of day
Had now five times withdrawn the parting ray,
When o'er the prow a sudden darkness spread,
And slowly floating o'er the mast's tall head
A black cloud hovered; nor appeared from far
The moon's pale glimpse, nor faintly twinkling star;
So deep a gloom the lowering vapour cast,
Transfixed with awe the bravest stood aghast.
Meanwhile a hollow bursting roar resounds,
As when hoarse surges lash their rocky mounds;
Nor had the blackening wave, nor frowning heaven,
The wonted signs of gathering tempest given.
Amazed we stood—O thou, our fortune's guide,
Avert this omen, mighty God, I cried;
Or through forbidden climes adventurous strayed,
Have we the secrets of the deep surveyed,
Which these wide solitudes of seas and sky
Were doomed to hide from man's unhallowed eye?
Whate'er this prodigy, it threatens more
Than midnight tempest and the mingled roar,
When sea and sky combine to rock the marble shore.
I spoke, when rising through the darkened air,
Appalled we saw a hideous phantom glare;
High and enormous o'er the flood he towered,
And thwart our way with sullen aspect lowered.
Unearthly paleness o'er his cheeks was spread,
Erect uprose his hairs of withered red;
Writhing to speak, his sable lips disclose,
Sharp and disjoined, his gnashing teeth's blue rows;
His haggard beard flowed quivering on the wind,
Revenge and horror in his mien combined;
His clouded front, by withering lightning scared,
The inward anguish of his soul declared.
His red eyes glowing from their dusky caves
Shot livid fires: far echoing o'er the waves
His voice resounded, as the caverned shore
With hollow groan repeats the tempest's roar.
Cold gliding horrors thrilled each hero's breast;
Our bristling hair and tottering knees confessed
Wild dread; the while with visage ghastly wan,
His black lips trembling, thus the Fiend began:
'O you, the boldest of the nations, fired
By daring pride, by lust of fame inspired,
Who, scornful of the bowers of sweet repose,
Through these my waves advance your fearless prows,
Regardless of the lengthening watery way,
And all the storms that own my sovereign sway,
Who 'mid surrounding rocks and shelves explore
Where never hero braved my rage before;
Ye sons of Lusus, who, with eyes profane,
Have viewed the secrets of my awful reign,
Have passed the bounds which jealous Nature drew,
To veil her secret shrine from mortal view,
Hear from my lips what direful woes attend,
And bursting soon shall o'er your race descend.
With every bounding keel that dares my rage,
Eternal war my rocks and storms shall wage;
The next proud fleet that through my dear domain,
With daring search shall hoist the streaming vane,
That gallant navy by my whirlwinds tost,
And raging seas, shall perish on my coast.
Then He who first my secret reign descried,
A naked corse wide floating o'er the tide
Shall drive. Unless my heart's full raptures fail,
O Lusus! oft shalt thou thy children wail;
Each year thy shipwrecked sons shalt thou deplore,
Each year thy sheeted masts shall strew my shore.' * *
He spoke, and deep a lengthened sigh he drew,
A doleful sound, and vanished from the view;
The frightened billows gave a rolling swell,
And distant far prolonged the dismal yell;
Faint and more faint the howling echoes die,
And the black cloud dispersing leaves the sky.

DR JOHN LANGHORNE.

DR JOHN LANGHORNE, an amiable and excellent clergyman, has long lost the popularity which he possessed in his own day as a poet; but his name nevertheless claims a place in the history of English literature. He was born at Kirkby Steven, in Westmoreland, in 1735, and held the curacy and lectureship of St John's, Clerkenwell, in London. He afterwards obtained a prebend's stall in Wells cathedral, and was much admired as a preacher. He died in 1779. Langhorne wrote various prose works, the most successful of which was his *Letters of Theodosius and Constantia*; and, in conjunction with his brother, he published a translation of Plutarch's Lives, which still maintains its ground as the best English version of the ancient author. His poetical works were chiefly slight effusions, dictated by the passion or impulse of the moment; but he made an abortive attempt to repel the coarse satire of Churchill, and to walk in the magic circle of the drama. His ballad, *Owen of Carron*, founded on the old Scottish tale of Gil Morrice, is smoothly versified, but in poetical merit is inferior to the original. The only poem of Langhorne's which has a cast of originality is his *Country Justice*. Here he seems to have anticipated Crabbe

in painting the rural life of England in true colours. His picture of the gipsies, and his sketches of venal clerks and rapacious overseers, are genuine likenesses. He has not the raciness or the distinctness of Crabbe, but is equally faithful, and as sincerely a friend to humanity. He pleads warmly for the poor vagrant tribe:—

Still mark if vice or nature prompts the deed;
Still mark the strong temptation and the need:
On pressing want, on famine's powerful call,
At least more lenient let thy justice fall.
For him who, lost to every hope of life,
Has long with Fortune held unequal strife,
Known to no human love, no human care,
The friendless homeless object of despair;
For the poor vagrant feel, while he complains,
Nor from sad freedom send to sadder chains.
Alike if folly or misfortune brought
Those last of woes his evil days have wrought;
Believe with social mercy and with me,
Folly 's misfortune in the first degree.
Perhaps on some inhospitable shore
The houseless wretch a widowed parent bore;
Who then, no more by golden prospects led,
Of the poor Indian begged a leafy bed.
Cold on Canadian hills or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent mourned her soldier slain;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery, baptised in tears.

This allusion to the dead soldier and his widow on the field of battle was made the subject of a print by Bunbury, under which were engraved the pathetic lines of Langhorne. Sir Walter Scott has mentioned, that the only time he saw Burns, the Scottish poet, this picture was in the room. Burns shed tears over it; and Scott, then a lad of fifteen, was the only person present who could tell him where the lines were to be found. The passage is beautiful in itself, but this incident will embalm and preserve it for ever.

[*Appeal to Country Justices in Behalf of the Rural Poor.*]

Let age no longer toil with feeble strife,
Worn by long service in the war of life;
Nor leave the head, that time hath whitened, bare
To the rude insults of the searching air;
Nor bid the knee, by labour hardened, bend,
O thou, the poor man's hope, the poor man's friend!
If, when from heaven severer seasons fall,
Fled from the frozen roof and mouldering wall,
Each face the picture of a winter day,
More strong than Teniers' pencil could portray;
If then to thee resort the shivering train,
Of cruel days, and cruel man complain,
Say to thy heart (remembering him who said),
'These people come from far, and have no bread.'
Nor leave thy venal clerk empowered to hear;
The voice of want is sacred to thy ear.
He where no fees his sordid pen invite,
Sports with their tears, too indolent to write;
Like the fed monkey in the fable, vain
To hear more helpless animals complain.
But chief thy notice shall one monster claim;
A monster furnished with a human frame—
The parish-officer!—though verse disdain
Terms that deform the splendour of the strain,
It stoops to bid thee bend the brow severe
On the sly, pilfering, cruel overseer;
The shuffling farmer, faithful to no trust,
Ruthless as rocks, insatiate as the dust!
When the poor hind, with length of years decayed,
Leans feebly on his once-subduing spade,
Forgot the service of his abler days,
His profitable toil, and honest praise,
Shall this low wretch abridge his scanty bread,
This slave, whose board his former labours spread?
When harvest's burning suns and sickening air
From labour's unbraced hand the grasped hook tear,
Where shall the helpless family be fed,
That vainly languish for a father's bread?
See the pale mother, sunk with grief and care,
To the proud farmer fearfully repair;
Soon to be sent with insolence away,
Referred to vestries, and a distant day!
Referred—to perish! Is my verse severe?
Unfriendly to the human character?
Ah! to this sigh of sad experience trust:
The truth is rigid, but the tale is just.
If in thy courts this caitiff wretch appear,
Think not that patience were a virtue here.
His low-born pride with honest rage control;
Smite his hard heart, and shake his reptile soul.
But, hapless! oft through fear of future wo,
And certain vengeance of the insulting foe;
Oft, ere to thee the poor prefer their prayer,
The last extremes of penury they bear.
Wouldst thou then raise thy patriot office higher?
To something more than magistrate aspire!
And, left each poorer, pettier chase behind,
Step nobly forth, the friend of human kind!
The game I start courageously pursue!
Adieu to fear! to insolence adieu!
And first we'll range this mountain's stormy side,
Where the rude winds the shepherd's roof deride,
As meet no more the wintry blast to bear,
And all the wild hostilities of air.
That roof have I remembered many a year;
It once gave refuge to a hunted deer—
Here, in those days, we found an aged pair;
But time untenants—ha! what seest thou there?
'Horror!—by Heaven, extended on a bed
Of naked fern, two human creatures dead!
Embracing as alive!—ah, no!—no life!
Cold, breathless!'
'Tis the shepherd and his wife.
I knew the scene, and brought thee to behold
What speaks more strongly than the story told—
They died through want—
'By every power I swear,
If the wretch treads the earth, or breathes the air,
Through whose default of duty, or design,
These victims fell, he dies.'
They fell by thine.
'Infernal! Mine!—by ——'
Swear on no pretence:
A swearing justice wants both grace and sense.

[*An Advice to the Married.*]

Should erring nature casual faults disclose,
Wound not the breast that harbours your repose;
For every grief that breast from you shall prove,
Is one link broken in the chain of love.
Soon, with their objects, other woes are past,
But pains from those we love are pains that last.
Though faults or follies from reproach may fly,
Yet in its shade the tender passions die.

Love, like the flower that courts the sun's kind ray,
Will flourish only in the smiles of day;
Distrust's cold air the generous plant annoys,
And one chill blight of dire contempt destroys.
Oh shun, my friend, avoid that dangerous coast,
Where peace expires, and fair affection's lost;
By wit, by grief, by anger urged, forbear
The speech contemptuous and the scornful air.

The Dead.

Of them, who wrapt in earth are cold,
No more the smiling day shall view,
Should many a tender tale be told,
For many a tender thought is due.

Why else the o'ergrown paths of time,
Would thus the lettered sage explore,
With pain these crumbling ruins climb,
And on the doubtful sculpture pore?

Why seeks he with unwearied toil,
Through Death's dim walks to urge his way,
Reclaim his long asserted spoil,
And lead Oblivion into day?

'Tis nature prompts by toil or fear,
Unmoved to range through Death's domain;
The tender parent loves to hear
Her children's story told again!

Eternal Providence.

Light of the world, Immortal Mind;
Father of all the human kind!
Whose boundless eye that knows no rest,
Intent on nature's ample breast,
Explores the space of earth and skies,
And sees eternal incense rise!
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

Though thou this transient being gave,
That shortly sinks into the grave;
Yet 'twas thy goodness still to give
A being that can think and live;
In all thy works thy wisdom see,
And stretch its towering mind to thee.
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

And still this poor contracted span,
This life, that bears the name of man,
From thee derives its vital ray,
Eternal source of life and day!
Thy bounty still the sunshine pours,
That gilds its morn and evening hours.
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

Through error's maze, through folly's night,
The lamp of reason lends me light;
Where stern affliction waves her rod,
My heart confides in thee, my God!
When nature shrinks, oppressed with woes,
Even then she finds in thee repose.
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

Affliction flies, and Hope returns;
Her lamp with brighter splendour burns;
Gay Love with all his smiling train,
And Peace and Joy are here again;
These, these, I know, 'twas thine to give;
I trusted; and, behold, I live!
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

O may I still thy favour prove!
Still grant me gratitude and love.
Let truth and virtue guard my heart;
Nor peace, nor hope, nor joy depart:
But yet, whate'er my life may be,
My heart shall still repose on thee!
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

[*A Farewell Hymn to the Valley of Irwan.*]

Farewell the fields of Irwan's vale,
My infant years where Fancy led,
And soothed me with the western gale,
Her wild dreams waving round my head,
While the blithe blackbird told his tale.
Farewell the fields of Irwan's vale!

The primrose on the valley's side,
The green thyme on the mountain's head,
The wanton rose, the daisy pied,
The wilding's blossom blushing red;
No longer I their sweets inhale.
Farewell the fields of Irwan's vale!

How oft, within yon vacant shade,
Has evening closed my careless eye!
How oft, along those banks I've strayed,
And watched the wave that wandered by;
Full long their loss shall I bewail.
Farewell the fields of Irwan's vale!

Yet still, within yon vacant grove,
To mark the close of parting day;
Along yon flowery banks to rove,
And watch the wave that winds away;
Fair Fancy sure shall never fail,
Though far from these and Irwan's vale.

SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE.

Few votaries of the muses have had the resolution to abandon their early worship, or to cast off 'the Dalilahs of the imagination,' when embarked on more gainful callings. An example of this, however, is afforded by the case of SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE (born in London in 1723, died 1780), who, having made choice of the law for his profession, and entered himself a student of the Middle Temple, took formal leave of poetry in a copy of natural and pleasing verses, published in Dodsley's Miscellany. Blackstone rose to rank and fame as a lawyer, wrote a series of masterly commentaries on the laws of England, was knighted, and died a judge in the court of common pleas. From some critical notes on Shakspeare by Sir William, published by Stevens, it would appear that, though he had forsaken his muse, he still (like Charles Lamb, when he had given up the use of the 'great plant,' tobacco) 'loved to live in the suburbs of her graces.'

The Lawyer's Farewell to his Muse.

As, by some tyrant's stern command,
A wretch forsakes his native land,
In foreign climes condemned to roam
An endless exile from his home;
Pensive he treads the destined way,
And dreads to go; nor dares to stay;
Till on some neighbouring mountain's brow
He stops, and turns his eyes below;
There, melting at the well-known view,
Drops a last tear, and bids adieu:
So I, thus doomed from thee to part,
Gay queen of fancy and of art,
Reluctant move, with doubtful mind,
Oft stop, and often look behind.
Companion of my tender age,
Serenely gay, and sweetly sage,
How blithesome we were wont to rove,
By verdant hill or shady grove,
Where fervent bees, with humming voice,
Around the honied oak rejoice,
And aged elms with awful bend,
In long cathedral walks extend!
Lulled by the lapse of gliding floods,
Cheered by the warbling of the woods,

How blest my days, my thoughts how free,
In sweet society with thee!
Then all was joyous, all was young,
And years unheeded rolled along:
But now the pleasing dream is o'er,
These scenes must charm me now no more;
Lost to the fields, and torn from you—
Farewell!—a long, a last adieu.
Me wrangling courts, and stubborn law,
To smoke, and crowds, and cities draw:
There selfish faction rules the day,
And pride and avarice throng the way;
Diseases taint the murky air,
And midnight conflagrations glare;
Loose Revelry, and Riot bold,
In frighted streets their orgies hold;
Or, where in silence all is drowned,
Fell Murder walks his lonely round;
No room for peace, no room for you;
Adieu, celestial nymph, adieu!
Shakspeare, no more thy sylvan son,
Nor all the art of Addison,
Pope's heaven-strung lyre, nor Waller's ease,
Nor Milton's mighty self must please:
Instead of these, a formal band
In furs and coifs around me stand;
With sounds uncouth and accents dry,
That grate the soul of harmony,
Each pedant sage unlocks his store
Of mystic, dark, discordant lore,
And points with tottering hand the ways
That lead me to the thorny maze.
There, in a winding close retreat,
Is justice doomed to fix her seat;
There, fenced by bulwarks of the law,
She keeps the wondering world in awe;
And there, from vulgar sight retired,
Like eastern queen, is more admired.
Oh let me pierce the secret shade
Where dwells the venerable maid!
There humbly mark, with reverent awe,
The guardian of Britannia's law;
Unfold with joy her sacred page,
The united boast of many an age;
Where mixed, yet uniform, appears
The wisdom of a thousand years.
In that pure spring the bottom view,
Clear, deep, and regularly true;
And other doctrines thence imbibe
Than lurk within the sordid scribe;
Observe how parts with parts unite
In one harmonious rule of right;
See countless wheels distinctly tend
By various laws to one great end;
While mighty Alfred's piercing soul
Pervades, and regulates the whole.
Then welcome business, welcome strife,
Welcome the cares, the thorns of life,
The visage wan, the pore-blind sight,
The toil by day, the lamp at night,
The tedious forms, the solemn prate,
The pert dispute, the dull debate,
The drowsy bench, the babbling hall,
For thee, fair Justice, welcome all!
Thus though my noon of life be past,
Yet let my setting sun, at last,
Find out the still, the rural cell,
Where sage retirement loves to dwell!
There let me taste the homefelt bliss
Of innocence and inward peace;
Untainted by the guilty bribe,
Uncursed amid the harpy tribe;
No orphan's cry to wound my ear;
My honour and my conscience clear.
Thus may I calmly meet my end,
Thus to the grave in peace descend.

DR THOMAS PERCY.

Dr Thomas Percy, afterwards bishop of Dromore, in 1765 published his *Reliques of English Poetry*, in which several excellent old songs and ballads were revived, and a selection made of the best lyrical pieces scattered through the works of modern authors. The learning and ability with which Percy executed his task, and the sterling value of his materials, recommended his volumes to public favour. They found their way into the hands of poets and poetical readers, and awakened a love of nature, simplicity, and true passion, in contradistinction to that coldly-correct and sentimental style which pervaded part of our literature. The influence of Percy's collection was general and extensive. It is evident in many contemporary authors. It gave the first impulse to the genius of Sir Walter Scott; and it may be seen in the writings of Coleridge and Wordsworth. A fresh fountain of poetry was opened up—a spring of sweet, tender, and heroic thoughts and imaginations, which could never be again turned back into the artificial channels in which the genius of poesy had been too long and too closely confined. Percy was himself a poet. His ballad, 'O, Nanny, wilt Thou Gang wi' Me,' the 'Hermit of Warkworth,' and other detached pieces, evince both taste and talent. We subjoin a cento, 'The Friar of Orders Gray,' which Percy says he compiled from fragments of ancient ballads, to which he added supplemental stanzas to connect them together. The greater part, however, is his own. The life of Dr Percy presents little for remark. He was born at Bridgnorth, Shropshire, in 1728, and, after his education at Oxford, entered the church, in which he was successively chaplain to the king, dean of Carlisle, and bishop of Dromore: the



The Deanery, Carlisle.

latter dignity he possessed from 1782 till his death in 1811. He enjoyed the friendship of Johnson, Goldsmith, and other distinguished men of his day, and lived long enough to hail the genius of the most illustrious of his admirers, Sir Walter Scott.

O, Nanny, wilt Thou Gang wi' Me.

O, Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and russet gown?
Nae langer drest in silken sheen,
Nae langer decked wi' jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O, Nanny, when thou'rt far awa,
Wilt thou not cast a look behind?
Say, canst thou face the flaky snaw,
Nor shrink before the winter wind?
O can that soft and gentle mien
Severest hardships learn to bear,
Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nanny, canst thou love so true,
Through perils keen wi' me to gae?
Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of wae?
Say, should disease or pain befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor, wishful, those gay scenes recall,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his much-loved clay
Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear?
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

The Friar of Orders Gray.

It was a friar of orders gray
Walked forth to tell his beads,
And he met with a lady fair,
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

'Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar!
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine
My true love thou didst see.'

'And how should I know your true love
From many another one?'
'Oh! by his cockle hat and staff,
And by his sandal shoon:

But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view,
His flaxen locks that sweetly curled,
And eyes of lovely blue.'

'O lady, he is dead and gone!
Lady, he's dead and gone!
At his head a green grass turf,
And at his heels a stone.

Within these holy cloisters long
He languished, and he died,
Lamenting of a lady's love,
And 'plaining of her pride.

Here bore him barefaced on his bier
Six proper youths and tall;
And many a tear bedewed his grave
Within yon kirkyard wall.'

'And art thou dead, thou gentle youth—
And art thou dead and gone?
And didst thou die for love of me?
Break, cruel heart of stone!'

'O weep not, lady, weep not so,
Some ghostly comfort seek:
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
Nor tears bedew thy cheek.'

'O do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove;
For I have lost the sweetest youth
That e'er won lady's love.

And now, alas! for thy sad loss
I'll evermore weep and sigh;
For thee I only wished to live,
For thee I wish to die.'

'Weep no more, lady, weep no more;
Thy sorrow is in vain:
For violets plucked, the sweetest shower
Will ne'er make grow again.

Our joys as winged dreams do fly;
Why then should sorrow last?
Since grief but aggravates thy loss,
Grieve not for what is past.'

'O say not so, thou holy friar!
I pray thee say not so;
For since my true love died for me,
'Tis meet my tears should flow.

And will he never come again—
Will he ne'er come again?
Ah, no! he is dead, and laid in his grave,
For ever to remain.

His cheek was redder than the rose—
The comeliest youth was he;
But he is dead and laid in his grave,
Alas! and wo is me.'

'Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot on sea, and one on land,
To one thing constant never.

Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since summer trees were leafy.'

'Now say not so, thou holy friar,
I pray thee say not so;
My love he had the truest heart—
O he was ever true!

And art thou dead, thou much-loved youth?
And didst thou die for me?
Then farewell home; for evermore
A pilgrim I will be.

But first upon my true love's grave
My weary limbs I'll lay,
And thrice I'll kiss the green grass turf
That wraps his breathless clay.'

'Yet stay, fair lady, rest a while
Beneath this cloister wall;
The cold wind through the hawthorn blows,
And drizzly rain doth fall.'

'O stay me not, thou holy friar,
O stay me not, I pray;
No drizzly rain that falls on me,
Can wash my fault away.'

'Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry those pearly tears;
For see, beneath this gown of gray,
Thy own true love appears.

Here, forced by grief and hopeless love,
These holy weeds I sought;
And here, amid these lonely walls,
To end my days I thought.

'But haply, for my year of grace
Is not yet passed away,
Might I still hope to win thy love,
No longer would I stay.'

'Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
Once more unto my heart;
For since I've found thee, lovely youth,
We never more will part.'

JAMES MACPHERSON.

The translator of Ossian stands in rather a dubious light with posterity, and seems to have been willing that his contemporaries should be no



James Macpherson.

better informed. With the Celtic Homer, however, the name of Macpherson is inseparably connected. They stand, as liberty does with reason,

Twinned, and from her hath no dividual being.

Time and a better taste have abated the pleasure with which these productions were once read; but poems which engrossed so much attention, which were translated into many different languages, which were hailed with delight by Gray, by David Hume, John Home, and other eminent persons, and which formed the favourite reading of Napoleon, cannot be considered as unworthy of notice.

JAMES MACPHERSON was born at Kingussie, a village in Inverness-shire, on the road northwards from Perth, in 1738. He was intended for the church, and received the necessary education at Aberdeen. At the age of twenty, he published a heroic poem, in six cantos, entitled *The Highlander*, which at once proved his ambition and his incapacity. It is a miserable production. For a short time Macpherson taught the school of Ruthven, near his native place, whence he was glad to remove as tutor in the family of Mr Graham of Balgowan. While attending his pupil (afterwards Lord Lynedoch) at the spa of Moffat, he became acquainted with Mr John Home, the author of 'Douglas,' to whom he showed what he represented as the translations of some fragments of ancient Gaelic poetry, which he said were still floating in the Highlands. He stated that it was one of the favourite amusements of his countrymen to listen to the tales and compositions of their ancient bards, and he described these fragments as full of pathos and poetical imagery. Under the patronage of Mr Home's friends—Blair, Carlyle, and Fergusson—Macpherson published a small volume of sixty pages, entitled *Fragments of Ancient Poetry; translated from the Gaelic or Erse Language*. The publication attracted universal attention, and a subscription was made to enable Macpherson to make a tour in the Highlands to collect other pieces. His journey proved to be highly successful. In 1762 he presented the world with *Fingal, an Ancient Epic Poem, in Six Books;* and in 1763 *Temora*, another epic poem, in eight books. The sale of these works was immense. The possibility that, in the third or fourth century, among the wild remote mountains of Scotland, there existed a people exhibiting all the high and chivalrous feelings of refined valour, generosity, magnanimity, and virtue, was eminently calculated to excite astonishment; while the idea of the poems being handed down by tradition through so many centuries among rude, savage, and barbarous tribes, was no less astounding. Many doubted—others disbelieved—but a still greater number 'indulged the pleasing supposition that Fingal fought and Ossian sung.' Macpherson realised £1200, it is said, by these productions. In 1764 the poet accompanied Governor Johnston to Pensacola as his secretary, but quarrelling with his patron, he returned, and fixed his residence in London. He became one of the literary supporters of the administration, published some historical works, and was a copious pamphleteer. In 1773 he published a translation of the Iliad in the same style of poetical prose as Ossian, which was a complete failure, unless as a source of ridicule and personal opprobrium to the translator. He was more successful as a politician. A pamphlet of his in defence of the taxation of America, and another on the opposition in parliament in 1779, were much applauded. He attempted (as we have seen from his manuscripts) to combat the Letters of Junius, writing under the signatures of 'Musæus,' 'Scævola,' &c. He was appointed agent for the Nabob of Arcot, and obtained a seat in parliament as representative for the borough of Camelford. It does not appear, however, that, with all his ambition and political zeal, Macpherson ever attempted to speak in the House of Commons. In 1789 the poet, having realised a handsome fortune, purchased the property of Raitts, in his native parish, and having changed its name to the more euphonious and sounding one of Belleville, he built upon it a splendid residence, designed by the Adelphi Adams, in the style of an Italian villa, in which he hoped to spend an old age of ease and dignity. He died at Belleville on the 17th of February 1796, leaving a handsome fortune, which is still enjoyed by his family. His eldest daughter, Miss Macpherson, is at present (1842) proprietrix of the estate, and another daughter of the poet is the wife of the distinguished natural philosopher, Sir David Brewster. The eagerness of Macpherson for the admiration of his fellow-creatures was seen by some of the bequests of his will. He ordered that his body should be interred in Westminster Abbey, and that a sum of £300 should be laid out in erecting a monument to his memory in some conspicuous situation at Belleville. Both injunctions were duly fulfilled: the body was interred in Poets' Corner, and a marble obelisk, containing a medallion portrait of the poet, may be seen gleaming amidst a clump of trees by the road-side near Kingussie.

The fierce controversy which raged for some time

as to the authenticity of the poems of Ossian, the incredulity of Johnson, and the obstinate silence of Macpherson, are circumstances well known. There seems to be no doubt that a great body of traditional poetry was floating over the Highlands, which Macpherson collected and wrought up into regular poems. It would seem also that Gaelic manuscripts were in existence, which he received from different families to aid in his translation. How much of the published work is ancient, and how much fabricated, cannot now be ascertained. The Highland Society instituted a regular inquiry into the subject; and in their report, the committee state that they 'have not been able to obtain any one poem the same in title and tenor with the poems published.' Detached passages, the names of characters and places, with some of the wild imagery characteristic of the country, and of the attributes of Celtic imagination, undoubtedly existed. The ancient tribes of the Celts had their regular bards, even down to a comparatively late period. A people like the natives of the Highlands, leading an idle inactive life, and doomed from their climate to a severe protracted winter, were also well adapted to transmit from one generation to another the fragments of ancient song which had beguiled their infancy and youth, and which flattered their love of their ancestors. No person, however, now believes that Macpherson found entire epic poems in the Highlands. The origin materials were probably as scanty as those on which Shakspeare founded the marvellous superstructures of his genius; and he himself has not scrupled to state (in the preface to his last edition of Ossian) that 'a translator who cannot equal his original is incapable of expressing its beauties.' Sir James Mackintosh has suggested, as a supposition countenanced by many circumstances, that, after enjoying the pleasure of duping so many critics, Macpherson intended one day to claim the poems as his own. 'If he had such a design, considerable obstacles to its execution arose around him. He was loaded with so much praise, that he seemed bound in honour to his admirers not to desert them. The support of his own country appeared to render adherence to those poems, which Scotland inconsiderately sanctioned, a sort of national obligation. Exasperated, on the other hand, by the perhaps unduly vehement, and sometimes very coarse attacks made on him, he was unwilling to surrender to such opponents. He involved himself at last so deeply, as to leave him no decent retreat.' A somewhat sudden and premature death closed the scene on Macpherson; nor is there among the papers which he left behind him a single line that throws any light upon the controversy.

Mr Wordsworth has condemned the imagery of Ossian as spurious. 'In nature everything is distinct, yet nothing defined into absolute independent singleness. In Macpherson's work it is exactly the reverse; everything (that is not stolen) is in this manner defined, insulated, dislocated, deadened—yet nothing distinct. It will always be so when words are substituted for things.' Part of this censure may perhaps be owing to the style and diction of Macpherson, which have a broken abrupt appearance and sound. The imagery is drawn from the natural appearances of a rude mountainous country. The grass of the rock, the flower of the heath, the thistle with its beard, are (as Blair observes) the chief ornaments of his landscapes. The desert, with all its woods and deer, was enough for Fingal. We suspect it is the sameness—the perpetual recurrence of the same images—which fatigues the reader, and gives a misty confusion to the objects and incidents of the poem. That there is something poetical and striking in Ossian—a wild solitary magnificence, pathos, and tenderness—is undeniable. The Desolation of Balclutha, and the lamentations in the Song of Selma, are conceived with true feeling and poetical power. The battles of the car-borne heroes are, we confess, much less to our taste, and seem stilted and unnatural. They are like the Quixotic encounters of knightly romance, and want the air of remote antiquity, of dim and solitary grandeur, and of shadowy superstitious fear, which shrouds the wild heaths, lakes, and mountains of Ossian.

[*Ossian's Address to the Sun.*]

I feel the sun, O Malvina! leave me to my rest. Perhaps they may come to my dreams; I think I hear a feeble voice! The beam of heaven delights to shine on the grave of Carthon: I feel it warm around.

O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave; but thou thyself movest alone. Who can be a companion of thy course? The oaks of the mountains fall; the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in heaven, but thou art for ever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests, when thunder rolls and lightning flies, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian thou lookest in vain, for he beholds thy beams no more; whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art perhaps like me for a season; thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds careless of the voice of the morning. Exult then, O sun, in the strength of thy youth! Age is dark and unlovely; it is like the glimmering light of the moon when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills: the blast of the north is on the plain; the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey.

[*Fingal's Airy Hall.*]

His friends sit around the king, on mist! They hear the songs of Ullin: he strikes the half-viewless harp. He raises the feeble voice. The lesser heroes, with a thousand meteors, light the airy hall. Malvina rises in the midst; a blush is on her cheek. She beholds the unknown faces of her fathers. She turns aside her humid eyes. 'Art thou come so soon?' said Fingal, 'daughter of generous Toscar. Sadness dwells in the halls of Lutha. My aged son is sad! I hear the breeze of Cona, that was wont to lift thy heavy locks. It comes to the hall, but thou art not there. Its voice is mournful among the arms of thy fathers! Go, with thy rustling wing, oh breeze! sigh on Malvina's tomb. It rises yonder beneath the rock, at the blue stream of Lutha. The maids are departed to their place. Thou alone, oh breeze, mournest there!'

[*Address to the Moon.*]

Daughter of heaven, fair art thou! the silence of thy face is pleasant! Thou comest forth in loveliness. The stars attend thy blue course in the east. The clouds rejoice in thy presence, O moon! they brighten their dark-brown sides. Who is like thee in heaven, light of the silent night? The stars are ashamed in thy presence. They turn away their sparkling eyes. Whither dost thou retire from thy course, when the darkness of thy countenance grows? hast thou thy hall, like Ossian? dwellest thou in the shadow of

grief? have thy sisters fallen from heaven? are they who rejoiced with thee, at night, no more? Yes, they have fallen, fair light! and thou dost often retire to mourn. But thou thyself shalt fail, one night, and leave thy blue path in heaven. The stars will then lift their heads: they who were ashamed in thy presence, will rejoice. Thou art now clothed with thy brightness. Look from thy gates in the sky. Burst the cloud, O wind! that the daughter of night may look forth! that the shaggy mountains may brighten, and the ocean roll its white waves in light.

[*Desolation of Balclutha.*]

I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they were desolate. The fire had resounded in the halls; and the voice of the people is heard no more. The stream of Clutha was removed from its place by the fall of the walls. The thistle shook there its lonely head; the moss whistled to the wind. The fox looked out from the windows; the rank grass of the wall waved round its head. Desolate is the dwelling of Moina; silence is in the house of her fathers. Raise the song of mourning, O bards! over the land of strangers. They have but fallen before us: for one day we must fall. Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days? Thou lookest from thy towers to-day: yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes; it howls in thy empty court, and whistles round thy half-worn shield. And let the blast of the desert come! we shall be renowned in our day! The mark of my arm shall be in battle; my name in the song of bards. Raise the song, send round the shell: let joy be heard in my hall. When thou, sun of heaven, shalt fail! if thou shalt fail, thou mighty light! if thy brightness is but for a season, like Fingal, our fame shall survive thy beams. Such was the song of Fingal in the day of his joy.

[*A Description of Female Beauty.*]

The daughter of the snow overheard, and left the hall of her secret sigh. She came in all her beauty, like the moon from the cloud of the east. Loveliness was around her as light. Her steps were like the music of songs. She saw the youth and loved him. He was the stolen sigh of her soul. Her blue eyes rolled on him in secret; and she blest the chief of Morven.

[*The Songs of Selma.*]

Star of descending night! fair is thy light in the west! thou liftest thy unshorn head from thy cloud: thy steps are stately on thy hill. What dost thou behold in the plain? The stormy winds are laid. The murmur of the torrent comes from afar. Roaring waves climb the distant rock. The flies of evening are on their feeble wings; the hum of their course is on the field. What dost thou behold, fair light? But thou dost smile and depart. The waves come with joy around thee: they bathe thy lovely hair. Farewell, thou silent beam! Let the light of Ossian's soul arise!

And it does arise in its strength! I behold my departed friends. Their gathering is on Lora, as in the days of other years. Fingal comes like a watery column of mist; his heroes are around: And see the bards of song, gray-haired Ullin! stately Ryno! Alpin, with the tuneful voice! the soft complaint of Minona! How are ye changed, my friends, since the days of Selma's feast? when we contended, like gales of spring, as they fly along the hill, and bend by turns the feebly-whistling grass.

Minona came forth in her beauty, with downcast look and tearful eye. Her hair flew slowly on the blast, that rushed unfrequent from the hill. The souls of the heroes were sad when she raised the tuneful voice. Often had they seen the grave of Salgar, the dark dwelling of white-bosomed Colma. Colma left alone on the hill, with all her voice of song! Salgar promised to come: but the night descended around. Hear the voice of Colma, when she sat alone on the hill!

Colma. It is night; I am alone, forlorn on the hill of storms. The wind is heard in the mountain. The torrent pours down the rock. No hut receives me from the rain; forlorn on the hill of winds!

Rise, moon! from behind thy clouds. Stars of the night, arise! Lead me, some light, to the place where my love rests from the chase alone! his bow near him, unstrung: his dogs panting around him. But here I must sit alone, by the rock of the mossy stream. The stream and the wind roar aloud. I hear not the voice of my love! Why delays my Salgar, why the chief of the hill his promise? Here is the rock, and here the tree! here is the roaring stream! Thou didst promise with night to be here. Ah! whither is my Salgar gone? With thee I would fly from my father; with thee from my brother of pride. Our race have long been foes; we are not foes, O Salgar!

Cease a little while, O wind! stream, be thou silent a while! let my voice be heard around! Let my wanderer hear me! Salgar, it is Colma who calls! Here is the tree and the rock. Salgar, my love! I am here. Why delayest thou thy coming? Lo! the calm moon comes forth. The flood is bright in the vale. The rocks are gray on the steep. I see him not on the brow. His dogs come not before him with tidings of his near approach. Here I must sit alone!

Who lie on the heath beside me? Are they my love and my brother? Speak to me, O my friend! To Colma they give no reply. Speak to me: I am alone! My soul is tormented with fears! Ah! they are dead! Their swords are red from the fight. O my brother! my brother! why hast thou slain my Salgar? why, O Salgar! hast thou slain my brother? Dear were ye both to me! what shall I say in your praise? Thou wert fair on the hill among thousands! he was terrible in fight. Speak to me; hear my voice; hear me, sons of my love! They are silent; silent for ever! Cold, cold are their breasts of clay! Oh! from the rock on the hill; from the top of the windy steep, speak, ye ghosts of the dead! speak, I will not be afraid! Whither are you gone to rest? In what cave of the hill shall I find the departed? No feeble voice is on the gale: no answer half-drowned in the storm!

I sit in my grief! I wait for morning in my tears! Rear the tomb, ye friends of the dead. Close it not till Colma come. My life flies away like a dream: why should I stay behind? Here shall I rest with my friends by the stream of the sounding rock. When night comes on the hill, when the loud winds arise, my ghost shall stand in the blast, and mourn the death of my friends. The hunter shall hear from his booth; he shall fear, but love my voice! for sweet shall my voice be for my friends: pleasant were her friends to Colma!

Such was thy song, Minona, softly blushing daughter of Torman. Our tears descended for Colma, and our souls were sad! Ullin came with his harp; he gave the song of Alpin. The voice of Alpin was pleasant; the soul of Ryno was a beam of fire! But they had rested in the narrow house; their voice had ceased in Selma. Ullin had returned one day from the chase before the heroes fell. He heard their strife on the hill; their song was soft but sad! They mourned the fall of Morar, first of mortal men! His soul was like the soul of Fingal; his sword like the sword of Oscar. But he fell, and his father mourned; his sister's eyes were full of tears. Minona's eyes were

full of tears, the sister of car-borne Morar. She retired from the song of Ullin, like the moon in the west, when she foresees the shower, and hides her fair head in a cloud. I touched the harp, with Ullin; the song of mourning rose!

Ryno. The wind and the rain are past; calm is the noon of day. The clouds are divided in heaven. Over the green hills flies the inconstant sun. Red through the stony vale comes down the stream of the hill. Sweet are thy murmurs, O stream! but more sweet is the voice I hear. It is the voice of Alpin, the son of song, mourning for the dead! Bent is his head of age; red his tearful eye. Alpin, thou son of song, why alone on the silent hill? why complainest thou, as a blast in the wood; as a wave on the lonely shore?

Alpin. My tears, O Ryno! are for the dead; my voice for those that have passed away. Tall thou art on the hill; fair among the sons of the vale. But thou shalt fall like Morar; the mourner shall sit on thy tomb. The hills shall know thee no more; thy bow shall lie in the hall, unstrung!

Thou wert swift, O Morar! as a roe on the desert; terrible as a meteor of fire. Thy wrath was as the storm. Thy sword in battle, as lightning in the field. Thy voice was a stream after rain; like thunder on distant hills. Many fell by thy arm; they were consumed in the flames of thy wrath. But when thou didst return from war, how peaceful was thy brow! Thy face was like the sun after rain; like the moon in the silence of night; calm as the breast of the lake when the loud wind is laid.

Narrow is thy dwelling now! dark the place of thine abode! With three steps I compass thy grave, O thou who wast so great before! Four stones, with their heads of moss, are the only memorial of thee. A tree with scarce a leaf, long grass which whistles in the wind, mark to the hunter's eye the grave of the mighty Morar. Morar! thou art low indeed. Thou hast no mother to mourn thee; no maid with her tears of love. Dead is she that brought thee forth. Fallen is the daughter of Morglan.

Who on his staff is this? who is this, whose head is white with age? whose eyes are red with tears? who quakes at every step? It is thy father, O Morar! the father of no son but thee. He heard of thy fame in war; he heard of foes dispersed; he heard of Morar's renown; why did he not hear of his wound? Weep, thou father of Morar! weep; but thy son heareth thee not. Deep is the sleep of the dead; low their pillow of dust. No more shall he hear thy voice; no more awake at thy call. When shall it be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake? Farewell, thou bravest of men! thou conqueror in the field! but the field shall see thee no more; nor the dark wood be lightened with the splendour of thy steel. Thou hast left no son. The song shall preserve thy name. Future times shall hear of thee; they shall hear of the fallen Morar!

The grief of all arose, but most the bursting sigh of Armin. He remembers the death of his son, who fell in the days of his youth. Carmor was near the hero, the chief of the echoing Galmal. Why bursts the sigh of Armin, he said? Is there a cause to mourn? The song comes, with its music, to melt and please the soul. It is like soft mist, that, rising from a lake, pours on the silent vale; the green flowers are filled with dew, but the sun returns in his strength, and the mist is gone. Why art thou sad, O Armin! chief of sea-surrounded Gorma?

Sad I am! nor small is my cause of wo! Carmor, thou hast lost no son; thou hast lost no daughter of beauty. Colgar the valiant lives; and Annira, fairest maid. The boughs of thy house ascend, O Carmor! but Armin is the last of his race. Dark is thy bed, O Daura! deep thy sleep in the tomb! When shalt thou awake with thy songs? with all thy voice of music?

Arise, winds of autumn, arise; blow along the heath! streams of the mountains, roar! roar, tempests, in the groves of my oaks! walk through broken clouds, O moon! show thy pale face at intervals! bring to my mind the night when all my children fell; when Arindal the mighty fell; when Daura the lovely failed! Daura, my daughter! thou wert fair; fair as the moon on Fura; white as the driven snow; sweet as the breathing gale. Arindal, thy bow was strong; thy spear was swift in the field; thy look was like mist on the wave; thy shield, a red cloud in a storm. Armar, renowned in war, came, and sought Daura's love. He was not long refused; fair was the hope of their friends!

Erath, son of Odgal, repined; his brother had been slain by Armor. He came disguised like a son of the sea; fair was his skiff on the wave; white his locks of age; calm his serious brow. Fairest of women, he said, lovely daughter of Armin! a rock not distant in the sea bears a tree on its side; red shines the fruit afar! There Armor waits for Daura. I come to carry his love! She went; she called on Armar. Nought answered but the son of the rock, Armar, my love! my love! why tormentest thou me with fear? hear, son of Arnart, hear; it is Daura who calleth thee! Erath the traitor fled laughing to the land. She lifted up her voice; she called for her brother and her father. Arindal! Armin! none to relieve your Daura!

Her voice came over the sea. Arindal my son descended from the hill; rough in the spoils of the chase. His arrows rattled by his side; his bow was in his hand: five dark gray dogs attend his steps. He saw fierce Erath on the shore; he seized and bound him to an oak. Thick wind the thongs of the hide around his limbs; he leads the wind with his groans. Arindal ascends the deep in his boat, to bring Daura to land. Armar came in his wrath, and let fly the gray-feathered shaft. It sung; it sunk in thy heart, O Arindal, my son! for Erath the traitor thou diedst. The oar is stopped at once; he panted on the rock, and expired. What is thy grief, O Daura! when round thy feet is poured thy brother's blood! The boat is broken in twain. Armar plunges into the sea, to rescue his Daura, or die. Sudden a blast from the hill came over the waves. He sunk, and he rose no more.

Alone, on the sea-beat rock, my daughter was heard to complain. Frequent and loud were her cries. What could her father do? All night I stood on the shore. I saw her by the faint beam of the moon. All night I heard her cries. Loud was the wind; the rain beat hard on the hill. Before morning appeared, her voice was weak; it died away like the evening breeze among the grass of the rocks. Spent with grief, she expired; and left thee, Armin, alone. Gone is my strength in war! fallen my pride among women! When the storms aloft arise, when the north lifts the wave on high, I sit by the sounding shore, and look on the fatal rock. Often by the setting moon I see the ghosts of my children. Half-viewless, they walk in mournful conference together. Will none of you speak in pity? They do not regard their father. I am sad, O Carmor! nor small is my cause of wo!

Such were the words of the bards in the days of song, when the king heard the music of harps, the tales of other times! The chiefs gathered from all their hills, and heard the lovely sound. They praised the voice of Cona! the first among a thousand bards! But age is now on my tongue; my soul has failed! I hear, at times, the ghosts of bards, and learn their pleasant song. But memory fails on my mind. I hear the call of years! They say, as they

pass along with [illegible]! Soon shall he lie in the narrow house, and no bard shall raise his fame! Roll on, ye dark-brown years! ye bring no joy on your course! Let the tomb open to Ossian, for his strength has failed. The sons of song are gone to rest. My voice remains, like a blast that roars, lonely, on a sea-surrounded rock, after the winds are laid. The dark moss whistles there; the distant mariner sees the waving trees!

When Macpherson had not the groundwork of Ossian to build upon, he was a very indifferent poet. The following, however, shows that, though his taste was defective, he had poetical fancy :—

The Cave.

[Written in the Highlands.]

The wind is up, the field is bare,
Some hermit lead me to his cell,
Where Contemplation, lonely fair,
With blessed content has chose to dwell.

Behold! it opens to my sight,
Dark in the rock, beside the flood;
Dry fern around obstructs the light;
The winds above it move the wood.

Reflected in the lake, I see
The downward mountains and the skies,
The flying bird, the waving tree,
The goats that on the hill arise.

The gray-cloaked herd* drives on the cow;
The slow-paced fowler walks the heath;
A freckled pointer scours the brow;
A musing shepherd stands beneath.

Curved o'er the ruin of an oak,
The woodman lifts his axe on high;
The hills re-echo to the stroke;
I see—I see the shivers fly!

Some rural maid, with apron full,
Brings fuel to the homely flame;
I see the smoky columns roll,
And, through the chinky hut, the beam.

Beside a stone o'ergrown with moss,
Two well-met hunters talk at ease;
Three panting dogs beside repose;
One bleeding deer is stretched on grass.

A lake at distance spreads to sight,
Skirted with shady forests round;
In midst, an island's rocky height
Sustains a ruin, once renowned.

One tree bends o'er the naked walls;
Two broad-winged eagles hover nigh;
By intervals a fragment falls,
As blows the blast along the sky.

The rough-spun hinds the pinnace guide
With labouring oars along the flood;
An angler, bending o'er the tide,
Hangs from the boat the insidious wood.

Beside the flood, beneath the rocks,
On grassy bank, two lovers lean;
Bend on each other amorous looks,
And seem to laugh and kiss between.

The wind is rustling in the oak;
They seem to hear the tread of feet;
They start, they rise, look round the rock;
Again they smile, again they meet.

But see! the gray mist from the lake
Ascends upon the shady hills;
Dark storms the murmuring forests shake,
[illegible] around a hundred rills.

To Damon's homely hut I fly;
I see it smoking on the plain;
When storms are past and fair the sky,
I'll often seek my cave again.

* Neat-herd.

From Macpherson's manuscripts at [illegible], we copy the following fragment, marked, *An Address to Venus*, 1785:—

Thrice blest, and more than thrice, the morn
Whose genial gale and purple light
Awaked, then chased the night,
On which the Queen of Love was born!
Yet hence the sun's unhallowed ray,
With native beams let Beauty glow;
What need is there of other day,
Than the twin-stars that light those hills of snow!

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

The success of Macpherson's Ossian seems to have prompted the remarkable forgeries of Chatterton—

The marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride.*

Such precocity of genius was never perhaps before witnessed. We have the poems of Pope and Cowley written, one at *twelve*, and the other at *fifteen* years



Thomas Chatterton.

of age, but both were inferior to the verses of Chatterton at *eleven*; and his imitations of the antique, executed when he was fifteen and sixteen, exhibit a vigour of thought and facility of versification—to say nothing of their antiquarian character, which puzzled the most learned men of the day—that stamp him a poet of the first class. His education also was miserably deficient; yet when a mere boy, eleven years of age, this obscure youth could write as follows:—

Almighty Framer of the skies,
O let our pure devotion rise
Like incense in thy sight!
Wrapt in impenetrable shade,
The texture of our souls was made,
Till thy command gave light.

* Wordsworth.

The sun of glory gleamed, the ray
Refined the darkness into day,
And bid the vapours fly:
Impelled by his eternal love,
He left his palaces above,
To cheer our gloomy sky.

How shall we celebrate the day,
When God appeared in mortal clay,
The mark of worldly scorn.
When the archangel's heavenly lays
Attempted the Redeemer's praise,
And hailed Salvation's morn!

A humble form the Godhead wore,
The pains of poverty he bore,
To gaudy pomp unknown:
Though in a human walk he trod,
Still was the man Almighty God,
In glory all his own.

Despised, oppressed, the Godhead bears
The torments of this vale of tears,
Nor bids his vengeance rise:
He saw the creatures he had made
Revile his power, his peace invade,
He saw with Mercy's eyes.

THOMAS CHATTERTON was born at Bristol, November 20, 1752. His father, who had taught the Free School there, died before his birth, and he was educated at a charity school, where nothing but English, writing, and accounts were taught. His first lessons were said to have been from a black-letter Bible, which may have had some effect on his youthful imagination. At the age of fourteen he was put apprentice to an attorney, where his situation was irksome and uncomfortable, but left him ample time to prosecute his private studies. He was passionately devoted to poetry, antiquities, and heraldry, and ambitious of distinction. His ruling passion, he says, was 'unconquerable pride.' He now set himself to accomplish his various impositions by pretended discoveries of old manuscripts. In October 1768 the new bridge at Bristol was finished; and Chatterton sent to a newspaper in the town a pretended account of the ceremonies on opening the old bridge, introduced by a letter to the printer, intimating that 'the description of *the friars first passing over the old bridge* was taken from an ancient manuscript.' To one man, fond of heraldic honours, he gave a pedigree reaching up to the time of William the Conqueror: to another he presents an ancient poem, the 'Romaunt of the Cnyghte,' written by one of his ancestors 450 years before; to a religious citizen of Bristol he gives an ancient fragment of a sermon on the Divinity of the Holy Spirit, as *wroten* by Thomas Rowley, a monk of the fifteenth century; to another, solicitous of obtaining information about Bristol, he makes the valuable present of an account of all the churches of the city, as they appeared three hundred years before, and accompanies it with drawings and descriptions of the castle, the whole pretended to be drawn from writings of the 'gode prieste Thomas Rowley.' Horace Walpole was engaged in writing the History of British Painters, and Chatterton sent him an account of eminent 'Carvellers and Peyncters,' who once flourished in Bristol. These, with various impositions of a similar nature, duped the citizens of Bristol. Chatterton had no confidant in his labours; he toiled in secret, gratified only by 'the stoical pride of talent.' He frequently wrote by moonlight, conceiving that the immediate presence of that luminary added to the inspiration. His Sundays were commonly spent in walking alone into the country about Bristol, and drawing sketches of churches and other objects which had impressed his romantic imagination. He would also lie down on the meadows in view of St Mary's church, Bristol, fix his eyes upon the ancient edifice, and seem as if he were in a kind of trance. He thus nursed the enthusiasm which destroyed him. Though correct and orderly in his conduct, Chatterton, before he was sixteen, imbibed principles of infidelity, and the idea of suicide was familiar to his mind. It was, however, overruled for a time by his passion for literary fame and distinction. It was a favourite maxim with him, that man is equal to anything, and that everything might be achieved by diligence and abstinence. His alleged discoveries having attracted great attention, the youth stated that he found the manuscripts in his mother's house. 'In the muniment room of St Mary Redcliffe church of Bristol, several chests had been anciently deposited, among which was one called the "Coffre" of Mr Canynge, an eminent merchant of Bristol, who had rebuilt the church in the reign of Edward IV. About the year 1727 those chests had been broken open by an order from proper authority: some ancient deeds had been taken out, and the remaining manuscripts left exposed as of no value. Chatterton's father, whose uncle was sexton of the church, had carried off great numbers of the parchments, and had used them as covers for books in his school. Amidst the residue of his father's ravages, Chatterton gave out that he had found many writings of Mr Canynge, and of Thomas Rowley (the friend of Canynge), a priest of the fifteenth century.'* These fictitious poems were published in the Town and Country Magazine, to which Chatterton had become a contributor, and occasioned a warm controversy among literary antiquaries. Some of them he had submitted to Horace Walpole, who showed them to Gray and Mason; but these competent judges pronounced them to be forgeries. After three years spent in the attorney's office, Chatterton obtained his release from his apprenticeship, and went to London, where he engaged in various tasks for the booksellers, and wrote for the magazines and newspapers. He obtained an introduction to Beckford, the patriotic and popular lord-mayor, and his own inclinations led him to espouse the opposition party. 'But no money,' he says, 'is to be got on that side of the question; interest is on the other side. *But he is a poor author who cannot write on both sides.*' He boasted that his company was courted everywhere, and 'that he would settle the nation before he had done.' The splendid visions of promotion and consequence, however, soon vanished, and even his labours for the periodical press failed to afford him the means of comfortable subsistence. He applied for the appointment of a surgeon's mate to Africa, but was refused the necessary recommendation. This seems to have been his last hope, and he made no farther effort at literary composition. His spirits had always been unequal, alternately gloomy and elevated—both in extremes; he had cast off the restraints of religion, and had no steady principle to guide him, unless it was a strong affection for his mother and sister, to whom he sent remittances of money, while his means lasted. Habits of intemperance, succeeded by fits of remorse, exasperated his constitutional melancholy; and after being reduced to actual want (though with characteristic pride he rejected a dinner offered him by his landlady the day before his death), he tore all his papers, and destroyed himself by taking arsenic, August 25, 1770. At the time of his death he was aged seventeen years nine months and a few days. 'No English poet,' says Campbell, 'ever equalled him at the

* Campbell's Specimens.

same age.' The remains of the unhappy youth were interred in a shell in the burying-ground of Shoe-Lane workhouse. His unfinished papers he had destroyed before his death, and his room, when broken open, was found covered with scraps of paper. The citizens of Bristol have created a monument to the memory of their native poet.

The poems of Chatterton, published under the name of Rowley, consist of the tragedy of Ella, the Execution of Sir Charles Bawdin, Ode to Ella, the Battle of Hastings, the Tournament, one or two Dialogues, and a description of Canynge's Feast. Some of them, as the Ode to Ella (which we subjoin), have exactly the air of modern poetry, only disguised with antique spelling and phraseology. The avowed compositions of Chatterton are equally inferior to the forgeries in poetical powers and diction; which is satisfactorily accounted for by Sir Walter Scott by the fact, that his whole powers and energies must, at his early age, have been converted to the acquisition of the obsolete language and peculiar style necessary to support the deep-laid deception. 'He could have had no time for the study of our modern poets, their rules of verse, or modes of expression; while his whole faculties were intensely employed in the Herculean task of creating the person, history, and language of an ancient poet, which, vast as these faculties were, were sufficient wholly to engross, though not to overburden them.' A power of picturesque painting seems to be Chatterton's most distinguishing feature as a poet. The heroism of Sir Charles Bawdin, who

Summed the actions of the day
Each night before he slept,

and who bearded the tyrant king on his way to the scaffold, is perhaps his most striking portrait. The following description of Morning in the tragedy of Ella, is in the style of the old poets:—

Bright sun had in his ruddy robes been dight,
From the red east he flitted with his train;
The Houris draw away the gate of Night,
Her sable tapestry was rent in twain:
The dancing streaks bedeckèd heaven's plain,
And on the dew did smile with skimmering eye,
Like gouts of blood which do black armour stain,
Shining upon the bourn which standeth by;
The soldiers stood upon the hillis side,
Like young enleaved trees which in a forest bide.

A description of Spring in the same poem—

The budding floweret blushes at the light,
The meads be sprinkled with the yellow hue,
In daisied mantles is the mountain dight,
The fresh young cowslip bendeth with the dew;
The trees enleafed, into heaven straight,
When gentle winds do blow, to whistling din is brought.
The evening comes, and brings the dews along;
The ruddy welkin shineth to the eyne,
Around the ale-stake[1] minstrels sing the song,
Young ivy round the door-post doth entwine;
I lay me on the grass, yet to my will
Albeit all is fair, there lacketh something still.

In the epistle to Canynge, Chatterton has a striking censure of the religious interludes which formed the early drama; but the idea, as Warton remarks, is the result of that taste and discrimination which could only belong to a more advanced period of society—

Plays made from holy tales I hold unmeet;
Let some great story of a man be sung;
When as a man we God and Jesus treat,
In my poor mind we do the Godhead wrong.

[1] The sign-post of an alehouse.

The satirical and town effusions of Chatterton are often in bad taste, yet display a wonderful command of easy language and lively sportive allusion. They have no traces of juvenility, unless it be in adopting the vulgar scandals of the day, unworthy his original genius. In his satire of *Kew Gardens* are the following lines, alluding to the poet laureate and the proverbial poverty of poets:—

Though sing-song Whitehead ushers in the year,
With joy to Britain's king and sovereign dear,
And, in compliance to an ancient mode,
Measures his syllables into an ode;
Yet such the scurvy merit of his muse,
He bows to deans, and licks his lordship's shoes;
Then leave the wicked barren way of rhyme,
Fly far from poverty, be wise in time:
Regard the office more, Parnassus less,
Put your religion in a decent dress:
Then may your interest in the town advance,
Above the reach of muses or romance.

In a poem entitled *The Prophecy* are some vigorous stanzas, in a different measure, and remarkable for maturity and freedom of style:—

This truth of old was sorrow's friend—
'Times at the worst will surely mend.'
The difficulty's then to know
How long Oppression's clock can go;
When Britain's sons may cease to sigh,
And hope that their redemption's nigh.

When vile Corruption's brazen face
At council-board shall take her place;
And lords-commissioners resort
To welcome her at Britain's court;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

See Pension's harbour, large and clear,
Defended by St Stephen's pier!
The entrance safe, by current led,
Tiding round G—'s jetty head;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When civil power shall snore at ease;
While soldiers fire—to keep the peace;
When murders sanctuary find,
And petticoats can Justice blind;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

Commerce o'er Bondage will prevail,
Free as the wind that fills her sail.
When she complains of vile restraint,
And Power is deaf to her complaint;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When at Bute's feet poor Freedom lies,
Marked by the priest for sacrifice,
And doomed a victim for the sins
Of half the *outs* and all the *ins;*
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When time shall bring your wish about,
Or, seven-years lease, *you sold*, is out;
No future contract to fulfil;
Your tenants holding at your will;
Raise up your heads! your right demand—
For your redemption's in your hand.

Then is your time to strike the blow,
And let the slaves of Mammon know,
Britain's true sons a bribe can scorn,
And die as free as they were born.
Virtue again shall take her seat,
And your redemption stand complete.

The boy who could thus write at sixteen, might soon have proved a Swift or a Dryden. Yet in satire, Chatterton evinced but a small part of his power. His Rowleian poems have a compass of invention, and a luxuriance of fancy, that promised a great chivalrous or allegorical poet of the stamp of Spenser.

*Bristow Tragedy, or the Death of Sir Charles Bawdin.**

The feathered songster chanticleer
Had wound his bugle-horn,
And told the early villager
The coming of the morn:

King Edward saw the ruddy streaks
Of light eclipse the gray,
And heard the raven's croaking throat,
Proclaim the fated day.

'Thou'rt right,' quoth he, 'for by the God
That sits enthroned on high!
Charles Bawdin, and his fellows twain,
To-day shall surely die.'

Then with a jug of nappy ale
His knights did on him wait;
'Go tell the traitor, that to-day
He leaves this mortal state.'

Sir Canterlone then bended low,
With heart brimful of wo:
He journied to the castle-gate,
And to Sir Charles did go.

But when he came, his children twain,
And eke his loving wife,
With briny tears did wet the floor,
For good Sir Charles's life.

'Oh good Sir Charles!' said Canterlone,
'Bad tidings I do bring.'
'Speak boldly, man,' said brave Sir Charles;
'What says the traitor king?'

'I grieve to tell: before yon sun
Does from the welkin fly,
He hath upon his honour sworn,
That thou shalt surely die.'

'We all must die,' said brave Sir Charles;
'Of that I'm not afraid;
What boots to live a little space?
Thank Jesus, I'm prepared.

But tell thy king, for mine he's not,
I'd sooner die to-day,
Than live his slave, as many are.
Though I should live for aye.'

Then Canterlone he did go out,
To tell the mayor straight
To get all things in readiness
For good Sir Charles's fate.

Then Mr Canynge sought the king,
And fell down on his knee;
'I'm come,' quoth he, 'unto your grace,
To move your clemency.'

'Then,' quoth the king, 'your tale speak out,
You have been much our friend;
Whatever your request may be,
We will to it attend.'

'My noble liege! all my request
Is for a noble knight,
Who, though mayhap he has done wrong,
He thought it still was right.

He has a spouse and children twain;
All ruined are for aye,
If that you are resolved to let
Charles Bawdin die to-day.'

'Speak not of such a traitor vile,'
The king in fury said;
'Before the evening star doth shine,
Bawdin shall lose his head:

Justice does loudly for him call,
And he shall have his meed:
Speak, Mr Canynge! what thing else
At present do you need?'

'My noble liege!' good Canynge said,
'Leave justice to our God,
And lay the iron rule aside;
Be thine the olive rod.

Was God to search our hearts and reins,
The best were sinners great;
Christ's vicar only knows no sin,
In all this mortal state.

Let mercy rule thine infant reign,
'Twill fix thy crown full sure;
From race to race thy family
All sovereigns shall endure:

But if with blood and slaughter thou
Begin thy infant reign,
Thy crown upon thy children's brows
Will never long remain.'

'Canynge, away! this traitor vile
Has scorned my power and me;
How canst thou then for such a man
Intreat my clemency?'

'My noble liege! the truly brave
Will valorous actions prize;
Respect a brave and noble mind,
Although in enemies.'

'Canynge, away! By God in heaven
That did me being give,
I will not taste a bit of bread
Whilst this Sir Charles doth live!

By Mary, and all saints in heaven,
This sun shall be his last!'
Then Canynge dropped a briny tear,
And from the presence passed.

With heart brimful of gnawing grief,
He to Sir Charles did go,
And sat him down upon a stool,
And tears began to flow.

'We all must die,' said brave Sir Charles;
'What boots it how or when?
Death is the sure, the certain fate,
Of all we mortal men.

Say why, my friend, thy honest soul
Runs over at thine eye;
Is it for my most welcome doom
That thou dost child-like cry?'

Saith godly Canynge, 'I do weep,
That thou so soon must die,
And leave thy sons and helpless wife;
'Tis this that wets mine eye.'

'Then dry the tears that out thine eye
From godly fountains spring;
Death I despise, and all the power
Of Edward, traitor king.

* The antiquated orthography affected by Chatterton being evidently no advantage to his poems, but rather an impediment to their being generally read, we dismiss it in this and other specimens. The diction is, in reality, almost purely modern, and Chatterton's spelling in a great measure arbitrary, so that there seems no longer any reason for retaining what was only designed at first as a means of supporting a deception.

When through the tyrant's welcome means
I shall resign my life,
The God I serve will soon provide
For both my sons and wife.

Before I saw the lightsome sun,
This was appointed me;
Shall mortal man repine or grudge
What God ordains to be?

How oft in battle have I stood,
When thousands died around;
When smoking streams of crimson blood
Imbrued the fattened ground:

How did I know that every dart
That cut the airy way,
Might not find passage to my heart,
And close mine eyes for aye?

And shall I now, for fear of death,
Look wan and be dismayed?
No! from my heart fly childish fear;
Be all the man displayed.

Ah, godlike Henry! God forefend,
And guard thee and thy son,
If 'tis his will; but if 'tis not,
Why, then his will be done.

My honest friend, my fault has been
To serve God and my prince;
And that I no time-server am,
My death will soon convince.

In London city was I born,
Of parents of great note;
My father did a noble arms
Emblazon on his coat:

I make no doubt but he is gone
Where soon I hope to go,
Where we for ever shall be blest,
From out the reach of wo.

He taught me justice and the laws
With pity to unite;
And eke he taught me how to know
The wrong cause from the right:

He taught me with a prudent hand
To feed the hungry poor,
Nor let my servants drive away
The hungry from my door:

And none can say but all my life
I have his wordis kept;
And summed the actions of the day
Each night before I slept.

I have a spouse, go ask of her
If I defiled her bed?
I have a king, and none can lay
Black treason on my head.

In Lent, and on the holy eve,
From flesh I did refrain;
Why should I then appear dismayed
To leave this world of pain?

No, hapless Henry! I rejoice
I shall not see thy death;
Most willingly in thy just cause
Do I resign my breath.

Oh, fickle people! ruined land!
Thou wilt ken peace no moe;
While Richard's sons exalt themselves,
Thy brooks with blood will flow.

Say, were ye tired of godly peace,
And godly Henry's reign,
That you did chop[1] your easy days
For those of blood and pain?

[1] Exchange.

What though I on a sledge be drawn,
And mangled by a hind,
I do defy the traitor's power,
He cannot harm my mind:

What though, uphoisted on a pole,
My limbs shall rot in air,
And no rich monument of brass
Charles Bawdin's name shall bear;

Yet in the holy book above,
Which time can't eat away,
There with the servants of the Lord
My name shall live for aye.

Then welcome death! for life eterne
I leave this mortal life:
Farewell vain world, and all that's dear,
My sons and loving wife!

Now death as welcome to me comes
As e'er the month of May;
Nor would I even wish to live,
With my dear wife to stay.'

Saith Canynge, ''Tis a goodly thing
To be prepared to die;
And from this world of pain and grief
To God in Heaven to fly.'

And now the bell began to toll,
And clarions to sound;
Sir Charles he heard the horses' feet
A-prancing on the ground.

And just before the officers
His loving wife came in,
Weeping unfeigned tears of wo
With loud and dismal din.

'Sweet Florence! now I pray forbear,
In quiet let me die;
Pray God that every Christian soul
May look on death as I.

Sweet Florence! why these briny tears?
They wash my soul away,
And almost make me wish for life,
With thee, sweet dame, to stay.

'Tis but a journey I shall go
Unto the land of bliss;
Now, as a proof of husband's love
Receive this holy kiss.'

Then Florence, faltering in her say,
Trembling these wordis spoke:
'Ah, cruel Edward! bloody king!
My heart is well nigh broke.

Ah, sweet Sir Charles! why wilt thou go
Without thy loving wife?
The cruel axe that cuts thy neck,
It eke shall end my life.'

And now the officers came in
To bring Sir Charles away,
Who turned to his loving wife,
And thus to her did say:

'I go to life, and not to death,
Trust thou in God above,
And teach thy sons to fear the Lord,
And in their hearts him love.

Teach them to run the noble race
That I their father run,
Florence! should death thee take—adieu!
Ye officers lead on.'

Then Florence raved as any mad,
And did her tresses tear;
'Oh stay, my husband, lord, and life!'—
Sir Charles then dropped a tear.

'Till tired out with raving loud,
She fell upon the floor;
Sir Charles exerted all his might,
And marched from out the door.

Upon a sledge he mounted then,
With looks full brave and sweet;
Looks that enshone no more concern
Than any in the street.

Before him went the council-men,
In scarlet robes and gold,
And tassels spangling in the sun,
Much glorious to behold:

The friars of Saint Augustine next
Appeared to the sight,
All clad in homely russet weed,
Of godly monkish plight:

In different parts a godly psalm
Most sweetly they did chant;
Behind their back six minstrels came,
Who tuned the strange bataunt.

Then five-and-twenty archers came;
Each one the bow did bend,
From rescue of King Henry's friends
Sir Charles for to defend.

Bold as a lion came Sir Charles,
Drawn on a cloth-laid sledde,
By two black steeds in trappings white,
With plumes upon their head.

Behind him five-and-twenty more
Of archers strong and stout,
With bended bow each one in hand,
Marched in goodly rout.

Saint James's friars marched next,
Each one his part did chant;
Behind their backs six minstrels came,
Who tuned the strange bataunt.

Then came the mayor and aldermen,
In cloth of scarlet decked;
And their attending men each one,
Like eastern princes tricked.

And after them a multitude
Of citizens did throng;
The windows were all full of heads,
As he did pass along.

And when he came to the high cross,
Sir Charles did turn and say,
'O thou that savest man from sin,
Wash my soul clean this day.'

At the great minster window sat
The king in mickle state,
To see Charles Bawdin go along
To his most welcome fate.

Soon as the sledde drew nigh enough,
That Edward he might hear,
The brave Sir Charles he did stand up,
And thus his words declare:

'Thou seest me, Edward! traitor vile!
Exposed to infamy;
But be assured, disloyal man,
I'm greater now than thee.

By foul proceedings, murder, blood,
Thou wearest now a crown;
And hast appointed me to die
By power not thine own.

Thou thinkest I shall die to-day;
I have been dead till now,
And soon shall live to wear a crown
For aye upon my brow;

Whilst thou, perhaps, for some few years,
Shalt rule this fickle land,
To let them know how wide the rule
'Twixt king and tyrant hand.

Thy power unjust, thou traitor slave!
Shall fall on thy own head'—
From out of hearing of the king
Departed then the sledde.

King Edward's soul rushed to his face,
He turned his head away,
And to his brother Gloucester
He thus did speak and say:

'To him that so-much-dreaded death
No ghastly terrors bring;
Behold the man! he spake the truth;
He's greater than a king!'

'So let him die!' Duke Richard said;
'And may each one our foes
Bend down their necks to bloody axe,
And feed the carrion crows.'

And now the horses gently drew
Sir Charles up the high hill;
The axe did glister in the sun,
His precious blood to spill.

Sir Charles did up the scaffold go,
As up a gilded car
Of victory, by valorous chiefs
Gained in the bloody war.

And to the people he did say:
'Behold you see me die,
For serving loyally my king,
My king most rightfully.

As long as Edward rules this land,
No quiet you will know;
Your sons and husbands shall be slain,
And brooks with blood shall flow.

You leave your good and lawful king,
When in adversity;
Like me, unto the true cause stick,
And for the true cause die.'

Then he, with priests, upon his knees,
A prayer to God did make,
Beseeching him unto himself
His parting soul to take.

Then, kneeling down, he laid his head
Most seemly on the block;
Which from his body fair at once
The able headsman stroke:

And out the blood began to flow,
And round the scaffold twine;
And tears, enough to wash't away,
Did flow from each man's eyne.

The bloody axe his body fair
Into four partis cut;
And every part, and eke his head,
Upon a pole was put.

One part did rot on Kinwulph-hill,
One on the minster-tower,
And one from off the castle-gate
The crowen did devour.

The other on Saint Paul's good gate,
A dreary spectacle;
His head was placed on the high cross,
In high street most noble.

Thus was the end of Bawdin's fate;
God prosper long our king,
And grant he may, with Bawdin's soul,
In heaven God's mercy sing!

[The Minstrel's Song in Ella.]

O! sing unto my roundelay;
  O! drop the briny tear with me;
Dance no more at holiday,
  Like a running river be;
    My love is dead,
    Gone to his death-bed,
    All under the willow tree.

Black his hair as the winter night,
  White his neck as summer snow,
Ruddy his face as the morning light,
  Cold he lies in the grave below:
    My love is dead,
    Gone to his death-bed,
    All under the willow tree.

Sweet his tongue as throstle's note,
  Quick in dance as thought was he;
Deft his tabor, cudgel stout;
  Oh! he lies by the willow tree.
    My love is dead,
    Gone to his death-bed,
    All under the willow tree.

Hark! the raven flaps his wing,
  In the briered dell below;
Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing,
  To the nightmares as they go.
    My love is dead,
    Gone to his death-bed,
    All under the willow tree.

See! the white moon shines on high;
  Whiter is my true-love's shroud;
Whiter than the morning sky,
  Whiter than the evening cloud.
    My love is dead,
    Gone to his death-bed,
    All under the willow tree.

Here, upon my true-love's grave,
  Shall the garish flowers be laid,
Nor one holy saint to save
  All the sorrows of a maid.
    My love is dead,
    Gone to his death-bed,
    All under the willow tree.

With my hands I'll bind the briers,
  Round his holy corse to gre;[1]
Elfin-fairy, light your fires,
  Here my body still shall be.
    My love is dead,
    Gone to his death-bed,
    All under the willow tree.

Come with acorn cup and thorn,
  Drain my heart's blood all away;
Life and all its good I scorn,
  Dance by night, or feast by day.
    My love is dead,
    Gone to his death-bed,
    All under the willow tree.

Water-witches, crowned with reytes,[2]
  Bear me to your deadly tide.
I die—I come—my true-love waits.
  Thus the damsel spake, and died.

Resignation.

O God, whose thunder shakes the sky,
  Whose eye this atom globe surveys;
To Thee, my only rock, I fly,
  Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

[1] Grow. [2] Water flags.

The mystic mazes of thy will,
  The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the power of human skill—
  But what the Eternal acts is right.

O teach me in the trying hour,
  When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own thy power,
  Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but Thee
  Encroaching sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
  And Mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain?
  Why drooping seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
  For God created all to bless.

But ah! my breast is human still—
  The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill,
  The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resigned,
  I'll thank the inflicter of the blow;
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
  Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
  Which on my sinking spirits steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
  Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals.

WILLIAM FALCONER.

The terrors and circumstances of a Shipwreck had been often described by poets, ancient and modern, but never with any attempt at professional accuracy or minuteness of detail, before the poem of that name by Falconer. It was reserved for a genuine sailor to disclose, in correct and harmonious verse, the 'secrets of the deep,' and to enlist the sympathies of the general reader in favour of the daily life and occupations of his brother seamen, and in all the movements, the equipage, and tracery of those magnificent vessels which have carried the British name and enterprise to the remotest corners of the world. Poetical associations—a feeling of boundlessness and sublimity—obviously belonged to the scene of the poem—the ocean; but its interest soon wanders from this source, and centres in the stately ship and its crew—the gallant resistance which the men made to the fury of the storm—their calm and deliberate courage—the various resources of their skill and ingenuity—their consultations and resolutions as the ship labours in distress—and the brave unselfish piety and generosity with which they meet their fate, when at last

The crashing ribs divide—
She loosens, parts, and spreads in ruin o'er the tide.

Such a subject Falconer justly considered as 'new to epic lore,' but it possessed strong recommendations to the British public, whose national pride and honour are so closely identified with the sea, and so many of whom have 'some friend, some brother there.'

William Falconer was born in Edinburgh in 1730, and was the son of a poor barber, who had two other children, both of whom were deaf and dumb. He went early to sea, on board a Leith merchant ship, and was afterwards in the royal navy. Before he was eighteen years of age, he was second mate in the Britannia, a vessel in the Levant trade, which was shipwrecked off Cape Colonna, as described in his poem. In 1751 he was living in Edinburgh, where he published his first poetical attempt,

a monody on the death of Frederick, Prince of Wales. The choice of such a subject by a young friendless Scottish sailor, was as singular as the depth of grief he describes in his poem; for Falconer, on this occasion, wished, with a zeal worthy of ancient Pistol,

To assist the pouring rains with brimful eyes,
And aid hoarse howling Boreas with his sighs!

In 1757 he was promoted to the quarter-deck of the Ramilies, and being now in a superior situation for cultivating his taste for learning, he was an assiduous student. Three years afterwards, Falconer suffered a second shipwreck; the Ramilies struck on the shore in the Channel while making for Plymouth, and of 734 of a crew, the poet and 25 others only escaped. In 1762 appeared his poem of *The Shipwreck* (which he afterwards greatly enlarged and improved), preceded by a dedication to the Duke of York. The work was eminently successful, and his royal highness procured him the appointment of midshipman on board the Royal George, whence he was subsequently transferred to the Glory, a frigate of 32 guns, on board which he held the situation of purser. After the peace, he resided in London, wrote a poor satire on Wilkes, Churchill, &c., and compiled a useful marine dictionary. In September 1769, the poet again took to the sea, and sailed from England as purser of the Aurora frigate, bound for India. The vessel reached the Cape of Good Hope in December, but afterwards perished at sea, having foundered, as is supposed, in the Mosambique Channel. No 'tuneful Arion' was left to commemorate this calamity, the poet having died under the circumstances he had formerly described in the case of his youthful associates of the Britannia.

'The Shipwreck' has the rare merit of being a pleasing and interesting poem, and a safe guide to practical seamen. Its nautical rules and directions are approved of by all experienced naval officers. At first, the poet does not seem to have done more than describe in nautical phrase and simple narrative the melancholy disaster he had witnessed. The characters of Albert, Rodmond, Palemon, and Anna, were added in the second edition of the work. By choosing the shipwreck of the Britannia, Falconer imparted a train of interesting recollections and images to his poem. The wreck occurred off Cape Colonna—one of the fairest portions of the beautiful shores of Greece. 'In all Attica,' says Lord Byron, 'if we except Athens itself and Marathon, there is no scene more interesting than Cape Colonna. To the antiquary and artist, sixteen columns are an inexhaustible source of observation and design; to the philosopher, the supposed scene of some of Plato's conversations will not be unwelcome; and the traveller will be struck with the beauty of the prospect over "isles that crown the Ægean deep;" but for an Englishman, Colonna has yet an additional interest, as the actual spot of Falconer's Shipwreck. Pallas and Plato are forgotten in the recollection of Falconer and Campbell—

Here in the dead of night by Lonna's steep,
The seaman's cry was heard along the deep.' *

Falconer was not insensible to the charms of these historical and classic associations, and he was still more alive to the impressions of romantic scenery and a genial climate. Some of the descriptive and episodical parts of the poem are, however, drawn out to too great a length, as they interrupt the narrative where its interest is most engrossing, besides being occasionally feeble and affected. The characters of his naval officers are finely discriminated: Albert, the commander, is brave, liberal, and just, softened and refined by domestic ties and superior information; Rodmond, the next in rank, is coarse and boisterous, a hardy weather-beaten son of Northumberland, yet of a kind compassionate nature, as is evinced by one striking incident:—

* Pleasures of Hope.

And now, while winged with ruin from on high,
Through the rent cloud the ragged lightnings fly,
A flash quick glancing on the nerves of light,
Struck the pale helmsman with eternal night:
Rodmond, who heard a piteous groan behind,
Touched with compassion, gazed upon the blind;
And while around his sad companions crowd,
He guides the unhappy victim to a shroud.
'Hie thee aloft, my gallant friend,' he cries,
'Thy only succour on the mast relies.'

Palemon, 'charged with the commerce,' is perhaps too effeminate for the rough sea: he is the lover of the poem, and his passion for Albert's daughter is drawn with truth and delicacy—

'Twas genuine passion, Nature's eldest born.

The truth of the whole poem is indeed one of its greatest attractions. We feel that it is a passage of real life; and even where the poet seems to violate the canons of taste and criticism, allowance is liberally made for the peculiar situation of the author, while he rivets our attention to the scenes of trial and distress which he so fortunately survived to describe.

[*From the Shipwreck.*]

The sun's bright orb, declining all serene,
Now glanced obliquely o'er the woodland scene.
Creation smiles around; on every spray
The warbling birds exalt their evening lay.
Blithe skipping o'er yon hill, the fleecy train
Join the deep chorus of the lowing plain;
The golden lime and orange there were seen,
On fragrant branches of perpetual green.
The crystal streams, that velvet meadows lave,
To the green ocean roll with chiding wave.
The glassy ocean hushed forgets to roar,
But trembling murmurs on the sandy shore:
And lo! his surface, lovely to behold!
Glows in the west, a sea of living gold!
While, all above, a thousand liveries gay
The skies with pomp ineffable array.
Arabian sweets perfume the happy plains:
Above, beneath, around enchantment reigns!
While yet the shades, on time's eternal scale,
With long vibration deepen o'er the vale;
While yet the songsters of the vocal grove
With dying numbers tune the soul to love,
With joyful eyes the attentive master sees
The auspicious omens of an eastern breeze.
Now radiant Vesper leads the starry train,
And night slow draws her veil o'er land and main;
Round the charged bowl the sailors form a ring;
By turns recount the wondrous tale, or sing;
As love or battle, hardships of the main,
Or genial wine, awake their homely strain:
Then some the watch of night alternate keep,
The rest lie buried in oblivious sleep.

Deep midnight now involves the livid skies,
While infant breezes from the shore arise.
The waning moon, behind a watery shroud,
Pale-glimmered o'er the long-protracted cloud.
A mighty ring around her silver throne,
With parting meteors crossed, portentous shone.
This in the troubled sky full oft prevails;
Oft deemed a signal of tempestuous gales.

While young Arion sleeps, before his sight
Tumultuous swim the visions of the night.
Now blooming Anna, with her happy swain,
Approached the sacred hymeneal fane:
Anon tremendous lightnings flash between;
And funeral pomp, and weeping loves are seen!
Now with Palemon up a rocky steep,
Whose summit trembles o'er the roaring deep,
With painful step he climbed; while far above,
Sweet Anna charmed them with the voice of love,
Then sudden from the slippery height they fell,
While dreadful yawned beneath the jaws of hell.
Amid this fearful trance, a thundering sound
He hears—and thrice the hollow decks rebound.
Upstarting from his couch, on deck he sprung,
Thrice with shrill note the boatswain's whistle rung.
'All hands unmoor!' proclaims a boisterous cry.
'All hands unmoor!' the cavern rocks reply.
Roused from repose, aloft the sailors swarm,
And with their levers soon the windlass arm.
The order given, upspringing with a bound,
They lodge their bars, and wheel their engine round;
At every turn the clanging pauls resound,
Uptorn reluctant from its oozy cave,
The ponderous anchor rises o'er the wave.
Along their slippery masts the yards ascend,
And high in air the canvass wings extend:
Redoubling cords the lofty canvass guide,
And through inextricable mazes glide.
The lunar rays with long reflection gleam,
To light the vessel o'er the silver stream;
Along the glassy plain serene she glides,
While azure radiance trembles on her sides.
From east to north the transient breezes play;
And in the Egyptian quarter soon decay.
A calm ensues; they dread the adjacent shore;
The boats with rowers armed are sent before,
With cordage fastened to the lofty prow,
Aloof to sea the stately ship they tow.
The nervous crew their sweeping oars extend,
And pealing shouts the shore of Candia rend.
Success attends their skill; the danger's o'er;
The port is doubled, and beheld no more.
Now morn, her lamp pale glimmering on the sight,
Scattered before her van reluctant night.
She comes not in refulgent pomp arrayed,
But sternly frowning, wrapt in sullen shade.
Above incumbent vapours, Ida's height,
Tremendous rock! emerges on the sight.
North east the guardian isle of Standia lies,
And westward Freschin's woody capes arise.
With winning postures, now the wanton sails
Spread all their snares to charm the inconstant gales;
The swelling stud'n sails[1] now their wings extend,
Then stay sails sidelong to the breeze ascend:
While all to court the wandering breeze are placed;
With yards now thwarting, now obliquely braced.
The dim horizon lowering vapours shroud,
And blot the sun, yet struggling in the cloud;
Through the wide atmosphere, condensed with haze,
His glaring orb emits a sanguine blaze.
The pilots now their rules of art apply,
The mystic needle's devious aim to try;
The compass placed to catch the rising ray,[2]
The quadrant's shadows studious they survey!
Along the arch the gradual index slides,
While Phœbus down the vertic circle glides.
Now, seen on ocean's utmost verge to swim,
He sweeps it vibrant with his nether limb.

[1] Studding sails are long narrow sails, which are only used in fine weather and fair winds, on the outside of the larger square-sails. Stay sails are three cornered sails, which are hoisted up on the stays, when the wind crosses the ship's course either directly or obliquely.

[2] The operation of taking the sun's azimuth, in order to discover the eastern or western variation of the magnetical needle.

Their sage experience thus explores the height,
And polar distance of the source of light;
Then through the chiliad's triple maze they trace
The analogy that proves the magnet's place.
The wayward steel, to truth thus reconciled,
No more the attentive pilot's eye beguiled.
The natives, while the ship departs the land,
Ashore with admiration gazing stand.
Majestically slow, before the breeze,
In silent pomp she marches on the seas.
Her milk white bottom casts a softer gleam,
While trembling through the green translucent stream.
The wales,[1] that close above in contrast shone,
Clasp the long fabric with a jetty zone.
Britannia, riding awful on the prow,
Gazed o'er the vassal wave that rolled below:
Where'er she moved, the vassal waves were seen
To yield obsequious, and confess their queen. * *
High o'er the poop, the flattering winds unfurled
The imperial flag that rules the watery world.
Deep blushing armors all the tops invest,
And warlike trophies either quarter drest:
Then towered the masts, the canvass swelled on high;
And waving streamers floated in the sky.
Thus the rich vessel moves in trim array,
Like some fair virgin on her bridal day.
Thus like a swan she cleaves the watery plain,
The pride and wonder of the Ægean main!

[The ship having been driven out of her course from Candia, is overtaken by a storm.]

Ah, yet untold the elements that reign,
That scatters desolation from afar,
Nor toil, nor hazard, nor distress appear
To sink the seamen with unmanly fear.
Though their firm hearts no pageant honour boast,
They scorn the wretch that trembles in his post;
Who from the face of danger strives to turn,
Indignant from the social hour they spurn.
Though now full oft they felt the raging tide,
In proud rebellion climb the vessel's side,
No future ills unknown their souls appal,
They know no danger, or they scorn it all!
But even the generous spirits of the brave,
Subdued by toil, a friendly respite crave;
A short repose alone their thoughts implore,
Their harassed powers by slumber to restore.
Far other cares the master's mind employ;
Approaching perils all his hopes destroy.
In vain he spreads the graduated chart,
And bounds the distance by the rules of art;
In vain athwart the mimic seas expands
The compasses to circumjacent lands.
Ungrateful task! for no asylum traced,
A passage opened from the watery waste.
Fate seemed to guard with adamantine mound,
The path to every friendly port around.
While Albert thus with secret doubts dismayed,
The geometric distances surveyed;
On deck the watchful Rodmond cries aloud,
Secure your lives—grasp every man a shroud!
Roused from his trance he mounts with eyes aghast,
When o'er the ship in undulation vast,
A giant surge down rushes from on high,
And fore and aft dissevered ruins lie. * *
* the torn vessel felt the enormous stroke;
The boats beneath the thundering deluge broke;
Forth started from their planks the bursting rings,
The extended cordage all asunder springs.
The pilot's fair machinery strews the deck,
And cards and needles swim in floating wreck.

[1] The wales here alluded to are an assemblage of strong planks which envelop the lower part of the ship's side, wherein they are broader and thicker than the rest, and appear somewhat like a range of hoops, which separates the bottom from the upper works.

The balanced mizen, rending to the head,
In streaming ruins from the margin fled.
The sides convulsive shook on groaning beams,
And, rent with labour, yawned the pitchy seams.
They sound the well,[1] and terrible to hear!
Five feet immersed along the line appear.
At either pump they ply the clanking brake,[2]
And turn by turn the ungrateful office take.
Rodmond, Arion, and Palemon, here,
At this sad task all diligent appear.
As some fair castle, shook by rude alarms,
Opposes long the approach of hostile arms;
Grim war around her plants his black array,
And death and sorrow mark his horrid way;
Till in some destined hour, against her wall,
In tenfold rage the fatal thunders fall;
The ramparts crack, the solid bulwarks rend,
And hostile troops the shattered breach ascend;
Her valiant inmates still the foe retard,
Resolved till death their sacred charge to guard:
So the brave mariners their pumps attend,
And help incessant by rotation lend:
But all in vain—for now the sounding cord,
Updrawn, an undiminished depth explored.
Nor this severe distress is found alone;
The ribs oppressed by ponderous cannon groan.
Deep rolling from the watery volume's height,
The tortured sides seem bursting with their weight.
So reels Pelorus, with convulsive throes,
When in his veins the burning earthquake glows;
Hoarse through his entrails roars the infernal flame;
And central thunders rend his groaning frame;
Accumulated mischiefs thus arise,
And fate vindictive all their skill defies;
One only remedy the season gave—
To plunge the nerves of battle in the wave.
From their high platforms thus the artillery thrown,
Eased of their load, the timbers less shall groan;
But arduous is the task their lot requires;
A task that hovering fate alone inspires!
For, while intent the yawning decks to ease,
That ever and anon are drenched with seas,
Some fatal billow, with recoiling sweep,
May whirl the helpless wretches in the deep.
No season this for counsel or delay!
Too soon the eventful moments haste away;
Here perseverance, with each help of art,
Must join the boldest efforts of the heart.
These only now their misery can relieve;
These only now a dawn of safety give;
While o'er the quivering deck, from van to rear,
Broad surges roll in terrible career;
Rodmond, Arion, and a chosen crew,
This office in the face of death pursue.
The wheeled artillery o'er the deck to guide,
Rodmond descending claimed the weather-side.
Fearless of heart, the chief his orders gave,
Fronting the rude assaults of every wave.
Like some strong watch-tower nodding o'er the deep,
Whose rocky base the foaming waters sweep,
Untamed he stood; the stern aerial war
Had marked his honest face with many a scar.
Meanwhile Arion, traversing the waist,[3]
The cordage of the leeward guns unbraced,
And pointed crows beneath the metal placed.
Watching the roll, their forelocks they withdrew,
And from their beds the reeling cannon threw;
Then, from the windward battlements unbound,
Rodmond's associates wheel the artillery round;
Pointed with iron fangs, their bars beguile
The ponderous arms across the steep defile;
Then hurled from sounding hinges o'er the side,
Thundering, they plunge into the flashing tide.

[The tempest increases, but the dismantled ship passes the island of St George.]

But now Athenian mountains they descry,
And o'er the surge Colonna frowns on high.
Beside the cape's projecting verge is placed
A range of columns long by time defaced;
First planted by devotion to sustain,
In elder times, Tritonia's sacred fane.
Foams the wild beach below with maddening rage,
Where waves and rocks a dreadful combat wage.
The sickly heaven, fermenting with its freight,
Still vomits o'er the main the feverish weight:
And now while winged with ruin from on high,
Through the rent cloud the ragged lightnings fly,
A flash quick glancing on the nerves of light,
Struck the pale helmsman with eternal night:
Rodmond, who heard a piteous groan behind,
Touched with compassion, gazed upon the blind;
And while around his sad companions crowd,
He guides the unhappy victim to the shroud,
Hie thee aloft, my gallant friend, he cries;
Thy only succour on the mast relies!
The helm, bereft of half its vital force,
Now scarce subdued the wild unbridled course;
Quick to the abandoned wheel Arion came,
The ship's tempestuous sallies to reclaim.
Amazed he saw her, o'er the sounding foam
Upborne, to right and left distracted roam.
So gazed young Phaeton, with pale dismay,
When, mounted on the flaming car of day,
With rash and impious hand the stripling tried
The immortal coursers of the sun to guide.
The vessel, while the dread event draws nigh,
Seems more impatient o'er the waves to fly:
Fate spurs her on. Thus, issuing from afar,
Advances to the sun some blazing star;
And, as it feels the attraction's kindling force,
Springs onward with accelerated force.
With mournful look the seamen eyed the strand,
Where death's inexorable jaws expand;
Swift from their minds elapsed all dangers past,
As, dumb with terror, they beheld the last.
Now on the trembling shrouds, before, behind,
In mute suspense they mount into the wind.
The genius of the deep, on rapid wing,
The black eventful moment seemed to bring.
The fatal sisters, on the surge before,
Yoked their infernal horses to the prore.
The steersmen now received their last command
To wheel the vessel sidelong to the strand.
Twelve sailors, on the foremast who depend,
High on the platform of the top ascend:
Fatal retreat! for while the plunging prow
Immerges headlong in the wave below,
Down-pressed by watery weight the bowsprit bends,
And from above the stem deep crashing rends.
Beneath her beak the floating ruins lie;
The foremast totters, unsustained on high;
And now the ship, fore-lifted by the sea,
Hurls the tall fabric backward o'er her lee;
While, in the general wreck, the faithful stay
Drags the maintop-mast from its post away.
Flung from the mast, the seamen strive in vain
Through hostile floods their vessel to regain.
The waves they buffet, till, bereft of strength,
O'erpowered, they yield to cruel fate at length.

1 The well is an apartment in the ship's hold, serving to inclose the pumps. It is sounded by dropping a graduated iron rod down into it by a long line. Hence the increase or diminution of the leaks are easily discovered.

2 The brake is the lever or handle of the pump, by which it is wrought.

3 The waist of a ship of this kind is a hollow space of about five feet in depth, contained between the elevations of the quarter deck and forecastle, and having the upper deck for its base or platform.

The hostile waters close around their head,
They sink for ever, numbered with the dead!
Those who remain their fearful doom await,
Nor longer mourn their lost companions' fate.
The heart that bleeds with sorrows all its own,
Forgets the pangs of friendship to bemoan.
Albert and Rodmond and Palemon here,
With young Arion, on the mast appear;
Even they, amid the unspeakable distress,
In every look distracting thoughts confess;
In every vein the refluent blood congeals,
And every bosom fatal terror feels.
Inclosed with all the demons of the main,
They viewed the adjacent shore, but viewed in vain.
Such torments in the drear abodes of hell,
Where sad despair laments with rueful yell;
Such torments agonize the damned breast,
While fancy views the mansions of the blest.
For Heaven's sweet help their suppliant cries implore;
But Heaven, relentless, deigns to help no more!
And now, lashed on by destiny severe,
With horror fraught the dreadful scene drew near!
The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death,
Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar beneath!
In vain, alas! the sacred shades of yore,
Would arm the mind with philosophic lore;
In vain they'd teach us, at the latest breath,
To smile serene amid the pangs of death.
Even Zeno's self, and Epictetus old,
This fell abyss had shuddered to behold.
Had Socrates, for godlike virtue famed,
And wisest of the sons of men proclaimed,
Beheld this scene of frenzy and distress,
His soul had trembled to its last recess!
O yet confirm my heart, ye powers above,
This last tremendous shock of fate to prove!
The tottering frame of reason yet sustain!
Nor let this total ruin whirl my brain!
In vain the cords and axes were prepared,
For now the audacious seas insult the yard;
High o'er the ship they throw a horrid shade,
And o'er her burst, in terrible cascade.
Uplifted on the surge, to heaven she flies,
Her shattered top half buried in the skies,
Then headlong plunging thunders on the ground,
Earth groans, air trembles, and the deeps resound!
Her giant bulk the dread concussion feels,
And quivering with the wound, in torment reels;
So reels, convulsed with agonizing throes,
The bleeding bull beneath the murderer's blows.
Again she plunges; hark! a second shock
Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock!
Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,
The fated victims shuddering roll their eyes
In wild despair; while yet another stroke,
With deep convulsion, rends the solid oak:
Till, like the mine, in whose infernal cell
The lurking demons of destruction dwell,
At length asunder torn her frame divides,
And crashing spreads in ruin o'er the tides.
O were it mine with tuneful Maro's art,
To wake to sympathy the feeling heart;
Like him the smooth and mournful verse to dress
In all the pomp of exquisite distress!
Then, too severely taught by cruel fate
To share in all the perils I relate,
Then might I with unrivalled strains deplore
The impervious horrors of a leeward shore.
As o'er the surf the bending mainmast hung,
Still on the rigging thirty seamen clung;
Some on a broken crag were struggling cast,
And there by oozy tangles grappled fast;
Awhile they bore the o'erwhelming billow's rage,
Unequal combat with their fate to wage;
Till all benumbed and feeble, they forego
Their slippery hold, and sink to shades below;
Some, from the main yard-arm impetuous thrown
On marble ridges, die without a groan;
Three with Palemon on their skill depend,
And from the wreck on oars and rafts descend;
Now on the mountain-wave on high they ride,
Then downward plunge beneath the involving tide;
Till one, who seems in agony to strive,
The whirling breakers heave on shore alive:
The rest a speedier end of anguish knew,
And pressed the stony beach—a lifeless crew!
Next, O unhappy chief! the eternal doom
Of heaven decreed thee to the briny tomb:
What scenes of misery torment thy view!
What painful struggles of thy dying crew!
Thy perished hopes all buried in the flood,
O'erspread with corses, red with human blood!
So pierced with anguish hoary Priam gazed,
When Troy's imperial domes in ruin blazed;
While he, severest sorrow doomed to feel,
Expired beneath the victor's murdering steel—
Thus with his helpless partners to the last,
Sad refuge! Albert grasps the floating mast.
His soul could yet sustain this mortal blow,
But droops, alas! beneath superior wo;
For now strong nature's sympathetic chain
Tugs at his yearning heart with powerful strain;
His faithful wife, for ever doomed to mourn
For him, alas! who never shall return;
To black adversity's approach exposed,
With want, and hardships unforeseen enclosed;
His lovely daughter, left without a friend
Her innocence to succour and defend,
By youth and indigence set forth a prey
To lawless guilt, that flatters to betray—
While these reflections rack his feeling mind,
Rodmond, who hung beside, his grasp resigned,
And, as the tumbling waters o'er him rolled,
His outstretched arms the master's legs infold:
Sad Albert feels their dissolution near,
And strives in vain his fettered limbs to clear,
For death bids every clinching joint adhere.
All faint, to heaven he throws his dying eyes,
And 'Oh protect my wife and child!' he cries—
The gushing streams roll back the unfinished sound;
He gasps! and sinks amid the vast profound.

ROBERT LLOYD.

Robert Lloyd, the friend of Cowper and Churchill, was born in London in 1733. His father was under-master at Westminster school. He distinguished himself by his talents at Cambridge, but was irregular in his habits. After completing his education, he became an usher under his father. The wearisome routine of this life soon disgusted him, and he attempted to earn a subsistence by his literary talents. His poem called *The Actor* attracted some notice, and was the precursor of Churchill's 'Rosciad.' The style is light and easy, and the observations generally correct and spirited. By contributing to periodical works as an essayist, a poet, and stage critic, Lloyd picked up a precarious subsistence, but his means were thoughtlessly squandered in company with Churchill and other wits 'upon town.' He brought out two indifferent theatrical pieces, published his poems by subscription, and edited the 'St James's Magazine,' to which Colman, Bonnel Thornton, and others, contributed. The magazine failed, and Lloyd was cast into prison for debt. Churchill generously allowed him a guinea a-week, as well as a servant; and endeavoured to raise a subscription for the purpose of extricating him from his embarrassments. Churchill died in November 1764. 'Lloyd,' says Mr Southey, 'had been apprised of his danger; but when the news of

his death was somewhat abruptly announced to him, as he was sitting at dinner, he was seized with a sudden sickness, and saying, "I shall follow poor Charles," took to his bed, from which he never rose again; dying, if ever man died, of a broken heart. The tragedy did not end here: Churchill's favourite sister, who is said to have possessed much of her brother's sense, and spirit, and genius, and to have been betrothed to Lloyd, attended him during his illness, and, sinking under the double loss, soon followed her brother and her lover to the grave. Lloyd, in conjunction with Colman, parodied the Odes of Gray and Mason, and the humour of their burlesques is not tinctured with malignity. Indeed, this unfortunate young poet seems to have been one of the gentlest of witty observers and lively satirists; he was ruined by the friendship of Churchill and the Nonsense Club, and not by the force of an evil nature. The vivacity of his style (which both Churchill and Cowper copied) may be seen from the following short extract on

[*The Miseries of a Poet's Life.*]

The harlot muse, so passing gay,
Bewitches only to betray.
Though for a while with easy air
She smooths the rugged brow of care,
And laps the mind in flowery dreams,
With Fancy's transitory gleams;
Fond of the nothings she bestows,
We wake at last to real woes.
Through every age, in every place,
Consider well the poet's case;
By turns protected and caress'd,
Defamed, dependent, and distress'd.
The joke of wits, the bane of slaves,
The curse of fools, the butt of knaves;
Too proud to stoop for servile ends,
To lacquey rogues or flatter friends;
With prodigality to give,
Too careless of the means to live;
The bubble fame intent to gain,
And yet too lazy to maintain;
He quits the world he never prized,
Pitied by few, by more despised,
And, lost to friends, oppress'd by foes,
Sinks to the nothing whence he rose.
O glorious trade! for wit's a trade,
Where men are ruin'd more than made!
Let crazy Lee, neglected Gay,
The shabby Otway, Dryden gray,
Those tuneful servants of the Nine,
(Not that I blend their names with mine),
Repeat their lives, their works, their fame,
And teach the world some useful shame.

But bad as the life of a hackney poet and critic seems to have been in Lloyd's estimation, the situation of a school usher was as little to his mind:—

[*Wretchedness of a School-Usher.*]

Were I at once empowered to show
My utmost vengeance on my foe,
To punish with extremest rigour,
I could inflict no penance bigger
Than, using him as learning's tool,
To make him usher of a school.
For, not to dwell upon the toil
Of working on a barren soil,
And labouring with incessant pains,
To cultivate a blockhead's brains,
The duties there but ill befit
The love of letters, arts, or wit.

For one, it hurts me to the soul,
To brook confinement or control;
Still to be pinioned down to teach
The syntax and the parts of speech;
Or, what perhaps is drudgery worse,
The links, and points, and rules of verse;
To deal out authors by retail,
Like penny pots of Oxford ale;
Oh 'tis a service irksome more,
Than tugging at the slavish oar!
Yet such his task, a dismal truth,
Who watches o'er the bent of youth,
And while a paltry stipend earning,
He sows the richest seeds of learning,
And tills *their* minds with proper care,
And sees them their due produce bear;
No joys, alas! his toil beguile,
His *own* lies fallow all the while.
'Yet still he's on the road,' you say,
'Of learning.' Why, perhaps he may,
But turns like horses in a mill,
Nor getting on, nor standing still;
For little way his learning reaches,
Who reads no more than what he teaches.

CHARLES CHURCHILL.

A second Dryden was supposed to have arisen in Churchill when he published his satirical poem, *The Rosciad*, in 1761. The impression was continued by his reply to the critical reviewers, shortly afterwards, and his *Epistle to Hogarth*, *The Prophecy of Famine*, &c., and passages in his other poems. All thrown off in haste to serve the purpose of the day, evinced great facility of versification, and a breadth and boldness of personal invective that drew instant attention to their author. Though Cowper, from early predilections, had a high opinion of Churchill and thought he was 'indeed a poet,' we cannot now consider the author of the 'Rosciad' as more than a special pleader or pamphleteer in verse. He seldom reaches the heart—except in some few lines of penitential fervour—and he never ascended to the higher regions of imagination, then trod by Collins, Gray, and Akenside. With the beauties of external nature he had not the slightest sympathy. He died before he had well attained the prime of life, yet there is no youthful enthusiasm about his works, nor any indications that he sighed for a higher fame than that of being the terror of actors and artists, noted for his libertine eccentricities, and distinguished for his devotion to Wilkes. That he misapplied strong original talents in following out these pitiful or unworthy objects of his ambition, is undeniable; but as a satirical poet—the only character in which he appears as an author—he is immeasurably inferior to Pope or Dryden. The 'fatal facility' of his verse, and his unscrupulous satire of living individuals and passing events, had, however, the effect of making all London 'ring from side to side' with his applause, at a time when the real poetry of the age could hardly obtain either publishers or readers. Excepting Marlow, the dramatic poet, scarcely any English author of reputation has been more unhappy in his life and end than Charles Churchill. He was the son of a clergyman in Westminster, where he was born in 1731. After attending Westminster school and Trinity college, Cambridge (which he quitted abruptly), he made a clandestine marriage with a young lady in Westminster, and was assisted by his father, till he was ordained and settled in the curacy of Rainham, in Essex. His father died in 1758, and the poet was appointed his successor in the curacy and lectureship of St John's at Westminster. This transition, which pro-

mised an accession of comfort and respectability, proved the bane of poor Churchill. He was in his twenty-seventh year, and his conduct had been up to this period irreproachable. He now, however, renewed his intimacy with Lloyd and other school companions, and launched into a career of dissipation and extravagance. His poetry drew him into notice, and he not only disregarded his lectureship, but he laid aside the clerical costume, and appeared in the extreme of fashion, with a blue coat, gold-laced hat, and ruffles. The dean of Westminster remonstrated with him against this breach of clerical propriety, and his animadversions were seconded by the poet's parishioners. Churchill affected to ridicule this prudery, and Lloyd made it the subject of an epigram:—

To Churchill, the bard, cries the Westminster dean,
Leather breeches, white stockings, pray what do you mean?
'Tis shameful, irreverent—you must keep to the rules.
If wise ones I will; and if not, they're for fools.
If reason don't bind me, I'll shake off all fetters;
To be black and all black I shall leave to my betters.

The dean and the congregation were, however, too powerful, and Churchill found it necessary to resign the lectureship. His ready pen still threw off at will his popular satires, and he plunged into the grossest debaucheries. His excesses he attempted to justify in a poetical epistle to Lloyd, entitled 'Night,' in which he revenged himself on prudence and the world by railing at them in unmeasured terms. 'This vindication proceeded,' says his biographer, 'on the exploded doctrine that the barefaced avowal of vice is less culpable than the practice of it under a hypocritical assumption of virtue. The measure of guilt in the individual is, in both cases, tolerably equal; but the sanction and dangerous example afforded in the former case renders it, in a public point of view, an evil of tenfold magnitude.' The poet's irregularities affected his powers of composition, and his poem of *The Ghost*, published at this time, was an incoherent and tiresome production. A greater evil, too, was his acquaintance with Wilkes, unfortunately equally conspicuous for public faction and private debauchery. Churchill assisted his new associate in the North Briton, and received the profit arising from its sale. This circumstance rendered him of importance enough to be included with Wilkes in the list of those whom the messengers had *verbal* instructions to apprehend under the general warrant issued for that purpose—the execution of which gave rise to the most important and only beneficial part of the warm contest that ensued with government. Churchill was with Wilkes at the time the latter was apprehended, and himself only escaped owing to the messengers' ignorance of his person, and to the presence of mind with which Wilkes addressed him by the name of Thomson.* The poet now set about his satire, the *Prophecy of Famine*, which, like Wilkes's North Briton, was specially directed against the Scottish nation. The outlawry of Wilkes separated the friends, but they kept up a correspondence, and Churchill continued to be a keen political satirist. The excesses of his daily life remained equally conspicuous. Hogarth, who was opposed to Churchill for being a friend of Wilkes, characteristically exposed his habits by caricaturing the satirist in the form of a bear dressed canonically, with ruffles at his paws, and holding a pot of porter. Churchill took revenge in a fierce and sweeping 'Epistle to Hogarth,' which is said to have caused him the most exquisite pain. After separating from his wife, and forming an unhappy connexion with another female, the daughter of a Westminster tradesman, whom he had seduced, Churchill's career drew to a sad and premature close. In October 1764 he went to France to pay a visit to his friend Wilkes, and was seized at Boulogne with a fever, which proved fatal on the 4th of November. With his clerical profession Churchill had thrown off his belief in Christianity, and Mr Southey mentions that though he made his will only the day before his death, there is in it not the slightest expression of religious faith or hope. So highly popular and productive had his satires proved, that he was enabled to bequeath an annuity of sixty pounds to his widow, and fifty to the more unhappy woman whom he had seduced, and some surplus remained to his sons. The poet was buried at Dover, and some of his gay associates placed over his grave a stone on which was engraved a line from one of his own poems—

Life to the last enjoyed, here Churchill lies.

The enjoyment may be doubted hardly less than the taste of the inscription. It is certain that Churchill expressed his compunction for parts of his conduct in verses that evidently came from the heart:—

Look back! a thought which borders on despair,
Which human nature must, yet cannot bear.
'Tis not the babbling of a busy world,
Where praise and censure are at random hurled,
Which can the meanest of my thoughts control,
Or shake one settled purpose of my soul;
Free and at large might their wild curses roam,
If all, if all, alas! were well at home.
No; 'tis the tale which angry conscience tells,
When she with more than tragic horror swells
Each circumstance of guilt; when stern, but true,
She brings bad actions forth into review,
And, like the dread handwriting on the wall,
Bids late remorse awake at reason's call;
Armed at all points, bids scorpion vengeance pass,
And to the mind holds up reflection's glass—
The mind which, starting, heaves the heartfelt groan,
And hates that form she knows to be her own.

The Conference.

The most ludicrous, and on the whole the best of Churchill's satires, is his *Prophecy of Famine*, a Scots pastoral inscribed to Wilkes. The Earl of Bute's administration had excited the enmity of all disappointed patriots and keen partisans against the Scottish nation. Even Johnson and Junius descended to this petty national prejudice, and Churchill revelled in it with such undisguised exaggeration and broad humour, that the most saturnine or sensitive of our countrymen must have laughed at its absurdity. This unique pastoral opens as follows:—

Two boys whose birth, beyond all question, springs
From great and glorious, though forgotten kings,
Shepherds of Scottish lineage, born and bred
On the same bleak and barren mountain's head,
By niggard nature doomed on the same rocks
To spin out life, and starve themselves and flocks,
Fresh as the morning, which, enrobed in mist,
The mountain's top with usual dulness kissed,

* Life of Churchill prefixed to works. London, 1804. When Churchill entered the room, Wilkes was in custody of the messenger. 'Good morning, Mr Thomson,' said Wilkes to him. 'How does Mrs Thomson do? Does she dine in the country?' Churchill took the hint as readily as it had been given. He replied that Mrs Thomson was waiting for him, and that he only came, for a moment, to ask him how he did. Then almost directly he took his leave, hastened home, secured his papers, retired into the country, and eluded all search.

Jockey and Sawney to their labours rose;
Soon clad I ween, where nature needs no clothes;
Where from their youth inured to winter skies,
Dress and her vain refinements they despise.
Jockey, whose manly high cheek-bones to crown,
With freckles spotted flamed the golden down,
With meikle art could on the bagpipes play,
Even from the rising to the setting day;
Sawney as long without remorse could bawl
Home's madrigals, and ditties from Fingal:
Oft at his strains, all natural though rude,
The Highland lass forgot her want of food,
And, whilst she scratched her lover into rest,
Sunk pleased, though hungry, on her Sawney's breast.
Far as the eye could reach no tree was seen,
Earth, clad in russet, scorned the lively green:
The plague of locusts they secure defy,
For in three hours a grasshopper must die:
No living thing, whate'er its food, feasts there,
But the chameleon, who can feast on air.
No birds, except as birds of passage, flew;
No bee was known to hum, no dove to coo:
No streams, as amber smooth, as amber clear,
Were seen to glide, or heard to warble here;
Rebellion's spring, which through the country ran,
Furnished with bitter draughts the steady clan:
No flowers embalmed the air, but one white rose,
Which, on the tenth of June,* by instinct blows;
By instinct blows at morn, and, when the shades
Of drizzly eve prevail, by instinct fades.

In the same poem Churchill thus alludes to himself:

Me, whom no muse of heavenly birth inspires,
No judgment tempers when rash genius fires;
Who boast no merit but mere knack of rhyme,
Short gleams of sense, and satire out of time;
Who cannot follow where trim fancy leads
By prattling streams, o'er flower-empurpled meads;
Who often, but without success, have prayed
For apt Alliteration's artful aid;
Who would, but cannot, with a master's skill,
Coin fine new epithets which mean no ill:
Me, thus uncouth, thus every way unfit
For pacing poesy, and ambling wit,
Taste with contempt beholds, nor deigns to place
Amongst the lowest of her favoured race.

The characters of Garrick, &c., in the *Rosciad*, have now ceased to interest, but some of these rough pen-and-ink sketches of Churchill are happily executed. Smollett, who he believed had attacked him in the Critical Review, he alludes to with mingled approbation and ridicule:—

Whence could arise this mighty critic spleen,
The muse a trifler, and her theme so mean?
What had I done that angry heaven should send
The bitterest foe where most I wished a friend?
Oft hath my tongue been wanton at thy name,
And hailed the honours of thy matchless fame.
For me let hoary Fielding bite the ground,
So nobler *Pickle* stands superbly bound;
From Livy's temples tear the historic crown,
Which with more justice blooms upon thine own.
Compared with thee, be all life-writers dumb,
But he who wrote the Life of Tommy Thumb.
Whoever read the Regicide but swore
The author wrote as man ne'er wrote before?
Others for plots and underplots may call,
Here's the right method—have no plot at all!

Of Hogarth—

In walks of humour, in that cast of style,
Which, probing to the quick, yet makes us smile;
In comedy, his natural road to fame,
Nor let me call it by a meaner name,
Where a beginning, middle, and an end
Are aptly joined; where parts on parts depend,
Each made for each, as bodies for their soul,
So as to form one true and perfect whole,
Where a plain story to the eye is told,
Which we conceive the moment we behold,
Hogarth unrivalled stands, and shall engage
Unrivalled praise to the most distant age.

In 'Night,' Churchill thus gaily addressed his friend Lloyd on the proverbial poverty of poets:—

What is't to us, if taxes rise or fall?
Thanks to our fortune, we pay none at all.
Let muckworms, who in dirty acres deal,
Lament those hardships which we cannot feel.
His Grace, who smarts, may bellow if he please,
But must I bellow too, who sit at ease?
By custom safe, the poet's numbers flow
Free as the light and air some years ago.
No statesman e'er will find it worth his pains
To tax our labours and excise our brains.
Burthens like these vile earthly buildings bear;
No tribute's laid on castles in the air!

The reputation of Churchill was also an aerial structure. 'No English poet,' says Southey, 'had ever enjoyed so excessive and so short-lived a popularity; and indeed no one seems more thoroughly to have understood his own powers; there is no indication in any of his pieces that he could have done any thing better than the thing he did. To Wilkes he said, that nothing came out till he began to be pleased with it himself; but, to the public, he boasted of the haste and carelessness with which his verses were poured forth:

'Had I the power, I could not have the time,
While spirits flow, and life is in her prime,
Without a sin 'gainst pleasure, to design
A plan, to methodise each thought, each line,
Highly to finish, and make every grace
In itself charming, take new charms from place.
Nothing of books, and little known of men,
When the mad fit comes on I seize the pen;
Rough as they run, the rapid thoughts set down,
Rough as they run, discharge them on the town.'

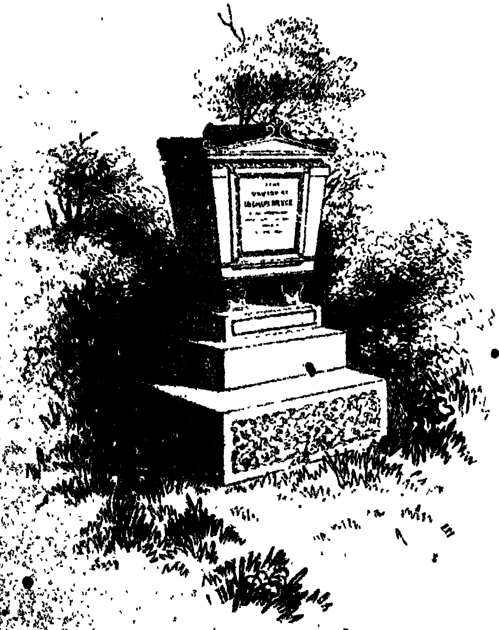
Popularity which is easily gained, is lost as easily; such reputations resembling the lives of insects, whose shortness of existence is compensated by its proportion of enjoyment. He perhaps imagined that his genius would preserve his subjects, as spices preserve a mummy, and that the individuals whom he had eulogised or stigmatised would go down to posterity in his verse, as an old admiral comes home from the West Indies in a puncheon of rum: he did not consider that the rum is rendered loathsome, and that the spices with which the Pharaohs and Potiphars were embalmed, wasted their sweetness in the catacombs. But, in this part of his conduct, there was no want of worldly prudence: he was enriching himself by hasty writings, for which the immediate sale was in proportion to the bitterness and personality of the satire.'

* The birth-day of the old Chevalier. It used to be a great object with the gardener of a Scottish Jacobite family of those days to have the Stuart emblem in blow by the tenth of June.

MICHAEL BRUCE.

MICHAEL BRUCE—a young and lamented Scottish poet of rich promise—was born at Kinnesswood, parish of Portmoak, county of Kinross, on the 27th of March 1746. His father was a humble tradesman, a weaver, who was burdened with a family of eight children, of whom the poet was the fifth. The dreariest poverty and obscurity hung over the poet's infancy, but the elder Bruce was a good and pious

man, and trained all his children to a knowledge of their letters, and a deep sense of religious duty. In the summer months Michael was put out to herd cattle. His education was retarded by this employment; but his training as a poet was benefited by solitary communion with nature, amidst scenery that overlooked Lochleven and its fine old ruined castle. When he had arrived at his fifteenth year, the poet was judged fit for college, and at this time a relation of his father died, leaving him a legacy of 200 merks Scots, or £11, 2s. 2d. sterling. This sum the old man piously devoted to the education of his favourite son, who proceeded with it to Edinburgh, and was enrolled a student of the university. Michael was soon distinguished for his proficiency, and for his taste for poetry. Having been three sessions at college, supported by his parents and some kind friends and neighbours, Bruce engaged to teach a school at Gairney Bridge, where he received for his labours about £11 per annum! He afterwards removed to Forest Hill, near Alloa, where he taught for some time with no better success. His school-room was low-roofed and damp, and the poor youth, confined for five or six hours a-day in this unwholesome atmosphere, depressed by poverty and disappointment, soon lost health and spirits. He wrote his poem of *Lochleven* at Forest Hill, but was at length forced to return to his father's cottage, which he never again left. A pulmonary complaint had settled on him, and he was in the last stage of consumption. With death full in his view, he wrote his *Ode to Spring*, the finest of all his productions. He was pious and cheerful to the last, and died on the 5th of July 1767, aged twenty-one years and three months. His Bible was found upon his pillow, marked down at Jer. xxii. 10, 'Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him.' So blameless a life could not indeed be contemplated without pleasure, but its premature termination must have been a heavy blow to his aged parents, who had struggled in their poverty to nurture his youthful genius.



Bruce's Monument in Portmoak Churchyard.

The poems of Bruce were first given to the world by his college friend John Logan, in 1770, who warmly eulogised the character and talents of his brother poet. They were reprinted in 1784, and afterwards included in Anderson's edition of the poets. The late venerable and benevolent Principal Baird, in 1807, published an edition by subscription for the benefit of Bruce's mother, then a widow. In 1837, a complete edition of the poems was brought out, with a life of the author from original sources, by the Rev. William Mackelvie, Balgedie, Kinross-shire. In this full and interesting memoir ample reparation is made to the injured shade of Michael Bruce for any neglect or injustice done to his poetical fame by his early friend Logan. Had Bruce lived, it is probable he would have taken a high place among our national poets. He was gifted with the requisite enthusiasm, fancy, and love of nature. There was a moral beauty in his life and character which would naturally have expanded itself in poetical composition. The pieces he has left have all the marks of youth; a style only half-formed and immature, and resemblances to other poets, so close and frequent, that the reader is constantly stumbling on some familiar image or expression. In 'Lochleven,' a descriptive poem in blank verse, he has taken Thomson as his model. The opening is a paraphrase of the commencement of Thomson's Spring, and epithets taken from the Seasons occur throughout the whole poem, with traces of Milton, Ossian &c. The following passage is the most original and pleasing in the poem:—

[*A Rural Picture.*]

Now sober Industry, illustrious power!
Hath raised the peaceful cottage, calm abode
Of innocence and joy: now, sweating, guides
The shining ploughshare; tames the stubborn soil;
Leads the long drain along the unfertile marsh;
Bids the bleak hill with vernal verdure bloom,
The haunt of flocks; and clothes the barren heath
With waving harvests and the golden grain.
  Fair from his hand behold the village rise,
In rural pride, 'mong intermingled trees!
Above whose aged tops the joyful swains,
At even-tide descending from the hill,
With eye enamoured, mark the many wreaths
Of pillared smoke, high curling to the clouds.
The streets resound with Labour's various voice,
Who whistles at his work. Gay on the green,
Young blooming boys, and girls with golden hair,
Trip, nimble-footed, wanton in their play,
The village hope. All in a reverend row,
Their gray-haired grandsires, sitting in the sun,
Before the gate, and leaning on the staff,
The well-remembered stories of their youth
Recount, and shake their aged locks with joy.
  How fair a prospect rises to the eye,
Where Beauty vies in all her vernal forms,
For ever pleasant, and for ever new!
Swells the exulting thought, expands the soul,
Drowning each ruder care: a blooming train
Of bright ideas rushes on the mind,
Imagination rouses at the scene;
And backward, through the gloom of ages past,
Beholds Arcadia, like a rural queen,
Encircled with her swains and rosy nymphs,
The mazy dance conducting on the green.
Nor yield to old Arcadia's blissful vales
Thine, gentle Leven! Green on either hand
Thy meadows spread, unbroken of the plough,
With beauty all their own. Thy fields rejoice
With all the riches of the golden year.
Fat on the plain, and mountain's sunny side,
Large droves of oxen, and the fleecy flocks,
Feed undisturbed; and fill the echoing air
With music, grateful to the master's ear.
The traveller stops, and gazes round and round
O'er all the scenes, that animate his heart

With mirth and music. Even the mendicant,
Bowbent with age, that on the old gray stone,
Sole sitting, suns him in the public way,
Feels his heart leap, and to himself he sings.

The conclusion of the poem gives us another picture of rural life, with a pathetic glance at the poet's own condition:—

[*Virtue and Happiness in the Country.*]

How blest the man who, in these peaceful plains,
Ploughs his paternal field; far from the noise,
The care, and bustle of a busy world!
All in the sacred, sweet, sequestered vale
Of solitude, the secret primrose-path
Of rural life, he dwells; and with him dwells
Peace and content, twins of the sylvan shade,
And all the graces of the golden age.
Such is Agricola, the wise, the good;
By nature formed for the calm retreat,
The silent path of life. Learned, but not fraught
With self-importance, as the starched fool,
Who challenges respect by solemn face,
By studied accent, and high-sounding phrase.
Enamoured of the shade, but not morose,
Politeness, raised in courts by frigid rules,
With him spontaneous grows. Not books alone,
But man his study, and the better part;
To tread the ways of virtue, and to act
The various scenes of life with God's applause.
Deep in the bottom of the flowery vale,
With blooming sallows and the leafy twine
Of verdant alders fenced, his dwelling stands
Complete in rural elegance. The door,
By which the poor or pilgrim never passed,
Still open, speaks the master's bounteous heart.
There, O how sweet! amid the fragrant shrubs,
At evening cool to sit; while, on their boughs,
The nested songsters twitter o'er their young;
And the hoarse low of folded cattle breaks
The silence, wafted o'er the sleeping lake,
Whose waters glow beneath the purple tinge
Of western cloud; while converse sweet deceives
The stealing foot of time! Or where the ground,
Mounded irregular, points out the graves
Of our forefathers, and the hallowed fane,
Where swains assembling worship, let us walk,
In softly-soothing melancholy thought,
As night's seraphic bard, immortal Young,
Or sweet-complaining Gray; there see the goal
Of human life, where drooping, faint, and tired,
Oft missed the prize, the weary racer rests.
  Thus sung the youth, amid unfertile wilds
And nameless deserts, unpoetic ground!
Far from his friends he strayed, recording thus
The dear remembrance of his native fields,
To cheer the tedious night; while slow disease
Preyed on his pining vitals, and the blasts
Of dark December shook his humble cot.

The Last Day is another poem by Bruce in blank verse, but is inferior to 'Lochleven.' The want of originality is more felt on a subject exhausted by Milton, Young, and Blair; but even in this, as in his other works, the warmth of feeling and graceful freedom of expression which characterise Bruce are seen and felt. In poetical beauty and energy, as in biographical interest, his latest effort, the *Elegy*, must ever rank the first in his productions. With some weak lines and borrowed ideas, this poem has an air of strength and ripened maturity that powerfully impresses the reader, and leaves him to wonder at the fortitude of the youth, who, in strains of such sensibility and genius, could describe the cheerful appearances of nature, and the certainty of his own speedy dissolution.

Elegy—Written in Spring.

'Tis past: the iron North has spent his rage;
  Stern Winter now resigns the lengthening day;
The stormy howlings of the winds assuage,
  And warm o'er ether western breezes play.

Of genial heat and cheerful light the source,
  From southern climes, beneath another sky,
The sun, returning, wheels his golden course:
  Before his beams all noxious vapours fly.

Far to the north grim Winter draws his train,
  To his own clime, to Zembla's frozen shore;
Where, throned on ice, he holds eternal reign;
  Where whirlwinds madden, and where tempests roar.

Loosed from the bands of frost, the verdant ground
  Again puts on her robe of cheerful green,
Again puts forth her flowers; and all around
  Smiling, the cheerful face of spring is seen.

Behold! the trees new deck their withered boughs;
  Their ample leaves, the hospitable plane,
The taper elm, and lofty ash disclose;
  The blooming hawthorn variegates the scene.

The lily of the vale, of flowers the queen,
  Puts on the robe she neither sewed nor spun;
The birds on ground, or on the branches green,
  Hop to and fro, and glitter in the sun.

Soon as o'er eastern hills the morning peers,
  From her low nest the tufted lark upsprings;
And, cheerful singing, up the air she steers;
  Still high she mounts, still loud and sweet she sings.

On the green furze, clothed o'er with golden blooms
  That fill the air with fragrance all around,
The linnet sits, and tricks his glossy plumes,
  While o'er the wild his broken notes resound.

While the sun journeys down the western sky,
  Along the green sward, marked with Roman mound,
Beneath the blithsome shepherd's watchful eye,
  The cheerful lambkins dance and frisk around.

Now is the time for those who wisdom love,
  Who love to walk in Virtue's flowery road,
Along the lovely paths of spring to rove,
  And follow Nature up to Nature's God.

Thus Zoroaster studied Nature's laws;
  Thus Socrates, the wisest of mankind;
Thus heaven-taught Plato traced the Almighty cause,
  And left the wondering multitude behind.

Thus Ashley gathered academic bays;
  Thus gentle Thomson, as the seasons roll,
Taught them to sing the great Creator's praise,
  And bear their poet's name from pole to pole.

Thus have I walked along the dewy lawn;
  My frequent foot the blooming wild hath worn;
Before the lark I've sung the beauteous dawn,
  And gathered health from all the gales of morn.

And, even when winter chilled the aged year,
  I wandered lonely o'er the hoary plain:
Though frosty Boreas warned me to forbear,
  Boreas, with all his tempests, warned in vain.

Then, sleep my nights, and quiet blessed my days;
  I feared no loss, my mind was all my store;
No anxious wishes e'er disturbed my ease;
  Heaven gave content and health—I asked no more.

Now, Spring returns: but not to me returns
  The vernal joy my better years have known;
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
  And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shivering in the inconstant wind,
  Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclined,
  And count the silent moments as they pass:

The wingëd moments, whose unstaying speed
  No art can stop, or in their course arrest;
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
  And lay me down in peace with them at rest.

Oft morning dreams presage approaching fate;
  And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true.
Led by pale ghosts, I enter Death's dark gate,
  And bid the realms of light and life adieu.

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of wo;
  I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
  Which mortals visit, and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!
  Enough for me the churchyard's lonely mound,
Where melancholy with still silence reigns,
  And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

There let me wander at the shut of eve,
  When sleep sits dewy on the labourer's eyes:
The world and all its busy follies leave,
  And talk with Wisdom where my Daphnis lies.

There let me sleep, forgotten in the clay,
  When death shall shut these weary aching eyes;
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
  Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise.

JOHN LOGAN.

Mr D'Israeli, in his 'Calamities of Authors,' has included the name of JOHN LOGAN as one of those unfortunate men of genius whose life has been marked by disappointment and misfortune. He had undoubtedly formed to himself a high standard of literary excellence and ambition, to which he never attained; but there is no evidence to warrant the assertion that Logan died of a broken heart. From one source of depression and misery he was happily exempt: though he died at the early age of forty, he left behind him a sum of £600. Logan was born at Soutra, in the parish of Fala, Mid-Lothian, in 1748. His father, a small farmer, educated him for the church, and, after he had obtained a license to preach, he distinguished himself so much by his pulpit eloquence, that he was appointed one of the ministers of South Leith. He afterwards read a course of lectures on the *Philosophy of History* in Edinburgh, the substance of which he published in 1781; and next year he gave to the public one of his lectures entire on the *Government of Asia*. The same year he published his poems, which were well received; and in 1783 he produced a tragedy called *Runnimede*, founded on the signing of Magna Charta. His parishioners were opposed to such an exercise of his talents, and unfortunately Logan had lapsed into irregular and dissipated habits. The consequence was, that he resigned his charge on receiving a small annuity, and proceeded to London, where he resided till his death in December 1788. During his residence in London, Logan was a contributor to the English Review, and wrote a pamphlet on the *Charges Against Warren Hastings*, which attracted some notice. Among his manuscripts were found several unfinished tragedies, thirty lectures on Roman history, portions of a periodical work, and a collection of sermons, from which two volumes were selected and published by his executors. The sermons are warm and passionate, full of piety and fervour, and must have been highly impressive when delivered.

One act in the literary life of Logan we have already adverted to—his publication of the poems of Michael Bruce. His conduct as an editor cannot be justified. He left out several pieces by Bruce, and, as he states in his preface, 'to make up a miscellany,' poems by different authors were inserted. The best of these he claimed, and published afterwards as his own. The friends of Bruce, indignant at his conduct, have since endeavoured to snatch this laurel from his brows, and considerable uncertainty hangs over the question. With respect to the most valuable piece in the collection, the Ode to the Cuckoo—'magical stanzas,' says D'Israeli, and all will echo the praise, 'of picture, melody, and sentiment,' and which Burke admired so much, that on visiting Edinburgh, he sought out Logan to compliment him—with respect to this beautiful effusion of fancy and feeling, the evidence seems to be as follows:—In favour of Logan, there is the open publication of the ode under his own name; the fact of his having shown it in manuscript to several friends before its publication, and declared it to be his composition; and that, during the whole of his life, his claim to be the author was not disputed. On the other hand, in favour of Bruce, there is the oral testimony of his relations and friends, that they always understood him to be the author; and the written evidence of Dr Davidson, Professor of Natural and Civil History, Aberdeen, that he saw a copy of the ode in the possession of a friend of Bruce, Mr Bickerton, who assured him it was in the handwriting of Bruce; that this copy was signed 'Michael Bruce,' and below it were written the words, 'You will think I might have been better employed than writing about a *gowk*—[Anglice, cuckoo.] It is unfavourable to the case of Logan, that he retained some of the manuscripts of Bruce, and his conduct throughout the whole affair was careless and unsatisfactory. Bruce's friends also claim for him some of the hymns published by Logan as his own, and they show that the unfortunate young bard had applied himself to compositions of this kind, though none appeared in his works as published by Logan. The truth here seems to be, that Bruce was the founder, and Logan the perfecter, of these exquisite devotional strains: the former supplied stanzas which the latter extended into poems, imparting to the whole a finished elegance and beauty of diction which certainly Bruce does not seem to have been capable of giving. Without adverting to the disputed ode, the best of Logan's productions are his verses on a *Visit to the Country in Autumn*, his half dramatic poem of *The Lovers*, and his ballad stanzas on the *Braes of Yarrow*. A vein of tenderness and moral sentiment runs through the whole, and his language is select and poetical. In some lines *On the Death of a Young Lady*, we have the following true and touching exclamation:—

What tragic tears bedew the eye!
What deaths we suffer ere we die!
Our broken friendships we deplore,
And loves of youth that are no more!
No after-friendships e'er can raise
The endearments of our early days,
And ne'er the heart such fondness prove,
As when it first began to love.

To the Cuckoo.

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove!
  Thou messenger of Spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
  And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
  Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
  Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
  I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
  From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wandering through the wood
  To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of spring to hear,*
  And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
  Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
  Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
  Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
  No Winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
  We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
  Companions of the Spring.

[*Written in a Visit to the Country in Autumn.*]

'Tis past! no more the Summer blooms!
  Ascending in the rear,
Behold congenial Autumn comes,
  The Sabbath of the year!
What time thy holy whispers breathe,
The pensive evening shade beneath,
  And twilight consecrates the floods;
While nature strips her garment gay,
And wears the vesture of decay,
O let me wander through the sounding woods!

Ah! well-known streams!—ah! wonted groves,
  Still pictured in my mind!
Oh! sacred scene of youthful loves,
  Whose image lives behind!
While sad I ponder on the past,
The joys that must no longer last;
  The wild-flower strown on Summer's bier,
The dying music of the grove,
And the last elegies of love,
Dissolve the soul, and draw the tender tear!

Alas! the hospitable hall,
  Where youth and friendship played,
Wide to the winds a ruined wall
  Projects a death-like shade!
The charm is vanished from the vales;
No voice with virgin-whisper hails
  A stranger to his native bowers:
No more Arcadian mountains bloom,
Nor Enna valleys breathe perfume;
The fancied Eden fades with all its flowers!

Companions of the youthful scene,
  Endeared from earliest days!
With whom I sported on the green,
  Or roved the woodland maze!
Long-exiled from your native clime,
Or by the thunder stroke of time
  Snatched to the shadows of despair;
I hear your voices in the wind,
Your forms in every walk I find;
I stretch my arms: ye vanish into air!

My steps, when innocent and young,
  These fairy paths pursued;
And wandering o'er the wild, I sung
  My fancies to the wood.
I mourned the linnet-lover's fate,
Or turtle from her murdered mate,
  Condemned the widowed hours to wail:
Or while the mournful vision rose,
I sought to weep for imaged woes,
Nor real life believed a tragic tale!

Alas! misfortune's cloud unkind
  May summer soon o'ercast!
And cruel fate's untimely wind
  All human beauty blast!
The wrath of nature smites our bowers,
And promised fruits and cherished flowers,
  The hopes of life in embryo sweeps;
Pale o'er the ruins of his prime,
And desolate before his time,
In silence sad the mourner walks and weeps!

Relentless power! whose fated stroke
  O'er wretched man prevails!
Ha! love's eternal chain is broke,
  And friendship's covenant fails!
Upbraiding forms! a moment's ease—
O memory! how shall I appease
  The bleeding shade, the unlaid ghost?
What charm can bind the gushing eye,
What voice console the incessant sigh,
And everlasting longings for the lost?

Yet not unwelcome waves the wood
  That hides me in its gloom,
While lost in melancholy mood
  I muse upon the tomb.
Their chequered leaves the branches shed;
Whirling in eddies o'er my head,
  They sadly sigh that Winter's near:
The warning voice I hear behind,
That shakes the wood without a wind,
And solemn sounds the death-bell of the year.

Nor will I court Lethean streams,
  The sorrowing sense to steep;
Nor drink oblivion of the themes
  On which I love to weep.
Belated oft by fabled rill,
While nightly o'er the hallowed hill
  Aerial music seems to mourn;
I'll listen Autumn's closing strain;
Then woo the walks of youth again,
And pour my sorrows o'er the untimely urn!

Complaint of Nature.

Few are thy days and full of wo,
  O man of woman born!
Thy doom is written, dust thou art,
  And shalt to dust return.

Determined are the days that fly
  Successive o'er thy head;
The numbered hour is on the wing
  That lays thee with the dead.

Alas! the little day of life
  Is shorter than a span;
Yet black with thousand hidden ills
  To miserable man.

* This line originally stood—

'Starts thy curious voice to hear,'

which was probably altered by Logan as defective in quantity. 'Curious may be a Scotticism, but it is felicitous. It marks the unusual resemblance of the note of the cuckoo to the human voice, the cause of the *start* and *imitation* which follow. Whereas the "new voice of spring' is not true; for many voices in spring precede that of the cuckoo, and it is not peculiar or striking, nor does it connect either with the *start* or *imitation*.' —*Note by Lord Mackenzie (son of the 'Man of Feeling') in Bruce's Poems, by Rev. W. Mackelvie.*

Gay is thy morning, flattering hope
Thy sprightly step attends;
But soon the tempest howls behind,
And the dark night descends.

Before its splendid hour the cloud
Comes o'er the beam of light;
A pilgrim in a weary land,
Man tarries but a night.

Behold! sad emblem of thy state,
The flowers that paint the field;
Or trees that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield.

When chill the blast of Winter blows,
Away the Summer flies,
The flowers resign their sunny robes,
And all their beauty dies.

Nipt by the year the forest fades;
And shaking to the wind,
The leaves toss to and fro, and streak
The wilderness behind.

The Winter past, reviving flowers
Anew shall paint the plain,
The woods shall hear the voice of Spring,
And flourish green again.

But man departs this earthly scene,
Ah! never to return!
No second Spring shall e'er revive
The ashes of the urn.

The inexorable doors of death
What hand can e'er unfold?
Who from the cerements of the tomb
Can raise the human mould?

The mighty flood that rolls along
Its torrents to the main,
The waters lost can ne'er recall
From that abyss again.

The days, the years, the ages, dark
Descending down to night,
Can never, never be redeemed
Back to the gates of light.

So man departs the living scene,
To night's perpetual gloom;
The voice of morning ne'er shall break
The slumbers of the tomb.

Where are our fathers! Whither gone
The mighty men of old?
'The patriarchs, prophets, princes, kings,
In sacred books enrolled?

Gone to the resting-place of man,
The everlasting home,
Where ages past have gone before,
Where future ages come.'

Thus nature poured the wail of wo,
And urged her earnest cry;
Her voice, in agony extreme,
Ascended to the sky.

The Almighty heard: then from his throne
In majesty he rose;
And from the Heaven, that opened wide,
His voice in mercy flows.

'When mortal man resigns his breath,
And falls a clod of clay,
The soul immortal wings its flight
To never-setting day.

Prepared of old for wicked men
The bed of torment lies;
The just shall enter into bliss
Immortal in the skies.'

The above hymn has been claimed for Michael Bruce by Mr Mackelvie, his biographer, on the faith of 'internal evidence,' because two of the stanzas resemble a fragment in the handwriting of Bruce. We subjoin the stanzas and the fragment:—

When chill the blast of winter blows,
Away the summer flies,
The flowers resign their sunny robes,
And all their beauty dies.

Nipt by the year the forest fades,
And, shaking to the wind,
The leaves toss to and fro, and streak
The wilderness behind.

'The hoar-frost glitters on the ground, the frequent leaf falls from the wood, and tosses to and fro down on the wind. The summer is gone with all his flowers; summer, the season of the muses; yet not the more cease I to wander where the muses haunt near spring or shadowy grove, or sunny hill. It was on a calm morning, while yet the darkness strove with the doubtful twilight, I rose and walked out under the opening eyelids of the morn.'

If the originality of a poet is to be questioned on the ground of such resemblances as the above, what modern is safe? The images in both pieces are common to all descriptive poets. Bruce's Ossianic fragment is patched with expressions from Milton, which are neither marked as quotations nor printed as poetry. The reader will easily recollect the following:—

Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Clear spring or shady grove, or sunny hill.
Par. Lost, Book iii.

Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove afield.
Lycidas.

THOMAS WARTON.

The Wartons, like the Beaumonts, were a poetical race. Thomas, the historian of English poetry, was the second son of Dr Warton of Magdalen college, Oxford, who was twice chosen Professor of Poetry by his university, and who wrote some pleasing verses, half scholastic and half sentimental. A sonnet by the elder Warton is worthy being transcribed, for its strong family likeness:—

[*Written after seeing Windsor Castle.*]

From beauteous Windsor's high and storied halls,
Where Edward's chiefs start from the glowing walls,
To my low cot from ivory beds of state,
Pleased I return unenvious of the great,
So the bee ranges o'er the varied scenes
Of corn, of heaths, of fallows, and of greens,
Pervades the thicket, soars above the hill,
Or murmurs to the meadow's murmuring rill:
Now haunts old hollowed oaks, deserted cells,
Now seeks the low vale lily's silver bells;
Sips the warm fragrance of the greenhouse bowers,
And tastes the myrtle and the citron's flowers;
At length returning to the wonted comb,
Prefers to all his little straw-built home.

The poetry-professor died in 1745. His tastes, his love of poetry, and of the university, were continued by his son Thomas, born in 1728. At sixteen, Thomas Warton was entered of Trinity college. He began early to write verses, and his *Pleasures of Melancholy*, published when he was nineteen, gave a promise of excellence which his riper productions did not fulfil. Having taken his degree, Warton

obtained a fellowship, and in 1757 was appointed Professor of Poetry. He was also curate of Woodstock, and rector of Kiddington, a small living near Oxford. The even tenor of his life was only varied by his occasional publications, one of which was an elaborate Essay on Spenser's Faery Queen. He also edited the minor poems of Milton, an edition which Leigh Hunt says is a wilderness of sweets, and is the only one in which a true lover of the original can pardon an exuberance of annotation. Some of the notes are highly poetical, while others display Warton's taste for antiquities, for architecture, superstition, and his intimate acquaintance with the old Elizabethan writers. A still more important work, the *History of English Poetry*, forms the basis of his reputation. In this history Warton poured out in profusion the treasures of a full mind. His antiquarian lore, his love of antique manners, and his chivalrous feelings, found appropriate exercise in tracing the stream of our poetry from its first fountain-springs, down to the luxuriant reign of Elizabeth, which he justly styled 'the most poetical age of our annals.' Pope and Gray had planned schemes of a history of English poetry, in which the authors were to be arranged according to their style and merits. Warton adopted the chronological arrangement, as giving freer exertion for research, and as enabling him to exhibit, without transposition, the gradual improvements of our poetry, and the progression of our language. The untiring industry and learning of the poet-historian accumulated a mass of materials equally valuable and curious. His work is a vast store-house of facts connected with our early literature; and if he sometimes wanders from his subject, or overlays it with extraneous details, it should be remembered, as his latest editor, Mr Price, remarks, that new matter was constantly arising, and that Warton 'was the first adventurer in the extensive region through which he journied, and into which the usual pioneers of literature had scarcely penetrated.' It is to be regretted that Warton's plan excluded the drama, which forms so rich a source of our early imaginative literature; but this defect has been partly supplied by Mr Collier's Annals of the Stage. On the death of Whitehead in 1785, Warton was appointed poet-laureate. His learning gave dignity to an office usually held in small esteem, and which in our day has been wisely converted into a sinecure. The same year he was made Camden Professor of History. While pursuing his antiquarian and literary researches, Warton was attacked with gout, and his enfeebled health yielded to a stroke of paralysis in 1790. Notwithstanding the classic stiffness of his poetry, and his full-blown academical honours, Warton appears to have been an easy companionable man, who delighted to unbend in common society, and especially with boys. 'During his visits to his brother, Dr J. Warton (master of Winchester school), the reverend professor became an associate and confidant in all the sports of the schoolboys. When engaged with them in some culinary occupation, and when alarmed by the sudden approach of the master, he has been known to hide himself in a dark corner of the kitchen; and has been dragged from thence by the doctor, who had taken him for some great boy. He also used to help the boys in their exercises, generally putting in as many faults as would disguise the assistance."* If there was little dignity in this, there was something better—a kindliness of disposition and freshness of feeling which all would wish to retain.

The poetry of Warton is deficient in natural expression and general interest, but some of his longer pieces, by their martial spirit and Gothic fancy, are calculated to awaken a stirring and romantic enthusiasm. Hazlitt considered some of his sonnets the finest in the language, and they seem to have caught the fancy of Coleridge and Bowles. The following are picturesque and graceful:—

Written in a Blank Leaf of Dugdale's Monasticon.

Deem not devoid of elegance the sage,
By Fancy's genuine feelings unbeguiled
Of painful pedantry, the poring child,
Who turns of these proud domes the historic page,
Now sunk by Time, and Henry's fiercer rage.
Think'st thou the warbling muses never smiled
On his lone hours? Ingenious views engage
His thoughts on themes unclassic falsely styled,
Intent. While cloistered piety displays
Her mouldering roll, the piercing eye explores
New manners, and the pomp of elder days,
Whence culls the pensive bard his pictured stores.
Not rough nor barren are the winding ways
Of hoar antiquity, but strewn with flowers.

On Revisiting the River Loddon.

Ah! what a weary race my feet have run
Since first I trod thy banks with alders crowned,
And thought my way was all through fairy ground,
Beneath the azure sky and golden sun—
When first my muse to lisp her notes begun!
While pensive memory traces back the round
Which fills the varied interval between;
Much pleasure, more of sorrow marks the scene.
Sweet native stream! those skies and suns so pure,
No more return to cheer my evening road!
Yet still one joy remains, that not obscure
Nor useless, all my vacant days have flowed
From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime mature,
Nor with the muse's laurel unbestowed.

On Sir Joshua Reynolds's Painted Window at Oxford.

Ye brawny Prophets, that in robes so rich,
At distance due, possess the crisped niche;
Ye rows of Patriarchs that, sublimely reared,
Diffuse a proud primeval length of beard:
Ye Saints, who, clad in crimson's bright array,
More pride than humble poverty display:
Ye Virgins meek, that wear the palmy crown
Of patient faith, and yet so fiercely frown:
Ye Angels, that from clouds of gold recline,
But boast no semblance to a race divine:
Ye tragic Tales of legendary lore,
That draw devotion's ready tear no more;
Ye Martyrdoms of unenlightened days,
Ye Miracles that now no wonder raise;
Shapes, that with one broad glare the gazer strike,
Kings, bishops, nuns, apostles, all alike!
Ye Colours, that the unwary sight amaze,
And only dazzle in the noontide blaze!
No more the sacred window's round disgrace,
But yield to Grecian groups the shining space.
Lo! from the canvass Beauty shifts her throne;
Lo! Picture's powers a new formation own!
Behold, she prints upon the crystal plain,
With her own energy, the expressive stain!
The mighty Master spreads his mimic toil
More wide, nor only blends the breathing oil;
But calls the lineaments of life complete
From genial alchymy's creative heat;
Obedient forms to the bright fusion gives,
While in the warm enamel Nature lives.
Reynolds, 'tis thine, from the broad window's height,
To add new lustre to religious light:

* Vide Campbell's Specimens, second edition, p. 620.

Not of its pomp to strip this ancient shrine,
But bid that pomp with purer radiance shine:
With arts unknown before, to reconcile
The willing Graces to the Gothic pile.

The Hamlet.—An Ode.

The hinds how blest, who ne'er beguiled
To quit their hamlet's hawthorn wild,
Nor haunt the crowd, nor tempt the main,
For splendid care, and guilty gain!

When morning's twilight-tinctured beam
Strikes their low thatch with slanting gleam,
They rove abroad in ether blue,
To dip the scythe in fragrant dew:
The sheaf to bind, the beech to fell,
That nodding shades a craggy dell.

Midst gloomy glades, in warbles clear,
Wild nature's sweetest notes they hear:
On green untrodden banks they view
The hyacinth's neglected hue:
In their lone haunts, and woodland rounds,
They spy the squirrel's airy bounds;
And startle from her ashen spray,
Across the glen the screaming jay:
Each native charm their steps explore
Of Solitude's sequestered store.

For them the moon with cloudless ray
Mounts to illume their homeward way:
Their weary spirits to relieve,
The meadows incense breathe at eve.
No riot mars the simple fare,
That o'er a glimmering hearth they share:
But when the curfew's measured roar
Duly, the darkening valleys o'er,
Has echoed from the distant town,
They wish no beds of cygnet-down,
No trophied canopies, to close
Their drooping eyes in quick repose.

Their little sons, who spread the bloom
Of health around the clay-built room,
Or through the primrosed coppice stray,
Or gambol in the new-mown hay;
Or quaintly braid the cowslip-twine,
Or drive afield the tardy kine;
Or hasten from the sultry hill,
To loiter at the shady rill;
Or climb the tall pine's gloomy-crest,
To rob the raven's ancient nest.

Their humble porch with honied flowers,
The curling woodbine's shade embowers;
From the small garden's thymy mound
Their bees in busy swarms resound:
Nor fell disease before his time,
Hastes to consume life's golden prime:
But when their temples long have were
The silver crown of tresses hoar;
As studious still calm peace to keep,
Beneath a flowery turf they sleep.

JOSEPH WARTON.

The elder brother of Thomas Warton closely resembled him in character and attainments. He was born in 1722, and was the schoolfellow of Collins at Winchester. He was afterwards a commoner of Oriel college, Oxford, and ordained on his father's curacy at Basingstoke. He was also rector of Tamworth. In 1766 he was appointed head master of Winchester school, to which were subsequently added a prebend of St Paul's and of Winchester. He survived his brother ten years, dying in 1800. Dr Joseph Warton early appeared as a poet, but is considered by Mr Campbell as inferior to his brother in the graphic and romantic style of composition at which he aimed. His *Ode to Fancy* seems, however, to be equal to all but a few pieces of Thomas Warton's. He was also editor of an edition of Pope's works, which was favourably reviewed by Johnson. Warton was long intimate with Johnson, and a member of his literary club.

To Fancy.

O parent of each lovely muse!
Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse,
O'er all my artless songs preside,
My footsteps to thy temple guide,
To offer at thy turf-built shrine
In golden cups no costly wine,
No murdered fatling of the flock,
But flowers and honey from the rock.
O nymph with loosely-flowing hair,
With buskined leg, and bosom bare,
Thy waist with myrtle-girdle bound,
Thy brows with Indian feathers crowned,
Waving in thy snowy hand
An all-commanding magic wand,
Of power to bid fresh gardens grow
'Mid cheerless Lapland's barren snow,
Whose rapid wings thy flight convey
Through air, and over earth and sea,
While the various landscape lies
Conspicuous to thy piercing eyes!
O lover of the desert, hail!
Say in what deep and pathless vale,
Or on what hoary mountain's side,
'Midst falls of water, you reside;
'Midst broken rocks a rugged scene,
With green and grassy dales between;
'Midst forests dark of aged oak,
Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke,
Where never human heart appeared,
Nor e'er one straw-roofed cot was reared,
Where Nature seemed to sit alone,
Majestic on a craggy throne;
Tell me the path, sweet wanderer tell,
To thy unknown sequestered cell,
Where woodbines cluster round the door,
Where shells and moss o'erlay the floor,
And on whose top a hawthorn blows,
Amid whose thickly-woven boughs
Some nightingale still builds her nest,
Each evening warbling thee to rest;
Then lay me by the haunted stream,
Wrapt in some wild poetic dream,
In converse while methinks I rove
With Spenser through a fairy grove;
Till suddenly awaked, I hear
Strange whispered music in my ear,
And my glad soul in bliss is drowned
By the sweetly-soothing sound!
Me, goddess, by the right-hand lead,
Sometimes through the yellow mead,
Where Joy and white-robed Peace resort,
And Venus keeps her festive court;
Where Mirth and Youth each evening meet,
And lightly trip with nimble feet,
Nodding their lily-crownëd heads,
Where Laughter rose-liped Hebe leads;
Where Echo walks steep hills among,
Listening to the shepherd's song.
Yet not these flowery fields of joy
Can long my pensive mind employ;
Haste, Fancy, from these scenes of folly,
To meet the matron Melancholy,
Goddess of the tearful eye,
That loves to fold her arms and sigh!
Let us with silent footsteps go
To charnels and the house of wo,

To Gothic churches, vaults, and tombs,
Where each sad night some virgin comes,
With throbbing breast, and faded cheek,
Her promised bridegroom's urn to seek;
Or to some abbey's mouldering towers,
Where to avoid cold winter's showers,
The naked beggar shivering lies,
Whilst whistling tempests round her rise,
And trembles lest the tottering wall
Should on her sleeping infants fall.
Now let us louder strike the lyre,
For my heart glows with martial fire;
I feel, I feel, with sudden heat,
My big tumultuous bosom beat!
The trumpet's clangours pierce mine ear,
A thousand widows' shrieks I hear;
'Give me another horse,' I cry,
Lo! the base Gallic squadrons fly.
Whence is this rage? What spirit, say,
To battle hurries me away?
'Tis Fancy, in her fiery car,
Transports me to the thickest war,
There whirls me o'er the hills of slain,
Where Tumult and Destruction reign;
Where, mad with pain, the wounded steed
Tramples the dying and the dead;
Where giant Terror stalks around,
With sullen joy surveys the ground,
And, pointing to the ensanguined field,
Shakes his dreadful Gorgon shield!
O! guide me from this horrid scene
To high-arched walks and alleys green,
Which lovely Laura seeks, to shun
The fervours of the mid-day sun!
The pangs of absence, O! remove,
For thou canst place me near my love,
Canst fold in visionary bliss,
And let me think I steal a kiss.
When young-eyed Spring profusely throws
From her green lap the pink and rose;
When the soft turtle of the dale
To Summer tells her tender tale:
When Autumn cooling caverns seeks,
And stains with wine his jolly cheeks;
When Winter, like poor pilgrim old,
Shakes his silver beard with cold;
At every season let my ear
Thy solemn whispers, Fancy, hear.

THOMAS BLACKLOCK.

A blind descriptive poet seems such an anomaly in nature, that the case of Dr Blacklock has engaged the attention of the learned and curious in no ordinary degree. We read all concerning him with strong interest, *except his poetry*, for this is generally tame, languid, and commonplace. He was an amiable and excellent man, of warm and generous sensibilities, eager for knowledge, and proud to communicate it. THOMAS BLACKLOCK was the son of a Cumberland bricklayer, who had settled in the town of Annan, Dumfriesshire. When about six months old, the child was totally deprived of sight by the small-pox; but his worthy father, assisted by his neighbours, amused his solitary boyhood by reading to him; and before he had reached the age of twenty, he was familiar with Spenser, Milton, Pope, and Addison. He was enthusiastically fond of poetry, particularly of the works of Thomson and Allan Ramsay. From these he must, in a great degree, have derived his images and impressions of nature and natural objects; but in after-life the classic poets were added to his store of intellectual enjoyment. His father was accidentally killed when the poet was about the age of nineteen; but some of his attempts at verse having been seen by Dr Stevenson, Edinburgh, this benevolent gentleman took their blind author to the Scottish metropolis, where he was enrolled as a student of divinity. In 1746 he published a volume of his poems, which was reprinted with additions in 1754 and 1756. He was licensed a preacher of the gospel in 1759, and three years afterwards, married the daughter of Mr Johnston, a surgeon in Dumfries. At the same time, through the patronage of the Earl of Selkirk, Blacklock was appointed minister of Kirkcudbright. The parishioners, however, were opposed both to church patronage in the abstract, and to this exercise of it in favour of a blind man, and the poet relinquished the appointment on receiving in lieu of it a moderate annuity. He now resided in Edinburgh, and took boarders into his house. His family was a scene of peace and happiness. To his literary pursuits Blacklock added a taste for music, and played on the flute and flageolet. Latterly, he suffered from depression of spirits, and supposed that his imaginative powers were failing him; yet the generous ardour he evinced in 1786, in the case of Burns, shows no diminution of sensibility or taste in the appreciation of genius. In one of his later poems, the blind bard thus pathetically alludes to the supposed decay of his faculties:—

Excursive on the gentle gales of spring,
He roved, whilst favour imped his timid wing.
Exhausted genius now no more inspires,
But mourns abortive hopes and faded fires;
The short-lived wreath, which once his temples graced,
Fades at the sickly breath of squeamish taste;
Whilst darker days his fainting flames immure
In cheerless gloom and winter premature.

He died on the 7th of July 1791, at the age of seventy. Besides his poems, Blacklock wrote some sermons and theological treatises, an article on *Blindness* for the Encyclopædia Britannica (which is ingenious and elegant), and two dissertations entitled *Paraclesis; or Consolations Deduced from Natural and Revealed Religion*, one of them original, and the other translated from a work ascribed to Cicero.

Apart from the circumstances under which they were produced, the poems of Blacklock offer little room or temptation to criticism. He has no new imagery, no commanding power of sentiment, reflection, or imagination. Still he was a fluent and correct versifier, and his familiarity with the visible objects of nature—with trees, streams, the rocks, and sky, and even with different orders of flowers and plants—is a wonderful phenomenon in one blind from infancy. He could distinguish colours by touch; but this could only apply to objects at hand, not to the features of a landscape, or to the appearances of storm or sunshine, sunrise or sunset, or the variation in the seasons, all of which he has described. Images of this kind he had at will. Thus, he exclaims—

Ye vales, which to the raptured eye
Disclosed the flowery pride of May;
Ye circling hills, whose summits high
Blushed with the morning's earliest ray.

Or he paints flowers with artist-like precision—

Let long-lived pansies here their scents bestow,
The violet languish, and the roses glow;
In yellow glory let the crocus shine,
Narcissus here his love-sick head recline;
Here hyacinths in purple sweetness rise,
And tulips tinged with beauty's fairest dyes.

In a man to whom all external phenomena were, and had ever been, one 'universal blank,' this union of taste and memory was certainly remarkable. Poeti-

cal feeling he must have inherited from nature, which led him to take pleasure even from his infancy in descriptive poetry; and the language, expressions, and *pictures* thus imprinted on his mind by habitual acquaintance with the best authors, and in literary conversation, seem to have risen spontaneously in the moment of composition.

Terrors of a Guilty Conscience.

Cursed with unnumbered groundless fears,
How pale yon shivering wretch appears!
For him the daylight shines in vain,
For him the fields no joys contain;
Nature's whole charms to him are lost,
No more the woods their music boast;
No more the meads their vernal bloom,
No more the gales their rich perfume:
Impending mists deform the sky,
And beauty withers in his eye.
In hopes his terrors to elude,
By day he mingles with the crowd,
Yet finds his soul to fears a prey,
In busy crowds and open day.
If night his lonely walks surprise,
What horrid visions round him rise!
The blasted oak which meets his way,
Shown by the meteor's sudden ray,
The midnight murderer's lone retreat
Felt heaven's avengeful bolt of late;
The clashing chain, the groan profound,
Loud from yon ruined tower resound;
And now the spot he seems to tread,
Where some self-slaughtered corse was laid;
He feels fixed earth beneath him bend,
Deep murmurs from her caves ascend;
Till all his soul, by fancy swayed,
Sees livid phantoms crowd the shade.

Ode to Aurora on Melissa's Birthday.

['A compliment and tribute of affection to the tender assiduity of an excellent wife, which I have not anywhere seen more happily conceived or more elegantly expressed.'—*Henry Mackenzie.*]

Of time and nature eldest born,
Emerge, thou rosy-fingered morn;
Emerge, in purest dress arrayed,
And chase from heaven night's envious shade,
That I once more may pleased survey,
And hail Melissa's natal day.

Of time and nature eldest born,
Emerge, thou rosy-fingered morn;
In order at the eastern gate
The hours to draw thy chariot wait;
Whilst Zephyr on his balmy wings,
Mild nature's fragrant tribute brings,
With odours sweet to strew thy way,
And grace the bland revolving day.

But, as thou lead'st the radiant sphere,
That gilds its birth and marks the year,
And as his stronger glories rise,
Diffused around the expanded skies,
Till clothed with beams serenely bright,
All heaven's vast concave flames with light;

So when through life's protracted day,
Melissa still pursues her way,
Her virtues with thy splendour vie,
Increasing to the mental eye;
Though less conspicuous, not less dear,
Long may they Bion's prospect cheer;
So shall his heart no more repine,
Blessed with her rays, though robbed of thine.

The Portrait.

Straight is my person, but of little size;
Lean are my cheeks, and hollow are my eyes:
My youthful down is, like my talents, rare;
Politely distant stands each single hair.
My voice too rough to charm a lady's ear;
So smooth, a child may listen without fear;
Not formed in cadence soft and warbling lays,
To soothe the fair through pleasure's wanton ways.
My form so fine, so regular, so new,
My port so manly, and so fresh my hue;
Oft, as I meet the crowd, they, laughing, say,
'See, see *Memento Mori* cross the way.'
The ravished Proserpine at last, we know,
Grew fondly jealous of her sable beau;
But, thanks to Nature! none from me need fly,
One heart the devil could wound—so cannot I.
Yet though my person fearless may be seen,
There is some danger in my graceful mien:
For, as some vessel, tossed by wind and tide,
Bounds o'er the waves, and rocks from side to side,
In just vibration thus I always move:
This who can view and not be forced to love?
Hail, charming self! by whose propitious aid
My form in all its glory stands displayed:
Be present still; with inspiration kind,
Let the same faithful colours paint the mind.
Like all mankind, with vanity I'm blessed,
Conscious of wit I never yet possessed.
To strong desires my heart an easy prey,
Oft feels their force, but never owns their sway.
This hour, perhaps, as death I hate my foe;
The next I wonder why I should do so.
Though poor, the rich I view with careless eye;
Scorn a vain oath, and hate a serious lie.
I ne'er for satire torture common sense;
Nor show my wit at God's nor man's expense.
Harmless I live, unknowing and unknown;
Wish well to all, and yet do good to none.
Unmerited contempt I hate to bear;
Yet on my faults, like others, am severe.
Dishonest flames my bosom never fire;
The bad I pity, and the good admire:
Fond of the Muse, to her devote my days,
And scribble, not for pudding, but for praise.

JAMES BEATTIE.

JAMES BEATTIE was the son of a small farmer and shopkeeper at Laurencekirk, county of Kincardine, where he was born October 25, 1735. His father died while he was a child, but an elder brother, seeing signs of talent in the boy, assisted him in procuring a good education; and in his fourteenth year he obtained a bursary or exhibition (always indicating some proficiency in Latin) in Marischal college, Aberdeen. His habits and views were scholastic, and four years afterwards, Beattie was appointed schoolmaster of the parish of Fordoun. He was now situated amidst interesting and romantic scenery, which increased his passion for nature and poetry. The scenes which he afterwards delineated in his *Minstrel* were (as Mr Southey has justly remarked) those in which he had grown up, and the feelings and aspirations therein expressed, were those of his own boyhood and youth. He became a poet at Fordoun; and, strange to say, his poetry, poor as it was, procured his appointment as usher of Aberdeen grammar school, and subsequently that of professor of natural philosophy in Marischal college. This distinction he obtained in his twenty-fifth year. At the same time, he published in London a collection of his poems, with some translations. One piece, *Retirement*, displays poetical feeling and taste; but

the collection, as a whole, gave little indication of 'The Minstrel.' The poems, without the translations, were reprinted in 1766, and a copy of verses



James Beattie.

on the Death of Churchill were added. The latter are mean and reprehensible in spirit, as Churchill had expiated his early follies by an untimely death. Beattie was a sincere lover of truth and virtue, but his ardour led him at times into intolerance, and he was too fond of courting the notice and approbation of the great. In 1770 the poet appeared as a metaphysician, by his *Essay on Truth*, in which good principles were advanced, though with an unphilosophical spirit, and in language which suffered greatly from comparison with that of his illustrious opponent, David Hume. Next year Beattie appeared in his true character as a poet. The first part of 'The Minstrel' was published, and was received with universal approbation. Honours flowed in on the fortunate author. He visited London, and was admitted to all its brilliant and distinguished circles. Goldsmith, Johnson, Garrick, and Reynolds, were numbered among his friends. On a second visit in 1773, he had an interview with the king and queen, which resulted in a pension of £200 per annum. The university of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. and Reynolds painted his portrait in an allegorical picture, in which Beattie was seen by the side of an angel pushing down Prejudice, Scepticism, and Folly! Need we wonder that poor Goldsmith was envious of his brother poet? To the honour of Beattie, it must be recorded, that he declined entering the church of England, in which preferment was promised him, and no doubt would have been readily granted. The second part of the 'Minstrel' was published in 1774. Domestic circumstances marred the felicity of Beattie's otherwise happy and prosperous lot. His wife (the daughter of Dr Dun, Aberdeen) became insane, and was obliged to be confined in an asylum. He had two sons, both amiable and accomplished youths. The eldest lived till he was twenty-two, and was associated with his father in the professorship: he died in 1790, and the afflicted parent soothed his grief by writing his life, and publishing some specimens of his composition in prose and verse. The second son died in 1796, aged eighteen; and the only consolation of the now lonely poet was, that he could not have borne to see their 'elegant minds mangled with madness'—an allusion to the hereditary insanity of their mother. By nature, Beattie was a man of quick and tender sensibilities. A fine landscape or music (in which he was a proficient), affected him even to tears. He had a sort of hysterical dread of meeting with his metaphysical opponents, which was an unmanly weakness. When he saw Garrick perform Macbeth, he had almost thrown himself, from nervous excitement, over the front of the two-shilling gallery; and he seriously contended for the grotesque mixture of tragedy and comedy in Shakspeare, as introduced by the great dramatist to save the auditors from 'a disordered head or a broken heart!' This is 'parmaceti for an inward bruise' with a vengeance! He had, among his other idiosyncrasies, a morbid aversion to that cheerful household and rural sound—the crowing of a cock; and in his 'Minstrel,' he anathematises 'fell chanticleer' with burlesque fury—

O to thy cursed scream, discordant still,
Let harmony aye shut her gentle ear:
Thy boastful mirth let jealous rivals spill,
Insult thy crest, and glossy pinions tear,
And ever in thy dreams the ruthless fox appear.

Such an organisation, physical and moral, was ill fitted to insure happiness or fortitude in adversity. When his second son died, he said he had done with the world. He ceased to correspond with his friends, or to continue his studies. Shattered by a long train of nervous complaints, in April 1799 the poet had a stroke of palsy, and after different returns of the same malady, which excluded him from all society, he died on the 18th of August 1803.

In the early training of his eldest and beloved son, Dr Beattie adopted an expedient of a romantic and interesting description. His object was to give him the first idea of a Supreme Being; and his method, as Dr Porteous, bishop of London, remarked, 'had all the imagination of Rousseau, without his folly and extravagance.'

'He had,' says Beattie, 'reached his fifth (or sixth) year, knew the alphabet, and could read a little; but had received no particular information with respect to the author of his being, because I thought he could not yet understand such information, and because I had learned, from my own experience, that to be made to repeat words not understood, is extremely detrimental to the faculties of a young mind. In a corner of a little garden, without informing any person of the circumstance, I wrote in the mould, with my finger, the three initial letters of his name, and sowing garden cresses in the furrows, covered up the seed, and smoothed the ground. Ten days after he came running to me, and with astonishment in his countenance, told me that his name was growing in the garden. I smiled at the report, and seemed inclined to disregard it; but he insisted on my going to see what had happened. "Yes," said I carelessly, on coming to the place; "I see it is so; but there is nothing in this worth notice; it is mere chance," and I went away. He followed me, and taking hold of my coat, said with some earnestness, "It could not be mere chance, for that somebody must have contrived matters so as to produce it." I pretend not to give his words or my own, for I have forgotten both, but I give the substance of what passed between us in such language as we both understood. "So you think," I said, "that what appears so regular as the letters of your name cannot be by chance?" "Yes," said he with firmness, "I think so!" "Look at yourself," I replied, "and consider your hands and fingers, your legs and feet, and other limbs; are they not regular in their appearance, and useful to you?" He said they were.

"Came you then hither," said I, "by chance?" "No," he answered, "that cannot be; something must have made me." "And who is that something?" I asked. He said he did not know. (I took particular notice that he did not say, as Rousseau fancies a child in like circumstances would say, that his parents made him.) I had now gained the point I aimed at; and saw that his reason taught him (though he could not so express it) that what begins to be, must have a cause, and that what is formed with regularity, must have an intelligent cause. I therefore told him the name of the Great Being who made him and all the world, concerning whose adorable nature I gave him such information as I thought he could in some measure comprehend. The lesson affected him deeply, and he never forgot either it or the circumstance that introduced it.'

'The Minstrel,' on which Beattie's fame now rests, is a didactic poem, in the Spenserian stanza, designed to 'trace the progress of a poetical genius, born in a rude age, from the first dawning of fancy and reason till that period at which he may be supposed capable of appearing in the world as a minstrel.' The idea was suggested by Percy's preliminary Dissertation to his Reliques—one other benefit which that collection has conferred upon the lovers of poetry. The character of Edwin, the minstrel (in which Beattie embodied his own early feelings and poetical aspirations), is very finely drawn. The romantic seclusion of his youth, and his ardour for knowledge, find a response in all young and generous minds; while the calm philosophy and reflection of the poet, interest the more mature and experienced reader. The poem was left unfinished, and this is scarcely to be regretted. Beattie had not strength of pinion to keep long on the wing in the same lofty region; and Edwin would have contracted some earthly taint in his descent. Gray thought there was too much description in the first part of the 'Minstrel,' but who would exchange it for the philosophy of the second part? The poet intended to have carried his hero into a life of variety and action, but he certainly would not have succeeded. As it is, when he finds it necessary to continue Edwin beyond the 'flowery path' of childhood, and to explore the shades of life, he calls in the aid of a hermit, who schools the young enthusiast on virtue, knowledge, and the dignity of man. The appearance of this sage is happily described—

At early dawn the youth his journey took,
And many a mountain passed and valley wide,
Then reached the wild where, in a flowery nook,
And seated on a mossy stone, he spied
An ancient man; his harp lay him beside.
A stag sprung from the pasture at his call,
And, kneeling, licked the withered hand that tied
A wreath of woodbine round his antlers tall,
And hung his lofty neck with many a floweret small.

[*Opening of the Minstrel.*]

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar;
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with Fortune an eternal war;
Checked by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,
And Poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
Then dropped into the grave, unpitied and unknown!

And yet the languor of inglorious day
Not equally oppressive is to all;
Him, who ne'er listened to the voice of praise,
The silence of neglect can ne'er appal.
There are, who, deaf to mad Ambition's call,
Would shrink to hear the obstreperous trump of Fame;
Supremely blest, if to their portion fall
Health, competence, and peace. Nor higher aim
Had he, whose simple tale these artless lines proclaim.

The rolls of fame I will not now explore;
Nor need I here describe, in learned lay,
How forth the Minstrel fared in days of yore,
Right glad of heart, though homely in array;
His waving locks and beard all hoary gray;
While from his bending shoulder, decent hung
His harp, the sole companion of his way,
Which to the whistling wind responsive rung:
And ever as he went some merry lay he sung.

Fret not thyself, thou glittering child of pride,
That a poor villager inspires my strain;
With thee let Pageantry and Power abide;
The gentle Muses haunt the sylvan reign;
Where through wild groves at eve the lonely swain
Enraptured roams, to gaze on Nature's charms.
They hate the sensual, and scorn the vain;
The parasite their influence never warms,
Nor him whose sordid soul the love of gold alarms.

Though richest hues the peacock's plumes adorn,
Yet horror screams from his discordant throat.
Rise, sons of harmony, and hail the morn,
While warbling larks on russet pinions float:
Or seek at noon the woodland scene remote,
Where the gray linnets carol from the hill,
O let them ne'er, with artificial note,
To please a tyrant, strain the little bill,
But sing what Heaven inspires, and wander where they will.

Liberal, not lavish, is kind Nature's hand;
Nor was perfection made for man below.
Yet all her schemes with nicest art are planned,
Good counteracting ill, and gladness wo.
With gold and gems if Chilian mountains glow;
If bleak and barren Scotia's hills arise;
There plague and poison, lust and rapine grow;
Here peaceful are the vales, and pure the skies,
And freedom fires the soul, and sparkles in the eyes.

Then grieve not thou, to whom the indulgent Muse
Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire:
Nor blame the partial Fates, if they refuse
The imperial banquet and the rich attire.
Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre.
Wilt thou debase the heart which God refined?
No; let thy heaven-taught soul to Heaven aspire,
To fancy, freedom, harmony, resigned;
Ambition's grovelling crew for ever left behind.

Canst thou forego the pure ethereal soul,
In each fine sense so exquisitely keen,
On the dull couch of Luxury to loll,
Stung with disease, and stupified with spleen;
Fain to implore the aid of Flattery's screen,
Even from thyself thy loathsome heart to hide
(The mansion then no more of joy serene),
Where fear, distrust, malevolence abide,
And impotent desire, and disappointed pride?

O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields!
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven!

* * *

There lived in Gothic days, as legends tell,
A shepherd-swain, a man of low degree,
Whose sires, perchance, in Fairyland might dwell,
Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady;

But he, I ween, was of the north countrie;
A nation famed for song, and beauty's charms;
Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;
Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms.

The shepherd swain of whom I mention made,
On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock;
The sickle, scythe, or plough he never swayed;
An honest heart was almost all his stock;
His drink the living water from the rock:
The milky dams supplied his board, and lent
Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's shock;
And he, though oft with dust and sweat besprent,
Did guide and guard their wanderings, whereso'er
they went.

[*Description of Edwin.*]

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy.
Deep thought oft seemed to fix his infant eye.
Dainties he heeded not, nor gaude, nor toy,
Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy;
Silent when glad; affectionate, though shy;
And now his look was most demurely sad,
And now he laughed aloud, yet none knew why.
The neighbours stared and sighed, yet blessed the lad;
Some deemed him wondrous wise, and some believed
him mad.

But why should I his childish feats display?
Concourse, and noise, and toil, he ever fled;
Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
Of squabbling imps; but to the forest sped,
Or roamed at large the lonely mountain's head,
Or where the maze of some bewildered stream
To deep untrodden groves his footsteps led,
There would he wander wild, till Phœbus' beam,
Shot from the western cliff, released the weary team.

The exploit of strength, dexterity, or speed,
To him nor vanity nor joy could bring:
His heart, from cruel sport estranged, would bleed
To work the wo of any living thing,
By trap or net, by arrow or by sling;
These he detested; those he scorned to wield:
He wished to be the guardian, not the king,
Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field,
And sure the sylvan reign unbloody joy might yield.

Lo! where the stripling, wrapt in wonder, roves
Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine;
And sees on high, amidst the encircling groves,
From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine;
While waters, woods, and winds, in concert join,
And echo swells the chorus to the skies.
Would Edwin this majestic scene resign
For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies?
Ah, no! he better knows great Nature's charms to
prize.

And oft he traced the uplands to survey,
When o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn,
The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain gray,
And lake, dim-gleaming on the smoky lawn:
Far to the west the long long vale withdrawn,
Where twilight loves to linger for a while;
And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
And villager abroad at early toil:
But, lo! the sun appears! and heaven, earth, ocean,
smile.

And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost—
What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,
Like shipwrecked mariner on desert coast,
And view the enormous waste of vapour, tost
In billows, lengthening to the horizon round,
Now scooped in gulfs, with mountains now embossed!
And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar pro-
found!

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle and each dreadful scene.
In darkness and in storm he found delight;
Nor less than when on ocean-wave serene,
The southern sun diffused his dazzling shene.
Even sad vicissitude amused his soul;
And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wished not to control.

* * *

Oft when the winter storm had ceased to rave,
He roamed the snowy waste at even, to view
The cloud stupendous, from the Atlantic wave
High-towering, sail along the horizon blue;
Where, 'midst the changeful scenery, ever new,
Fancy a thousand wondrous forms descries,
More wildly great than ever pencil drew;
Rocks, torrents, gulfs, and shapes of giant size,
And glittering cliffs on cliffs, and fiery ramparts rise.

Thence musing onward to the sounding shore,
The lone enthusiast oft would take his way,
Listening, with pleasing dread, to the deep roar
Of the wide-weltering waves. In black array
When sulphurous clouds rolled on the autumnal day,
Even then he hastened from the haunt of man,
Along the trembling wilderness to stray,
What time the lightning's fierce career began,
And o'er heaven's rending arch the rattling thunder
ran.

Responsive to the sprightly pipe, when all
In sprightly dance the village youth were joined,
Edwin, of melody aye held in thrall,
From the rude gambol far remote reclined,
Soothed with the soft notes warbling in the wind.
Ah then, all jollity seemed noise and folly!
To the pure soul by Fancy's fire refined,
Ah, what is mirth but turbulence unholy,
When with the charm compared of heavenly melan-
choly!

Is there a heart that music cannot melt?
Alas! how is that rugged heart forlorn;
Is there, who ne'er those mystic transports felt
Of solitude and melancholy born?
He needs not woo the Muse; he is her scorn.
The sophist's rope of cobweb he shall twine;
Mope o'er the schoolman's peevish rage; or mourn,
And delve for life in Mammon's dirty mine;
Sneak with the scoundrel fox, or grunt with glutton
swine.

For Edwin, Fate a nobler doom had planned;
Song was his favourite and first pursuit.
The wild harp rang to his adventurous hand,
And languished to his breath the plaintive flute.
His infant muse, though artless, was not mute.
Of elegance as yet he took no care;
For this of time and culture is the fruit;
And Edwin gained at last this fruit so rare:
As in some future verse I purpose to declare.

Meanwhile, whate'er of beautiful or new,
Sublime, or dreadful, in earth, sea, or sky,
By chance, or search, was offered to his view,
He scanned with curious and romantic eye.
Whate'er of lore tradition could supply
From Gothic tale, or song, or fable old,
Roused him, still keen to listen and to pry.
At last, though long by penury controlled,
And solitude, his soul her graces gan unfold.

Thus on the chill Lapponian's dreary land,
For many a long month lost in snow profound,
When Sol from Cancer sends the season bland,
And in their northern cave the storms are bound;
From silent mountains, straight, with startling sound,
Torrents are hurled; green hills emerge; and lo!
The trees with foliage, cliffs with flowers are crowned;
Pure rills through vales of verdure warbling go;
And wonder, love, and joy, the peasant's heart o'erflow.

[*Morning Landscape.*]

Even now his eyes with smiles of rapture glow,
As on he wanders through the scenes of morn,
Where the fresh flowers in living lustre blow,
Where thousand pearls the dewy lawns adorn,
A thousand notes of joy in every breeze are borne.

But who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crowned with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings;
The whistling ploughman stalks afield; and, hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings;
Through rustling corn the hare astonished springs;
Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aërial tower.

[*Life and Immortality.*]

O ye wild groves, O where is now your bloom!
(The Muse interprets thus his tender thought)
Your flowers, your verdure, and your balmy gloom,
Of late so grateful in the hour of drought?
Why do the birds, that song and rapture brought
To all your bowers, their mansions now forsake?
Ah! why has fickle chance this ruin wrought?
For now the storm howls mournful through the brake,
And the dead foliage flies in many a shapeless flake.

Where now the rill, melodious, pure, and cool,
And meads, with life, and mirth, and beauty crowned?
Ah! see, the unsightly slime, and sluggish pool,
Have all the solitary vale embrowned;
Fled each fair form, and mute each melting sound,
The raven croaks forlorn on naked spray.
And hark: the river, bursting every mound,
Down the vale thunders, and with wasteful sway
Uproots the grove, and rolls the shattered rocks away.

Yet such the destiny of all on earth:
So flourishes and fades majestic man.
Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,
And fostering gales a while the nursling fan.
O smile, ye heavens, serene; ye mildews wan,
Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy prime,
Nor lessen of his life the little span.
Borne on the swift, though silent wings of Time,
Old age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.

And be it so. Let those deplore their doom
Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn;
But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,
Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they mourn.
Shall Spring to these sad scenes no more return?
Is yonder wave the Sun's eternal bed?
Soon shall the orient with new lustre burn,
And Spring shall soon her vital influence shed,
Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,
When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive?
Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doomed to perish, hope to live?
Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury, and pain?
No: Heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive,
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright through the eternal year of Love's triumphant reign.

Retirement.—1758.

When in the crimson cloud of even
The lingering light decays,
And Hesper on the front of heaven
His glittering gem displays;
Deep in the silent vale, unseen,
Beside a lulling stream,
A pensive youth, of placid mien,
Indulged this tender theme.

'Ye cliffs, in hoary grandeur piled
High o'er the glimmering dale;
Ye woods, along whose windings wild
Murmurs the solemn gale:
Where Melancholy strays forlorn,
And Wo retires to weep,
What time the wan moon's yellow horn
Gleams on the western deep:

To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms
Ne'er drew Ambition's eye,
'Scaped a tumultuous world's alarms,
To your retreats I fly.
Deep in your most sequestered bower
Let me at last recline,
Where Solitude, mild, modest power,
Leans on her ivied shrine.

How shall I woo thee, matchless fair?
Thy heavenly smile how win?
Thy smile that smooths the brow of Care,
And stills the storm within.
O wilt thou to thy favourite grove
Thine ardent votary bring,
And bless his hours, and bid them move
Serene, on silent wing?

Oft let Remembrance soothe his mind
With dreams of former days,
When in the lap of Peace reclined
He framed his infant lays;
When Fancy roved at large, nor Care
Nor cold Distrust alarmed,
Nor Envy, with malignant glare,
His simple youth had harmed.

'Twas then, O Solitude! to thee
His early vows were paid,
From heart sincere, and warm, and free,
Devoted to the shade.
Ah why did Fate his steps decoy
In stormy paths to roam,
Remote from all congenial joy!—
O take the wanderer home.

Thy shades, thy silence now be mine,
Thy charms my only theme;
My haunt the hollow cliff, whose pine
Waves o'er the gloomy stream.
Whence the scared owl on pinions gray
Breaks from the rustling boughs,
And down the lone vale sails away
To more profound repose.

O, while to thee the woodland pours
Its wildly warbling song,
And balmy from the bank of flowers
The zephyr breathes along;

Let no rude sound invade from far,
No vagrant foot be nigh,
No ray from Grandeur's gilded car
Flash on the startled eye.

But if some pilgrim through the glade
Thy hallowed bowers explore,
O guard from harm his hoary head,
And listen to his lore;
For he of joys divine shall tell,
That wean from earthly wo,
And triumph o'er the mighty spell
That chains his heart below.

For me, no more the path invites
Ambition loves to tread;
No more I climb those toilsome heights,
By guileful Hope misled;
Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more
To Mirth's enlivening strain;
For present pleasure soon is o'er,
And all the past is vain.'

The Hermit.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove:
'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began:
No more with himself or with nature at war,
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

'Ah! why, all abandoned to darkness and wo,
Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom inthral:
But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn;
O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away:
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

Now gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
The moon half extinguished her crescent displays:
But lately I marked, when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendour again;
But man's faded glory what change shall renew?
Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew:
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save.
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn!
O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave!

'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betrayed,
That leads, to bewilder; and dazzles, to blind;
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to
shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
"O pity, great Father of Light," then I cried,
"Thy creature, who fain would not wander from thee;
Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride:
From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free!"

And darkness and doubt are now flying away,
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.
So breaks on the traveller, faint, and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,
And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are
blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.'

CHRISTOPHER SMART.

CHRISTOPHER SMART, an unfortunate and irregular man of genius, was born in 1722 at Shipbourne in Kent. His father was steward to Lord Barnard (afterwards Earl of Darlington), and dying when his son was eleven years of age, the patronage of Lord Barnard was generously continued to his family. Through the influence of this nobleman, Christopher procured from the Duchess of Cleveland an allowance of £40 per annum. He was admitted of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, in 1739, elected a fellow of Pembroke in 1745, and took his degree of M.A. in 1747. At college, Smart was remarkable for folly and extravagance, and his distinguished contemporary Gray prophesied truly that the result of his conduct would be a jail or bedlam. In 1747, he wrote a comedy called a *Trip to Cambridge, or The Grateful Fair*, which was acted in Pembroke College Hall, the parlour of which was made the green-room. No remains of this play have been found, excepting a few songs and a mock-heroic soliloquy, the latter containing the following humorous simile:—

Thus when a barber and a collier fight,
The barber beats the luckless collier *white*;
The dusty collier heaves his ponderous sack,
And, big with vengeance, beats the barber *black*.
In comes the brick-dust man, with grime o'erspread,
And beats the collier and the barber *red*;
Black, red, and white, in various clouds are tossed,
And in the dust they raise the combatants are lost.

From the correspondence of Gray, it appears that Smart's income at Cambridge was about £140 per annum, and of this his creditors compelled him to assign over to them £50 a-year till his debts were paid. Notwithstanding his irregularities, Smart cultivated his talents, and was distinguished both for his Latin and English verse. His manners were agreeable, though his misconduct appears to have worn out the indulgence of all his college friends. Having written several pieces for periodicals published by Newberry, Smart became acquainted with the bookseller's family, and married his step-daughter, Miss Carnan, in the year 1753. He now removed to London, and endeavoured to subsist by his pen. The notorious Sir John Hill—whose wars with the Royal Society, with Fielding, &c., are well-known, and who closed his life by becoming a quack doctor—having insidiously attacked Smart, the latter replied by a spirited satire entitled *The Hilliad.* Among his various tasks was a metrical translation of the Fables of Phædrus. He also translated the psalms and parables into verse, but the version is destitute of talent. He had, however, in his better days, translated with success, and to Pope's satisfaction, the Ode on St Cecilia's Day. In 1756 Smart was one of the conductors of a monthly periodical called *The Universal Visiter*; and to assist him, Johnson (who sincerely sympathised, as Boswell relates, with Smart's unhappy vacillation of mind) contributed a few essays. In 1763 we find the poor poet confined in a mad-house. 'He has partly as much exercise,' said Johnson, 'as he used to have, for he digs in the garden. Indeed, before his confinement, he used for exercise to walk to the ale-house; but he was *carried* back again. I did not think he ought to be shut up. His infirmities were not noxious to society. He insisted on people praying with him (also falling upon his knees and saying his prayers in the street, or in any other unusual place); and I'd as lief pray with Kit Smart as any one else. Another charge was, that

he did not love clean linen; and I have no passion for it.' During his confinement, it is said, writing materials were denied him, and Smart used to indent his poetical thoughts with a key on the wainscot of his walls. A religious poem, the *Song to David*, written at this time in his saner intervals, possesses passages of considerable power and sublimity, and must be considered as one of the greatest curiosities of our literature. What the unfortunate poet did not write down (and the whole could not possibly have been committed to the walls of his apartment) must have been composed and retained from memory alone. Smart was afterwards released from his confinement; but his ill fortune (following, we suppose, his intemperate habits) again pursued him. He was committed to the King's Bench prison for debt, and died there, after a short illness, in 1770.

Song to David.

O thou, that sit'st upon a throne,
With harp of high, majestic tone,
To praise the King of kings:
And voice of heaven, ascending swell,
Which, while its deeper notes excel,
Clear as a clarion rings:

To bless each valley, grove, and coast,
And charm the cherubs to the post
Of gratitude in throngs;
To keep the days on Zion's Mount,
And send the year to his account,
With dances and with songs:

O servant of God's holiest charge,
The minister of praise at large,
Which thou mayst now receive;
From thy blest mansion hail and hear,
From topmost eminence appear
To this the wreath I weave.

Great, valiant, pious, good, and clean,
Sublime, contemplative, serene,
Strong, constant, pleasant, wise!
Bright effluence of exceeding grace;
Best man! the swiftness and the race,
The peril and the prize!

Great—from the lustre of his crown,
From Samuel's horn, and God's renown,
Which is the people's voice;
For all the host, from rear to van,
Applauded and embraced the man—
The man of God's own choice.

Valiant—the word, and up he rose;
The fight—he triumphed o'er the foes
Whom God's just laws abhor;
And, armed in gallant faith, he took
Against the boaster, from the brook,
The weapons of the war.

Pious—magnificent and grand,
'Twas he the famous temple planned,
(The seraph in his soul:)
Foremost to give the Lord his dues,
Foremost to bless the welcome news,
And foremost to condole.

Good—from Jehudah's genuine vein,
From God's best nature, good in grain,
His aspect and his heart:
To pity, to forgive, to save,
Witness En-gedi's conscious cave,
And Shimei's blunted dart.

Clean—if perpetual prayer be pure,
And love, which could itself inure
To fasting and to fear—
Clean in his gestures, hands, and feet,
To smite the lyre, the dance complete,
To play the sword and spear.

Sublime—invention ever young,
Of vast conception, towering tongue,
To God the eternal theme;
Notes from yon exaltations caught,
Unrivalled royalty of thought,
O'er meaner strains supreme.

Contemplative—on God to fix
His musings, and above the six
The Sabbath-day he blest;
'Twas then his thoughts self-conquest pruned,
And heavenly melancholy tuned,
To bless and bear the rest.

Serene—to sow the seeds of peace,
Remembering when he watched the fleece,
How sweetly Kidron purled—
To further knowledge, silence vice,
And plant perpetual paradise,
When God had calmed the world.

Strong—in the Lord, who could defy
Satan, and all his powers that lie
In sempiternal night;
And hell, and horror, and despair
Were as the lion and the bear
To his undaunted might.

Constant—in love to God, the Truth,
Age, manhood, infancy, and youth—
To Jonathan his friend
Constant, beyond the verge of death;
And Ziba, and Mephibosheth,
His endless fame attend.

Pleasant—and various as the year;
Man, soul, and angel without peer,
Priest, champion, sage, and boy;
In armour, or in ephod clad,
His pomp, his piety was glad;
Majestic was his joy.

Wise—in recovery from his fall,
Whence rose his eminence o'er all,
Of all the most reviled;
The light of Israel in his ways,
Wise are his precepts, prayer, and praise,
And counsel to his child.

His muse, bright angel of his verse,
Gives balm for all the thorns that pierce,
For all the pangs that rage;
Blest light, still gaining on the gloom,
The more than Michal of his bloom,
The Abishag of his age.

He sang of God—the mighty source
Of all things—the stupendous force
On which all strength depends;
From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes,
All period, power, and enterprise
Commences, reigns, and ends.

Angels—their ministry and meed,
Which to and fro with blessings speed,
Or with their citterns wait;
Where Michael, with his millions, bows,
Where dwells the seraph and his spouse,
The cherub and her mate.

Of man—the semblance and effect
Of God and love—the saint elect
For infinite applause—
To rule the land, and briny broad,
To be laborious in his laud,
And heroes in his cause.

The world—the clustering spheres he made,
The glorious light, the soothing shade,
Dale, champaign, grove, and hill;
The multitudinous abyss,
Where secrecy remains in bliss,
And wisdom hides her skill.

Trees, plants, and flowers—of virtuous root;
Gem yielding blossom, yielding fruit,
Choice gums and precious balm;
Bless ye the nosegay in the vale,
And with the sweetness of the gale
Enrich the thankful psalm.

Of fowl—e'en every beak and wing
Which cheer the winter, hail the spring,
That live in peace, or prey;
They that make music, or that mock,
The quail, the brave domestic cock,
The raven, swan, and jay.

Of fishes—every size and shape,
Which nature frames of light escape,
Devouring man to shun:
The shells are in the wealthy deep,
The shoals upon the surface leap,
And love the glancing sun.

Of beasts—the beaver plods his task;
While the sleek tigers roll and bask,
Nor yet the shades arouse;
Her cave the mining coney scoops;
Where o'er the mead the mountain stoops,
The kids exult and browse.

Of gems—their virtue and their price,
Which, hid in earth from man's device,
Their darts of lustre sheath;
The jasper of the master's stamp,
The topaz blazing like a lamp,
Among the mines beneath.

Blest was the tenderness he felt,
When to his graceful harp he knelt,
And did for audience call;
When Satan with his hand he quelled,
And in serene suspense he held
The frantic throes of Saul.

His furious foes no more maligned
As he such melody divined,
And sense and soul detained;
Now striking strong, now soothing soft,
He sent the godly sounds aloft,
Or in delight refrained.

When up to heaven his thoughts he piled,
From fervent lips fair Michal smiled,
As blush to blush she stood;
And chose herself the queen, and gave
Her utmost from her heart—'so brave,
And plays his hymns so good.'

The pillars of the Lord are seven,
Which stand from earth to topmost heaven;
His wisdom drew the plan;
His Word accomplished the design,
From brightest gem to deepest mine,
From Christ enthroned to man.*

Alpha, the cause of causes, first
In station, fountain, whence the burst
Of light and blaze of day;
Whence bold attempt, and brave advance,
Have motion, life, and ordinance,
And heaven itself its stay.

Gamma supports the glorious arch
On which angelic legions march,
And is with sapphires paved;
Thence the fleet clouds are sent adrift,
And thence the painted folds that lift
The crimson veil, are waved.

Eta with living sculpture breathes,
With verdant carvings, flowery wreathes
Of never-wasting bloom;
In strong relief his goodly base
All instruments of labour grace,
The trowel, spade, and loom.

Next Theta stands to the supreme—
Who formed in number, sign, and scheme,
The illustrious lights that are;
And one addressed his saffron robe,
And one, clad in a silver globe,
Held rule with every star.

Iota's tuned to choral hymns
Of those that fly, while he that swims
In thankful safety lurks;
And foot, and chapitre, and niche,
The various histories enrich
Of God's recorded works.

Sigma presents the social droves
With him that solitary roves,
And man of all the chief;
Fair on whose face, and stately frame,
Did God impress his hallowed name,
For ocular belief.

Omega! greatest and the best,
Stands sacred to the day of rest,
For gratitude and thought;
Which blessed the world upon his pole,
And gave the universe his goal,
And closed the infernal draught.

O David, scholar of the Lord!
Such is thy science, whence reward,
And infinite degree;
O strength, O sweetness, lasting ripe!
God's harp thy symbol, and thy type
The lion and the bee!

There is but One who ne'er rebelled,
But One by passion unimpelled,
By pleasures unenticed;
He from himself his semblance sent,
Grand object of his own content,
And saw the God in Christ.

Tell them, I Am, Jehovah said
To Moses; while earth heard in dread,
And, smitten to the heart,
At once above, beneath, around,
All nature, without voice or sound,
Replied, O Lord, Thou Art.

Thou art—to give and to confirm,
For each his talent and his term;
All flesh thy bounties share:
Thou shalt not call thy brother fool;
The porches of the Christian school
Are meekness, peace, and prayer.

Open and naked of offence,
Man's made of mercy, soul, and sense;
God armed the snail and wilk;
Be good to him that pulls thy plough;
Due food and care, due rest allow
For her that yields thee milk.

Rise up before the hoary head,
And God's benign commandment dread,
Which says thou shalt not die:
'Not as I will, but as thou wilt,'
Prayed He, whose conscience knew no guilt;
With whose blessed pattern vie.

Use all thy passions!—love is thine,
And joy and jealousy divine;
Thine hope's eternal fort,
And care thy leisure to disturb,
With fear concupiscence to curb,
And rapture to transport.

Act simply, as occasion asks;
Put mellow wine in seasoned casks;
Till not with ass and bull:
Remember thy baptismal bond;
Keep from commixtures foul and fond,
Nor work thy flax with wool.

Distribute; pay the Lord his tithe,
And make the widow's heart-strings blithe;
Resort with those that weep:
As you from all and each expect,
For all and each thy love direct,
And render as you reap.

The slander and its bearer spurn,
And propagating praise sojourn
To make thy welcome last;
Turn from old Adam to the New:
By hope futurity pursue:
Look upwards to the past.

Control thine eye, salute success,
Honour the wiser, happier bless,
And for thy neighbour feel;
Grutch not of mammon and his leaven,
Work emulation up to heaven
By knowledge and by zeal.

O David, highest in the list
Of worthies, on God's ways insist,
The genuine word repeat!
Vain are the documents of men,
And vain the flourish of the pen
That keeps the fool's conceit.

Praise above all—for praise prevails;
Heap up the measure, load the scales,
And good to goodness add:
The generous soul her Saviour aids,
But peevish obloquy degrades;
The Lord is great and glad.

For Adoration all the ranks
Of angels yield eternal thanks,
And David in the midst;
With God's good poor, which, last and least
In man's esteem, thou to thy feast,
O blessed bridegroom, bidst.

For Adoration seasons change,
And order, truth, and beauty range,
Adjust, attract, and fill:
The grass the polyanthus checks;
And polished porphyry reflects,
By the descending rill.

Rich almonds colour to the prime
For Adoration; tendrils climb,
And fruit-trees pledge their gems;
And Ivis, with her gorgeous vest,
Builds for her eggs her cunning nest,
And bell-flowers bow their stems.

With vinous syrup cedars spout;
From rocks pure honey gushing out,
For Adoration springs:
All scenes of painting crowd the map
Of nature; to the mermaid's pap
The scaled infant clings.

The spotted ounce and playsome cubs
Run rustling 'mongst the flowering shrubs,
And lizards feed the moss;
For Adoration beasts embark,
While waves upholding halcyon's ark
No longer roar and toss.

While Israel sits beneath his fig,
With coral root and amber sprig
The weaned adventurer sports;
Where to the palm the jasmine cleaves,
For Adoration 'mong the leaves
The gale his peace reports.

Increasing days their reign exalt,
Nor in the pink and mottled vault
The opposing spirits tilt;
And by the coasting reader spied,
The silverlings and crusions glide
For Adoration gilt.

For Adoration ripening canes,
And cocoa's purest milk detains
The western pilgrim's staff;
Where rain in clasping boughs enclosed,
And vines with oranges disposed,
Embower the social laugh.

Now labour his reward receives,
For Adoration counts his sheaves
To peace, her bounteous prince;
The nect'rine his strong tint imbibes,
And apples of ten thousand tribes,
And quick peculiar quince.

The wealthy crops of whitening rice
'Mongst thyine woods and groves of spice,
For Adoration grow;
And, marshalled in the fencëd land,
The peaches and pomegranates stand,
Where wild carnations blow.

The laurels with the winter strive:
The crocus burnishes alive
Upon the snow-clad earth:
For Adoration myrtles stay
To keep the garden from dismay,
And bless the sight from dearth.

The pheasant shows his pompous neck;
And ermine, jealous of a speck,
With fear eludes offence:
The sable, with his glossy pride,
For Adoration is descried,
Where frosts the wave condense.

The cheerful holly, pensive yew,
And holy thorn, their trim renew;
The squirrel hoards his nuts:
All creatures batten o'er their stores,
And careful nature all her doors
For Adoration shuts.

For Adoration, David's Psalms
Lift up the heart to deeds of alms;
And he, who kneels and chants,
Prevails his passions to control,
Finds meat and medicine to the soul,
Which for translation pants.

For Adoration, beyond match,
The scholar bulfinch aims to catch
The soft flute's ivory touch;
And, careless, on the hazel spray
The daring redbreast keeps at bay
The damsel's greedy clutch.

For Adoration, in the skies,
The Lord's philosopher espies
The dog, the ram, and rose;
The planets ring, Orion's sword;
Nor is his greatness less adored
In the vile worm that glows.

For Adoration, on the strings
The western breezes work their wings,
The captive ear to soothe—
Hark! 'tis a voice—how still, and small—
That makes the cataracts to fall,
Or bids the sea be smooth!

For Adoration, incense comes
From bezoar, and Arabian gums,
And from the civet's fur:
But as for prayer, or e'er it faints,
Far better is the breath of saints
Than galbanum or myrrh.

For Adoration, from the down
Of damsons to the anana's crown,
God sends to tempt the taste;
And while the luscious zest invites
The sense, that in the scene delights,
Commands desire be chaste.

For Adoration, all the paths
Of grace are open, all the baths
Of purity refresh;
And all the rays of glory beam
To deck the man of God's esteem,
Who triumphs o'er the flesh.

For Adoration, in the dome
Of Christ, the sparrows find a home;
And on his olives perch:
The swallow also dwells with thee,
O man of God's humility,
Within his Saviour's Church.

Sweet is the dew that falls betimes,
And drops upon the leafy limes;
Sweet Hermon's fragrant air:
Sweet is the lily's silver bell,
And sweet the wakeful tapers smell
That watch for early prayer.

Sweet the young nurse, with love intense,
Which smiles o'er sleeping innocence;
Sweet when the lost arrive:
Sweet the musician's ardour beats,
While his vague mind's in quest of sweets,
The choicest flowers to hive.

Sweeter, in all the strains of love,
The language of thy turtle dove,
Paired to thy swelling chord;
Sweeter, with every grace endued,
The glory of thy gratitude,
Respired unto the Lord.

Strong is the horse upon his speed;
Strong in pursuit the rapid glede,
Which makes at once his game:
Strong the tall ostrich on the ground;
Strong through the turbulent profound
Shoots xiphias to his aim.

Strong is the lion—like a coal
His eyeball—like a bastion's mole
His chest against the foes:
Strong the gier eagle on his sail,
Strong against tide the enormous whale
Emerges as he goes.

But stronger still in earth and air,
And in the sea the man of prayer,
And far beneath the tide:
And in the seat to faith assigned,
Where ask is have, where seek is find,
Where knock is open wide.

Beauteous the fleet before the gale;
Beauteous the multitudes in mail,
Ranked arms, and crested heads;
Beauteous the garden's umbrage mild,
Walk, water, meditated wild,
And all the bloomy beds.

Beauteous the moon full on the lawn;
And beauteous when the veil's withdrawn,
The virgin to her spouse:
Beauteous the temple, decked and filled,
When to the heaven of heavens they build
Their heart-directed vows.

Beauteous, yea beauteous more than these,
The Shepherd King upon his knees,
For his momentous trust;
With wish of infinite conceit,
For man, beast, mute, the small and great,
And prostrate dust to dust.

Precious the bounteous widow's mite;
And precious, for extreme delight,
The largess from the churl:
Precious the ruby's blushing blaze,
And alba's blest imperial rays,
And pure cerulean pearl.

Precious the penitential tear;
And precious is the sigh sincere;
Acceptable to God:
And precious are the winning flowers,
In gladsome Israel's feast of bowers,
Bound on the hallowed sod.

More precious that diviner part
Of David, even the Lord's own heart,
Great, beautiful, and new:
In all things where it was intent,
In all extremes, in each event,
Proof—answering true to true.

Glorious the sun in mid career;
Glorious the assembled fires appear;
Glorious the comet's train:
Glorious the trumpet and alarm;
Glorious the Almighty's stretched-out arm;
Glorious the enraptured main:

Glorious the northern lights astream;
Glorious the song, when God's the theme;
Glorious the thunder's roar:
Glorious hosannah from the den;
Glorious the catholic amen;
Glorious the martyr's gore:

Glorious—more glorious is the crown
Of Him that brought salvation down,
By meekness called thy Son;
Thou that stupendous truth believed,
And now the matchless deed's achieved,
Determined, Dared, and Done.

RICHARD GLOVER.

RICHARD GLOVER (1712-1785), a London merchant, who sat several years in parliament as member for Weymouth, was distinguished in private life for his spirit and independence. He published two elaborate poems in blank verse, *Leonidas* and *The Athenaid*, the former bearing reference to the memorable defence of Thermopylæ, and the latter continuing the war between the Greeks and Persians. The length of these poems, their want of sustained interest, and lesser peculiarities not suited to the existing poetical taste, render them next to unknown in the present day. Yet there is smoothness and even vigour, a calm moral

dignity and patriotic elevation in [illegible] which might even yet find admirers. [illegible] is said to have exclaimed, when he heard of the work of Glover, 'He write an epic poem, who never saw a mountain!' Yet Thomson himself, familiar as he was in his youth with mountain scenery, was tame and commonplace when he ventured on classic or epic subjects. The following passage is lofty and energetic:—

[*Address of Leonidas.*]

He alone
Remains unshaken. Rising, he displays
His godlike presence. Dignity and grace
Adorn his frame, and manly beauty, joined
With strength Herculean. On his aspect shines
Sublimest virtue and desire of fame,
Where justice gives the laurel; in his eye
The inextinguishable spark, which fires
The souls of patriots; while his brow supports
Undaunted valour, and contempt of death.
Serene he rose, and thus addressed the throng:
'Why this astonishment on every face,
Ye men of Sparta? Does the name of death
Create this fear and wonder? O my friends!
Why do we labour through the arduous paths
Which lead to virtue? Fruitless were the toil.
Above the reach of human feet were placed
The distant summit, if the fear of death
Could intercept our passage. But in vain
His blackest frowns and terrors he assumes
To shake the firmness of the mind which knows
That, wanting virtue, life is pain and wo;
That, wanting liberty, even virtue mourns,
And looks around for happiness in vain.
Then speak, O Sparta! and demand my life;
My heart, exulting, answers to thy call,
And smiles on glorious fate. To live with fame
The gods allow to many; but to die
With equal lustre is a blessing Heaven
Selects from all the choicest boons of fate,
And with a sparing hand on few bestows.'
Salvation thus to Sparta he proclaimed.
Joy, wrapt awhile in admiration, paused,
Suspending praise; nor praise at last resounds
In high acclaim to rend the arch of heaven;
A reverential murmur breathes applause.

The nature of the poem affords scope for interesting situations and descriptions of natural objects in a romantic country, which Glover occasionally avails himself of with good effect. There is great beauty and classic elegance in this sketch of the fountain at the dwelling of Oileus:—

Beside the public way an oval fount
Of marble sparkled with a silver spray
Of falling rills, collected from above.
The army halted, and their hollow casques
Dipped in the limpid stream. Behind it rose
An edifice, composed of native roots,
And oaken trunks of knotted girth unwrought.
Within were beds of moss. Old battered arms
Hung from the roof. The curious chiefs approach.
These words, engraven on a tablet rude,
Megistias reads; the rest in silence hear:
'Yon marble fountain, by Oileus placed,
To thirsty lips in living water flows;
For weary steps he framed this cool retreat;
A grateful offering here to rural peace,
His dinted shield, his helmet he resigned.
O passenger! if born to noble deeds,
Thou would'st obtain perpetual grace from Jove,
Devote thy vigour to heroic toils,
And thy decline to hospitable cares.
Rest here; then seek Oileus in his vale.'

In the 'Athenais' we have a continuation of the same classic story and landscape. The following is an exquisite description of a night scene:—

Silver Phœbe spreads
A light, reposing on the quiet lake,
Save where the snowy rival of her hue,
The gliding swan, behind him leaves a trail
In luminous vibration. Lo! an isle
Swells on the surface. Marble structures there
New gloss of beauty borrow from the moon
To deck the shore. Now silence gently yields
To measured strokes of oars. The orange groves,
In rich profusion round the fertile verge,
Impart to fanning breezes fresh perfumes
Exhaustless, visiting the scene with sweets,
Which soften even Briareus; but the son
Of Gobryas, heavy with devouring care,
Uncharmed, unheeding sits.

The scene presented by the shores of Salamis on the morning of the battle is thus strikingly depicted. The poet gives no burst of enthusiasm to kindle up his page, and his versification retains most of its usual hardness and want of flow and cadence; yet the assemblage described is so vast and magnificent, and his enumeration is so varied, that the picture carries with it a host of spirit-stirring associations:—

[*The Armies at Salamis.*]

O sun! thou o'er Athenian towers,
The citadel and fanes in ruin huge,
Dost, rising now, illuminate a scene
More new, more wondrous to thy piercing eye
Than ever time disclosed. Phaleron's wave
Presents three thousand barks in pendants rich;
Spectators, clustering like Hymettian bees,
Hang on the burdened shrouds, the bending yards,
The reeling masts; the whole Cecropian strand,
Far as Eleusis, seat of mystic rites,
Is thronged with millions, male and female race,
Of Asia and of Libya, ranked on foot,
On horses, camels, cars. Ægaleos tall,
Half down his long declivity, where spreads
A mossy level, on a throne of gold,
Displays the king, environed by his court,
In oriental pomp; the hill behind
By warriors covered, like some trophy huge,
Ascends in varied arms and banners clad;
Below the monarch's feet the immortal guard,
Line under line, erect their gaudy spears;
The arrangement, shelving downward to the beach,
Is edged by chosen horse. With blazing steel
Of Attic arms encircled, from the deep
Psyttalia lifts her surface to the sight,
Like Ariadne's heaven-bespangling crown,
A wreath of stars; beyond, in dread array,
The Grecian fleet, four hundred galleys, fill
The Salaminian Straits; barbarian prows
In two divisions point to either mouth
Six hundred brazen beaks of tower-like ships,
Unwieldy bulks; the gently-swelling soil
Of Salamis, rich island, bounds the view.
Along her silver-sanded verge arrayed,
The men-at-arms exalt their naval spears,
Of length terrific. All the tender sex,
Ranked by Timothea, from a green ascent,
Look down in beauteous order on their sires,
Their husbands, lovers, brothers, sons, prepared
To mount the rolling deck. The younger dames
In bridal robes are clad; the matrons sage,
In solemn raiment, worn on sacred days;
But white in vesture, like their maiden breasts,
Where Zephyr plays, uplifting with his breath
The loosely-waving folds, a chosen line
Of Attic graces in the front is placed;
From each fair head the tresses fall, entwined

With newly-gathered flowerets; chaplets gay
The snowy hand sustains; the native curls,
O'ershading half, augment their powerful charms;
While Venus, tempered by Minerva, fills
Their eyes with ardour, pointing every glance
To animate, not soften. From on high
Her large controlling orbs Timothea rolls,
Surpassing all in stature, not unlike
In majesty of shape the wife of Jove,
Presiding o'er the empyreal fair.

A popular vitality has been awarded to a ballad of Glover's, while his epics have sunk into oblivion:—

Admiral Hosier's Ghost.

[Written on the taking of Carthagena from the Spaniards, 1739.]

[The case of Hosier, which is here so pathetically represented, was briefly this:—In April 1726, that commander was sent with a strong fleet into the Spanish West Indies, to block up the galleons in the ports of that country; or, should they presume to come out, to seize and carry them into England. He accordingly arrived at the Bastimentos near Portobello; but being restricted by his orders from obeying the dictates of his courage, lay inactive on that station until he became the jest of the Spaniards. He afterwards removed to Carthagena, and continued cruising in those seas until the far greater part of his men perished deplorably by the diseases of that unhealthy climate. This brave man, seeing his best officers and men thus daily swept away, his ships exposed to inevitable destruction, and himself made the sport of the enemy, is said to have died of a broken heart.]

As near Portobello lying
  On the gentle-swelling flood,
At midnight, with streamers flying,
  Our triumphant navy rode;

There while Vernon sat all glorious
  From the Spaniards' late defeat,
And his crews, with shouts victorious,
  Drank success to England's fleet:

On a sudden, shrilly sounding,
  Hideous yells and shrieks were heard;
Then, each heart with fear confounding,
  A sad troop of ghosts appeared;

All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
  Which for winding-sheets they wore,
And, with looks by sorrow clouded,
  Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleamed the moon's wan lustre,
  When the shade of Hosier brave,
His pale bands were seen to muster,
  Rising from their watery grave:

O'er the glimmering wave he hied him,
  Where the Burford reared her sail,
With three thousand ghosts beside him,
  And in groans did Vernon hail.

Heed, oh, heed our fatal story!
  I am Hosier's injured ghost;
You who now have purchased glory
  At this place where I was lost:

Though in Portobello's ruin,
  You now triumph free from fears,
When you think on my undoing,
  You will mix your joys with tears.

See these mournful spectres sweeping
  Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
Whose wan cheeks are stained with weeping;
  These were English captains brave.

Mark those numbers, pale and horrid,
  Who were once my sailors bold;
Lo! each hangs his drooping forehead,
  While his dismal tale is told.

I, by twenty sail attended,
  Did this Spanish town affright;
Nothing then its wealth defended
  But my orders—not to fight!

Oh! that in this rolling ocean
  I had cast them with disdain,
And obeyed my heart's warm motion,
  To have quelled the pride of Spain!

For resistance I could fear none;
  But with twenty ships had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
  Hast achieved with six alone.

Then the Bastimentos never
  Had our foul dishonour seen,
Nor the seas the sad receiver
  Of this gallant train had been.

Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
  And her galleons leading home,
Though condemned for disobeying,
  I had met a traitor's doom:

To have fallen, my country crying,
  'He has played an English part,'
Had been better far than dying
  Of a grieved and broken heart.

Unrepining at thy glory,
  Thy successful arms we hail;
But remember our sad story,
  And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.

Sent in this foul clime to languish,
  Think what thousands fell in vain,
Wasted with disease and anguish,
  Not in glorious battle slain.

Hence with all my train attending,
  From their oozy tombs below,
Through the hoary foam ascending,
  Here I feed my constant wo.

Here the Bastimentos viewing,
  We recall our shameful doom,
And, our plaintive cries renewing,
  Wander through the midnight gloom.

O'er these waves forever mourning
  Shall we roam, deprived of rest,
If, to Britain's shores returning,
  You neglect my just request;

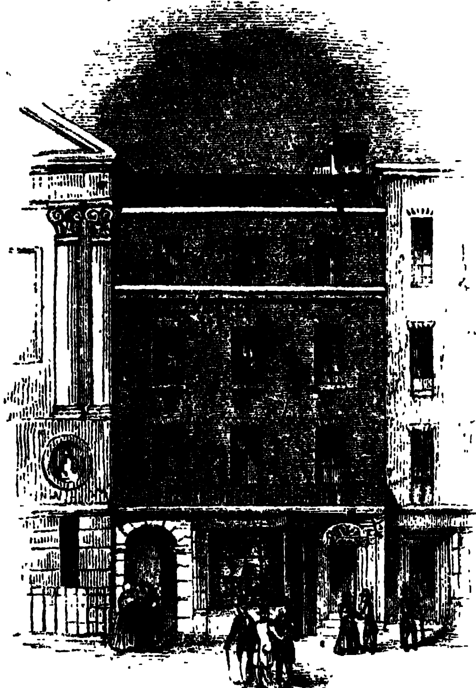
After this proud foe subduing,
  When your patriot friends you see,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
  And for England—shamed in me.

The poets who follow are a secondary class, few of whom are now noted for more than one or two favourite pieces.

ROBERT DODSLEY.

ROBERT DODSLEY (1703–1764) was an able and spirited publisher of his day, the friend of literature and of literary men. He projected the *Annual Register*, in which Burke was engaged, and he was the first to collect and republish the 'Old English Plays,' which form the foundation of our national drama. Dodsley wrote an excellent little moral treatise, *The*

Economy of Human Life, which was attributed to Lord Chesterfield, and he was author of some dra-



Dodsley's House and Shop in Pall Mall.

matic pieces and poetical effusions. He was always attached to literature, and this, aided by his excellent conduct, raised him from the low condition of a livery servant, to be one of the most influential and respectable men of the times in which he lived.

[*Song—The Parting Kiss.*]

One kind wish before we part,
  Drop a tear, and bid adieu:
Though we sever, my fond heart,
  Till we meet, shall pant for you.

Yet, yet weep not so, my love,
  Let me kiss that falling tear;
Though my body must remove,
  All my soul will still be here.

All my soul, and all my heart,
  And every wish shall pant for you;
One kind kiss, then, ere we part,
  Drop a tear, and bid adieu.

SAMUEL BISHOP.

Samuel Bishop (1731–1795) was an English clergyman, Master of Merchant Tailors' School, London, and author of some miscellaneous essays and poems. The best of his poetry was devoted to the praise of his wife; and few can read such lines as the following without believing that Bishop was an amiable and happy man:—

To Mrs Bishop, on the Anniversary of her Wedding-Day, which was also her Birth-Day, with a Ring.

'Thee, Mary, with this ring I wed'—
So, fourteen years ago, I said.
Behold another ring!—'For what?'
'To wed thee o'er again?' Why not?
  With that first ring I married youth,
Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth;
Taste long admired, sense long revered,
And all my Molly then appeared.
  If she, by merit since disclosed,
Prove twice the woman I supposed,
I plead that double merit now,
To justify a double vow.
  Here, then, to-day (with faith as sure,
With ardour as intense, as pure,
As when, amidst the rites divine,
I took thy troth, and plighted mine),
To thee, sweet girl, my second ring
A token and a pledge I bring:
With this I wed, till death us part,
Thy riper virtues to my heart;
Those virtues which, before untried,
The wife has added to the bride;
Those virtues, whose progressive claim,
Endearing wedlock's very name,
My soul enjoys, my song approves,
For conscience' sake as well as love's.
  And why?—They show me every hour
Honour's high thought, Affection's power,
Discretion's deed, sound Judgment's sentence,
And teach me all things—but repentance.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

'It is not Sir William Jones's poetry,' says Mr Southey, 'that can perpetuate his name.' This is true: it was as an oriental scholar and legislator, an enlightened lawyer and patriot, that he earned his laurels. His profound learning and philological researches (he was master of twenty-eight languages) were the wonder and admiration of his contemporaries. Sir William was born in London in 1746.



Sir William Jones.

His father was an eminent mathematician, but died when his son was only three years of age. The care of educating young Jones devolved upon his mother, who was well qualified for the duty by her virtues and extensive learning. When in his fifth year, the imagination of the young scholar was caught by the sublime description of the angel in the tenth chapter of the Apocalypse, and the impression was never effaced. In 1753 he was placed

at Harrow school, where he continued nearly ten years, and became an accomplished and critical classical scholar. He did not confine himself merely to the ancient authors usually studied, but added a knowledge of the Arabic characters, and acquired sufficient Hebrew to read the Psalms. In 1764 he was entered of University college, Oxford. Here his taste for oriental literature continued, and he engaged a native of Aleppo, whom he had discovered in London, to act as his preceptor. He also assiduously perused the Greek poets and historians. In his nineteenth year, Jones accepted an offer to be private tutor to Lord Althorp, afterwards Earl Spencer. A fellowship at Oxford was also conferred upon him, and thus the scholar was relieved from the fear of want, and enabled to pursue his favourite and unremitting studies. An opportunity of displaying one branch of his acquirements was afforded in 1768. The king of Denmark in that year visited England, and brought with him an eastern manuscript, containing the life of Nadir Shah, which he wished translated into French. Jones executed this arduous task, being, as Lord Teignmouth, his biographer, remarks, the only oriental scholar in England adequate to the performance. He still continued in the noble family of Spencer, and in 1769 accompanied his pupil to the continent. Next year, feeling anxious to attain an independent station in life, he entered himself a student of the Temple, and, applying himself with his characteristic ardour to his new profession, he contemplated with pleasure the 'stately edifice of the laws of England,' and mastered their most important principles and details. In 1774 he published *Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry*, but finding that jurisprudence was a jealous mistress, and would not admit the eastern muses to participate in his attentions, he devoted himself for some years exclusively to his legal studies. A patriotic feeling was mingled with this resolution. 'Had I lived at Rome or Athens,' he said, 'I should have preferred the labours, studies, and dangers of their orators and illustrious citizens—connected as they were with banishment and even death—to the groves of the poets or the gardens of the philosophers. Here I adopt the same resolution. The constitution of England is in no respect inferior to that of Rome or Athens.' Jones now practised at the bar, and was appointed one of the Commissioners of Bankrupts. In 1778, he published a translation of the speeches of Isæus, in causes concerning the law of succession to property at Athens, to which he added notes and a commentary. The stirring events of the time in which he lived were not beheld without strong interest by this accomplished scholar. He was decidedly opposed to the American war and to the slave trade, then so prevalent, and in 1781 he produced his noble *Alcaic Ode*, animated by the purest spirit of patriotism, and a high strain of poetical enthusiasm. He also joined in representing the necessity that existed for a reform of the electoral system in England. But though he made speeches and wrote pamphlets in favour of liberty and pure government, Jones was no party man, and was desirous, he said, of being transported to the distance of five thousand leagues from all the fatal discord of contending politicians. His wishes were soon accomplished. He was appointed one of the judges of the supreme court at Fort William, in Bengal, and the honour of knighthood was conferred upon him. He married the daughter of Dr Shipley, bishop of St Asaph; and in April 1783, in his thirty-seventh year, he embarked for India, never to return. Sir William Jones entered upon his judicial functions with all the advantages of a high reputation, unsullied integrity, disinterested benevolence, and unwearied perseverance. In the intervals of leisure from his duties, he directed his attention to scientific objects, and established a society in Calcutta to promote inquiries by the ingenious, and to concentrate the knowledge to be collected in Asia. In 1784, his health being affected by the climate and the closeness of his application, he made a tour through various parts of India, in the course of which he wrote *The Enchanted Fruit, or Hindoo Wife*, a poetical tale, and a *Treatise on the Gods of Greece, Italy, and India*. He also studied the Sanscrit language, being unwilling to continue at the mercy of the Pundits, who dealt out Hindoo law as they pleased. Some translations from oriental authors, and original poems and essays, he contributed to a periodical established at Calcutta, entitled *The Asiatic Miscellany*. He meditated an epic poem on the Discovery of England by Brutus, to which his knowledge of Hindoo mythology suggested a new machinery, the agency of Hindoo deities. To soften the violence of the fiction into harmony with probability, the poet conceived the future comprehension of Hindostan within the circle of British dominion, as prospectively visible in the age of Brutus, to the guardian angels of the Indian peninsula. This gorgeous design he had matured so far as to write the arguments of the intended books of his epic, but the poem itself he did not live to attempt. In 1789 Sir William translated an ancient Indian drama, *Sacontala, or the Fatal Ring*, which exhibits a picture of Hindoo manners in the century preceding the Christian era. He engaged to compile a digest of Hindoo and Mahometan laws; and in 1794 he translated the *Ordinances of Menu* or the Hindoo system of duties, religious and civil. His motive to this task, like his inducement to the digest, was to aid the benevolent intentions of our legislature in securing to the natives, in a qualified degree, the administration of justice by their own laws. Eager to accomplish his digest, Sir William Jones remained in India after the delicate health of Lady Jones compelled her departure in December 1793. He proposed to follow her in the ensuing season, but in April he was seized with inflammation of the liver, which terminated fatally, after an illness of one week, on the 27th of April 1794. Every honour was paid to his remains, and the East India Company erected a monument to his memory in St Paul's Cathedral. The attainments of Sir William Jones were so profound and various, that it is difficult to conceive how he had comprised them in his short life of forty-eight years. As a linguist he has probably never been surpassed; for his knowledge extended to a critical study of the literature and antiquities of various nations. As a lawyer he had attained to a high rank in England, and he was the Justinian of India. In general science there were few departments of which he was ignorant: in chemistry, mathematics, botany, and music, he was equally proficient. 'He seems,' says his biographer, 'to have acted on this maxim, that whatever had been attained was attainable by him; and he was never observed to overlook or to neglect any opportunity of adding to his accomplishments or to his knowledge. When in India, his studies began with the dawn; and in seasons of intermission from professional duty, continued throughout the day; meditation retraced and confirmed what reading had collected or investigation discovered. By a regular application of time to particular occupations, he pursued various objects without confusion; and in undertakings which depended on his individual perseverance, he was never deterred by difficulties from proceeding to a successful termination.' With respect to the

division of his time, Sir William Jones had written in India, on a small piece of paper, the following lines:—

Sir Edward Coke:

Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six,
Four spend in prayer—the rest on nature fix.

Rather:

Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot, and *all* to heaven.*

The poems of Sir William Jones have been collected and printed in two small volumes. An early collection was published by himself, dedicated to the Countess Spencer, in 1772. They consist of a few original pieces in English and Latin, and translations from Petrarch and Pindar; paraphrases of Turkish and Chinese odes, hymns on subjects of Hindoo mythology, Indian Tales, and a few songs from the Persian. Of these the beautiful lyric from Hafiz is the most valuable. The taste of Sir William Jones was early turned towards eastern poetry, in which he was captivated with new images, expressions, and allegories, but there is a want of chasteness and simplicity in most of these productions. The name of their illustrious author 'reflects credit,' as Campbell remarks, 'on poetical biography, but his secondary fame as a composer shows that the palm of poetry is not likely to be won, even by great genius, without exclusive devotion to the pursuit.'

An Ode, in Imitation of Alcæus.

What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlement or laboured mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned:
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No: men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain.
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:
These constitute a state,
And sovereign Law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill;
Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend Discretion like a vapour sinks,
And e'en the all-dazzling Crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.

Such was this heaven-loved isle,
Than Lesbos fairer, and the Cretan shore!
No more shall Freedom smile?
Shall Britons languish, and be men no more?
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards, which decorate the brave,
'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

* As respects sleep, the example of Sir Walter Scott may be added to that of Sir William Jones, for the great novelist has stated that he required seven hours of total unconsciousness to fit him for the duties of the day.

A Persian Song of Hafiz.

Sweet maid, if thou would'st charm my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck enfold;
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say:
Tell them, their Eden cannot show
A stream so clear as Rocnabad,
A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

O! when these fair perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
Their dear destructive charms display,
Each glance my tender breast invades,
And robs my wounded soul of rest,
As Tartars seize their destined prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow:
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
New lustre to those charms impart?
Can cheeks, where living roses blow,
Where nature spreads her richest dyes,
Require the borrowed gloss of art?

Speak not of fate: ah! change the theme,
And talk of odours, talk of wine,
Talk of the flowers that round us bloom:
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream;
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless power,
That even the chaste Egyptian dame
Sighed for the blooming Hebrew boy:
For her how fatal was the hour,
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear
(Youth should attend when those advise
Whom long experience renders sage):
While music charms the ravished ear;
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay, and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard?
And yet, by Heaven, I love thee still:
Can aught be cruel from thy lip?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which nought but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung:
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say;
But oh! far sweeter, if they please
The nymph for whom these notes are sung!

The Concluding Sentence of Berkeley's Siris Imitated.

Before thy mystic altar, heavenly Truth,
I kneel in manhood as I knelt in youth:
Thus let me kneel, till this dull form decay,
And life's last shade be brightened by thy ray:
Then shall my soul, now lost in clouds below,
Soar without bound, without consuming glow.*

* The following is the last sentence of the Siris:—'He that would make a real progress in knowledge must dedicate his age as well as youth, the latter growth as well as the first fruits, at the altar of Truth.'

Tetrastic—From the Persian.

On parent knees, a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled;
So live, that sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou mayst smile, while all around thee weep.

FRANCIS FAWKES.

FRANCIS FAWKES (1721–1777) translated Anacreon, Sappho, Bion, and other classic poets, and wrote some pleasing original verses. He was a clergyman, and died vicar of Hayes, in Kent. Fawkes enjoyed the friendship of Johnson and Warton; but, however classic in his tastes and studies, he seems, like Oldys, to have relished a cup of English ale. The following song is still, and will always be, a favourite:—

The Brown Jug.

Dear Tom, this brown jug that now foams with mild ale,
(In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the vale)
Was once Toby Fillpot, a thirsty old soul,
As e'er drank a bottle, or fathomed a bowl;
In bousing about 'twas his praise to excel,
And among jolly topers he bore off the bell.

It chanced as in dog-days he sat at his ease,
In his flower-woven arbour, as gay as you please,
With a friend and a pipe puffing sorrows away,
And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,
His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,
And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body when long in the ground it had lain,
And time into clay had resolved it again,
A potter found out in its covert so snug,
And with part of fat Toby he formed this brown jug;
Now sacred to friendship, and mirth, and mild ale,
So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale!

Johnson acknowledged that 'Frank Fawkes had done the Odes of Anacreon very finely.'

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD.

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD (1715–1785) succeeded to the office of poet-laureate, after it had been refused by Gray. He was the son of a baker in Cambridge, and distinguished himself at Winchester school, on leaving which he obtained a scholarship at Clare-hall, in the university of his native town. He was afterwards tutor to the son of the Earl of Jersey. Whitehead had a taste for the drama, and wrote *The Roman Father*, and *Creusa*, two indifferent plays. After he had received his appointment as laureate, he was attacked by Churchill, and a host of inferior satirists, but he wisely made no reply. In the family of Lord Jersey he enjoyed comfort and happiness, till death, at seventy, put a period to his inoffensive life.

Variety.

[This easy and playful poem opens with the description of a rural pair of easy fortune, who live much apart from society.]

Two smiling springs had waked the flowers
That paint the meads, or fringe the bowers,
(Ye lovers, lend your wondering ears,
Who count by months, and not by years),
Two smiling springs had chaplets wove
To crown their solitude, and love:
When, lo! they find, they can't tell how,
Their walks are not so pleasant now.
The seasons sure were changed; the place
Had, somehow, got a different face,
Some blast had struck the cheerful scene;
The lawns, the woods were not so green.
The purling rill, which murmured by,
And once was liquid harmony,
Became a sluggish, reedy pool;
The days grew hot, the evenings cool.
The moon, with all the starry reign,
Were melancholy's silent train.
And then the tedious winter night—
They could not read by candle-light.
Full oft, unknowing why they did,
They called in adventitious aid.
A faithful favourite dog ('twas thus
With Tobit and Telemachus)
Amused their steps; and for a while
They viewed his gambols with a smile.
The kitten, too, was comical,
She played so oddly with her tail,
Or in the glass was pleased to find
Another cat, and peeped behind.
A courteous neighbour at the door,
Was deemed intrusive noise no more.
For rural visits, now and then,
Are right, as men must live with men.
Then cousin Jenny, fresh from town,
A new recruit, a dear delight!
Made many a heavy hour go down,
At morn, at noon, at eve, at night:
Sure they could hear her jokes for ever,
She was so sprightly and so clever!
Yet neighbours were not quite the thing—
What joy, alas! could converse bring
With awkward creatures bred at home—
The dog grew dull, or troublesome,
The cat had spoiled the kitten's merit,
And, with her youth, had lost her spirit.
And jokes repeated o'er and o'er,
Had quite exhausted Jenny's store.
—'And then, my dear, I can't abide
This always sauntering side by side.'
'Enough!' he cries, 'the reason's plain:
For causes never rack your brain.
Our neighbours are like other folks;
Skip's playful tricks, and Jenny's jokes,
Are still delightful, still would please,
Were we, my dear, ourselves at ease.
Look round, with an impartial eye,
On yonder fields, on yonder sky;
The azure cope, the flowers below,
With all their wonted colours glow;
The rill still murmurs; and the moon
Shines, as she did, a softer sun.
No change has made the seasons fail,
No comet brushed us with his tail.
The scene's the same, the same the weather—
We live, my dear, too much together.'
Agreed. A rich old uncle dies,
And added wealth the means supplies.
With eager haste to town they flew,
Where all must please, for all was new.
Why should we paint, in tedious song,
How every day, and all day long,
They drove at first with curious haste
Through Lud's vast town; or, as they passed
'Midst risings, fallings, and repairs
Of streets on streets, and squares on squares,
Describe how strong their wonder grew
At buildings—and at builders too?
When Night her murky pinions spread,
And sober folks retire to bed,
To every public place they flew,
Where Jenny told them who was who.
Money was always at command,
And tripped with pleasure hand in hand.
Money was equipage, was show,
Gallini's, Almack's, and Soho;

The *passe-partout* through every vein
Of dissipation's hydra reign.
  Suffice it, that by just degrees
They reached all heights, and rose with ease;
(For beauty wins its way uncalled,
And ready dupes are ne'er black-balled.)
Each gambling dame she knew, and he
Knew every shark of quality;
From the grave cautious few who live
On thoughtless youth, and living thrive,
To the light train who mimic France,
And the soft sons of *nonchalance*.
While Jenny, now no more of use,
Excuse succeeding to excuse,
Grew piqued, and prudently withdrew
To shilling whist, and chicken loo.
  Advanced to fashion's wavering head,
They now, where once they followed, led;
Devised new systems of delight,
A-bed all day, and up all night,
In different circles reigned supreme;
Wives copied her, and husbands him;
Till so *divinely* life ran on,
So separate, so quite *bon-ton*,
That, meeting in a public place,
They scarcely knew each other's face.
  At last they met, by his desire,
A *tête-à-tête* across the fire;
Looked in each other's face awhile,
With half a tear, and half a smile.
The ruddy health, which wont to grace
With manly glow his rural face
Now scarce retained its faintest streak,
So sallow was his leathern cheek.
She, lank and pale, and hollow-eyed,
With rouge had striven in vain to hide
What once was beauty, and repair
The rapine of the midnight air.
  Silence is eloquence, 'tis said.
Both wished to speak, both hung the head.
At length it burst. ''Tis time,' he cries,
'When tired of folly, to be wise.
Are you too tired?'—then checked a groan.
She wept consent, and he went on:
  'How delicate the married life!
You love your husband, I my wife;
Not even satiety could tame,
Nor dissipation quench the flame.
  True to the bias of our kind,
'Tis happiness we wish to find.
In rural scenes retired we sought
In vain the dear, delicious draught,
Though blest with love's indulgent store,
We found we wanted something more.
'Twas company, 'twas friends to share
The bliss we languished to declare;
'Twas social converse, change of scene,
To soothe the sullen hour of spleen;
Short absences to wake desire,
And sweet regrets to fan the fire.
  We left the lonesome place, and found,
In dissipation's giddy round,
A thousand novelties to wake
The springs of life, and not to break.
As, from the nest not wandering far,
In light excursions through the air,
The feathered tenants of the grove
Around in mazy circles move,
Sip the cool springs that murmuring flow,
Or taste the blossom on the bough;
We sported freely with the rest;
And still, returning to the nest,
In easy mirth we chatted o'er
The trifles of the day before.
  Behold us now, dissolving quite
In the full ocean of delight;
In pleasures every hour employ,
Immersed in all the world calls joy;
Our affluence easing the expense
Of splendour and magnificence;
Our company, the exalted set
Of all that's gay, and all that's great:
Nor happy yet! and where's the wonder!
We live, my dear, too much asunder!'
  The moral of my tale is this:
Variety's the soul of bliss;
But such variety alone
As makes our home the more our own.
As from the heart's impelling power
The life-blood pours its genial store;
Though taking each a various way,
The active streams meandering play
Through every artery, every vein,
All to the heart return again;
From thence resume their new career,
But still return and centre there;
So real happiness below
Must from the heart sincerely flow;
Nor, listening to the syren's song,
Must stray too far, or rest too long.
All human pleasures thither tend;
Must there begin, and there must end;
Must there recruit their languid force,
And gain fresh vigour from their source.

DR JAMES GRAINGER.

DR JAMES GRAINGER (1721-1766) was, according to his own statement, seen by Mr Prior, the biographer of Goldsmith, 'of a gentleman's family in Cumberland.' He studied medicine in Edinburgh, was in the army, and, on the peace, established himself as a medical practitioner in London. His poem of *Solitude* appeared in 1755, and was praised by Johnson, who considered the opening 'very noble.' Grainger wrote several other pieces, translated Tibullus, and was a critic in the Monthly Review. In 1759 he went to St Christophers, in the West Indies, commenced practising as a physician, and married a lady of fortune. During his residence there, he wrote his poem of the *Sugar-Cane*, which Shenstone thought capable of being *rendered* a good poem: and the arguments in which, Southey says, are 'ludicrously flat and formal.' One point is certainly ridiculous enough; 'he very poetically,' says Campbell, 'dignifies the poor negroes with the name of "swains."' Grainger died in the West Indies.

Ode to Solitude.

O Solitude, romantic maid!
Whether by nodding towers you tread,
Or haunt the desert's trackless gloom,
Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,
Or climb the Andes' clifted side,
Or by the Nile's coy source abide,
Or starting from your half-year's sleep,
From Hecla view the thawing deep,
Or, at the purple dawn of day,
Tadmor's marble wastes survey,
You, recluse, again, I woo,
And again your steps pursue.

Plumed Conceit himself surveying,
Folly with her shadow playing,
Purse-proud, elbowing Insolence,
Bloated empiric, puffed Pretence,
Noise that through a trumpet speaks,
Laughter in loud peals that breaks,
Intrusion with a fopling's face,
(Ignorant of time and place),

Sparks of fire Dissension blowing,
Ductile, court-bred Flattery, bowing,
Restraint's stiff neck, Grimace's leer,
Squint-eyed Censure's artful sneer,
Ambition's buskins, steeped in blood,
Fly thy presence, Solitude.

Sage Reflection, bent with years,
Conscious Virtue void of fears,
Muffled Silence, wood-nymph shy,
Meditation's piercing eye,
Halcyon Peace on moss reclined,
Retrospect that scans the mind,
Wrapt earth-gazing Reverie,
Blushing artless Modesty,
Health that snuffs the morning air,
Full-eyed Truth with bosom bare,
Inspiration, Nature's child,
Seek the solitary wild.

You, with the tragic muse retired,
The wise Euripides inspired;
You taught the sadly-pleasing air
That Athens saved from ruins bare.
You gave the Cean's tears to flow,
And unlocked the springs of wo;
You penned what exiled Naso thought,
And poured the melancholy note.
With Petrarch o'er Vaucluse you strayed,
When death snatched his long-loved maid;
You taught the rocks her loss to mourn,
Ye strewed with flowers her virgin urn.
And late in Hagley you were seen,
With bloodshot eyes, and sombre mien;
Hymen his yellow vestment tore,
And Dirge a wreath of cypress wore.
But chief your own the solemn lay
That wept Narcissa young and gay;
Darkness clapped her sable wing,
While you touched the mournful string;
Anguish left the pathless wild,
Grim-faced Melancholy smiled,
Drowsy Midnight ceased to yawn,
The starry host put back the dawn;
Aside their harps even seraphs flung
To hear thy sweet Complaint, O Young!
When all nature's hushed asleep,
Nor Love nor Guilt their vigils keep,
Soft you leave your caverned den,
And wander o'er the works of men;
But when Phosphor brings the dawn
By her dappled coursers drawn,
Again you to the wild retreat
And the early huntsman meet,
Where, as you pensive pace along,
You catch the distant shepherd's song,
Or brush from herbs the pearly dew,
Or the rising primrose view.
Devotion lends her heaven-plumed wings,
You mount, and nature with you sings.
But when mid-day fervours glow,
To upland airy shades you go,
Where never sunburnt woodman came,
Nor sportsman chased the timid game;
And there beneath an oak reclined,
With drowsy waterfalls behind,
You sink to rest.
Till the tuneful bird of night
From the neighbouring poplar's height,
Wake you with her solemn strain,
And teach pleased Echo to complain.

With you roses brighter bloom,
Sweeter every sweet perfume;
Purer every fountain flows,
Stronger every wildling grows.
Let those toil for gold who please,
Or for fame renounce their ease.
What is fame? an empty bubble.
Gold? a transient shining trouble.
Let them for their country bleed,
What was Sidney's, Raleigh's meed?
Man's not worth a moment's pain,
Base, ungrateful, fickle, vain.
Then let me, sequestered fair,
To your sibyl grot repair;
On yon hanging cliff it stands,
Scooped by nature's salvage hands,
Bosomed in that gloomy shade
Of cypress not with age decayed.
Where the owl still-hooting sits,
Where the bat incessant flits,
There in loftier strains I'll sing
Whence the changing seasons spring;
Tell how storms deform the skies,
Whence the waves subside and rise,
Trace the comet's blazing tail,
Weigh the planets in a scale;
Bend, great God, before thy shrine,
The bournless macrocosm's thine.

JAMES MERRICK.

JAMES MERRICK (1720-1766) was a distinguished classical scholar, and tutor to Lord North at Oxford. He took orders, but was unable to do duty, from delicate health. Merrick wrote some hymns, and attempted a version of the psalms, with no great success. We subjoin an amusing and instructive fable by this worthy divine:—

The Chameleon.

Oft has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark,
With eyes that hardly served at most
To guard their master 'gainst a post;
Yet round the world the blade has been,
To see whatever could be seen.
Returning from his finished tour,
Grown ten times perter than before;
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travelled fool your mouth will stop:
'Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
I've seen—and sure I ought to know.'—
So begs you'd pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,
As o'er Arabia's wilds they passed,
And on their way, in friendly chat,
Now talked of this, and then of that;
Discoursed awhile, 'mongst other matter,
Of the Chameleon's form and nature.
'A stranger animal,' cries one,
'Sure never lived beneath the sun:
A lizard's body lean and long,
A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,
Its foot with triple claw disjoined;
And what a length of tail behind!
How slow its pace! and then its hue—
Who ever saw so fine a blue?'
'Hold there,' the other quick replies,
''Tis green, I saw it with these eyes,
As late with open mouth it lay,
And warmed it in the sunny ray;
Stretched at its ease the beast I viewed,
And saw it eat the air for food.'
'I've seen it, sir, as well as you,
And must again affirm it blue;
At leisure I the beast surveyed
Extended in the cooling shade.'
''Tis green, 'tis green, sir, I assure ye.'
'Green!' cries the other in a fury:

'Why, sir, d'ye think I've lost my eyes?'
''Twere no great loss,' the friend replies;
'For if they always serve you thus,
You'll find them but of little use.'
So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows:
When luckily came by a third;
To him the question they referred:
And begged he'd tell them, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.
'Sirs,' cries the umpire, 'cease your pother;
The creature's neither one nor t'other.
I caught the animal last night,
And viewed it o'er by candle-light:
I marked it well, 'twas black as jet—
You stare—but sirs, I've got it yet,
And can produce it.'—'Pray, sir, do;
I'll lay my life the thing is blue.'
'And I'll be sworn, that when you've seen
The reptile, you'll pronounce him green.'
'Well, then, at once to ease the doubt,'
Replies the man, 'I'll turn him out:
And when before your eyes I've set him,
If you don't find him black, I'll eat him.'
He said; and full before their sight
Produced the beast, and lo!—'twas white.
Both stared, the man looked wondrous wise—
'My children,' the Chameleon cries,
(Then first the creature found a tongue)
'You all are right, and all are wrong:
When next you talk of what you view,
Think others see as well as you:
Nor wonder if you find that none
Prefers your eye-sight to his own.'

JOHN SCOTT.

JOHN SCOTT (1730-1783) was our only Quaker poet till Bernard Barton graced the order with a sprig of laurel. Scott was the son of a draper in



Scott's Grotto, Amwell.

London, who retired to Amwell, in Hertfordshire, and here the poet spent his days, improving his garden and grounds. He published several poetical pieces, of mediocre merit. The following seems to have been dictated by real feeling, as well as Quaker principle:—

[*Ode on Hearing the Drum.*]

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields,
To sell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace, and glittering arms;
And when Ambition's voice commands,
To march, and fight, and fall in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To me it talks of ravaged plains,
And burning towns, and ruined swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widows' tears, and orphans' moans;
And all that misery's hand bestows
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

WILLIAM OLDYS.

WILLIAM OLDYS (1696-1761) was a zealous literary antiquary, and Norroy King-at-Arms. He wrote a Life of Raleigh, and assisted every author or bookseller who required a leaf from his voluminous collections. His obscure diligence amassed various interesting particulars of literary history. The following exquisite little Anacreontic was from the pen of Oldys, who occasionally indulged in deep potations of ale, for which he was caricatured by his friend and brother antiquary, Grose:—

Song, made Extempore by a Gentleman, occasioned by a Fly Drinking out of his Cup of Ale.

Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I;
Freely welcome to my cup,
Could'st thou sip and sip it up.
Make the most of life you may,
Life is short, and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,
Hastening quick to their decline:
Thine's a summer, mine no more,
Though repeated to threescore;
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one.*

JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM (1729-1773), the son of a wine-cooper in Dublin, was a respectable actor, and performed several years in Digges's company, Edinburgh. In his latter years he resided in Newcastle-on-Tyne, in the house of a 'generous printer,' whose hospitality for some time supported the poet. Cunningham's pieces are full of pastoral simplicity and lyrical melody. He aimed at nothing high, and seldom failed.

Song—May-Eve, or Kate of Aberdeen.

The silver moon's enamoured beam,
Steals softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
And kiss reflected light.

* Oldys's song was included in a 'Select Collection of English Songs,' published by J. Johnson in 1783. Burns, the Scottish poet, had a copy of this work (one of the volumes of which is now before us), and we observe he has honoured the extempore lyric of the old antiquary with pencil marks in the margin. In his Lines written in Friars' Carse Hermitage, Burns has echoed some of Oldys's thoughts and expressions.

To beds of state go, balmy sleep,
('Tis where you've seldom been,)
May's vigil while the shepherds keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
In rosy chaplets gay,
Till morn unbars her golden gate,
And gives the promised May.
Methinks I hear the maids declare,
The promised May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
We'll rouse the nodding grove;
The nested birds shall raise their throats,
And hail the maid I love.
And see—the matin lark mistakes,
He quits the tufted green:
Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
Where midnight fairies rove,
Like them the jocund dance we'll lead,
Or tune the reed to love:
For see, the rosy May draws nigh;
She claims a virgin queen;
And hark! the happy shepherds cry,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Content, a Pastoral.

O'er moorlands and mountains, rude, barren, and bare,
As wildered and wearied I roam,
A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,
And leads me o'er lawns to her home.
Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had crowned,
Green rushes were strewed on her floor,
Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
And decked the sod seats at her door.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,
Fresh fruits, and she culled me the best;
While thrown from my guard by some glances she cast,
Love slily stole into my breast!
I told my soft wishes; she sweetly replied
(Ye virgins, her voice was divine!)
I've rich ones rejected, and great ones denied,
But take me fond shepherd—I'm thine.

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,
So simple, yet sweet were her charms!
I kissed the ripe roses that glowed on her cheek,
And locked the loved maid in my arms.
Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,
And if, by yon prattler, the stream,
Reclined on her bosom, I sink into sleep,
Her image still softens my dream.

Together we range o'er the slow-rising hills,
Delighted with pastoral views,
Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distils,
And point out new themes for my muse.
To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,
The damsel's of humble descent;
The cottager Peace is well-known for her sire,
And shepherds have named her Content.

NATHANIEL COTTON.

NATHANIEL COTTON (1721-1788), wrote *Visions in Verse*, for children, and a volume of poetical *Miscellanies*. He followed the medical profession in St Albans, and was distinguished for his skill in the treatment of cases of insanity. Cowper, his patient, bears evidence to his 'well-known humanity and sweetness of temper.'

The Fireside.

Dear Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance;
Though singularity and pride
Be called our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbour enters here;
Nor intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to bestow;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut—our home.
Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing she left
That safe retreat, the ark;
Giving her vain excursion o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
Explored the sacred bark.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring;
If tutored right, they'll prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise:
We'll form their minds, with studious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs:
They'll grow in virtue every day;
And thus our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrowed joys, they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot:
Monarchs! we envy not your state;
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humbler lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed;
But then how little do we need!
For nature's calls are few:
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our power;
For, if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resigned when ills betide,
Patient when favours are denied,
And pleased with favours given;
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part;
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

We'll ask no long protracted treat,
Since winter-life is seldom sweet;
But when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons with envious eyes
The relics of our store.

Thus, hand in hand, through life we'll go;
Its chequered paths of joy and wo
With cautious steps we'll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead:

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel, whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY.

Christopher Anstey (1724–1805) was author of *The New Bath Guide*, a light satirical and humorous poem, which appeared in 1766, and set an example in this description of composition, that has since been followed in numerous instances, and with great success. Smollett, in his Humphry Clinker, published five years later, may be almost said to have reduced the 'New Bath Guide' to prose. Many of the characters and situations are exactly the same as those of Anstey. This poem seldom rises above the tone of conversation, but is easy, sportive, and entertaining. The fashionable Fribbles of the day, the chat, scandal, and amusements of those attending the wells, and the canting hypocrisy of some sectarians, are depicted, sometimes with indelicacy, but always with force and liveliness. Mr Anstey was son of the Rev. Dr Anstey, rector of Brinkeley, in Cambridgeshire, a gentleman who possessed a considerable landed property, which the poet afterwards inherited. He was educated at Eton school, and elected to King's college, Cambridge, and in both places he distinguished himself as a classical scholar. In consequence of his refusal to deliver certain declamations, Anstey quarrelled with the heads of the university, and was denied the usual degree. In the epilogue to the 'New Bath Guide,' he alludes to this circumstance—

Granta, sweet Granta, where studious of ease,
Seven years did I sleep, and then lost my degrees.

He then went into the army, and married Miss Calvert, sister to his friend John Calvert, Esq., of Allbury Hall, in Hertfordshire, through whose influence he was returned to parliament for the borough of Hertford. He was a frequent resident in the city of Bath, and a favourite in the fashionable and literary coteries of the place. In 1766 was published his celebrated poem, which instantly became popular. He wrote various other pieces—*A Poem on the Death of the Marquis of Tavistock*, 1767; *An Election Ball, in Poetical Letters from Mr Inkle at Bath to his Wife at Gloucester*; a *Paraphrase of the Thirteenth Chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians*; a satire entitled *The Priest Dissected*; *Speculation, or a Defence of Mankind* (1780); *Liberality, or Memoirs of a Decayed Macaroni* (1788); *The Farmer's Daughter, a Poetical Tale* (1795); and various other copies of occasional verses. Anstey also translated Gray's Elegy into Latin verse, and addressed an elegant Latin Ode to Dr Jenner. While the 'New Bath Guide' was 'the only thing in fashion,' and relished for its novel and original kind of humour, the other productions of Anstey were neglected by the public, and have never been revived. In the enjoyment of his paternal estate, the poet, however, was independent of the public support, and he took part in the sports of the field up to his eightieth year. While on a visit to his son-in-law, Mr Bosanquet, at Harnage, Wiltshire, he was taken ill, and died on the 3d of August 1805.

The Public Breakfast.

Now my lord had the honour of coming down post,
To pay his respects to so famous a toast;
In hopes he her ladyship's favour might win,
By playing the part of a host at an inn.
I'm sure he's a person of great resolution,
Though delicate nerves, and a weak constitution;
For he carried us all to a place cross the river,
And vowed that the rooms were too hot for his liver:
He said it would greatly our pleasure promote,
If we all for Spring Gardens set out in a boat:
I never as yet could his reason explain,
Why we all sallied forth in the wind and the rain;
For sure such confusion was never yet known;
Here a cap and a hat, there a cardinal blown:
While his lordship, embroidered and powdered all o'er,
Was bowing, and handing the ladies ashore:
How the Misses did huddle, and scuddle, and run;
One would think to be wet must be very good fun;
For by waggling their tails, they all seemed to take pains
To moisten their pinions like ducks when it rains;
And 'twas pretty to see, how like birds of a feather,
The people of quality flocked all together;
All pressing, addressing, caressing, and fond,
Just the same as those animals are in a pond:
You've read all their names in the news, I suppose,
But, for fear you have not, take the list as it goes:
There was Lady Greasewrister,
And Madam Van-Twister,
Her ladyship's sister:
Lord Cram, and Lord Vulture,
Sir Brandish O'Culter,
With Marshal Carouzer,
And old Lady Mouzer,
And the great Hanoverian Baron Panzmowzer;
Besides many others who all in the rain went,
On purpose to honour this great entertainment:
The company made a most brilliant appearance,
And ate bread and butter with great perseverance:
All the chocolate too, that my lord set before 'em,
The ladies despatched with the utmost decorum.
Soft musical numbers were heard all around,
The horns and the clarions echoing sound.
Sweet were the strains, as odorous gales that blow
O'er fragrant banks, where pinks and roses grow.
The peer was quite ravished, while close to his side
Sat Lady Bunbutter, in beautiful pride!
Oft turning his eyes, he with rapture surveyed
All the powerful charms she so nobly displayed:
As when at the feast of the great Alexander,
Timotheus, the musical son of Thersander,
Breathed heavenly measures.

* * *

O! had I a voice that was stronger than steel,
With twice fifty tongues to express what I feel,
And as many good mouths, yet I never could utter
All the speeches my lord made to Lady Bunbutter!
So polite all the time, that he ne'er touched a bit,
While she ate up his rolls and applauded his wit:
For they tell me that men of *true taste*, when they treat,
Should talk a great deal, but they never should eat:
And if that be the fashion, I never will give
Any grand entertainment as long as I live:
For I'm of opinion, 'tis proper to cheer
The stomach and bowels as well as the ear.
Nor me did the charming concerto of Abel
Regale like the breakfast I saw on the table:

I freely will own I the muffins preferred
To all the genteel conversation I heard.
E'en though I'd the honour of sitting between
My Lady Stuff-damask and Peggy Moreen,
Who both flew to Bath in the nightly machine.
Cries Peggy, 'This place is enchantingly pretty;
We never can see such a thing in the city.
You may spend all your lifetime in Cateaton Street,
And never so civil a gentleman meet;
You may talk what you please; you may search London through;
You may go to Carlisle's, and to Almanac's too;
And I'll give you my head if you find such a host,
For coffee, tea, chocolate, butter, and toast:
How he welcomes at once all the world and his wife,
And how civil to folk he ne'er saw in his life!'
'These horns,' cries my lady, 'so tickle one's ear,
Lard! what would I give that Sir Simon was here!
To the next public breakfast Sir Simon shall go,
For I find here are folks one may venture to know:
Sir Simon would gladly his lordship attend,
And my lord would be pleased with so cheerful a friend.'
So when we had wasted more bread at a breakfast
Than the poor of our parish have ate for this week past,
I saw, all at once, a prodigious great throng
Come bustling, and rustling, and jostling along;
For his lordship was pleased that the company now
To my Lady Bunbutter should curtsy and bow;
And my lady was pleased too, and seemed vastly proud
At once to receive all the thanks of a crowd.
And when, like Chaldeans, we all had adored
This beautiful image set up by my lord,
Some few insignificant folk went away,
Just to follow the employments and calls of the day;
But those who knew better their time how to spend,
The fiddling and dancing all chose to attend.
Miss Clunch and Sir Toby performed a cotillon,
Just the same as our Susan and Bob the postilion;
All the while her mamma was expressing her joy,
That her daughter the morning so well could employ.
Now, why should the Muse, my dear mother, relate
The misfortunes that fall to the lot of the great?
As homeward we came—'tis with sorrow you'll hear
What a dreadful disaster attended the peer;
For whether some envious god had decreed
That a Naiad should long to ennoble her breed;
Or whether his lordship was charmed to behold
His face in the stream, like Narcissus of old;
In handing old Lady Cometidget and daughter,
This obsequious lord tumbled into the water;
But a nymph of the flood brought him safe to the boat,
And I left all the ladies a-cleaning his coat.

MRS THRALE.

Mrs Thrale (afterwards Mrs Piozzi), who lived for many years in terms of intimate friendship with Dr Johnson, is authoress of an interesting little moral poem, *The Three Warnings*, which is so superior to her other compositions, that it has been supposed to have been partly written, or at least corrected, by Johnson. This lady was a native of Wales, being born at Bodville, in Caernarvonshire, in 1740. In 1764 she was married to Mr Henry Thrale, an eminent brewer, who had taste enough to appreciate the rich and varied conversation of Johnson, and whose hospitality and wealth afforded the great moralist an asylum in his house. After the death of this excellent man, his widow married Signor Piozzi, an Italian music-master, a step which Johnson never could forgive. The lively lady proceeded with her husband on a continental tour, and they took up their abode for some time on the banks of the Arno. She afterwards published a volume of miscellaneous pieces, entitled *The Florence Miscellany*, and afforded a subject for the satire of Gifford, whose 'Baviad and Mæviad' was written to lash the Della Cruscan songsters with whom Mrs Piozzi was associated. The Anecdotes and Letters of Dr Johnson, by Mrs Piozzi, are the only valuable works which proceeded from her pen. She was a minute and clever observer of men and manners, but deficient in judgment, and not particular as to the accuracy of her relations. Mrs Piozzi died at Clifton in 1822.

The Three Warnings.

The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
That love of life increased with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.
This great affection to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive,
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay,
On neighbour Dodson's wedding-day,
Death called aside the jocund groom
With him into another room,
And looking grave—'You must,' says he,
'Quit your sweet bride, and come with me.'
'With you! and quit my Susan's side?
With you!' the hapless husband cried;
'Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard!
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared:
My thoughts on other matters go;
This is my wedding-day, you know.'

What more he urged I have not heard,
His reasons could not well be stronger;
So death the poor delinquent spared,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet calling up a serious look,
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke—
'Neighbour,' he said, 'farewell! no more
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour:
And farther, to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,
Three several warnings you shall have,
Before you're summoned to the grave;
Willing for once I'll quit my prey,
And grant a kind reprieve;
In hopes you'll have no more to say;
But, when I call again this way,
Well pleased the world will leave.'
To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,
How long he lived, how wise, how well,
How roundly he pursued his course,
And smoked his pipe, and stroked his horse,
The willing muse shall tell:
He chaffered, then he bought and sold,
Nor once perceived his growing old,
Nor thought of Death as near:
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He passed his hours in peace.
But while he viewed his wealth increase,
While thus along life's dusty road,
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.

And now, one night, in musing mood,
As all alone he sate,
The unwelcome messenger of Fate
Once more before him stood.

Half-killed with anger and surprise,
'So soon returned!' old Dodson cries.
'So soon d'ye call it?' Death replies:
'Surely, my friend, you're but in jest!
Since I was here before
'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,
And you are now fourscore.'

'So much the worse,' the clown rejoined;
'To spare the aged would be kind:
However, see your search be legal;
And your authority—is't regal?
Else you are come on a fool's errand,
With but a secretary's warrant.*
Beside, you promised me Three Warnings,
Which I have looked for nights and mornings;
But for that loss of time and ease,
I can recover damages.'

'I know,' cries Death, 'that at the best,
I seldom am a welcome guest;
But don't be captious, friend, at least;
I little thought you'd still be able
To stump about your farm and stable:
Your years have run to a great length;
I wish you joy, though, of your strength!'

'Hold,' says the farmer, 'not so fast!
I have been lame these four years past.'
'And no great wonder,' Death replies:
'However, you still keep your eyes;
And sure to see one's loves and friends,
For legs and arms would make amends.'
'Perhaps,' says Dodson, 'so it might,
But latterly I've lost my sight.'
'This is a shocking tale, 'tis true;
But still there's comfort left for you:
Each strives your sadness to amuse;
I warrant you hear all the news.'
'There's none,' cries he; 'and if there were,
I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear.'
'Nay, then,' the spectre stern rejoined,
These are unjustifiable yearnings;
If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
You've had your Three sufficient Warnings;
So come along, no more we'll part;'
He said, and touched him with his dart.
And now Old Dodson, turning pale,
Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

THOMAS MOSS.

The REV. THOMAS MOSS, who died in 1808, minister of Brierly Hill, and of Trentham, in Staffordshire, published anonymously, in 1769, a collection of miscellaneous poems, forming a thin quarto, which he had printed at Wolverhampton. One piece was copied by Dodsley into his 'Annual Register,' and from thence has been transferred (different persons being assigned as the author) into almost every periodical and collection of fugitive verses. This poem is entitled *The Beggar* (sometimes called *The Beggar's Petition*), and contains much pathetic and natural sentiment finely expressed.

The Beggar.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man!
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

These tattered clothes my poverty bespeak,
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthened years;
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek,
Has been the channel to a stream of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,
With tempting aspect drew me from my road,
For plenty there a residence has found,
And grandeur a magnificent abode.

(Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!)
Here craving for a morsel of their bread,
A pampered menial forced me from the door,
To seek a shelter in a humbler shed.

Oh! take me to your hospitable dome,
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
For I am poor, and miserably old.

Should I reveal the source of every grief,
If soft humanity e'er touched your breast,
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
And tears of pity could not be repressed.

Heaven sends misfortunes—why should we repine?
'Tis Heaven has brought me to the state you see:
And your condition may be soon like mine,
The child of sorrow, and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,
Then, like the lark, I sprightly hailed the morn;
But ah! oppression forced me from my cot;
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter—once the comfort of my age!
Lured by a villain from her native home,
Is cast, abandoned, on the world's wide stage,
And doomed in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife—sweet soother of my care!
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
Fell—lingering fell, a victim to despair,
And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man!
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

SCOTTISH POETS.

Though most Scottish authors at this time—as Thomson, Mallet, Hamilton, and Beattie—composed in the English language, a few, stimulated by the success of Allan Ramsay, cultivated their native tongue with considerable success. The popularity of Ramsay's 'Tea-Table Miscellany' led to other collections and to new contributions to Scottish song. In 1751 appeared 'Yair's Charmer,' and in 1769 David Herd published a more complete collection of 'Scottish Songs and Ballads,' which he reprinted, with additions, in 1776.

ALEXANDER ROSS.

ALEXANDER ROSS, a schoolmaster in Lochlee, in Angus, when nearly seventy years of age, in 1768 published at Aberdeen, by the advice of Dr Beattie, a volume entitled *Helenore, or the Fortunate Shepherdess, a Pastoral Tale in the Scottish Dialect, to which are added a few Songs by the Author.* Ross was a good descriptive poet, and some of his songs —as *Woo'd, and Married, and a'*, *The Rock and the Wee Pickle Tow*—are still popular in Scotland. Being chiefly written in the Kincardineshire dialect (which differs in many expressions, and in pronunciation, from the Lowland Scotch of Burns), Ross is less known out of his native district than he ought to be. Beattie took a warm interest in the 'good-

* An allusion to the illegal warrant used against Wilkes, which was the cause of so much contention in its day.

humoured, social, happy old man'—who was independent on £20 a-year—and to promote the sale of his volume, he addressed a letter and a poetical epistle in praise of it to the Aberdeen Journal. The epistle is remarkable as Beattie's only attempt in Aberdeenshire Scotch; one verse of it is equal to Burns:—

O bonny are our greensward hows,
Where through the birks the burnie rows,
And the bee bums, and the ox lows,
And saft winds rustle,
And shepherd lads on sunny knowes
Blaw the blythe whistle.

Ross died in 1784, at the great age of eighty-six.

Woo'd, and Married, and a'.

The bride cam' out o' the byre,
And, O, as she dighted her cheeks!
Sirs, I'm to be married the night,
And have neither blankets nor sheets;
Have neither blankets nor sheets,
Nor scarce a coverlet too;
The bride that has a' thing to borrow,
Has e'en right muckle ado.
Woo'd, and married, and a',
Married, and woo'd, and a'!
And was she nae very weel off,
That was woo'd, and married, and a'?

Out spake the bride's father,
As he cam' in frae the pleugh:
O, haud your tongue my dochter,
And ye'se get gear eneugh;
The stirk stands i' the tether,
And our braw bawsint yade,
Will carry ye hame your corn—
What wad ye be at, ye jade?

Out spake the bride's mither,
What deil needs a' this pride?
I had nae a plack in my pouch
That night I was a bride;
My gown was linsy-woolsy,
And ne'er a sark ava;
And ye hae ribbons and buskins,
Mae than ane or twa.
* * *

Out spake the bride's brither,
As he cam' in wi' the kye:
Poor Willie wad ne'er hae ta'en ye,
Had he kent ye as weel as I;
For ye're baith proud and saucy,
And no for a poor man's wife;
Gin I canna get a better,
I'se ne'er tak ane i' my life.
* * *

JOHN LOWE.

JOHN LOWE (1750-1798), a student of divinity, son of the gardener at Kenmore in Galloway, was author of the fine pathetic lyric, *Mary's Dream*, which he wrote on the death of a gentleman named Miller, a surgeon at sea, who was attached to a Miss M'Ghie, Airds. The poet was tutor in the family of the lady's father, and was betrothed to her sister. He emigrated to America, however, where he married another female, became dissipated, and died in great misery near Fredericksburgh. Though Lowe wrote numerous other pieces, prompted by poetical feeling and the romantic scenery of his native glen, his ballad alone is worthy of preservation.

Mary's Dream.

The moon had climbed the highest hill
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tower and tree;
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea,
When, soft and low, a voice was heard,
Saying, 'Mary, weep no more for me!'

She from her pillow gently raised
Her head, to ask who there might be,
And saw young Sandy shivering stand,
With visage pale, and hollow ee.
'O Mary dear, cold is my clay;
It lies beneath a stormy sea.
Far, far from thee I sleep in death;
So, Mary, weep no more for me!

Three stormy nights and stormy days
We tossed upon the raging main;
And long we strove our bark to save,
But all our striving was in vain.
Even then, when horror chilled my blood,
My heart was filled with love for thee:
The storm is past, and I at rest;
So, Mary, weep no more for me!

O maiden dear, thyself prepare;
We soon shall meet upon that shore,
Where love is free from doubt and care,
And thou and I shall part no more!'
Loud crowed the cock, the shadow fled,
No more of Sandy could she see;
But soft the passing spirit said,
'Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!'

LADY ANNE BARNARD.

LADY ANNE BARNARD was authoress of *Auld Robin Gray*, one of the most perfect, tender, and affecting, of all our ballads or tales of humble life.



Balcarres House, Fifeshire; where 'Auld Robin Gray' was composed.

About the year 1771, Lady Anne composed the ballad to an ancient air. It instantly became po-

pular, but the lady kept the secret of its authorship for the long period of fifty years, when, in 1823, she acknowledged it in a letter to Sir Walter Scott, accompanying the disclosure with a full account of the circumstances under which it was written. At the same time Lady Anne sent two continuations to the ballad, which, like all other continuations (Don Quixote, perhaps, excepted), are greatly inferior to the original. Indeed, the tale of sorrow is so complete in all its parts, that no additions could be made without marring its simplicity or its pathos. Lady Anne was daughter of James Lindsay, fifth Earl of Balcarres; she was born 8th December 1750, married in 1793 to Sir Andrew Barnard, librarian to George III., and died, without issue, on the 8th of May 1825.

Auld Robin Gray.

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at hame,
And a' the warld to sleep are gane;
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,
When my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and socht me for his bride;
But saving a croun, he had naething else beside:
To mak that croun a pund, young Jamie gaed to sea;
And the croun and the pund were baith for me.

He hadna been awa a week but only twa,
When my mother she fell sick, and the cow was stown awa;
My father brak his arm, and young Jamie at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray cam' a-courtin' me.

My father couldna work, and my mother couldna spin;
I toiled day and nicht, but their bread I couldna win;
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and, wi' tears in his ee,
Said, Jennie, for their sakes, Oh, marry me!

My heart it said nay, for I looked for Jamie back;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wreck:
The ship it was a wreck—why didna Jamie dee?
Or why do I live to say, Wae's me?

My father argued sair: my mother didna speak;
But she lookit in my face till my heart was like to break:
Sae they gied him my hand, though my heart was in the sea;
And auld Robin Gray was gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When, sitting sae mournfully at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think it he,
Till he said, I'm come back for to marry thee.

Oh, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say;
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away:
I wish I were dead! but I'm no like to dee;
And why do I live to say, Wae's me?

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin;
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.

MISS JANE ELLIOT AND MRS COCKBURN.

Two versions of the national ballad, *The Flowers of the Forest*, continue to divide the favour of all lovers of song, and both are the composition of ladies. In minute observation of domestic life, traits of character and manners, and the softer language of the heart, ladies have often excelled the 'lords of the creation,' and in music their triumphs are manifold. The first copy of verses, bewailing the losses sustained at Flodden, was written by Miss Jane Elliot of Minto, sister to Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto. The second song, which appears to be on the same subject, but was in reality occasioned by the bankruptcy of a number of gentlemen in Selkirkshire, is by Alicia Rutherford of Fernilie, who was afterwards married to Mr Patrick Cockburn, advocate, and died in Edinburgh in 1794. We agree with Mr Allan Cunningham in preferring Miss Elliot's song; but both are beautiful, and in singing, the second is the most effective.

The Flowers of the Forest.

[By Miss Jane Elliot.]

I've heard the lilting at our yowe-milking,
Lasses a-lilting before the dawn of day;
But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At buchts, in the morning, nae blythe lads are scorning,
The lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae;
Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighing and sabbing,
Ilk ane lifts her leglen and hies her away.

In hairst, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering,
The bandsters are lyart, and runkled, and gray;
At fair, or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, at the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming,
'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;
But ilk ane sits drearie, lamenting her dearie—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dule and wae for the order, sent our lads to the Border!
The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;
The Flowers of the Forest, that foucht aye the foremost,
The prime o' our land, are cauld in the clay.

We hear nae mair lilting at our yowe-milking,
Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

The Flowers of the Forest.

[By Mrs Cockburn.]

I've seen the smiling
Of Fortune beguiling;
I've felt all its favours, and found its decay:
Sweet was its blessing,
Kind its caressing;
But now 'tis fled—fled far away.

I've seen the forest
Adornèd the foremost
With flowers of the fairest most pleasant and gay;
Sae bonnie was their blooming!
Their scent the air perfuming!
But now they are withered and weeded away.

I've seen the morning
With gold the hills adorning,
And loud tempest storming before the mid-day.
I've seen Tweed's silver streams,
Shining in the sunny beams,
Grow drumly and dark as he rowed on his way.

Oh, fickle Fortune,
Why this cruel sporting?
Oh, why still perplex us, poor sons of a day?
Nae mair your smiles can cheer me,
Nae mair your frowns can fear me;
For the Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

JOHN SKINNER.

Something of a national as well as a patriotic character may be claimed for the lively song of *Tullochgorum*, the composition of the Rev. John Skinner (1721–1807), who inspired some of the strains of Burns, and who delighted, in life as in his poetry, to diffuse feelings of kindliness and good will among men. Mr Skinner officiated as Episcopal minister of Longside, Aberdeenshire, for sixty-five years. After the troubled period of the Rebellion of 1745, when the Episcopal clergy of Scotland laboured under the charge of disaffection, Skinner was imprisoned six months for preaching to more than four persons! He died in his son's house at Aberdeen, having realised his wish of 'seeing once more his children's grandchildren, and peace upon Israel.' Besides 'Tullochgorum,' and other songs, Skinner wrote an *Ecclesiastical History of Scotland*, and some theological treatises.

Tullochgorum.

Come gie's a sang, Montgomery cried,
And lay your disputes all aside;
What signifies't for folks to chide
For what's been done before them?
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
Let Whig and Tory all agree
To drop their Whigmegmorum.
Let Whig and Tory all agree
To spend this night with mirth and glee,
And cheerfu' sing alang wi' me
The reel of Tullochgorum.

O, Tullochgorum's my delight;
It gars us a' in ane unite;
And ony sumph that keeps up spite,
In conscience I abhor him.
Blithe and merry we's be a',
Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,
Blithe and merry we's be a',
And mak' a cheerfu quorum.
Blithe and merry we's be a',
As lang as we hae breath to draw,
And dance, till we be like to fa',
The reel of Tullochgorum.

There need na be sae great a phrase
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays;
I wadna gie our ain strathspeys
For half a hundred score o' 'em.
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Wi' a' their variorums.
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Their allegros, and a' the rest,
They canna please a Highland taste,
Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly minds themselves oppress
Wi' fear of want, and double cess,
And sullen sots themselves distress
Wi' keeping up decorum.
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Like auld Philosophorum?
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
And canna rise to shake a fit
At the reel of Tullochgorum?

May choicest blessings still attend
Each honest-hearted open friend;
And calm and quiet be his end,
And a' that's good watch o'er him!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
May peace and plenty be his lot,
And dainties, a great store o' 'em!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstained by any vicious blot;
And may he never want a groat,
That's fond of Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool,
Who wants to be oppression's tool,
May envy knaw his rotten soul,
And discontent devour him!
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
And nane say, Wae's me for 'im!
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
And a' the ills that come frae France,
Whae'er he be that winna dance
The reel of Tullochgorum!

ROBERT CRAWFORD.

Robert Crawford, author of *The Bush aboon Traquair*, and the still finer lyric of *Tweedside*, was the brother of Colonel Crawford of Achinames. He assisted Allan Ramsay in his 'Tea-Table Miscellany,' and, according to information obtained by Burns, was drowned in coming from France in the year 1733. Crawford had genuine poetical fancy and expression. 'The true muse of native pastoral,' says Allan Cunningham, 'seeks not to adorn herself with unnatural ornaments; her spirit is in homely love and fireside joy; tender and simple, like the religion of the land, she utters nothing out of keeping with the character of her people, and the aspect of the soil; and of this spirit, and of this feeling, Crawford is a large partaker.'

The Bush aboon Traquair.

Hear me, ye nymphs, and every swain,
I'll tell how Peggy grieves me;
Though thus I languish and complain,
Alas! she ne'er believes me.
My vows and sighs, like silent air,
Unheeded, never move her;
At the bonnie Bush aboon Traquair,
'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smiled and made me glad,
No maid seemed ever kinder;
I thought myself the luckiest lad,
So sweetly there to find her;
I tried to soothe my amorous flame,
In words that I thought tender;
If more there passed, I'm not to blame—
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flees the plain,
The fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet she shows disdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonnie bush bloomed fair in May,
It's sweets I'll aye remember;
But now her frowns make it decay—
It fades as in December.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,
Why thus should Peggy grieve me?
O make her partner in my pains,
Then let her smiles relieve me:
If not, my love will turn despair,
My passion no more tender;
I'll leave the Bush aboon Traquair—
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

[*Tweedside.*]

What beauties does Flora disclose!
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!
Yet Mary's, still sweeter than those,
Both nature and fancy exceed.
No daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
Not all the gay flowers of the field,
Nor Tweed, gliding gently through those,
Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush;
The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
With music enchant every bush.
Come let us go forth to the mead;
Let us see how the primroses spring;
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love while the feathered folk sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
Do they never carelessly stray
While happily she lies asleep?
Should Tweed's murmurs lull her to rest,
Kind nature indulging my bliss,
To ease the soft pains of my breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel;
No beauty with her may compare;
Love's graces around her do dwell;
She's fairest where thousands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
Oh, tell me at morn where they feed?
Shall I seek them on sweet-winding Tay?
Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

SIR GILBERT ELLIOT.

Sir Gilbert Elliot, author of what Sir Walter Scott calls 'the beautiful pastoral song,' beginning

My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-hook,

was father of the first Earl of Minto, and was distinguished as a speaker in parliament. He was in 1763 treasurer of the navy, and afterwards keeper of the signet in Scotland. He died in 1777. Mr Tytler of Woodhouselee says, that Sir Gilbert Elliot, who had been taught the German flute in France, was the first who introduced that instrument into Scotland, about the year 1725.

[*Amynta.*]

My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook;
No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove;
For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.
Oh, what had my youth with ambition to do?
Why left I Amynta? Why broke I my vow?
Oh, give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

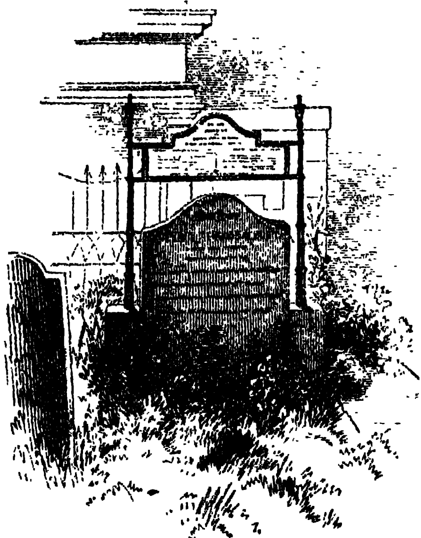
Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide ocean secure me from love!
Oh fool! to imagine that aught could subdue
A love so well-founded, a passion so true!

Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine;
Poor shepherd, Amynta can never be thine:
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
The moments neglected return not again.

ROBERT FERGUSSON.

Robert Fergusson was the poet of Scottish city-life—the laureate of Edinburgh. A happy talent for portraying the peculiarities of local manners, a nice perception of the ludicrous, a vein of original comic humour, and language at once copious and expressive, form his chief merits as a poet. He had not the invention or picturesque fancy of Allan Ramsay, nor the energy and passion of Burns. His mind was a light warm soil, that threw up early its native products, sown by chance or little exertion; but it had not strength and tenacity to nurture any great or valuable production. A few short years, however, comprised his span of literature and of life; and criticism would be ill employed in scrutinising with severity the occasional poems of a youth of twenty-three, written from momentary feelings and impulses, amidst professional drudgery or midnight dissipation. That compositions produced under such circumstances should still exist and be read with pleasure, is sufficient to show that Fergusson must have had the eye and fancy of a true poet. His observation, too, for one so young, is as remarkable as his genius: he was an accurate painter of scenes of real life and traits of Scottish character, and his pictures are valuable for their truth, as well as for their liveliness and humour. If his habits had been different, we might have possessed more agreeable delineations, but none more graphic or faithful. Fergusson was born in Edinburgh on the 17th of October 1751. His father, who was an accountant in the British Linen Company's bank, died early, but the poet received a university education, having obtained a bursary in St Andrews, where he continued from his thirteenth to his seventeenth year. On quitting college, he seems to have been truly 'unfitted with an aim,' and he was glad to take employment as a copying clerk in a lawyer's office. In this mechanical and irksome duty his days were spent. His evenings were devoted to the tavern, where, over 'caller oysters,' with ale or whisky, the choice spirits of Edinburgh used to assemble. Fergusson had dangerous qualifications for such a life. His conversational powers were of a very superior description, and he could adapt them at will to humour, pathos, or sarcasm, as the occasion might require. He was well educated, had a fund of youthful gaiety, and sung Scottish songs with taste and effect. To these qualifications he soon added the reputation of a poet. Ruddiman's 'Weekly Magazine' had been commenced in 1768, and was the chosen receptacle for the floating literature of that period in Scotland, particularly in Edinburgh. During the two last years of his life, Fergusson was a constant contributor to this miscellany, and in 1773 he collected and published his pieces in one volume. Of the success of the publication in a pecuniary point of view, we have no information; but that it was well received by the public, there can be no doubt, from the popularity and fame of its author. His dissipations, however, were always on the increase. His tavern life and boon companions were hastening him on to a premature and painful death. His reason first gave way, and his widowed mother being unable to maintain him at home, he was sent to an asylum for the insane. The religious impressions of his youth returned at times to overwhelm him with dread, but his gentle and affectionate nature was easily soothed by the attentions of his relatives and friends. His recovery was anticipated, but after about two months' confinement, he died in his cell on the 16th of October 1774. His remains were interred in the Canongate churchyard, where they lay unnoticed for twelve years, till Burns erected a simple stone to mark the poet's grave. The heartlessness of convivial friendships is well known: they literally 'wither and die in a day.' It is related, however, that a youthful companion of Fergusson, named Burnet, having

gone to the East Indies, and made some money, invited over the poet, sending at the same time a draught for £100 to defray his expenses. This instance of generosity came too late: the poor poet had died before the letter arrived.



Fergusson's Tomb.

Fergusson may be considered the poetical progenitor of Burns. Meeting with his poems in his youth, the latter 'strung his lyre anew,' and copied the style and subjects of his youthful prototype. The resemblance, however, was only temporary and incidental. Burns had a manner of his own, and though he sometimes condescended, like Shakspeare, to work after inferior models, all that was ric[illegible]d valuable in the composition was original a[illegible] unborrowed. He had an excessive admiration [illegible] the writings of Fergusson, and even preferred [illegible] to those of Ramsay, an opinion in which few w[illegible] concur. The *forte* of Fergusson lay, as we have stated, in his representations of town-life. *The King's Birthday*, *The Sitting of the Session*, *Leith Races*, &c., are all excellent. Still better is his feeling description of the importance of *Guid Braid Claith*, and his *Address to the Tron-Kirk Bell*. In these we have a current of humorous observations, poetical fancy, and genuine idiomatic Scottish expression. *The Farmer's Ingle* suggested 'The Cotter's Saturday Night' of Burns, and it is as faithful in its descriptions, though of a humbler class. Burns added passion, sentiment, and patriotism to the subject: Fergusson's is a mere sketch, an inventory of a farm-house, unless we except the concluding stanza, which speaks to the heart:—

Peace to the husbandman, and a' his tribe,
Whase care fells a' our wants frae year to year!
Lang may his sock and cou'ter turn the glebe,
And banks of corn bend down wi' laded ear!
May Scotia's simmers aye look gay and green;
Her yellow hairsts frae scowry blasts decreed!
May a' her tenants sit fu' snug and bien,
Frae the hard grip o' ails and poortith freed—
And a lang lasting train o' peacefu' hours succeed!

In one department—lyrical poetry—whence Burns draws so much of his glory—Fergusson does not seem, though a singer, to have made any efforts to excel. In English poetry he utterly failed, and if we consider him in reference to his countrymen, Falconer or Logan (he received the same education as the latter), his inferior rank as a general poet will be apparent.

Braid Claith.

Ye wha are fain to hae your name
Wrote i' the bonnie book o' fame,
Let merit nae pretension claim
To laurelled wreath,
But hap ye weel, baith back and wame,
In guid braid claith.

He that some ells o' this may fa',
And slae-black hat on pow like snaw,
Bids bauld to bear the gree awa,
Wi' a' this graith,
When beinly clad wi' shell fu' braw
O' guid braid claith.

Waesucks for him wha has nae feck o't!
For he's a gowk they're sure to geck at;
A chiel that ne'er will be respeckit
While he draws breath,
Till his four quarters are bedeckit
Wi' guid braid claith.

On Sabbath-days the barber spark,
When he has done wi' scrapin' wark,
Wi' siller broachie in his sark,
Gangs trigly, faith!
Or to the Meadows, or the Park,
In guid braid claith.

Weel might ye trow, to see them there,
That they to shave your haffits bare,
Or curl and sleek a pickle hair,
Would be right laith,
When pacin' wi' a gawsy air
In guid braid claith.

If ony mettled stirrah green[1]
For favour frae a lady's een,
He maunna care for bein' seen
Before he sheath
His body in a scabbard clean
O' guid braid claith.

For, gin he come wi' coat threadbare,
A feg for him she winna care,
But crook her bonny mou fou sair,
And scauld him baith:
Wooers should aye their travel spare,
Without braid claith.

Braid claith lends fouk an unca heeze;
Maks mony kail-worms butterflees;
Gies mony a doctor his degrees,
For little skaith:
In short, you may be what you please,
Wi' guid braid claith.

For though ye had as wise a snout on,
As Shakspeare or Sir Isaac Newton,
Your judgment fouk would hae a doubt on,
I'll tak my aith,
Till they could see ye wi' a suit on
O' guid braid claith.

To the Tron-Kirk Bell.

Wanwordy, crazy, dinsome thing,
As e'er was framed to jow or ring!
What gar'd them sic in steeple hing,
They ken themsel;
But weel wat I, they couldna bring
Waur sounds frae hell.
* * *

1 Desire.

Fleece-merchants may look bauld, I trow,
Sin' a' Auld Reekie's childer now
Maun stap their lugs wi' teats o' woo,
Thy sound to bang,
And keep it frae gaun through and through
Wi' jarrin' twang.

Your noisy tongue, there's nae abidin't;
Like scauldin' wife's, there is nae guidin't;
When I'm 'bout ony business eident,
It's sair to thole;
To deave me, then, ye tak a pride in't,
Wi' senseless knell.

Oh! were I provost o' the town,
I swear by a' the powers aboon,
I'd bring ye wi' a reesle down;
Nor should you think
(Sae sair I'd crack and clour your crown)
Again to clink.

For, when I've toom'd the meikle cap,
And fain wald fa' owre in a nap,
Troth, I could doze as sound's a tap,
Were't no for thee,
That gies the tither weary chap
To wauken me.

I dreamt ae night I saw Auld Nick:
Quo' he—'This bell o' mine's a trick,
A wily piece o' politic,
A cunnin' snare,
To trap fouk in a cloven stick,
Ere they're aware.

As lang's my dautit bell hings there,
A' body at the kirk will skair;
Quo' they, if he that preaches there
Like it can wound,
We downa care a single hair
For joyfu' sound.'

If magistrates wi' me would 'gree,
For aye tongue-tackit should you be;
Nor fleg wi' anti-melody
Sic honest fouk,
Whase lugs were never made to dree
Thy dolefu' shock.

But far frae thee the bailies dwell,
Or they would scunner at your knell;
Gie the foul thief his riven bell,
And then, I trow,
The byword hauds, 'The diel himsel
Has got his due.'

Scottish Scenery and Music.

[From 'Hame Content, a Satire.']

The Arno and the Tiber lang
Hae run fell clear in Roman sang;
But, save the reverence o' schools,
They're baith but lifeless, dowie pools.
Dought they compare wi' bonnie Tweed,
As clear as ony lammer bead?
Or are their shores mair sweet and gay
Than Fortha's haughs or banks o' Tay?
Though there the herds can jink the showers
'Mang thriving vines and myrtle bowers,
And blaw the reed to kittle strains,
While echo's tongue commends their pains;
Like ours, they canna warm the heart
Wi' simple saft bewitching art.
On Leader haughs and Yarrow braes,
Arcadian herds wad tyne their lays,
To hear the mair melodious sounds
That live on our poetic grounds.
Come, Fancy! come, and let us tread
The simmer's flowery velvet bed,
And a' your springs delightful lowse
On Tweeda's bank or Cowdenknowes.
That, ta'en wi' thy enchanting sang,
Our Scottish lads may round ye thrang,
Sae pleased they'll never fash again
To court you on Italian plain;
Soon will they guess ye only wear
The simple garb o' nature here;
Mair comely far, and fair to sight,
When in her easy cleedin' dight,
Than in disguise ye was before
On Tiber's or on Arno's shore.
O Bangour![1] now the hills and dales
Nae mair gie back thy tender tales!
The birks on Yarrow now deplore,
Thy mournfu' muse has left the shore.
Near what bright burn or crystal spring,
Did you your winsome whistle hing?
The muse shall there, wi' watery ee,
Gie the dunk swaird a tear for thee;
And Yarrow's genius, dowie dame!
Shall there forget her bluid-stained stream,
On thy sad grave to seek repose,
Who mourned her fate, condoled her woes.

Cauler Water.

When father Adie first pat spade in
The bonnie yard o' ancient Eden,
His amry had nae liquor laid in
To fire his mou;
Nor did he thole his wife's upbraidin',
For bein' fou.

A cauler burn o' siller sheen,
Ran cannily out-owre the green;
And when our gutcher's drouth had been
To bide right sair,
He loutit down, and drank bedeen
A dainty skair.

His bairns had a', before the flood,
A langer tack o' flesh and blood,
And on mair pithy shanks they stood
Than Noah's line,
Wha still hae been a feckless brood,
Wi' drinkin' wine.

The fuddlin' bardies, now-a-days,
Rin maukin-mad in Bacchus' praise;
And limp and stoiter through their lays
Anacreontic,
While each his sea of wine displays
As big's the Pontic.

My Muse will no gang far frae hame,
Or scour a' airths to hound for fame;
In troth, the jillet ye might blame
For thinkin' on't,
When eithly she can find the theme
O' *aquafont.*

This is the name that doctors use,
Their patients' noddles to confuse;
Wi' simples clad in terms abstruse,
They labour still
In kittle words to gar you roose
Their want o' skill.

But we'll hae nae sic clitter-clatter;
And, briefly to expound the matter,
It shall be ca'd guid cauler water;
Than whilk, I trow,
Few drugs in doctors' shops are better
For me or you.

Though joints be stiff as ony rung,
Your pith wi' pain be sairly dung,
Be you in cauler water flung
Out-owre the lugs,
'Twill mak you souple, swack, and young,
Withouten drugs.

[1] Mr Hamilton of Bangour, author of the beautiful ballad 'The Braes of Yarrow.'

Though cholic or the heart-scad teaze us;
Or ony inward dwaam should seize us;
It masters a' sic fell diseases
That would ye spulzie,
And brings them to a canny crisis
Wi' little tulzie.

Were't no for it, the bonnie lasses
Wad glower nae mair in keekin'-glasses;
And soon tyne dint o' a' the graces
That aft conveen
In gleefu' looks, and bonnie faces,
To catch our een.

The fairest, then, might die a maid,
And Cupid quit his shootin' trade;
For wha, through clarty masquerade,
Could then discover
Whether the features under shade
Were worth a lover?

As simmer rains bring simmer flowers,
And leaves to cleed the birken bowers,
Sae beauty gets by cauler showers
Sae rich a bloom,
As for estate, or heavy dowers,
Aft stands in room.

What maks Auld Reekie's dames sae fair?
It canna be the halesome air;
But cauler burn, beyond compare,
The best o' onie,
That gars them a' sic graces skair,
And blink sae bonnie.

On May-day, in a fairy ring,
We've seen them round St Anthon's spring,[1]
Frae grass the cauler dew-draps wring
To weet their een,
And water, clear as crystal spring,
To synd them clean.

Oh may they still pursue the way
To look sae feat, sae clean, sae gay!
Then shall their beauties glance like May;
And, like her, be
The goddess of the vocal spray,
The Muse and me.

[*A Sunday in Edinburgh.*]

[From 'Auld Reekie.']

On Sunday, here, an altered scene
O' men and manners meets our een.
Ane wad maist trow, some people chose
To change their faces wi' their clo'es,
And fain wad gar ilk neibour think
They thirst for guidness as for drink;
But there's an unco dearth o' grace,
That has nae mansion but the face,
And never can obtain a part
In benmost corner o' the heart.
Why should religion mak us sad,
If good frae virtue's to be had?
Na: rather gleefu' turn your face,
Forsake hypocrisy, grimace;
And never hae it understood
You fleg mankind frae being good.
In afternoon, a' brawly buskit,
The joes and lasses loe to frisk it.
Some tak a great delight to place
The modest bon-grace owre the face;
Though you may see, if so inclined,
The turning o' the leg behind.
Now, Comely-Garden and the Park
Refresh them, after forenoon's wark:
Newhaven, Leith, or Canonmills,
Supply them in their Sunday's gills;
Where writers aften spend their pence,
To stock their heads wi' drink and sense.
While danderin cits delight to stray
To Castlehill or public way,
Where they nae other purpose mean,
Than that fool cause o' being seen,
Let me to Arthur's Seat pursue,
Where bonnie pastures meet the view,
And mony a wild-lorn scene accrues,
Befitting Willie Shakspeare's muse.
If Fancy there would join the thrang,
The desert rocks and hills amang,
To echoes we should lilt and play,
And gie to mirth the live-lang day.
Or should some cankered biting shower
The day and a' her sweets deflower,
To Holyrood-house let me stray,
And gie to musing a' the day;
Lamenting what auld Scotland knew,
Bein days for ever frae her view.
O Hamilton, for shame! the Muse
Would pay to thee her couthy vows,
Gin ye wad tent the humble strain,
And gie's our dignity again!
For, oh, wae's me! the thistle springs
In domicile o' ancient kings,
Without a patriot to regret
Our palace and our ancient state.

[1] St Anthony's Well, a beautiful small spring, on Arthur's Seat, near Edinburgh. Thither it is still the practice of young Edinburgh maidens to resort on May-day.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS OF THE PERIOD 1727—1780.

Ad Amicos.

[By Richard West—written at the age of twenty. This amiable poet died in his twenty-sixth year, 1742.]

Yes, happy youths, on Camus' sedgy side,
You feel each joy that friendship can divide;
Each realm of science and of art explore,
And with the ancient blend the modern lore.
Studious alone to learn whate'er may tend
To raise the genius, or the heart to mend;
Now pleased along the cloistered walk you rove,
And trace the verdant mazes of the grove,
Where social oft, and oft alone, ye choose,
To catch the zephyr, and to court the muse.
Meantime at me (while all devoid of art
These lines give back the image of my heart),
At me the power that comes or soon or late,
Or aims, or seems to aim, the dart of fate;
From you remote, methinks, alone I stand,
Like some sad exile in a desert land;
Around no friends their lenient care to join
In mutual warmth, and mix their hearts with mine.
Or real pains, or those which fancy raise,
For ever blot the sunshine of my days;
To sickness still, and still to grief a prey,
Health turns from me her rosy face away.
Just Heaven! what sin ere life begins to bloom,
Devotes my head untimely to the tomb?
Did e'er this hand against a brother's life
Drug the dire bowl, or point the murderous knife?
Did e'er this tongue the slanderer's tale proclaim,
Or madly violate my Maker's name?
Did e'er this heart betray a friend or foe,
Or know a thought but all the world might know?
As yet just started from the lists of time,
My growing years have scarcely told their prime;
Useless, as yet, through life I've idly run,
No pleasures tasted, and few duties done.
Ah, who, ere autumn's mellowing suns appear,
Would pluck the promise of the vernal year;
Or, ere the grapes their purple hue betray,
Tear the crude cluster from the mourning spray?

Stern power of fate, whose ebon sceptre rules
The Stygian deserts and Cimmerian pools,
Forbear, nor rashly smite my youthful heart,
A victim yet unworthy of thy dart;
Ah, stay till age shall blast my withering face,
Shake in my head, and falter in my pace;
Then aim the shaft, then meditate the blow,
And to the dead my willing shade shall go.
How weak is man to reason's judging eye!
Born in this moment, in the next we die;
Part mortal clay, and part ethereal fire,
Too proud to creep, too humble to aspire.
In vain our plans of happiness we raise,
Pain is our lot, and patience is our praise;
Wealth, lineage, honours, conquest, or a throne,
Are what the wise would fear to call their own.
Health is at best a vain precarious thing,
And fair-faced youth is ever on the wing;
'Tis like the stream beside whose watery bed,
Some blooming plant exalts his flowery head;
Nursed by the wave the spreading branches rise,
Shade all the ground and flourish to the skies;
The waves the while beneath in secret flow,
And undermine the hollow bank below;
Wide and more wide the waters urge their way,
Bare all the roots, and on their fibres prey.
Too late the plant bewails his foolish pride,
And sinks, untimely, in the whelming tide.
But why repine? Does life deserve my sigh;
Few will lament my loss whene'er I die.
For those the wretches I despise or hate,
I neither envy nor regard their fate.
For me, whene'er all-conquering death shall spread
His wings around my unrepining head,
I care not; though this face be seen no more,
The world will pass as cheerful as before;
Bright as before the day-star will appear,
The fields as verdant, and the skies as clear;
Nor storms nor comets will my doom declare,
Nor signs on earth nor portents in the air;
Unknown and silent will depart my breath,
Nor nature e'er take notice of my death.
Yet some there are (ere spent my vital days)
Within whose breasts my tomb I wish to raise.
Loved in my life, lamented in my end,
Their praise would crown me as their precepts mend:
To them may these fond lines my name endear,
Not from the Poet but the Friend sincere.

Elegy.

[By James Hammond, born 1710, died 1742. This seems to be almost the only tolerable specimen of the once admired and highly-famed love elegies of Hammond. This poet, nephew to Sir Robert Walpole, and a man of fortune, bestowed his affections on a Miss Dashwood, whose agreeable qualities and inexorable rejection of his suit inspired the poetry by which his name has been handed down to us. His verses are imitations of Tibullus—smooth, tame, and frigid. Miss Dashwood died unmarried—bedchamber-woman to Queen Charlotte—in 1779. In the following elegy Hammond imagines himself married to his mistress (Delia), and that, content with each other, they are retired to the country.]

Let others boast their heaps of shining gold,
And view their fields, with waving plenty crowned,
Whom neighbouring foes in constant terror hold,
And trumpets break their slumbers, never sound:

While calmly poor, I trifle life away,
Enjoy sweet leisure by my cheerful fire,
No wanton hope my quiet shall betray,
But, cheaply blessed, I'll scorn each vain desire.

With timely care I'll sow my little field,
And plant my orchard with its masters hand,
Nor blush to spread the hay, the hook to wield,
Or range my sheaves along the sunny land.

If late at dusk, while carelessly I roam,
I meet a strolling kid, or bleating lamb,
Under my arm I'll bring the wanderer home,
And not a little chide its thoughtless dam.

What joy to hear the tempest howl in vain,
And clasp a fearful mistress to my breast?
Or, lulled to slumber by the beating rain,
Secure and happy, sink at last to rest?

Or, if the sun in flaming Leo ride,
By shady rivers indolently stray,
And with my Delia, walking side by side,
Hear how they murmur as they glide away?

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
To stop and gaze on Delia as I go?
To mingle sweet discourse with kisses sweet,
And teach my lovely scholar all I know?

Thus pleased at heart, and not with fancy's dream,
In silent happiness I rest unknown;
Content with what I am, not what I seem,
I live for Delia and myself alone.

Ah, foolish man, who thus of her possessed,
Could float and wander with ambition's wind,
And if his outward trappings spoke him blessed,
Not heed the sickness of his conscious mind!

With her I scorn the idle breath of praise,
Nor trust to happiness that's not our own;
The smile of fortune might suspicion raise,
But here I know that I am loved alone.

Hers be the care of all my little train,
While I, with tender indolence am blest,
The favourite subject of her gentle reign,
By love alone distinguished from the rest.

For her I'll yoke my oxen to the plough,
In gloomy forests tend my lonely flock;
For her a goat-herd climb the mountain's brow,
And sleep extended on the naked rock:

Ah, what avails to press the stately bed,
And far from her 'midst tasteless grandeur weep,
By marble fountains lay the pensive head,
And, while they murmur, strive in vain to sleep?

Delia alone can please, and never tire,
Exceed the paint of thought in true delight;
With her, enjoyment wakens new desire,
And equal rapture glows through every night:

Beauty and worth in her alike contend,
To charm the fancy, and to fix the mind;
In her, my wife, my mistress, and my friend,
I taste the joys of sense and reason joined.

On her I'll gaze, when others loves are o'er,
And dying press her with my clay-cold hand—
Thou weep'st already, as I were no more,
Nor can that gentle breast the thought withstand.

Oh, when I die, my latest moments spare,
Nor let thy grief with sharper torments kill,
Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing hair,
Though I am dead, my soul shall love thee still:

Oh, quit the room, oh, quit the deathful bed,
Or thou wilt die, so tender is thy heart;
Oh, leave me, Delia, ere thou see me dead,
These weeping friends will do thy mournful part:

Let them, extended on the decent bier,
Convey the corse in melancholy state,
Through all the village spread the tender tear,
While pitying maids our wondrous loves relate.

*Careless Content.**

[The following and subsequent poems are by John Byrom, a native of Manchester. He was well educated, but declined to take advantage of an offered fellowship in the university of Cambridge, from a dislike to the clerical profession, and endeavoured to make a livelihood by teaching short-hand writing in London. Ultimately, he succeeded to some property, and came to the close of his days in affluence (1763), aged 72. The Phœbe of his poetry was a daughter of the celebrated Bentley.]

I am content, I do not care,
Wag as it will the world for me;
When fuss and fret was all my fare,
It got no ground as I could see:
So when away my caring went,
I counted cost, and was content.

With more of thanks and less of thought,
I strive to make my matters meet;
To seek what ancient sages sought,
Physic and food in sour and sweet:
To take what passes in good part,
And keep the hiccups from the heart.

With good and gentle humoured hearts,
I choose to chat where'er I come,
Whate'er the subject be that starts;
But if I get among the glum,
I hold my tongue to tell the truth,
And keep my breath to cool my broth.

For chance or change of peace or pain,
For fortune's favour or her frown,
For lack or glut, for loss or gain,
I never dodge, nor up nor down:
But swing what way the ship shall swim,
Or tack about with equal trim.

I suit not where I shall not speed,
Nor trace the turn of every tide;
If simple sense will not succeed,
I make no bustling, but abide:
For shining wealth, or scaring wo,
I force no friend, I fear no foe.

Of ups and downs, of ins and outs,
Of they're i' the wrong, and we're i' the right,
I shun the rancours and the routs;
And wishing well to every wight,
Whatever turn the matter takes,
I deem it all but ducks and drakes.

With whom I feast I do not fawn,
Nor if the folks should flout me, faint;
If wonted welcome be withdrawn,
I cook no kind of a complaint:
With none disposed to disagree,
But like them best who best like me.

Not that I rate myself the rule
How all my betters should behave;
But fame shall find me no man's fool,
Nor to a set of men a slave:
I love a friendship free and frank,
And hate to hang upon a hank.

Fond of a true and trusty tie,
I never loose where'er I link;
Though if a business budges by,
I talk thereon just as I think;
My word, my work, my heart, my hand,
Still on a side together stand.

If names or notions make a noise,
Whatever hap the question hath,
The point impartially I poise,
And read or write, but without wrath;

For should I burn, or break my brains,
Pray, who will pay me for my pains?

I love my neighbour as myself,
Myself like him too, by his leave;
Nor to his pleasure, power, or pelf,
Came I to crouch, as I conceive:
Dame Nature doubtless has designed
A man the monarch of his mind.

Now taste and try this temper, sirs,
Mood it and brood it in your breast;
Or if ye ween, for worldly stirs,
That man does right to mar his rest,
Let me be deft, and debonair,
I am content, I do not care.

* One poem, entitled Careless Content, is so perfectly in the manner of Elizabeth's age, that we can hardly believe it to be an imitation, but are almost disposed to think that Byrom had transcribed it from some old author.—SOUTHEY.

A Pastoral.

My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent,
When Phœbe went with me wherever I went;
Ten thousand sweet pleasures I felt in my breast:
Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest!
But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous change on a sudden I find!
When things were as fine as could possibly be,
I thought 'twas the Spring; but alas! it was she.

With such a companion to tend a few sheep,
To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep:
I was so good-humoured, so cheerful and gay,
My heart was as light as a feather all day;
But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,
So strangely uneasy, as never was known.
My fair one is gone, and my joys are all drowned,
And my heart—I am sure it weighs more than a pound.

The fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among;
Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phœbe was there,
'Twas pleasure to look at, 'twas music to hear:
But now she is absent, I walk by its side,
And still, as it murmurs, do nothing but chide;
Must you be so cheerful, while I go in pain?
Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain.

My lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
And Phœbe and I were as joyful as they;
How pleasant their sporting, how happy their time,
When Spring, Love, and Beauty, were all in their prime;
But now, in their frolics when by me they pass,
I fling at their fleeces a handful of grass;
Be still, then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
To see you so merry while I am so sad.

My dog I was ever well pleased to see
Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me;
And Phœbe was pleased too, and to my dog said,
'Come hither, poor fellow;' and patted his head.
But now, when he's fawning, I with a sour look
Cry 'Sirrah;' and give him a blow with my crook:
And I'll give him another; for why should not Tray
Be as dull as his master, when Phœbe's away?

When walking with Phœbe, what sights have I seen,
How fair was the flower, how fresh was the green!
What a lovely appearance the trees and the shade,
The corn fields and hedges, and every thing made!
But now she has left me, though all are still there,
They none of them now so delightful appear:
'Twas nought but the magic, I find, of her eyes,
Made so many beautiful prospects arise.

Sweet music went with us both all the wood through,
The lark, linnet, throstle, and nightingale too;
Winds over us whispered, flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the grasshopper under our feet.
But now she is absent, though still they sing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone:

Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,
Gave every thing else its agreeable sound.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue?
And where is the violet's beautiful blue?
Does ought of its sweetness the blossom beguile?
That meadow, those daisies, why do they not smile?
Ah! rivals, I see what it was that you drest,
And made yourselves fine for—a place in her breast:
You put on your colours to pleasure her eye,
To be plucked by her hand, on her bosom to die.

How slowly Time creeps till my Phœbe return!
While amidst the soft zephyr's cool breezes I burn:
Methinks, if I knew whereabouts he would tread,
I could breathe on his wings, and 'twould melt down the lead.
Fly swifter, ye minutes, bring hither my dear,
And rest so much longer for't when she is here.
Ah Colin! old Time is full of delay,
Nor will budge one foot faster for all thou canst say.

Will no pitying power, that hears me complain,
Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain?
To be cured, thou must, Colin, thy passion remove;
But what swain is so silly to live without love!
No, deity, bid the dear nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.
Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with despair;
Take heed, all ye swains, how ye part with your fair.

[*Ode to a Tobacco Pipe.*]

[One of six imitations of English poets, written on the subject of tobacco, by Isaac Hawkins Browne, a gentleman of fortune, born 1705, died 1760. The present poem is the imitation of Ambrose Philips.]

Little tube of mighty power,
Charmer of an idle hour,
Object of my warm desire,
Lip of wax and eye of fire;
And thy snowy taper waist,
With my finger gently braced;
And thy pretty swelling crest,
With my little stopper prest;
And the sweetest bliss of blisses,
Breathing from thy balmy kisses.
Happy thrice, and thrice again,
Happiest he of happy men;
Who when again the night returns,
When again the taper burns,
When again the cricket's gay
(Little cricket full of play),
Can afford his tube to feed
With the fragrant Indian weed:
Pleasure for a nose divine,
Incense of the god of wine.
Happy thrice, and thrice again,
Happiest he of happy men.

[*Song—Away! let nought to Love Displeasing.**]

Away! let nought to love displeasing,
My Winifreda, move your care;
Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

What though no grants of royal donors,
With pompous titles grace our blood;
We'll shine in more substantial honours,
And, to be noble, we'll be good.

Our name while virtue thus we tender,
Will sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke;
And all the great ones, they shall wonder
How they respect such little folk.

What though, from fortune's lavish bounty,
No mighty treasures we possess;
We'll find, within our pittance, plenty,
And be content without excess.

Still shall each kind returning season
Sufficient for our wishes give;
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only life to live.

Through youth and age, in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread;
Sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
While round my knees they fondly clung!
To see them look their mother's features,
To hear them lisp their mother's tongue!

And when with envy Time transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys;
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go wooing in my boys.

* This beautiful piece has been erroneously ascribed to John Gilbert Cooper, author of a volume of poems, and some prose works, who died in 1769.

TRAGIC DRAMATISTS.

The tragic drama of this period bore the impress of the French school, in which cold correctness or turgid declamation was more regarded than the natural delineation of character and the fire of genius. One improvement was the complete separation of tragedy and comedy. Otway and Southerne had marred the effect of some of their most pathetic and impressive dramas, by the intermixture of farcical and licentious scenes and characters, but they were the last who committed this incongruity. Public taste had become more critical, aided perhaps by the papers of Addison in the 'Spectator,' and other essayists, as well as by the general diffusion of literature and knowledge. Great names were now enlisted in the service of the stage. Fashion and interest combined to draw forth dramatic talent. A writer for the stage, it has been justly remarked, like the public orator, has the gratification of 'witnessing his own triumphs; of seeing in the plaudits, tears, or smiles of delighted spectators, the strongest testimony to his own powers.' The publication of his play may also insure him the fame and profit of authorship. If successful on the stage, the remuneration was then considerable. Authors were generally allowed the profits of three nights' performances; and Goldsmith, we find, thus derived between four and five hundred pounds by *She Stoops to Conquer*. The genius of Garrick may also be considered as lending fresh attraction and popularity to the stage. Authors were ambitious of fame as well as profit by the exertions of an actor so well fitted to portray the various passions and emotions of human nature, and who partially succeeded in recalling the English taste to the genius of Shakspeare.

One of the most successful and conspicuous of the tragic dramatists was the author of the 'Night Thoughts,' who, before he entered the church, produced three tragedies, all having one peculiarity, that they ended in suicide. *The Revenge*, still a popular acting play, contains, amidst some rant and hyperbole, passages of strong passion and eloquent declamation. Like Othello, 'The Revenge' is founded on jealousy, and the principal character, Zanga, is a Moor. The latter, son of the Moorish king Abdallah, is taken prisoner after a conquest by the Spaniards, in which his father fell, and is condemned to servitude by Don Alonzo. In revenge, he sows the seeds of jealousy in the mind of his

conqueror, Alonzo, and glories in the ruin of his victim:—

Thou seest a prince, whose father thou hast slain,
Whose native country thou hast laid in blood,
Whose sacred person, Oh! thou hast profaned,
Whose reign extinguished—what was left to me,
So highly born? No kingdom but revenge;
No treasure but thy torture and thy groans.
If men should ask who brought thee to thy end,
Tell them the Moor, and they will not despise thee.
If cold white mortals censure this great deed,
Warn them they judge not of superior beings,
Souls made of fire, and children of the sun,
With whom revenge is virtue.

Dr Johnson's tragedy of *Irene* was performed in 1749, but met with little success, and has never since been revived. It is cold and stately, containing some admirable sentiments and maxims of morality, but destitute of elegance, simplicity, and pathos. At the conclusion of the piece, the heroine was to be strangled upon the stage, after speaking two lines with the bowstring round her neck. The audience cried out 'Murder! murder!' and compelled the actress to go off the stage alive, in defiance of the author. An English audience could not, as one of Johnson's friends remarked, bear to witness a strangling scene on the stage, though a dramatic poet may stab or slay by hundreds. The following passage in 'Irene' was loudly applauded:—

To-morrow!
That fatal mistress of the young, the lazy,
The coward and the fool, condemned to lose
A useless life in waiting for to-morrow—
To gaze with longing eyes upon to-morrow,
Till interposing death destroys the prospect!
Strange! that this general fraud from day to day
Should fill the world with wretches undetected.
The soldier labouring through a winter's march,
Still sees to-morrow dressed in robes of triumph;
Still to the lover's long-expecting arms
To-morrow brings the visionary bride.
But thou, too old to bear another cheat,
Learn that the present hour alone is man's.

Five tragedies were produced by Thomson betwixt the years 1729 and the period of his death: these were *Sophonisba*, *Agamemnon*, *Edward and Eleonora*, *Tancred and Sigismunda*, and *Coriolanus*. None of them can be considered as worthy of the author of the Seasons: they exhibit the defects of his style without its virtues. He wanted the plastic powers of the dramatist, and though he could declaim forcibly on the moral virtues, and against corruption and oppression, he could not draw characters or invent scenes to lead captive the feelings and imagination.

Two tragedies of a similar kind, but more animated in expression, were produced—*Gustavus Vasa* by Brooke, and *Barbarossa* by Dr Brown. The acting of Garrick mainly contributed to the success of the latter, which had a great run. The sentiment at the conclusion of 'Barbarossa' is finely expressed:—

Heaven but tries our virtue by affliction,
And oft the cloud which wraps the present hour
Serves but to brighten all our future days.

Aaron Hill translated some of Voltaire's tragedies with frigid accuracy, and they were performed with success. In 1753, *The Gamester*, an affecting domestic tragedy, was produced. Though wanting the merit of ornamented poetical language and blank verse, the vivid picture drawn by the author (Edward Moore) of the evils of gambling, ending in despair and suicide, and the dramatic art evinced in the characters and incidents, drew loud applause. 'The Gamester' is still a popular play.

[*The Gamester's Last Stake.*]

Beverley. Why, there's an end then. I have judged deliberately, and the result is death. How the self-murderer's account may stand, I know not; but this I know, the load of hateful life oppresses me too much. The horrors of my soul are more than I can bear. [*Offers to kneel*]. Father of Mercy! I cannot pray; despair has laid his iron hand upon me, and sealed me for perdition. Conscience! conscience! thy clamours are too loud: here's that shall silence thee. [*Takes a phial of poison out of his pocket.*] Thou art most friendly to the miserable. Come, then, thou cordial for sick minds, come to my heart. [*Drinks it.*] Oh, that the grave would bury memory as well as body! for, if the soul sees and feels the sufferings of those dear ones it leaves behind, the Everlasting has no vengeance to torment it deeper. I'll think no more on it; reflection comes too late; once there was a time for it, but now 'tis past. Who's there?

Enter JARVIS.

Jar. One that hoped to see you with better looks. Why do you turn so from me! I have brought comfort with me; and see who comes to give it welcome.

Bev. My wife and sister! Why, 'tis but one pang more then, and farewell, world.

Enter MRS BEVERLEY and CHARLOTTE.

Mrs B. Where is he? [*Runs and embraces him.*] O, I have him! I have him! And now they shall never part us more. I have news, love, to make you happy for ever. Alas! he hears us not. Speak to me, love; I have no heart to see you thus.

Bev. This is a sad place.

Mrs B. We came to take you from it; to tell you the world goes well again; that Providence has seen our sorrows, and sent the means to help them; your uncle died yesterday.

Bev. My uncle! No, do not say so. O! I am sick at heart!

Mrs B. Indeed, I meant to bring you comfort.

Bev. Tell me he lives, then; if you would bring me comfort, tell me he lives.

Mrs B. And if I did, I have no power to raise the dead. He died yesterday.

Bev. And I am heir to him?

Jar. To his whole estate, sir. But bear it patiently, pray bear it patiently.

Bev. Well, well. [*Pausing.*] Why, fame says I am rich then?

Mrs B. And truly so. Why do you look so wildly?

Bev. Do I? The news was unexpected. But has he left me all?

Jar. All, all, sir; he could not leave it from you.

Bev. I am sorry for it.

Mrs B. Why are you disturbed so?

Bev. Has death no terrors in it!

Mrs B. Not an old man's death; yet, if it trouble you, I wish him living.

Bev. And I, with all my heart; for I have a tale to tell, shall turn you into stone; or if the power of speech remain, you shall kneel down and curse me.

Mrs B. Alas! Why are we to curse you? I'll bless you ever.

Bev. No; I have deserved no blessings. All this large fortune, this second bounty of heaven, that might have healed our sorrows, and satisfied our utmost hopes, in a cursed hour I sold last night.

Mrs B. Impossible!

Bev. That devil Stukely, with all hell to aid him, tempted me to the deed. To pay false debts of honour,

and to redeem past errors, I sold the reversion, sold it for a scanty sum, and lost it among villains.

Char. Why, farewell all then.

Bev. Liberty and life. Come, kneel and curse me.

Mrs B. Then hear me, heaven. [*Kneels.*] Look down with mercy on his sorrows! Give softness to his looks, and quiet to his heart! On me, on me, if misery must be the lot of either, multiply misfortunes! I'll bear them patiently, so he be happy! These hands shall toil for his support; these eyes be lifted up for hourly blessings on him; and every duty of a fond and faithful wife be doubly done to cheer and comfort him. So hear me! so reward me! [*Rises.*

Bev. I would kneel too, but that offended heaven would turn my prayers into curses; for I have done a deed to make life horrible to you.

Mrs B. What deed?

Jar. Ask him no questions, madam; this last misfortune has hurt his brain. A little time will give him patience.

Enter STUKELY.

Bev. Why is this villain here?

Stuk. To give you liberty and safety. There, madam, is his discharge. [*Gives a paper to Charlotte.*] The arrest last night was meant in friendship, but came too late.

Char. What mean you, sir?

Stuk. The arrest was too late, I say; I would have kept his hands from blood; but was too late.

Mrs B. His hands from blood! Whose blood?

Stuk. From Lewson's blood.

Char. No, villain! Yet what of Lewson; speak quickly.

Stuk. You are ignorant then; I thought I heard the murderer at confession.

Char. What murderer? And who is murdered? Not Lewson? Say he lives, and I will kneel and worship you.

Stuk. And so I would; but that the tongues of all cry murder. I came in pity, not in malice; to save the brother, not kill the sister. Your Lewson's dead.

Char. O horrible!

Bev. Silence, I charge you. Proceed, sir.

Stuk. No; justice may stop the tale; and here's an evidence.

Enter BATES.

Bates. The news, I see, has reached you. But take comfort, madam. [*To Charlotte.*] There's one without inquiring for you; go to him, and lose no time.

Char. O misery! misery! [*Exit.*

Mrs B. Follow her, Jarvis; if it be true that Lewson's dead, her grief may kill her.

Bates. Jarvis must stay here, madam; I have some questions for him.

Stuk. Rather let him fly; his evidence may crush his master.

Bev. Why, ay; this looks like management.

Bates. He found you quarrelling with Lewson in the street last night. [*To Beverley.*

Mrs B. No; I am sure he did not.

Jar. Or if I did——

Mrs B. 'Tis false, old man; they had no quarrel, there was no cause for quarrel.

Bev. Let him proceed, I say. O! I am sick! sick! Reach a chair. [*Jarvis brings it, he sits down.*

Mrs B. You droop and tremble, love. Yet you are innocent. If Lewson's dead, you killed him not.

Enter DAWSON.

Stuk. Who sent for Dawson?

Bates. 'Twas I. We have a witness too, you little think of. Without there!

Stuk. What witness?

Bates. A right one. Look at him.

Enter CHARLOTTE and LEWSON.

[*Mrs B., on perceiving Lewson, goes into a hysteric laugh, and sinks on Jarvis.*

Stuk. Lewson! O villains! villains! [*To Bates and Dawson.*

Mrs B. Risen from the dead! Why, this is unexpected happiness!

Char. Or is it his ghost? [*To Stukely.*] That sight would please you, sir.

Jar. What riddle is this?

Bev. Be quick and tell it, my minutes are but few.

Mrs B. Alas! why so? You shall live long and happily.

Lew. While shame and punishment shall rack that viper. [*Points to Stukely.*] The tale is short; I was too busy in his secrets, and therefore doomed to die. Bates, to prevent the murder, undertook it; I kept aloof to give it credit.

Char. And give me pangs unutterable.

Lew. I felt them all, and would have told you; but vengeance wanted ripening. The villain's scheme was but half executed; the arrest by Dawson followed the supposed murder, and now, depending on his once wicked associates, he comes to fix the guilt on Beverley.

Bates. Dawson and I are witnesses of this.

Lew. And of a thousand frauds; his fortune ruined by sharpers and false dice; and Stukely sole contriver and possessor of all.

Daw. Had he but stopped on this side murder, we had been villains still.

Lew. [*To Beverley.*] How does my friend?

Bev. Why, well. Who's he that asks me?

Mrs B. 'Tis Lewson, love. Why do you look so at him?

Bev. [*Wildly.*] They told me he was murdered!

Mrs B. Ay; but he lives to save us.

Bev. Lend me your hand; the room turns round.

Lew. This villain here disturbs him. Remove him from his sight; and on your lives see that you guard him. [*Stukely is taken off by Dawson and Bates.*] How is it, sir?

Bev. 'Tis here, and here. [*Pointing to his head and heart.*] And now it tears me!

Mrs B. You feel convulsed, too. What is it disturbs you?

Bev. A furnace rages in this heart. [*Laying his hand upon his heart.*] Down, restless flames! down to your native hell; there you shall rack me! Oh, for a pause from pain! Where is my wife? Can you forgive me, love?

Mrs B. Alas! for what?

Bev. For meanly dying.

Mrs B. No; do not say it.

Bev. As truly as my soul must answer it. Had Jarvis staid this morning, all had been well; but, pressed by shame, pent in a prison, and tormented with my pangs for you, driven to despair and madness, I took the advantage of his absence, corrupted the poor wretch he left to guard me, and swallowed poison.

Lew. Oh, fatal deed!

Bev. Ay, most accursed. And now I go to my account. Bend me, and let me kneel. [*They lift him from his chair, and support him on his knees.*] I'll pray for you too. Thou Power that mad'st me, hear me. If, for a life of frailty, and this too hasty deed of death, thy justice doom me, here I acquit the sentence; but if, enthroned in mercy where thou sitt'st, thy pity hast beheld me, send me a gleam of hope, that in these last and bitter moments my soul may taste of comfort! And for these mourners here, O let their lives be peaceful, and their deaths happy.

Mrs B. Restore him, heaven! O, save him, save him, or let me die too!

Bev. No; live, I charge you. We have a little one; though I have left him, you will not leave him. To Lewson's kindness I bequeath him. Is not this Charlotte? We have lived in love, though I have wronged you. Can you forgive me, Charlotte?

Char. Forgive you! O, my poor brother!

Bev. Lend me your hand, love. So; raise me—no; it will not be; my life is finished. O for a few short moments to tell you how my heart bleeds for you; that even now, thus dying as I am, dubious and fearful of a hereafter, my bosom pang is for your miseries. Support her, Heaven! And now I go. O, mercy! mercy! [*Dies.*

Lew. How is it, madam? My poor Charlotte, too?

Char. Her grief is speechless.

Lew. Jarvis, remove her from this sight. [*Jarvis and Charlotte lead Mrs Beverley aside.*] Some ministering angel bring her peace. And thou poor breathless corpse, may thy departed soul have found the rest it prayed for. Save but one error, and this last fatal deed, thy life was lovely. Let frailer minds take warning; and from example learn that want of prudence is want of virtue. [*Exeunt.*

Of a more intellectual and scholar like cast were the two dramas of Mason, *Elfrida* and *Caractacus*. They were brought on the stage by Colman (which Southey considers to have been a bold experiment in those days of sickly tragedy), and were well received. They are now known as dramatic poems, not as acting plays. The most natural and affecting of all the tragic productions of the day, was the *Douglas* of Home, founded on the old ballad of Gil Morrice, which Percy has preserved in his Reliques. 'Douglas' was rejected by Garrick, and was first performed in Edinburgh in 1756. Next year Lord Bute procured its representation at Covent Garden, where it drew tears and applause as copiously as in Edinburgh. The plot of this drama is pathetic and interesting. The dialogue is sometimes flat and prosaic, but other parts are written with the liquid softness and moral beauty of Heywood or Dekker. Maternal affection is well depicted under novel and striking circumstances—the accidental discovery of a lost child—'My beautiful! my brave!'—and Mr Mackenzie, the 'Man of Feeling,' has given as his opinion that the chief scene between Lady Randolph and Old Norval, in which the preservation and existence of Douglas is discovered, has no equal in modern and scarcely a superior in the ancient drama. Douglas himself, the young hero, 'enthusiastic, romantic, desirous of honour, careless of life and every other advantage when glory lay in the balance,' is beautifully drawn, and formed the schoolboy model of most of the Scottish youth 'sixty years since.' As a specimen of the style and diction of Home, we subjoin part of the discovery scene. Lord Randolph is attacked by four men, and rescued by young Douglas. An old man is found in the woods, and is taken up as one of the assassins, some rich jewels being also in his possession.

[*Discovery of her Son by Lady Randolph.*]

PRISONER—LADY RANDOLPH—ANNA her maid.

Lady R. Account for these; thine own they cannot be:
For these, I say: be steadfast to the truth;
Detected falsehood is most certain death.
[*Anna removes the servants and returns.*
Pris. Alas! I'm sore beset; let never man,
For sake of lucre, sin against his soul!
Eternal justice is in this most just!
I, guiltless now, must former guilt reveal.
Lady R. O, Anna, hear! Once more I charge thee speak
The truth direct; for these to me foretell
And certify a part of thy narration;
With which, if the remainder tallies not,
An instant and a dreadful death abides thee.
Pris. Then, thus adjured, I'll speak to you as just
As if you were the minister of heaven,
Sent down to search the secret sins of men.
Some eighteen years ago, I rented land
Of brave Sir Malcolm, then Balarmo's lord;
But falling to decay, his servants seized
All that I had, and then turned me and mine
(Four helpless infants and their weeping mother)
Out to the mercy of the winter winds.
A little hovel by the river side
Received us: there hard labour, and the skill
In fishing, which was formerly my sport,
Supported life. Whilst thus we poorly lived,
One stormy night, as I remember well,
The wind and rain beat hard upon our roof;
Red came the river down, and loud and oft
The angry spirit of the water shrieked.
At the dead hour of night was heard the cry
Of one in jeopardy. I rose, and ran
To where the circling eddy of a pool,
Beneath the ford, used oft to bring within
My reach whatever floating thing the stream
Had caught. The voice was ceased; the person lost:
But, looking sad and earnest on the waters,
By the moon's light I saw, whirled round and round,
A basket; soon I drew it to the bank,
And nestled curious there an infant lay.
Lady R. Was he alive?
Pris. He was.
Lady R. Inhuman that thou art!
How couldst thou kill what waves and tempests spared?
Pris. I was not so inhuman.
Lady R. Didst thou not?
Anna. My noble mistress, you are moved too much:
This man has not the aspect of stern murder;
Let him go on, and you, I hope, will hear
Good tidings of your kinsman's long lost child.
Pris. The needy man who has known better days,
One whom distress has spited at the world,
Is he whom tempting fiends would pitch upon
To do such deeds, as make the prosperous men
Lift up their hands, and wonder who could do them;
And such a man was I; a man declined,
Who saw no end of black adversity;
Yet, for the wealth of kingdoms, I would not
Have touched that infant with a hand of harm.
Lady R. Ha! dost thou say so? Then perhaps he lives!
Pris. Not many days ago he was alive.
Lady R. O, God of heaven! Did he then die so lately?
Pris. I did not say he died; I hope he lives.
Not many days ago these eyes beheld
Him, flourishing in youth, and health, and beauty.
Lady R. Where is he now?
Pris. Alas! I know not where.
Lady R. O, fate! I fear thee still. Thou riddler speak
Direct and clear, else I will search thy soul.
Anna. Permit me, ever honoured! keen impatience,
Though hard to be restrained, defeats itself.
Pursue thy story with a faithful tongue,
To the last hour that thou didst keep the child.
Pris. Fear not my faith, though I must speak my shame.
Within the cradle where the infant lay
Was stowed a mighty store of gold and jewels;
Tempted by which, we did resolve to hide,
From all the world, this wonderful event,
And like a peasant breed the noble child.
That none might mark the change of our estate,
We left the country, travelled to the north,

Bought flocks and herds, and gradually brought forth
Our secret wealth. But God's all-seeing eye
Beheld our avarice, and smote us sore;
For one by one all our own children died,
And he, the stranger, sole remained the heir
Of what indeed was his. Fain then would I,
Who with a father's fondness loved the boy,
Have trusted him, now in the dawn of youth,
With his own secret; but my anxious wife,
Foreboding evil, never would consent.
Meanwhile the stripling grew in years and beauty;
And, as we oft observed, he bore himself,
Not as the offspring of our cottage blood,
For nature will break out: mild with the mild,
But with the froward he was fierce as fire,
And night and day he talked of war and arms.
I set myself against his warlike bent;
But all in vain; for when a desperate band
Of robbers from the savage mountains came—
Lady R. Eternal Providence! What is thy name?
Pris. My name is Norval; and my name he bears.
Lady R. 'Tis he, 'tis he himself! It is my son!
O, sovereign mercy! 'Twas my child I saw!
No wonder, Anna, that my bosom burned.
Anna. Just are your transports: ne'er was woman's heart
Proved with such fierce extremes. High-fated dame!
But yet remember that you are beheld
By servile eyes; your gestures may be seen
Impassioned, strange; perhaps your words o'erheard.
Lady R. Well dost thou counsel, Anna: Heaven bestow
On me that wisdom which my state requires!
Anna. The moments of deliberation pass,
And soon you must resolve. This useful man
Must be dismissed in safety, ere my lord
Shall with his brave deliverer return.
Pris. If I, amidst astonishment and fear,
Have of your words and gestures rightly judged,
Thou art the daughter of my ancient master;
The child I rescued from the flood is thine.
Lady R. With thee dissimulation now were vain.
I am indeed the daughter of Sir Malcolm;
The child thou rescued'st from the flood is mine.
Pris. Blessed be the hour that made me a poor man!
My poverty hath saved my master's house!
Lady R. Thy words surprise me: sure thou dost not feign!
The tear stands in thine eye: such love from thee
Sir Malcolm's house deserved not, if aright
Thou told'st the story of thy own distress.
Pris. Sir Malcolm of our barons was the flower;
The fastest friend, the best, the kindest master;
But ah! he knew not of my sad estate.
After that battle, where his gallant son,
Your own brave brother, fell, the good old lord
Grew desperate and reckless of the world;
And never, as he erst was wont, went forth
To overlook the conduct of his servants.
By them I was thrust out, and them I blame;
May heaven so judge me as I judged my master,
And God so love me as I love his race!
Lady R. His race shall yet reward thee. On thy faith
Depends the fate of thy loved master's house.
Rememberest thou a little lonely hut,
That like a holy hermitage appears
Among the cliffs of Carron?
Pris. I remember
The cottage of the cliffs.
Lady R. 'Tis that I mean;
There dwells a man of venerable age,
Who in my father's service spent his youth:
Tell him I sent thee, and with him remain,
Till I shall call upon thee to declare,
Before the king and nobles, what thou now
To me hast told. No more but this, and thou
Shalt live in honour all thy future days;
Thy son so long shall call thee father still,
And all the land shall bless the man who saved
The son of Douglas, and Sir Malcolm's heir.

JOHN HOME, author of *Douglas*, was by birth connected with the family of the Earl of Home; his father was town-clerk of Leith, where the poet was born in 1722. He entered the church, and succeeded Blair, author of 'The Grave,' as minister of Athelstaneford. Previous to this, however, he had taken up arms as a volunteer in 1745 against the Chevalier, and after the defeat at Falkirk, was imprisoned in the old castle of Doune, whence he effected his escape, with some of his associates, by cutting their blankets into shreds, and letting themselves down on the ground. The romantic poet soon found the church as severe and tyrannical as the army of Charles Edward. So violent a storm was raised by the fact that a Presbyterian minister had written a play, that Home was forced to succumb to the presbytery, and resigned his living. Lord Bute rewarded him with the sinecure office of conservator of Scots privileges at Campvere; and on the accession of George III. in 1760, when the influence of Bute was paramount, the poet received a pension of £300 per annum. He wrote various other tragedies, which soon passed into oblivion; but with an income of about £600 per annum, with an easy, cheerful, and benevolent disposition, and enjoying the friendship of David Hume, Blair, Robertson, and all the most distinguished for rank or talents, John Home's life glided on in happy tranquillity. He survived nearly all his associates, and died in 1808, aged eighty-six.

Among the other tragic writers may be mentioned Mallet, whose drama of *Elvira* was highly successful; and another drama by whom, *Mustapha*, enjoyed a factitious popularity by glancing at the characters of the king and Sir Robert Walpole. Glover, author of *Leonidas*, also produced a tragedy, *Boadicea*; but it was found deficient in interest for a mixed audience. In this play, Davies, the biographer of Garrick, relates that Glover preserved 'a custom of the Druids, who enjoined the persons who drank their poison to turn their faces towards the wind, in order to facilitate the operation of the potion.' Horace Walpole was author of a tragedy, *The Mysterious Mother*, which, though of a painful and revolting nature, is full of plot and incident, abounds in vigorous description and striking imagery. As Walpole had a strong predilection for Gothic romance, and had a dramatic turn of mind, it is to be regretted that he did not devote himself more to the service of the stage, in which he would have anticipated and rivalled the style of the German drama. The 'Mysterious Mother' has never been ventured on the stage. The *Grecian Daughter*, by Murphy, produced in 1772, was a classic subject, treated in the French style, but not destitute of tenderness.

[*Against the Crusades.*]

I here attend him,
In expeditions which I ne'er approved,
In holy wars. Your pardon, reverend father;
I must declare I think such wars the fruit
Of idle courage, or mistaken zeal;
Sometimes of rapine, and religious rage,
To every mischief prompt. * * *
* * Sure I am, 'tis madness,
Inhuman madness, thus from half the world

To drain its blood and treasure, to neglect
Each art of peace, each care of government;
And all for what? By spreading desolation,
Rapine, and slaughter o'er the other half,
To gain a conquest we can never hold.
I venerate this land. Those sacred hills,
Those vales, those cities, trod by saints and prophets,
By God himself, the scenes of heavenly wonders,
Inspire me with a certain awful joy.
But the same God, my friend, pervades, sustains,
Surrounds, and fills this universal frame;
And every land, where spreads his vital presence,
His all-enlivening breath, to me is holy.
Excuse me, Theald, if I go too far:
I meant alone to say, I think these wars
A kind of persecution. And when that—
That most absurd and cruel of all vices,
Is once begun, where shall it find an end?
Each in his turn, or has or claims a right
To wield its dagger, to return its furies,
And first or last they fall upon ourselves.

THOMSON'S *Edward and Eleonora.*

[*Love.*]

Why should we kill the best of passions, Love?
It aids the hero, bids Ambition rise
To nobler heights, inspires immortal deeds,
Even softens brutes, and adds a grace to Virtue.

THOMSON'S *Sophonisba.*

[*Miscalculations of Old Men.*]

Those old men, those plodding grave state pedants,
Forget the course of youth; their crooked prudence,
To baseness verging still, forgets to take
Into their fine-spun schemes the generous heart,
That, through the cobweb system bursting, lays
Their labours waste.

THOMSON'S *Tancred and Sigismunda.*

[*Awfulness of a Scene of Pagan Rites.*]

This is the secret centre of the isle:
Here, Romans, pause, and let the eye of wonder
Gaze on the solemn scene; behold yon oak,
How stern he frowns, and with his broad brown arms
Chills the pale plain beneath him: mark yon altar,
The dark stream brawling round its rugged base;
These cliffs, these yawning caverns, this wide circus,
Skirted with unhewn stone; they awe my soul,
As if the very genius of the place
Himself appeared, and with terrific tread
Stalked through his drear domain. And yet, my friends,
If shapes like his be but the fancy's coinage,
Surely there is a hidden power that reigns
'Mid the lone majesty of untamed nature,
Controlling sober reason; tell me else,
Why do these haunts of barbarous superstition
O'ercome me thus? I scorn them; yet they awe me.

MASON'S *Caractacus.*

[*Against Homicide.*]

Think what a sea of deep perdition whelms
The wretch's trembling soul, who launches forth
Unlicensed to eternity. Think, think,
And let the thought restrain thy impious hand.
The race of man is one vast marshalled army,
Summoned to pass the spacious realms of Time,
Their leader the Almighty. In that march
Ah! who may quit his post? when high in air
The chosen archangel rides, whose right hand wields
The imperial standard of Heaven's providence,
Which, dreadful sweeping through the vaulted sky,
Overshadows all creation.

MASON'S *Elfrida.*

[*Solitude on a Battle Field.*]

I have been led by solitary care
To yon dark branches, spreading o'er the brook,
Which murmurs through the camp; this mighty camp,
Where once two hundred thousand sons of war,
With restless dins awaked the midnight hour.
Now horrid stillness in the vacant tents
Sits undisturbed; and these incessant rills,
Whose pebbled channel breaks their shallow stream,
Fill with their melancholy sounds my ears,
As if I wandered, like a lonely hind,
O'er some dead fallow, far from all resort:
Unless that ever and anon a groan
Bursts from a soldier, pillowed on his shield
In torment, or expiring with his wounds,
And turns my fixed attention into horror.

GLOVER'S *Boadicea.*

[*Forgiveness.*]

So prone to error is our mortal frame,
Time could not step without a trace of horror,
If wary nature on the human heart,
Amid its wild variety of passions,
Had not impressed a soft and yielding sense,
That when offences give resentment birth,
The kindly dews of penitence may raise
The seeds of mutual mercy and forgiveness.

GLOVER'S *Boadicea.*

[*Fortitude.*]

But, prince, remember then
The vows, the noble uses of affliction;
Preserve the quick humanity it gives,
The pitying, social sense of human weakness;
Yet keep thy stubborn fortitude entire.
The manly heart that to another's wo
Is tender, but superior to its own.
Learn to submit, yet learn to conquer fortune;
Attach thee firmly to the virtuous deeds
And offices of life; to life itself,
With all its vain and transient joys, sit loose.
Chief, let devotion to the sovereign mind,
A steady, cheerful, absolute dependence
In his best, wisest government, possess thee.
In thoughtless gay prosperity, when all
Attends our wish, when nought is seen around us
But kneeling slavery, and obedient fortune;
Then are blind mortals apt, within themselves
To fly their stay, forgetful of the giver;
But when thus humbled, Alfred, as thou art,
When to their feeble natural powers reduced,
'Tis then they feel this universal truth
That Heaven is all in all, and man is nothing.

MALLET'S *Alfred.*

COMIC DRAMATISTS.

The comic muse was, during this period, more successful than her tragic sister. In the reign of George II., the witty and artificial comedies of Vanbrugh and Farquhar began to lose their ground, both on account of their licentiousness, and the formal system on which they were constructed with regard to characters and expression. In their room, Garrick, Foote, and other writers, placed a set of dramatic compositions, which, though often of a humble and unpretending character, exercised great influence in introducing a taste for more natural portraitures and language; and these again led the way to the higher productions, which we are still accustomed to refer to veneratively, as the legitimate English comedies.

Amongst the first five-act plays in which this improvement was seen, was *The Suspicious Husband* of Hoadly, in which there is but a slight dash of the license of Farquhar. Its leading character, Ranger, is still a favourite. GEORGE COLMAN, manager of Covent Garden theatre, was an excellent comic writer, and produced above thirty pieces, a few of which deservedly keep possession of the stage. His *Jealous Wife*, founded on Fielding's 'Tom Jones,' has some highly effective scenes and well-drawn characters. It was produced in 1761; five years afterwards. Colman joined with Garrick and brought out *The Clandestine Marriage*, in which the character of an aged beau, affecting gaiety and youth, is strikingly personified in Lord Ogleby. ARTHUR MURPHY (1727–1805), a voluminous and miscellaneous writer, added comedies as well as tragedies to the stage, and his *Way to Keep Him* is still occasionally performed. HUGH KELLY, a scurrilous newspaper writer, surprised the public by producing a comedy, *False Delicacy*, which had remarkable success both on the fortunes and character of the author: the profits of his first third night realised £150—the largest sum of money he had ever before seen—'and from a low, petulant, absurd, and ill-bred censurer,' says Davies, 'Kelly was transformed to the humane, affable, good-natured, well-bred man.' The marked success of Kelly's sentimental style gave the tone to a much more able dramatist, RICHARD CUMBERLAND (1732–1811), who, after two or three unsuccessful pieces, in 1771 brought out *The West Indian*, one of the best stage plays which English comedy can yet boast. The plot, incidents, and characters (including the first draught of an Irish gentleman which the theatre had witnessed), are all well sustained. Other dramas of Cumberland, as *The Wheel of Fortune*, *The Fashionable Lover*, &c., were also acted with applause, though now too stiff and sentimental for our audiences. Goldsmith thought that Cumberland had carried the refinement of comedy to excess, and he set himself to correct the fault. His first dramatic performance, *The Good-Natured Man*, presents one of the happiest of his delineations in the character of Croaker; but as a whole, the play wants point and sprightliness. His second drama, *She Stoops to Conquer*, performed in 1773, has all the requisites for interesting and amusing an audience; and Johnson said, 'he knew of no comedy for many years that had answered so much the great end of comedy—making an audience merry.' The plot turns on what may be termed a farcical incident—two parties mistaking a gentleman's house for an inn. But the excellent discrimination of character, and the humour and vivacity of the dialogue throughout the play, render this piece one of the richest contributions which have been made to modern comedy. The native pleasantry and originality of Goldsmith were never more happily displayed, and his success, as Davies records, 'revived fancy, wit, gaiety, humour, incident, and character, in the place of sentiment and moral preachment.'



George Colman.

[*A Deception.*]

[From 'She Stoops to Conquer.']

LANDLORD and TONY LUMPKIN.

Landlord. There be two gentlemen in a post-chaise at the door. They've lost their way upon the forest, and they are talking something about Mr Hardcastle.

Tony. As sure as can be, one of them must be the gentleman that's coming down to court my sister. Do they seem to be Londoners?

Land. I believe they may. They look woundily like Frenchmen.

Tony. Then desire them to step this way, and I'll set them right in a twinkling. [*Exit Landlord.*] Gentlemen, as they mayn't be good enough company for you, step down for a moment, and I'll be with you in the squeezing of a lemon. [*Exeunt Mob.*] Father-in-law has been calling me a whelp and hound this half-year. Now, if I pleased, I could be so revenged upon the old grumbletonian. But then I am afraid—afraid of what? I shall soon be worth fifteen hundred a-year, and let him frighten me out of that if he can.

Enter LANDLORD, conducting MARLOW and HASTINGS.

Mar. What a tedious uncomfortable day have we had of it! We were told it was but forty miles across the country, and we have come above threescore.

Hast. And all, Marlow, from that unaccountable reserve of yours, that would not let us inquire more frequently on the way.

Mar. I own, Hastings, I am unwilling to lay myself under an obligation to every one I meet; and often stand the chance of an unmannerly answer.

Hast. At present, however, we are not likely to receive any answer.

Tony. No offence, gentlemen; but I am told you have been inquiring for one Mr Hardcastle in these parts. Do you know what part of the country you are in?

Hast. Not in the least, sir; but should thank you for information.

Tony. Nor the way you came?

Hast. No, sir; but if you can inform us——

Tony. Why, gentlemen, if you know neither the road you are going, nor where you are, nor the road you came, the first thing I have to inform you is that—you have lost your way.

Mar. We wanted no ghost to tell us that.

Tony. Pray, gentlemen, may I be so bold as to ask the place from whence you came?

Mar. That's not necessary towards directing us where we are to go.

Tony. No offence; but question for question is all fair, you know. Pray, gentlemen, is not this same Hardcastle a cross-grained, old-fashioned, whimsical fellow, with an ugly face, a daughter, and a pretty son?

Hast. We have not seen the gentleman; but he has the family you mention.

Tony. The daughter a tall, trapesing, trolloping, talkative maypole; the son a pretty, well-bred, agreeable youth, that everybody is fond of.

Mar. Our information differs in this: the daughter is said to be well-bred and beautiful; the son an awkward booby, reared up and spoiled at his mother's apron-string.

Tony. He-he-hem. Then, gentlemen, all I have to tell you is, that you won't reach Mr Hardcastle's house this night, I believe.

Hast. Unfortunate!

Tony. It's a long, dark, boggy, dangerous way. Stingo, tell the gentlemen the way to Mr Hardcastle's [*winking at the Landlord*]. Mr Hardcastle's of Quagmire-marsh. You understand me?

Land. Master Hardcastle's? Lack-a-daisy! my masters, you're come a deadly deal wrong. When you came to the bottom of the hill you should have crossed down Squash-lane.

Mar. Cross down Squash-lane?

Land. Then you were to keep straight forward till you came to four roads.

Mar. Come to where four roads meet?

Tony. Ay; but you must be sure to take only one.

Mar. O, sir! you're facetious.

Tony. Then, keeping to the right, you are to go sideways till you come upon Crack-skull Common: there you must look sharp for the track of the wheel, and go forward till you come to Farmer Murrain's barn. Coming to the farmer's barn, you are to turn to the right, and then to the left, and then to the right about again, till you find out the old mill——

Mar. Zounds! man, we could as soon find out the longitude!

Hast. What's to be done, Marlow?

Mar. This house promises but a poor reception; though perhaps the landlord can accommodate us.

Land. Alack, master! we have but one spare bed in the whole house.

Tony. And to my knowledge that's taken up by three lodgers already. [*After a pause, in which the rest seem disconcerted.*] I have hit it: don't you think, Stingo, our landlady would accommodate the gentlemen by the fireside with three chairs and a bolster?

Hast. I hate sleeping by the fireside.

Mar. And I detest your three chairs and a bolster.

Tony. You do, do you? Then let me see—what if you go on a mile farther to the Buck's Head, the old Buck's Head on the hill, one of the best inns in the whole country.

Hast. O ho! so we have escaped an adventure for this night, however.

Land. [*Apart to Tony.*] Sure you bean't sending them to your father's as an inn, be you?

Tony. Mum! you fool, you; let them find that out. [*To them.*] You have only to keep on straight forward till you come to a large house on the road-side: you'll see a pair of large horns over the door; that's the sign. Drive up the yard, and call stoutly about you.

Hast. Sir, we are obliged to you. The servants can't miss the way.

Tony. No, no: but I tell you though, the landlord is rich, and going to leave off business; so he wants to be thought a gentleman, saving your presence, he, he, he! He'll be for giving you his company; and, ecod! if you mind him, he'll persuade you that his mother was an alderman, and his aunt a justice of the peace.

Land. A troublesome old blade, to be sure; but a keeps as good wines and beds as any in the whole county.

Mar. Well, if he supplies us with these, we shall want no further connexion. We are to turn to the right, did you say?

Tony. No, no, straight forward. I'll just step myself and show you a piece of the way. [*To the Landlord.*] Mum! [*Exeunt.*

[*Arrival at the Supposed Inn.*]

Enter MARLOW and HASTINGS.

Hast. After the disappointments of the day, welcome once more, Charles, to the comforts of a clean room and a good fire. Upon my word a very well-looking house; antique, but creditable.

Mar. The usual fate of a large mansion. Having first ruined the master by good house-keeping, it has at last come to levy contributions as an inn.

Hast. As you say, we passengers are to be taxed to pay all these fineries. I have often seen a good sideboard, or a marble chimney-piece, though not actually put in the bill, inflame the bill confoundedly.

Mar. Travellers must pay in all places; the only difference is, that in good inns you pay dearly for luxuries; in bad inns you are fleeced and starved.

Enter HARDCASTLE.

Hard. Gentlemen, once more you are heartily welcome. Which is Mr Marlow? [*Mar. advances.*] Sir, you're heartily welcome. It's not my way, you see, to receive my friends with my back to the fire. I like to give them a hearty reception, in the old style, at my gate. I like to see their horses and trunks taken care of.

Mar. [*Aside.*] He has got our names from the servants already. [*To Hard.*] We approve your caution and hospitality, sir. [*To Hast.*] I have been thinking, George, of changing our travelling dresses in the morning; I am grown confoundedly ashamed of mine.

Hard. I beg, Mr Marlow, you'll use no ceremony in this house.

Hast. I fancy, you're right: the first blow is half the battle. We must, however, open the campaign.

Hard. Mr Marlow—Mr Hastings—gentlemen—pray be under no restraint in this house. This is Liberty-hall, gentlemen; you may do just as you please here.

Mar. Yet, George, if we open the campaign too fiercely at first, we may want ammunition before it is over. We must show our generalship by securing, if necessary, a retreat.

Hard. Your talking of a retreat, Mr Marlow, puts me in mind of the Duke of Marlborough, when he went to besiege Denain. He first summoned the garrison——

Mar. Ay, and we'll summon your garrison, old boy.

Hard. He first summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men——

Hast. Marlow, what's o'clock?

Hard. I say gentlemen, as I was telling you, he summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men——

Mar. Five minutes to seven.

Hard. Which might consist of about five thousand men, well appointed with stores, ammunition, and other implements of war. Now, says the Duke of Marlborough to George Brooks, that stood next to him—you must have heard of George Brooks—I'll pawn my dukedom, says he, but I take that garrison without spilling a drop of blood. So——

Mar. What! My good friend, if you give us a glass of punch in the meantime, it would help us to carry on the siege with vigour.

Hard. Punch, sir!—This is the most unaccountable kind of modesty I ever met with. [*Aside.*

Mar. Yes, sir, punch. A glass of warm punch after our journey will be comfortable.

Enter SERVANT with a tankard.

This is Liberty-hall, you know.

Hard. Here's a cup, sir.

Mar. So this fellow, in his Liberty-hall, will only let us have just what he pleases. [*Aside to Hast.*

Hard. [*Taking the cup.*] I hope you'll find it to your mind. I have prepared it with my own hands, and I believe you'll own the ingredients are tolerable. Will you be so good as to pledge me, sir? Here, Mr Marlow, here is to our better acquaintance.

[*Drinks, and gives the cup to Marlow.*

Mar. A very impudent fellow this; but he's a character, and I'll humour him a little. [*Aside.*] Sir, my service to you.

Hast. I see this fellow wants to give us his company, and forgets that he's an innkeeper before he has learned to be a gentleman. [*Aside.*

Mar. From the excellence of your cup, my old friend, I suppose you have a good deal of business in this part of the country. Warm work now and then at elections, I suppose.

[*Gives the tankard to Hardcastle.*

Hard. No, sir; I have long given that work over. Since our betters have hit upon the expedient of electing each other, there's no business for us that sell ale.

[*Gives the tankard to Hastings.*

Hast. So, you have no turn for politics, I find.

Hard. Not in the least. There was a time, indeed, I fretted myself about the mistakes of government, like other people; but finding myself every day grow more angry, and the government growing no better, I left it to mend itself. Since that, I no more trouble my head about who's in or who's out than I do about John Nokes or Tom Stiles. So my service to you.

Hast. So that, with eating above stairs and drinking below, with receiving your friends within and amusing them without, you lead a good, pleasant, bustling life of it.

Hard. I do stir about a good deal, that's certain. Half the differences of the parish are adjusted in this very parlour.

Mar. [*After drinking.*] And you have an argument in your cup, old gentleman, better than any in Westminster-hall.

Hard. Ay, young gentleman, that, and a little philosophy.

Mar. Well, this is the first time I ever heard of an innkeeper's philosophy. [*Aside.*

Hast. So then, like an experienced general, you attack them on every quarter. If you find their reason manageable, you attack them with your philosophy; if you find they have no reason, you attack them with this. Here's your health, my philosopher. [*Drinks.*

Hard. Good, very good; thank you; ha! ha! Your generalship puts me in mind of Prince Eugene when he fought the Turks at the battle of Belgrade. You shall hear.

Mar. Instead of the battle of Belgrade, I think it's almost time to talk about supper. What has your philosophy got in the house for supper?

Hard. For supper, sir? Was ever such a request to a man in his own house? [*Aside.*

Mar. Yes, sir; supper, sir; I begin to feel an appetite. I shall make devilish work to-night in the larder, I promise you.

Hard. Such a brazen dog sure never my eyes beheld. [*Aside.*] Why really, sir, as for supper I can't well tell. My Dorothy and the cookmaid settle these things between them. I leave these kind of things entirely to them.

Mar. You do, do you?

Hard. Entirely. By the by, I believe they are in actual consultation upon what's for supper this moment in the kitchen.

Mar. Then I beg they'll admit me as one of their privy-council. It's a way I have got. When I travel, I always choose to regulate my own supper. Let the cook be called. No offence I hope, sir.

Hard. O no, sir, none in the least: yet, I don't know how, our Bridget, the cookmaid, is not very communicative upon these occasions. Should we send for her, she might scold us all out of the house.

Hast. Let's see the list of the larder, then. I always match my appetite to my bill of fare.

Mar. [*To Hardcastle, who looks at them with surprise.*] Sir, he's very right, and it's my way too.

Hard. Sir, you have a right to command here. Here, Roger, bring us the bill of fare for to-night's supper: I believe it's drawn out. Your manner, Mr Hastings, puts me in mind of my uncle, Colonel Wallop. It was a saying of his that no man was sure of his supper till he had eaten it.

[*Servant brings in the bill of fare, and exit.*

Hast. All upon the high ropes! His uncle a colonel! We shall soon hear of his mother being a justice of peace. [*Aside.*] But let's hear the bill of fare.

Mar. [*Perusing.*] What's here? For the first course; for the second course; for the dessert. The devil, sir! Do you think we have brought down the whole Joiners' Company, or the Corporation of Bedford, to eat up such a supper? Two or three little things, clean and comfortable, will do.

Hast. But let's hear it.

Mar. [*Reading.*] For the first course: at the top, a pig and prune sauce. * * *

Hard. And yet, gentlemen, to men that are hungry, pig, with prune sauce, is very good eating. Their impudence confounds me. [*Aside.*] Gentlemen, you are my guests, make what alterations you please. Is there any thing else you wish to retrench or alter, gentlemen?

Mar. Item: a pork pie, a boiled rabbit and sausages, a florentine, a shaking-pudding, and a dish of tiff—taff—taffety cream.

Hast. Confound your made dishes! I shall be as much at a loss in this house as at a green and yellow dinner at the French ambassador's table. I'm for plain eating.

Hard. I'm sorry, gentlemen, that I have nothing you like; but if there be any thing you have a particular fancy to——

Mar. Why, really, sir, your bill of fare is so exquisite, that any one part of it is full as good as another. Send us what you please. So much for supper: and now to see that our beds are aired, and properly taken care of.

Hard. I intreat you'll leave all that to me. You shall not stir a step.

Mar. Leave that to you! I protest, sir, you must excuse me; I always look to these things myself.

Hard. I must insist, sir, you'll make yourself easy on that head.

Mar. You see I'm resolved on it. A very troublesome fellow, as ever I met with. [*Aside.*

Hard. Well, sir, I'm resolved at least to attend you. This may be modern modesty, but I never saw anything look so like old-fashioned impudence. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt Mar. and Hard.*

Hast. So, I find this fellow's civilities begin to grow troublesome. But who can be angry with those assiduities which are meant to please him? Ha! what do I see? Miss Neville, by all that's happy!

Two years after Goldsmith's dramatic triumph, a still greater in legitimate comedy arose in the person of that remarkable man, who survived down to our own day, RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN. On the 17th of January 1775, his play of *The Rivals* was

brought out at Covent Garden. In this first effort of Sheridan (who was then in his twenty-fourth year), there is more humour than wit. He had copied some of his characters from 'Humphry Clinker,' as the testy but generous Captain Absolute, evidently borrowed from Matthew Bramble, and Mrs Malaprop, whose mistakes in words are the echoes of Mrs Winifred Jenkins's blunders. Some of these are farcical enough; but as Mr Moore observes (and no man has made more use of similes than himself), the luckiness of Mrs Malaprop's simile—'as headstrong as an *allegory* on the banks of the Nile'—will be acknowledged as long as there are writers to be run away with by the wilfulness of this truly headstrong species of composition. In the same year, *St Patrick's Day* and *The Duenna* were produced; the latter had a run of seventy-five nights! It certainly is greatly superior to 'The Beggar's Opera,' though not so general in its satire. In 1777, Sheridan had other two plays, *The Trip to Scarborough* and *The School for Scandal.* In plot, character, and incident, dialogue, humour, and wit, 'The School for Scandal' is acknowledged to surpass any comedy of modern times. It was carefully prepared by the author, who selected, arranged, and moulded his language with consummate taste, so as to form it into a transparent channel of his thoughts. Mr Moore, in his 'Life of Sheridan,' gives some amusing instances of the various forms which a witticism or pointed remark assumed before its final adoption. As in his first comedy Sheridan had taken hints from Smollett; in this, his last, he had recourse to Smollett's rival, or rather twin novelist, Fielding. The characters of Charles and Joseph Surface are evidently copies from those of Tom Jones and Blifil. Nor is the moral of the play an improvement on that of the novel. The careless extravagant rake is generous, warm-hearted, and fascinating; seriousness and gravity are rendered odious by being united to meanness and hypocrisy. The dramatic art of Sheridan is evinced in the ludicrous incidents and situations with which 'The School for Scandal' abounds: his genius shines forth in its witty dialogues. 'The entire comedy,' says Moore, 'is an El Dorado of wit, where the precious metal is thrown about by all classes as carelessly as if they had not the least idea of its value.' This fault is one not likely to be often committed! Some shorter pieces were afterwards written by Sheridan: *The Camp*, a musical opera, and *The Critic*, a witty afterpiece, in the manner of 'The Rehearsal.' The character of Sir Fretful Plagiary, intended, it is said, for Cumberland the dramatist, is one of the author's happiest efforts; and the schemes and contrivances of Puff the manager—such as making his theatrical clock strike four in a morning scene, 'to beget an awful attention' in the audience, and to 'save a description of the rising sun, and a great deal about gilding the eastern hemisphere'—are a felicitous combination of humour and satire. The scene in which Sneer mortifies the vanity of Sir Fretful, and Puff's description of his own mode of life by his proficiency in the art of puffing, are perhaps the best that Sheridan ever wrote.

[*A Sensitive Author.*]

[From 'The Critic.']

Enter SERVANT to DANGLE and SNEER.

Servant. Sir Fretful Plagiary, sir.

Dangle. Beg him to walk up. [*Exit servant.*] Now, Mrs Dangle, Sir Fretful Plagiary is an author to your own taste.

Mrs D. I confess he is a favourite of mine, because every body else abuses him.

Sneer. Very much to the credit of your charity, madam, if not of your judgment.

Dan. But, egad! he allows no merit to any author but himself; that's the truth on't, though he's my friend.

Sneer. Never. He is as envious as an old maid verging on the desperation of six-and-thirty; and then the insidious humility with which he seduces you to give a free opinion on any of his works, can be exceeded only by the petulant arrogance with which he is sure to reject your observations.

Dan. Very true, egad! though he's my friend.

Sneer. Then his affected contempt of all newspaper strictures; though, at the same time, he is the sorest man alive, and shrinks like scorched parchment from the fiery ordeal of true criticism: yet is he so covetous of popularity, that he had rather be abused than not mentioned at all.

Dan. There's no denying it; though he's my friend.

Sneer. You have read the tragedy he has just finished, haven't you?

Dan. O yes; he sent it to me yesterday.

Sneer. Well, and you think it execrable, don't you?

Dan. Why, between ourselves, egad! I must own—though he's my friend—that it is one of the most—he's here!—[*Aside*]—finished and most admirable perform——

Sir F. [*Without*] Mr Sneer with him, did you say?

Enter SIR FRETFUL PLAGIARY.

Dan. Ah, my dear friend! Egad! we were just speaking of your tragedy. Admirable, Sir Fretful, admirable!

Sneer. You never did anything beyond it, Sir Fretful; never in your life.

Sir F. You make me extremely happy; for, without a compliment, my dear Sneer, there isn't a man in the world whose judgment I value as I do yours; and Mr Dangle's.

Mrs D. They are only laughing at you, Sir Fretful; for it was but just now that——

Dan. Mrs Dangle!—Ah! Sir Fretful, you know Mrs Dangle. My friend Sneer was rallying just now. He knows how she admires you, and——

Sir F. O Lord! I am sure Mr Sneer has more taste and sincerity than to—— A double-faced fellow! [*Aside.*

Dan. Yes, yes; Sneer will jest, but a better-humoured——

Sir F. O! I know.

Dan. He has a ready turn for ridicule; his wit costs him nothing.

Sir F. No, egad! or I should wonder how he came by it. [*Aside.*

Mrs D. Because his jest is always at the expense of his friend.

Dan. But, Sir Fretful, have you sent your play to the managers yet? or can I be of any service to you?

Sir F. No, no, I thank you; I believe the piece had sufficient recommendation with it. I thank you though. I sent it to the manager of Covent Garden theatre this morning.

Sneer. I should have thought now, that it might have been cast (as the actors call it) better at Drury Lane.

Sir F. O lud! no—never send a play there while I live. Hark ye! [*Whispers Sneer.*

Sneer. *Writes himself!* I know he does.

Sir F. I say nothing—I take away from no man's merit—am hurt at no man's good fortune. I say nothing; but this I will say; through all my knowledge of life, I have observed that there is not a passion so strongly rooted in the human heart as envy!

Sneer. I believe you have reason for what you say, indeed.

Sir F. Besides, I can tell you, it is not always so safe to leave a play in the hands of those who write themselves.

Sneer. What! they may steal from them? eh, my dear Plagiary?

Sir F. Steal! to be sure they may; and, egad! serve your best thoughts as gipsies do stolen children, disfigure them to make 'em pass for their own.

Sneer. But your present work is a sacrifice to Melpomene; and he, you know, never——

Sir F. That's no security. A dexterous plagiarist may do anything. Why, sir, for aught I know he might take out some of the best things in my tragedy and put them into his own comedy.

Sneer. That might be done, I dare be sworn.

Sir F. And then, if such a person gives you the least hint or assistance, he is devilish apt to take the merit of the whole.

Dan. If it succeeds.

Sir F. Ay! but with regard to this piece, I think I can hit that gentleman, for I can safely swear he never read it.

Sneer. I'll tell you how you may hurt him more.

Sir F. How?

Sneer. Swear he wrote it.

Sir F. Plague on't now, Sneer; I shall take it ill. I believe you want to take away my character as an author!

Sneer. Then I am sure you ought to be very much obliged to me.

Sir F. Eh? sir!

Dan. O! you know he never means what he says.

Sir F. Sincerely, then, you do like the piece?

Sneer. Wonderfully!

Sir F. But, come now, there must be something that you think might be mended, eh? Mr Dangle, has nothing struck you?

Dan. Why, faith, it is but an ungracious thing for the most part to——

Sir F. With most authors it is just so, indeed; they are in general strangely tenacious; but, for my part, I am never so well pleased as when a judicious critic points out any defect to me; for what is the purpose of showing a work to a friend if you don't mean to profit by his opinion?

Sneer. Very true. Why then, though I seriously admire the piece upon the whole, yet there is one small objection which, if you'll give me leave, I'll mention.

Sir F. Sir, you can't oblige me more.

Sneer. I think it wants incident.

Sir F. Good God! you surprise me! wants incident?

Sneer. Yes; I own I think the incidents are too few.

Sir F. Good God! Believe me, Mr Sneer, there is no person for whose judgment I have a more implicit deference; but I protest to you, Mr Sneer, I am only apprehensive that the incidents are too crowded. My dear Dangle, how does it strike you?

Dan. Really, I can't agree with my friend Sneer. I think the plot quite sufficient; and the four first acts by many degrees the best I ever read or saw in my life. If I might venture to suggest anything, it is that the interest rather falls off in the fifth.

Sir F. Rises, I believe you mean, sir.

Dan. No; I don't, upon my word.

Sir F. Yes, yes, you do, upon my soul; it certainly don't fall off, I assure you; no, no, it don't fall off.

Dan. Now, Mrs Dangle, did'nt you say it struck you in the same light?

Mrs D. No, indeed, I did not. I did not see a fault in any part of the play from the beginning to the end.

Sir F. Upon my soul, the women are the best judges after all!

Mrs D. Or if I made any objection, I am sure it was to nothing in the piece; but that I was afraid it was, on the whole, a little too long.

Sir F. Pray, madam, do you speak as to duration of time; or do you mean that the story is tediously spun out?

Mrs D. O lud! no. I speak only with reference to the usual length of acting plays.

Sir F. Then I am very happy—very happy indeed; because the play is a short play, a remarkably short play. I should not venture to differ with a lady on a point of taste; but on these occasions the watch, you know, is the critic.

Mrs D. Then, I suppose, it must have been Mr Dangle's drawling manner of reading it to me.

Sir F. O! if Mr Dangle read it, that's quite another affair; but I assure you, Mrs Dangle, the first evening you can spare me three hours and a half, I'll undertake to read you the whole from beginning to end, with the prologue and epilogue, and allow time for the music between the acts.

Mrs D. I hope to see it on the stage next. [*Exit.*

Dan. Well, Sir Fretful, I wish you may be able to get rid as easily of the newspaper criticisms as you do of ours.

Sir F. The newspapers! sir, they are the most villanous, licentious, abominable, infernal—not that I ever read them; no, I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper.

Dan. You are quite right; for it certainly must hurt an author of delicate feelings to see the liberties they take.

Sir F. No; quite the contrary; their abuse is, in fact, the best panegyric; I like it of all things. An author's reputation is only in danger from their support.

Sneer. Why, that's true; and that attack, now, on you the other day——

Sir F. What? where?

Dan. Ay! you mean in a paper of Thursday; it was completely ill-natured to be sure.

Sir F. O! so much the better; ha! ha! ha! I wouldn't have it otherwise.

Dan. Certainly, it is only to be laughed at, for——

Sir F. You don't happen to recollect what the fellow said, do you?

Sneer. Pray, Dangle; Sir Fretful seems a little anxious——

Sir F. O lud, no! anxious, not I, not the least—I—but one may as well hear, you know.

Dan. Sneer, do *you* recollect? Make out something. [*Aside.*

Sneer. I will. [*To Dangle.*] Yes, yes, I remember perfectly.

Sir F. Well, and pray now—not that it signifies—what might the gentleman say?

Sneer. Why, he roundly asserts that you have not the slightest invention or original genius whatever, though you are the greatest traducer of all other authors living.

Sir F. Ha, ha, ha! very good!

Sneer. That as to comedy, you have not one idea of your own, he believes, even in your commonplace book, where stray jokes and pilfered witticisms are kept with as much method as the ledger of the lost and stolen office.

Sir F. Ha, ha, ha! very pleasant.

Sneer. Nay, that you are so unlucky as not to have the skill even to *steal* with taste; but that you glean from the refuse of obscure volumes, where more judicious plagiarists have been before you; so that the body of your work is a composition of dregs and sediments, like a bad tavern's worst wine.

Sir F. Ha, ha!

Sneer. In your more serious efforts, he says, your bombast would be less intolerable if the thoughts

were ever suited to the expressions; but the homeliness of the sentiment stares through the fantastic incumbrance of its fine language, like a clown in one of the new uniforms.

Sir F. Ha, ha!

Sneer. That your occasional tropes and flowers suit the general coarseness of your style, as tambour sprigs would a ground of linsey-woolsey; while your imitations of Shakspeare resemble the mimicry of Falstaff's page, and are about as near the standard of the original.

Sir F. Ha!——

Sneer. In short, that even the finest passages you steal are of no service to you; for the poverty of your own language prevents their assimilating, so that they lie on the surface like lumps of marl on a barren moor, encumbering what it is not in their power to fertilize.

Sir F. [*After great agitation.*] Now, another person would be vexed at this.

Sneer. Oh! but I wouldn't have told you, only to divert you.

Sir F. I know it. I *am* diverted—ha, ha, ha! not the least invention! ha, ha, ha! very good, very good!

Sneer. Yes; no genius! ha, ha, ha!

Dan. A severe rogue, ha, ha, ha!—but you are quite right, Sir Fretful, never to read such nonsense.

Sir F. To be sure; for if there is anything to one's praise, it is a foolish vanity to be gratified at it; and if it is abuse, why one is always sure to hear of it from some good-natured friend or other!

[*The Anatomy of Character performed by Uncharitableness.*]

[From 'The School for Scandal.']

MARIA enters to LADY SNEERWELL and JOSEPH SURFACE.

Lady S. Maria, my dear, how do you do? What's the matter?

Maria. Oh! there is that disagreeable lover of mine, Sir Benjamin Backbite, has just called at my guardian's with his odious uncle, Crabtree; so I slipt out, and ran hither to avoid them.

Lady S. Is that all?

Joseph S. If my brother Charles had been of the party, madam, perhaps you would not have been so much alarmed.

Lady S. Nay, now you are severe; for I dare swear the truth of the matter is, Maria heard *you* were here. But, my dear, what has Sir Benjamin done that you should avoid him so?

Maria. Oh, he has done nothing—but 'tis for what he has said: his conversation is a perpetual libel on all his acquaintance.

Joseph S. Ay, and the worst of it is, there is no advantage in not knowing him—for he'll abuse a stranger just as soon as his best friend; and his uncle Crabtree's as bad.

Lady S. Nay, but we should make allowance. Sir Benjamin is a wit and a poet.

Maria. For my part, I own, madam, wit loses its respect with me when I see it in company with malice. What do you think, Mr Surface?

Joseph S. Certainly, madam; to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief.

Lady S. Pshaw!—there's no possibility of being witty without a little ill nature: the malice of a good thing is the barb that makes it stick. What's your opinion, Mr Surface?

Joseph S. To be sure, madam; that conversation, where the spirit of raillery is suppressed, will ever appear tedious and insipid.

Maria. Well, I'll not debate how far scandal may be allowable; but in a man, I am sure, it is always contemptible. We have pride, envy, rivalship, and a thousand little motives to depreciate each other; but the male slanderer must have the cowardice of a woman before he can traduce one.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Madam, Mrs Candour is below, and if your ladyship's at leisure, will leave her carriage.

Lady S. Beg her to walk in. [*Exit Servant.*] Now, Maria, however, here is a character to your taste; for though Mrs Candour is a little talkative, every body allows her to be the best natured and best sort of woman.

Maria. Yes—with a very gross affectation of good nature and benevolence, she does more mischief than the direct malice of old Crabtree.

Joseph S. I'faith that's true, Lady Sneerwell: whenever I hear the current running against the characters of my friends, I never think them in such danger as when Candour undertakes their defence.

Lady S. Hush!—here she is!

Enter MRS CANDOUR.

Mrs C. My dear Lady Sneerwell, how have you been this century? Mr Surface, what news do you hear?—though indeed it is no matter, for I think one hears nothing else but scandal.

Joseph S. Just so, indeed, ma'am.

Mrs C. Oh, Maria! child—what! is the whole affair off between you and Charles? His extravagance, I presume—the town talks of nothing else.

Maria. I am very sorry, ma'am, the town has so little to do.

Mrs C. True, true, child: but there's no stopping people's tongues. I own I was hurt to hear it, as I indeed was to learn, from the same quarter, that your guardian, Sir Peter and Lady Teazle, have not agreed lately as well as could be wished.

Maria. 'Tis strangely impertinent for people to busy themselves so.

Mrs C. Very true, child: but what's to be done? People will talk—there's no preventing it. Why, it was but yesterday I was told that Miss Gadabout had eloped with Sir Filligree Flirt. But there's no minding what one hears; though, to be sure, I had this from very good authority.

Maria. Such reports are highly scandalous.

Mrs C. So they are, child—shameful, shameful! But the world is so censorious, no character escapes. Well, now, who would have suspected your friend, Miss Prim, of an indiscretion? Yet such is the ill-nature of people that they say her uncle stopt her last week, just as she was stepping into the York mail with her dancing-master.

Maria. I'll answer for't there are no grounds for that report.

Mrs C. Ah, no foundation in the world, I dare swear; no more, probably, than for the story circulated last month of Mrs Festino's affair with Colonel Cassino; though, to be sure, that matter was never rightly cleared up.

Joseph S. The license of invention some people take is monstrous indeed.

Maria. 'Tis so—but, in my opinion, those who report such things are equally culpable.

Mrs C. To be sure they are; tale-bearers are as bad as the tale-makers—'tis an old observation, and a very true one: but what's to be done, as I said before? how will you prevent people from talking? To-day Mrs Clackitt assured me Mr and Mrs Honeymoon were at last become mere man and wife, like the rest of their acquaintance. * * No, no! tale-bearers, as I said before, are just as bad as the tale-makers.

Joseph S. Ah! Mrs Candour, if every body had your forbearance and good-nature!

Mrs C. I confess, Mr Surface, I cannot bear to hear people attacked behind their backs; and when ugly circumstances come out against our acquaintance, I own I always love to think the best. By the by, I hope 'tis not true that your brother is absolutely ruined?

Joseph S. I am afraid his circumstances are very bad indeed, ma'am.

Mrs C. Ah! I heard so—but you must tell him to keep up his spirits; everybody almost is in the same way—Lord Spindle, Sir Thomas Splint, and Mr Nickit—all up, I hear, within this week; so, if Charles is undone, he'll find half his acquaintance ruined too; and that, you know, is a consolation.

Joseph S. Doubtless, ma'am—a very great one.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Mr Crabtree and Sir Benjamin Backbite. [*Exit Servant.*

Lady S. So, Maria, you see your lover pursues you; positively you shan't escape.

Enter CRABTREE and SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE.

Crab. Lady Sneerwell, I kiss your hand. Mrs Candour, I don't believe you are acquainted with my nephew, Sir Benjamin Backbite? Egad! ma'am, he has a pretty wit, and is a pretty poet, too; isn't he, Lady Sneerwell?

Sir B. O fie, uncle!

Crab. Nay, egad, it's true; I back him at a rebus or a charade against the best rhymer in the kingdom. Has your ladyship heard the epigram he wrote last week on Lady Frizzle's feather catching fire? Do, Benjamin, repeat it, or the charade you made last night extempore at Mrs Drowzie's conversazione. Come now; your first is the name of a fish, your second a great naval commander, and——

Sir B. Uncle, now—prithee——

Crab. I'faith, ma'am, 'twould surprise you to hear how ready he is at these things.

Lady S. I wonder, Sir Benjamin, you never publish anything.

Sir B. To say truth, ma'am, 'tis very vulgar to print; and as my little productions are mostly satires and lampoons on particular people, I find they circulate more by giving copies in confidence to the friends of the parties. However, I have some love elegies, which, when favoured with this lady's smiles, I mean to give the public.

Crab. 'Fore heaven, ma'am, they'll immortalise you! you will be handed down to posterity, like Petrarch's Laura, or Waller's Sacharissa.

Sir B. Yes, madam, I think you will like them, when you shall see them on a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall murmur through a meadow of margin. 'Fore gad they will be the most elegant things of their kind!

Crab. But, ladies, that's true—have you heard the news?

Mrs C. What, sir, do you mean the report of——

Crab. No, ma'am, that's not it—Miss Nicely is going to be married to her own footman.

Mrs C. Impossible!

Crab. Ask Sir Benjamin.

Sir B. 'Tis very true, ma'am; everything is fixed, and the wedding liveries bespoke.

Crab. Yes; and they do say there were very pressing reasons for it.

Lady S. Why, I have heard something of this before.

Mrs C. It can't be; and I wonder any one should believe such a story of so prudent a lady as Miss Nicely.

Sir B. O lud! ma'am, that's the very reason 'twas believed at once. She has always been so cautious and so reserved that everybody was sure there was some reason for it at bottom.

Mrs C. Why, to be sure, a tale of scandal is as fatal to the credit of a prudent lady of her stamp as a fever is generally to those of the strongest constitutions. But there is a sort of puny sickly reputation that is always ailing, yet will outlive the robuster characters of a hundred prudes.

Sir B. True, madam, there are valetudinarians in reputation as well as constitution; who, being conscious of their weak part, avoid the least breath of air, and supply their want of stamina by care and circumspection.

Mrs C. Well, but this may be all a mistake. You know, Sir Benjamin, very trifling circumstances often give rise to the most injurious tales.

Crab. That they do, I'll be sworn, ma'am. O lud! Mr Surface, pray is it true that your uncle, Sir Oliver, is coming home?

Joseph S. Not that I know of, indeed, sir.

Crab. He has been in the East Indies a long time. You can scarcely remember him, I believe? Sad comfort whenever he returns, to hear how your brother has gone on.

Joseph S. Charles has been imprudent, sir, to be sure; but I hope no busy people have already prejudiced Sir Oliver against him. He may reform.

Sir B. To be sure he may; for my part I never believed him to be so utterly void of principle as people say; and though he has lost all his friends, I am told nobody is better spoken of by the Jews.

Crab. That's true, egad, nephew. If the Old Jewry was a ward, I believe Charles would be an alderman: no man more popular there! I hear he pays as many annuities as the Irish tontine; and that, whenever he is sick, they have prayers for the recovery of his health in all the synagogues.

Sir B. Yet no man lives in greater splendour. They tell me, when he entertains his friends, he will sit down to dinner with a dozen of his own securities; have a score of tradesmen waiting in the antechamber, and an officer behind every guest's chair.

Joseph S. This may be entertainment to you, gentlemen; but you pay very little regard to the feelings of a brother.

Maria. Their malice is intolerable. Lady Sneerwell, I must wish you a good morning: I'm not very well. [*Exit Maria.*

Mrs C. O dear! she changes colour very much.

Lady S. Do, Mrs Candour, follow her: she may want your assistance.

Mrs C. That I will, with all my soul, ma'am. Poor dear girl, who knows what her situation may be! [*Exit Mrs Candour.*

Lady S. 'Twas nothing but that she could not bear to hear Charles reflected on, notwithstanding their difference.

Sir B. The young lady's penchant is obvious.

Crab. But, Benjamin, you must not give up the pursuit for that: follow her, and put her into good humour. Repeat her some of your own verses. Come, I'll assist you.

Sir B. Mr Surface, I did not mean to hurt you; but, depend on't, your brother is utterly undone.

Crab. O lud, ay! undone as ever man was. Can't raise a guinea!

Sir B. And every thing sold, I'm told, that was moveable.

Crab. I have seen one that was at his house. Not a thing left but some empty bottles that were overlooked, and the family pictures, which I believe are framed in the wainscots.

Sir B. And I'm very sorry, also, to hear some bad stories against him.

Crab. Oh! he has done many mean things, that's certain.

Sir B. But, however, as he is your brother——

Crab. We'll tell you all another opportunity. [*Exeunt Crabtree and Sir Benjamin.*

Lady S. Ha! ha! 'tis very hard for them to leave a subject they have not quite run down.

Joseph S. And I believe the abuse was no more acceptable to your ladyship than Maria.

Lady S. I doubt her affections are further engaged than we imagine. But the family are to be here this evening, so you may as well dine where you are, and we shall have an opportunity of observing farther; in the meantime I'll go and plot mischief, and you shall study sentiment. [*Exeunt.*

In the last year of this period (1780), Mrs COWLEY, a neglected poetess, produced her lively comedy, *The Belle's Stratagem*, which is still popular on the stage. In theatrical phrase, therefore, we may say that, with respect to comedy, the season *closed well*, and was marked by unusual brilliancy.

This period may be said to have given birth to the well-known species of sub-comedy entitled the *Farce*—a kind of entertainment more peculiarly English than comedy itself, and in which the literature of our country is surprisingly rich. As inferior in dignity, it is here placed after comedy; but there are reasons why it might have been placed first, for some of its luminaries flourished early in the period, and by their productions exercised a considerable influence on the comedies which came after, and which have just been enumerated. Amongst the first who shone in this field was DAVID GARRICK



David Garrick.

(1716-1779), so eminent as an actor in both tragedy and comedy. Garrick was a native of Lichfield, and a pupil of Dr Johnson, with whom he came to London to push his fortune. His merits quickly raised him to the head of his profession. As the manager of one of the principal theatres for a long course of years, he banished from the stage many plays which had an immoral tendency; and his personal character, though marked by excessive vanity and other foibles, gave a dignity and respectability to the profession of an actor. As an author he was more lively and various than vigorous or profound. He wrote some epigrams, and even ventured on an ode or two; he succeeded in the composition of some dramatic pieces, and the adaptation of others to the stage. His principal plays are, *The Lying Valet* and *Miss in her Teens*, which are still favourites. But, unquestionably, the chief strength of Garrick lay in his powers as an actor, by which he



Garrick's Villa, near Hampton.

gave a popularity and importance to the drama that it had not possessed since its palmy days in the reigns of Elizabeth and James. Sheridan honoured his memory with a florid sentimental monody, in which he invoked the 'gentle muse' to 'guard his laurelled shrine'—

And with soft sighs disperse the irreverent dust
Which time may strew upon his sacred bust.

Fielding was another distinguished writer in this walk, though of all his pieces only one, *Tom Thumb*, has been able to keep possession of the stage. He threw off these light plays to meet the demands of the town for amusement, and parry his own clamorous necessities, and they generally have the appearance of much haste. *Love a-la-Mode*, by MACKLIN, presented a humorous satire on the Scottish character, which was followed up by his more sarcastic comedy of *The Man of the World*, performed in 1781. Macklin was an actor by profession, remarkable for his personation of Shylock after he was ninety years of age; and his dramatic pieces are lively and entertaining. It must be with some surprise that we find another successful author in this line in the person of the Rev. Mr Townley, master of Merchant Tailors' School: he was the author of *High Life Below Stairs*, a happy burlesque on the extravagance and affectation of servants in aping the manners of their masters, and which had the effect, by a well-timed exposure, of correcting abuses in the domestic establishments of the opulent classes.

[*Scene from High Life Below Stairs.*]

Enter SIR HARRY'S SERVANT.

Sir H. Oh, ho! Are you thereabouts my lord duke! That may do very well by and by. However, you'll never find me behind hand. [*Offers to kiss Kitty.*

Duke. Stand off; you are a commoner; nothing under nobility approaches Kitty.

Sir H. You are so devilish proud of your nobility. Now, I think we have more true nobility than you. Let me tell you, sir, a knight of the shire——

Duke. A knight of the shire! Ha, ha, ha! a mighty honour, truly, to represent all the fools in the county.

Kit. O lud! this is charming to see two noblemen quarrel.

Sir H. Why, any fool may be born to a title, but only a wise man can make himself honourable.

Kit. Well said, Sir Harry, that is good morillity.

Duke. I hope you make some difference between hereditary honours and the huzzas of a mob.

Kit. Very smart, my lord; now, Sir Harry.

Sir H. If you make use of your hereditary honours to screen you from debt——

Duke. Zounds! sir, what do you mean by that?

Kit. Hold, hold! I shall have some fine old noble blood spilt here. Ha' done, Sir Harry.

Sir H. Not I; why, he is always valuing himself upon his upper house.

Duke. We have dignity. [*Slow.*

Sir H. But what becomes of your dignity, if we refuse the supplies? [*Quick.*

Kit. Peace, peace; here's lady Bab.

Enter Lady Bab's Servant in a chair.

Dear Lady Bab!

Lady Bab. Mrs Kitty, your servant: I was afraid of taking cold, and so ordered the chair down stairs. Well, and how do you? My lord duke, your servant, and Sir Harry too, yours.

Duke. Your ladyship's devoted.

Lady B. I'm afraid I have trespassed in point of time. [*Looks on her watch.*] But I got into my favourite author.

Duke. Yes, I found her ladyship at her studies this morning; some wicked poem.

Lady B. Oh, you wretch! I never read but one book.

Kit. What is your ladyship so fond of?

Lady B. Shikspur. Did you never read Shikspur?

Kit. Shikspur! Shikspur! Who wrote it? No, I never read Shikspur.

Lady B. Then you have an immense pleasure to come.

Kit. Well, then, I'll read it over one afternoon or other. Here's Lady Charlotte.

Enter Lady Charlotte's Maid in a chair.

Dear Lady Charlotte!

Lady C. Oh! Mrs Kitty, I thought I never should have reached your house. Such a fit of the cholic seized me. Oh! Lady Bab, how long has your ladyship been here? My chairmen were such drones. My lord duke! the pink of all good breeding.

Duke. Oh! ma'am. [*Bowing.*

Lady C. And Sir Harry! Your servant, Sir Harry. [*Formally.*

Sir H. Madam, your servant: I am sorry to hear your ladyship has been ill.

Lady C. You must give me leave to doubt the sincerity of that sorrow, sir. Remember the Park.

Sir H. The Park! I'll explain that affair, madam.

Lady C. I want none of your explanations. [*Scornfully.*

Sir H. Dear Lady Charlotte!

Lady C. No, sir; I have observed your coolness of late, and despise you. A trumpery baronet!

Sir H. I see how it is; nothing will satisfy you but nobility. That sly dog, the marquis——

Lady C. None of your reflections, sir. The marquis is a person of honour, and above inquiring after a lady's fortune, as you meanly did.

Sir H. I—I, madam? I scorn such a thing. I assure you, madam, I never—that is to say—Egad, I am confounded. My lord duke, what shall I say to her? Pray help me out. [*Aside.*

Duke. Ask her to show her legs. Ha, ha, ha! [*Aside.*

Enter Philip and Lovel, laden with bottles.

Phil. Here, my little peer, here is wine that will ennoble your blood! Both your ladyships' most humble servant.

Lov. [*Affecting to be drunk.*] Both your ladyships' most humble servant.

Kit. Why, Philip, you have made the boy drunk.

Phil. I have made him free of the cellar, ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Yes, I am free; I am very free.

Phil. He has had a smack of every sort of wine, from humble port to imperial tokay.

Lov. Yes, I have been drinking kokay.

Kit. Go, get you some sleep, child, that you may wait on his lordship by and by.

Lov. Thank you, madam; I will certainly wait on their lordships and their ladyships too. [*Aside and exit.*

Phil. Well, ladies, what say you to a dance? and then to supper.

Enter Cook, Coachman, Kingston, and Cloe.

Come here; where are all our people? I'll couple you. My lord duke will take Kitty; Lady Bab will do me the honour of her hand; Sir Harry and Lady Charlotte; coachman and cook; and the two devils will dance together: ha! ha! ha!

Duke. With submission, the country dances by and by.

Lady C. Ay, ay; French dances before supper, and country dances after. I beg the duke and Mrs Kitty may give us a minuet.

Duke. Dear Lady Charlotte, consider my poor gout. Sir Harry will oblige us. [*Sir Harry bows.*

All. Minuet, Sir Harry; minuet, Sir Harry.

Kit. Marshal Thingumbob's minuet. [*A minuet by Sir Harry and Kitty; awkward and conceited.*

Lady C. Mrs Kitty dances sweetly.

Phil. And Sir Harry delightfully.

Duke. Well enough for a commoner.

Phil. Come, now to supper. A gentleman and a lady. [*They sit down.*] Here is claret, burgundy, and champaign, and a bottle of tokay for the ladies. There are tickets on every bottle: if any gentleman chooses port——

Duke. Port! 'Tis only fit for a dram.

Kit. Lady Bab, what shall I send you? Lady Charlotte, pray be free; the more free the more welcome, as they say in my country. The gentlemen will be so good as to take care of themselves. [*A pause.*

Duke. Lady Charlotte, 'Hob or nob!'

Lady C. Done, my lord, in burgundy if you please.

Duke. Here's your sweetheart and mine, and the friends of the company. [*They drink. A pause.*

Phil. Come, ladies and gentlemen, a bumper all round; I have a health for you. 'Here is to the amendment of our masters and mistresses.'

All. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! [*Loud laugh. A pause.*

Kit. Ladies, pray what is your opinion of a single gentleman's service?

Lady C. Do you mean an old single gentleman?

All. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! [*Loud laugh.*

Phil. My lord duke, your toast.

Duke. Lady Betty.

Phil. Oh no, a health and a sentiment.

Duke. Let us have a song. Sir Harry, your song.

Sir H. Would you have it? Well then, Mrs Kitty, we must call upon you: will you honour my muse?

All. A song, a song; ay, ay, Sir Harry's song; Sir Harry's song.

Duke. A song to be sure, but first, preludio. [*Kisses Kitty*.] Pray, gentlemen, put it about.

[*Kisses round. Kingston kisses Cloe heartily.*

Sir H. See how the devils kiss!

Kit. I am really hoarse; but hem—I must clear up my pipes, hem! This is Sir Harry's song; being a new one, entitled and called the 'Fellow Servant, or All in a Livery.' [*Sings*.

Phil. How do you like it, my lord duke?

Duke. It is a vile composition.

Phil. How so?

Duke. O, very low!—Very low indeed!

Sir H. Can you make a better?

Duke. I hope so.

Sir H. That is very conceited.

Duke. What is conceited, you scoundrel?

Sir H. Scoundrel! You are a rascal; I'll pull you by the nose. [*All rise*.

Duke. Lookye, friend; don't give yourself airs, and make a disturbance among the ladies. If you are a gentleman, name your weapons.

Sir H. Weapons!—what you will—pistols.

Duke. Done, behind Montague House.

Sir H. Done, with seconds.

Duke. Done.

Phil. Oh, for shame, gentlemen. My lord duke! Sir Harry—the ladies!—fie! [*Duke and Sir Harry affect to sing. A violent knocking. Kitty faints*.] What the devil can that be, Kitty?

Kit. Who can it possibly be?

Phil. Kingston, run up stairs and peep. [*Exit Kingston*.] It sounds like my master's rap: pray heaven it is not he!

But by far the greatest of this class of authors remains to be mentioned. SAMUEL FOOTE (1721-1777) was born of a good family, and educated at



Samuel Foote.

Oxford; but, squandering away his fortune, was forced to become an actor and dramatic writer. In powers of mimicry, in wit, and in humour, he seems to have gone far beyond all the men of his own time, and it may be questioned if three such men have come under public notice in England. Samuel Johnson, though he disliked the man for his easy morals and his making the burlesquing of private characters a profession, was forced to admit the amazing powers and fascinations of his conversation. It was in 1747 that Foote commenced a class of new entertainments in the Haymarket theatre, in which he was himself the sole stage figure, and which proved highly attractive by the many droll and whimsical portraits of character which they presented, many of these being transcripts or caricatures of persons well known. *The Diversions of the Morning*, *The Auction of Pictures*, and *The Englishman in Paris*, were the names of some of these pieces. Of the regular farces of Foote, which were somewhat later in production, *The Minor*—an unjustifiable attack upon the Methodists—was the most successful. It was followed by *The Mayor of Garratt*, a coarse but humorous sketch, including two characters, in Major Sturgeon, the city militia officer, and Jerry Sneak, which can never be completely obsolete. His plays are twenty in number, and he boasted, at the close of his life, that he had added sixteen decidedly new characters to the English stage.

[*Tuft Hunting*.]

[From 'The Lame Lover.']

CHARLOTTE and SERJEANT CIRCUIT.

Charlotte. Sir, I have other proofs of your hero's vanity not inferior to that I have mentioned.

Serjeant. Cite them.

Char. The paltry ambition of levying and following titles.

Serj. Titles! I don't understand you.

Char. I mean the poverty of fastening in public upon men of distinction, for no other reason but because of their rank; adhering to Sir John till the baronet is superseded by my lord; quitting the puny peer for an earl; and sacrificing all three to a duke.

Serj. Keeping good company!—a laudable ambition!

Char. True, sir, if the virtues that procured the father a peerage could with that be entailed on the son.

Serj. Have a care, hussy; there are severe laws against speaking evil of dignities.

Char. Sir!

Serj. Scandalum magnatum is a statute must not be trifled with: why, you are not one of those vulgar sluts that think a man the worse for being a lord?

Char. No, sir; I am contented with only not thinking him the better.

Serj. For all this, I believe, hussy, a right honourable proposal would soon make you alter your mind.

Char. Not unless the proposer had other qualities than what he possesses by patent. Besides, sir, you know Sir Luke is a devotee to the bottle.

Serj. Not a whit the less honest for that.

Char. It occasions one evil at least; that when under its influence he generally reveals all, sometimes more than he knows.

Serj. Proofs of an open temper, you baggage; but, come, come, all these are but trifling objections.

Char. You mean, sir, they prove the object a trifle.

Serj. Why, you pert jade, do you play on my words? I say Sir Luke is——

Char. Nobody.

Serj. Nobody! how the deuce do you make that out? He is neither a person attainted nor outlawed, may in any of his majesty's courts sue or be sued, appear by attorney or in propria persona, can acquire, buy, procure, purchase, possess, and inherit, not only personalities, such as goods and chattels, but even realities, as all lands, tenements, and hereditaments, whatsoever and wheresoever.

Char. But, sir——

Serj. Nay, further, child, he may sell, give, bestow, bequeath, devise, demise, lease, or to farm let, ditto lands, or to any person whomsoever—and——

Char. Without doubt, sir; but there are, notwith-

standing, in this town a great number of nobodies, not described by Lord Coke.

SIR LUKE LIMP makes his appearance, and after a short dialogue, enter a Servant and delivers a card to SIR LUKE.

Sir Luke. [*Reads.*] 'Sir Gregory Goose desires the honour of Sir Luke Limp's company to dine. An answer is desired.' Gadso! a little unlucky; I have been engaged for these three weeks.

Serj. What! I find Sir Gregory is returned for the corporation of Fleecem.

Sir Luke. Is he so? Oh, oh! that alters the case. George, give my compliments to Sir Gregory, and I'll certainly come and dine there. Order Joe to run to Alderman Inkle's in Threadneedle Street; sorry can't wait upon him, but confined to bed two days with the new influenza. [*Exit Servant.*

Char. You make light, Sir Luke, of these sort of engagements.

Sir Luke. What can a man do? These fellows (when one has the misfortune to meet them) take scandalous advantage: when will you do me the honour, pray, Sir Luke, to take a bit of mutton with me? Do you name the day? They are as bad as a beggar who attacks your coach at the mounting of a hill; there is no getting rid of them without a penny to one, and a promise to t'other.

Serj. True; and then for such a time too—three weeks! I wonder they expect folks to remember. It is like a retainer in Michaelmas term for the summer assizes.

Sir Luke. Not but upon these occasions no man in England is more punctual than——

Enter a SERVANT, who gives SIR LUKE a letter.

From whom?

Serv. Earl of Brentford. The servant waits for an answer.

Sir Luke. Answer! By your leave, Mr Serjeant and Charlotte. [*Reads.*] 'Taste for music—Mons. Duport—fail—dinner upon table at five.' Gadso! I hope Sir Gregory's servant an't gone.

Serv. Immediately upon receiving the answer.

Sir Luke. Run after him as fast as you can—tell him quite in despair—recollect an engagement that can't in nature be missed, and return in an instant. [*Exit Servant.*

Char. You see, sir, the knight must give way for my lord.

Sir Luke. No, faith, it is not that, my dear Charlotte; you saw that was quite an extempore business. No, hang it, no, it is not for the title; but, to tell you the truth, Brentford has more wit than any man in the world: it is that makes me fond of his house.

Char. By the choice of his company he gives an unanswerable instance of that.

Sir Luke. You are right, my dear girl. But now to give you a proof of his wit: you know Brentford's finances are a little out of repair, which procures him some visits that he would very gladly excuse.

Serj. What need he fear? His person is sacred; for by the tenth of William and Mary——

Sir Luke. He knows that well enough; but for all that——

Serj. Indeed, by a late act of his own house (which does them infinite honour), his goods or chattels may be——

Sir Luke. Seized upon when they can find them; but he lives in ready furnished lodgings, and hires his coach by the month.

Serj. Nay, if the sheriff return 'non inventus.'

Sir Luke. A plague o' your law; you make me lose sight of my story. One morning a Welsh coach-maker came with his bill to my lord, whose name was unluckily Lloyd. My lord had the man up. You are called, I think, Mr Lloyd? At your lordship's service, my lord. What, Lloyd with an L? It was with an L, indeed, my lord. Because in your part of the world I have heard that Lloyd and Flloyd were synonymous, the very same names. Very often indeed, my lord. But you always spell yours with an L? Always. That, Mr Lloyd, is a little unlucky; for you must know I am now paying my debts alphabetically, and in four or five years you might have come in with an F; but I am afraid I can give you no hopes for your L. Ha, ha, ha!

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. There was no overtaking the servant.

Sir Luke. That is unlucky: tell my lord I'll attend him. I'll call on Sir Gregory myself. [*Exit Serv.*

Serj. Why, you won't leave us, Sir Luke?

Sir Luke. Pardon, dear Serjeant and Charlotte; have a thousand things to do for half a million of people, positively; promised to procure a husband for Lady Cicely Sulky, and match a coach-horse for Brigadier Whip; after that, must run into the city to borrow a thousand for young At-all at Almack's; send a Cheshire cheese by the stage to Sir Timothy Tankard in Suffolk; and get at the Herald's office a coat of arms to clap on the coach of Billy Bengal, a nabob newly arrived; so you see I have not a moment to lose.

Serj. True, true.

Sir Luke. At your toilet to-morrow you may——

[*Enter a Servant abruptly, and runs against Sir Luke.*] Can't you see where you are running, you rascal.

Serv. Sir, his grace the Duke of——

Sir Luke. Grace!—Where is he? Where——

Serv. In his coach at the door. If you an't better engaged, would be glad of your company to go into the city, and take a dinner at Dolly's.

Sir Luke. In his own coach, did you say?

Serv. Yes, sir.

Sir Luke. With the coronets—or——

Serv. I believe so.

Sir Luke. There's no resisting of that. Bid Joe run to Sir Gregory Goose's.

Serv. He is already gone to Alderman Inkle's.

Sir Luke. Then do you step to the knight—hey!—no—you must go to my lord's—hold, hold, no—I have it—step first to Sir Greg's, then pop in at Lord Brentford's, just as the company are going to dinner.

Serv. What shall I say to Sir Gregory?

Sir Luke. Anything—what I told you before.

Serv. And what to my lord?

Sir Luke. What!—Why, tell him that my uncle from Epsom—no—that won't do, for he knows I don't care a farthing for him—hey! Why, tell him—hold, I have it. Tell him that as I was going into my chair to obey his commands, I was arrested by a couple of bailiffs, forced into a hackney coach, and carried into the Pied Bull in the borough; I beg ten thousand pardons for making his grace wait, but his grace knows my misfor—— [*Exeunt Sir Luke and Serv.*

Char. Well, sir, what d'ye think of the proofs? I flatter myself I have pretty well established my case.

Serj. Why, hussy, you have hit upon points; but then they are but trifling flaws, they don't vitiate the title; that stands unimpeached.

The popularity of 'The Beggar's Opera' being partly owing to the excellent music which accompanied the piece, we find in this period a number of comic operas, in which songs and dialogue alternate. Sheridan's unexampled success has been already mentioned. *The Devil to Pay*, by C. COFFEY, was long a favourite, chiefly for the female character, Nell, which made the fortune of several actresses; and among the best pieces of this description are those by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, whose operas, *The*

Padlock, *Love in a Village*, *Lionel Clarissa*, &c., present a pleasing union of lyrical charms with those of dramatic incident and dialogue. CHARLES DIBDIN was author and composer of a multitude of musical operas and other dramatic trifles: his *Quaker*, produced in 1777, is distinguished for its excellent music.

PERIODICAL ESSAYISTS.

An attempt was made at this period to revive the style of periodical literature, which had proved so successful in the hands of Addison and Steele. After the cessation of 'The Guardian,' there was a long interval, during which periodical writing was confined to party politics. An effort was made to connect it again with literature by Dr Johnson, who published the first paper of *The Rambler* on the 20th of March 1750, and it was continued twice a-week, without interruption, till the 14th of March 1752. Johnson received only four contributions (one from Richardson the novelist) during the whole course of the publication, and, consequently, the work bore the stamp of but one mind, and that mind cast in a peculiar mould. The light graces and genialities of Steele were wanting, and sketches of the fashions and frivolities of the times, which had contributed so much to the popularity of the former essayists, found no place in the grave and gloomy pages of 'The Rambler.' The serious and somewhat pedantic style of the work was ill-calculated for general readers, and it was no favourite with the public. Johnson, when he collected these essays, revised and corrected them with great care, but even then they appeared heavy and cumbrous; his attempts at humour were not happy, and the female characters introduced were all, as Garrick remarked, Johnsons in petticoats. They all speak the same measured lofty style, and resemble figures in sculpture rather than real life. The author's use of hard words was a common complaint; but it is somewhat curious to find, among the words objected to in 'The Rambler,' *resuscitation*, *narcotic*, *fatuity*, and *germination*, which have now become of daily use, and carry with them no appearance of pedantry. The turgid style of Johnson, however, often rose into passages of grandeur and beauty; his imagery is striking and original, and his inculcation of moral and religious duty was earnest and impressive. Goldsmith declared that a system of morals might be drawn from these essays. No other English writer of that day could have moralised in such a dignified strain as in the following passages:—

On useful knowledge:—'To lessen that disdain with which scholars are inclined to look on the common business of the world, and the unwillingness with which they condescend to learn what is not to be found in any system of philosophy, it may be necessary to consider, that though admiration is excited by abstruse researches and remote discoveries, yet pleasure is not given, nor affection conciliated, but by softer accomplishments, and qualities more easily communicable to those about us. He that can only converse upon questions about which only a small part of mankind has knowledge sufficient to make them curious, must lose his days in unsocial silence, and live in the crowd of life without a companion. He that can only be useful on great occasions may die without exercising his abilities, and stand a helpless spectator of a thousand vexations which fret away happiness, and which nothing is required to remove but a little dexterity of conduct and readiness of expedients.

No degree of knowledge attainable by man is able to set him above the want of hourly assistance, or to extinguish the desire of fond endearments and tender officiousness; and, therefore, no one should think it unnecessary to learn those arts by which friendship may be gained. Kindness is preserved by a constant reciprocation of benefits or interchange of pleasures; but such benefits only can be bestowed as others are capable to receive, and such pleasures only imparted as others are qualified to enjoy.

By this descent from the pinnacles of art no honour will be lost; for the condescensions of learning are always overpaid by gratitude. An elevated genius employed in little things, appears, to use the simile of Longinus, like the sun in his evening declination; he remits his splendour but retains his magnitude, and pleases more though he dazzles less.'

On revenge:—'A wise man will make haste to forgive, because he knows the true value of time, and will not suffer it to pass away in unnecessary pain. He that willingly suffers the corrosions of inveterate hatred, and gives up his days and nights to the gloom and malice and perturbations of stratagem, cannot surely be said to consult his ease. Resentment is a union of sorrow with malignity; a combination of a passion which all endeavour to avoid, with a passion which all concur to detest. The man who retires to meditate mischief, and to exasperate his own rage; whose thoughts are employed only on means of distress and contrivances of ruin; whose mind never pauses from the remembrance of his own sufferings, but to indulge some hope of enjoying the calamities of another, may justly be numbered among the most miserable of human beings, among those who are guilty without reward, who have neither the gladness of prosperity nor the calm of innocence.

Whoever considers the weakness both of himself and others, will not long want persuasives to forgiveness. We know not to what degree of malignity any injury is to be imputed; or how much its guilt, if we were to inspect the mind of him that committed it, would be extenuated by mistake, precipitance, or negligence; we cannot be certain how much more we feel than was intended to be inflicted, or how much we increase the mischief to ourselves by voluntary aggravations. We may charge to design the effects of accident; we may think the blow violent only because we have made ourselves delicate and tender; we are on every side in danger of error and of guilt, which we are certain to avoid only by speedy forgiveness.

From this pacific and harmless temper, thus propitious to others and ourselves, to domestic tranquillity and to social happiness, no man is withheld but by pride, by the fear of being insulted by his adversary, or despised by the world. It may be laid down as an unfailing and universal axiom, that "all pride is abject and mean." It is always an ignorant, lazy, or cowardly acquiescence in a false appearance of excellence, and proceeds not from consciousness of our attainments, but insensibility of our wants.

Nothing can be great which is not right. Nothing which reason condemns can be suitable to the dignity of the human mind. To be driven by external motives from the path which our own heart approves; to give way to anything but conviction, to suffer the opinion of others to rule our choice or overpower our resolves, is to submit tamely to the lowest and most ignominious slavery, and to resign the right of directing our own lives.

The utmost excellence at which humanity can arrive is a constant and determinate pursuit of virtue without regard to present dangers or advantages; a continual reference of every action to the divine will; a habitual appeal to everlasting justice; and an unvaried elevation of the intellectual eye to the reward which perseverance only can ob-

tain. But that pride which many, who presume to boast of generous sentiments, allow to regulate their measures, has nothing nobler in view than the approbation of men; of beings whose superiority we are under no obligation to acknowledge, and who, when we have courted them with the utmost assiduity, can confer no valuable or permanent reward; of beings who ignorantly judge of what they do not understand, or partially determine what they have never examined; and whose sentence is therefore of no weight, till it has received the ratification of our own conscience.

He that can descend to bribe suffrages like these at the price of his innocence; he that can suffer the delight of such acclamations to withhold his attention from the commands of the universal sovereign, has little reason to congratulate himself upon the greatness of his mind; whenever he awakes to seriousness and reflection, he must become despicable in his own eyes, and shrink with shame from the remembrance of his cowardice and folly.

Of him that hopes to be forgiven, it is indispensably required that he forgive. It is therefore superfluous to urge any other motive. On this great duty eternity is suspended; and to him that refuses to practise it, the throne of mercy is inaccessible, and the Saviour of the world has been born in vain.'

A still finer specimen of Johnson's style is afforded in an essay on retirement from the world:—

'On him,' says the moralist, 'that appears to pass through things temporal with no other care than not to lose finally the things eternal, I look with such veneration as inclines me to approve his conduct in the whole, without a minute examination of its parts; yet I could never forbear to wish, that while Vice is every day multiplying seducements, and stalking forth with more hardened effrontery, Virtue would not withdraw the influence of her presence, or forbear to assert her natural dignity by open and undaunted perseverance in the right. Piety practised in solitude, like the flower that blooms in the desert, may give its fragrance to the winds of heaven, and delight those unbodied spirits that survey the works of God and the actions of men; but it bestows no assistance upon earthly beings, and, however free from taints of impurity, yet wants the sacred splendour of beneficence.'

These sentences show the stately artificial style of Johnson, which, when supported by profound thought, or pointed morality, as in the foregoing extracts, appears to great advantage, but is unsuited to ordinary topics of life and conversation. Hence, he shines more in his colloquial displays, as recorded by Boswell, where much of this extraneous pomp was left off, while all the point and vigour of his understanding, and the powers of wit and imagination, were retained. He is, in fact, a greater man in the pages of his biographer than in his own works: the intellectual gladiator of the club evinced a more powerful, ready, and various mind, than he could embody in his deliberate writings in the closet. Goldsmith was directly the reverse: he could argue best, as he said, with the pen in his hand.

[*Tale of Anningait and Ajut.*]

[From 'The Rambler.']

Of the happiness and misery of our present state, part arises from our sensations, and part from our opinions; part is distributed by nature, and part is in a great measure apportioned by ourselves. Positive pleasure we cannot always obtain, and positive pain we often cannot remove. No man can give to his own plantations the fragrance of the Indian groves; nor will any precepts of philosophy enable him to withdraw his attention from wounds or diseases. But the negative infelicity which proceeds, not from the pressure of sufferings, but the absence of enjoyments, will always yield to the remedies of reason.

One of the great arts of escaping superfluous uneasiness, is to free our minds from the habit of comparing our condition with that of others on whom the blessings of life are more bountifully bestowed, or with imaginary states of delight and security, perhaps unattainable by mortals. Few are placed in a situation so gloomy and distressful as not to see every day beings yet more forlorn and miserable, from whom they may learn to rejoice in their own lot.

No inconvenience is less superable by art or diligence than the inclemency of climates, and therefore none affords more proper exercise for this philosophical abstraction. A native of England, pinched with the frosts of December, may lessen his affection for his own country by suffering his imagination to wander in the vales of Asia, and sport among woods that are always green, and streams that always murmur; but if he turns his thoughts towards the polar regions, and considers the nations to whom a great portion of the year is darkness, and who are condemned to pass weeks and months amidst mountains of snow, he will soon recover his tranquillity; and while he stirs his fire, or throws his cloak about him, reflect how much he owes to providence that he is not placed in Greenland or Siberia.

The barrenness of the earth, and the severity of the skies in these dreary countries, are such as might be expected to confine the mind wholly to the contemplation of necessity and distress, so that the care of escaping death from cold and hunger should leave no room for those passions which, in lands of plenty, influence conduct, or diversify characters; the summer should be spent only in providing for the winter, and the winter in longing for the summer.

Yet learned curiosity is known to have found its way into those abodes of poverty and gloom: Lapland and Iceland have their historians, their critics, and their poets; and Love, that extends his dominion wherever humanity can be found, perhaps exerts the same power in the Greenlander's hut as in the palaces of eastern monarchs.

In one of the large caves to which the families of Greenland retire together, to pass the cold months, and which may be termed their villages or cities, a youth and maid, who came from different parts of the country, were so much distinguished for their beauty, that they were called by the rest of the inhabitants, Anningait and Ajut, from a supposed resemblance to their ancestors of the same names, who had been transformed of old into the sun and moon.

Anningait for some time heard the praises of Ajut with little emotion, but at last, by frequent interviews, became sensible of her charms, and first made a discovery of his affection by inviting her with her parents to a feast, where he placed before Ajut the tail of a whale. Ajut seemed not much delighted by this gallantry; yet, however, from that time was observed rarely to appear but in a vest made of the skin of a white deer; she used frequently to renew the black dye upon her hands and forehead, to adorn her sleeves with coral and shells, and to braid her hair with great exactness.

The elegance of her dress, and the judicious disposition of her ornaments, had such an effect upon Anningait that he could no longer be restrained from a declaration of his love. He therefore composed a poem in her praise, in which, among other heroic and tender sentiments, he protested that 'She was beautiful as the vernal willow, and fragrant as thyme upon the mountains; that her fingers were white as the teeth of the morse, and her smile grateful as the dissolution of the ice; that he would pursue her, though

she should pass the snows of the midland cliffs, or seek shelter in the caves of the eastern cannibals; that he would tear her from the embraces of the genius of the rocks, snatch her from the paws of Amaroc, and rescue her from the ravine of Hafgufa.' He concluded with a wish, that, 'whoever shall attempt to hinder his union with Ajut, might be buried without his bow, and that in the land of souls his skull might serve for no other use than to catch the droppings of the starry lamps.'

This ode being universally applauded, it was expected that Ajut would soon yield to such fervour and accomplishments; but Ajut, with the natural haughtiness of beauty, expected all the forms of courtship; and before she would confess herself conquered, the sun returned, the ice broke, and the season of labour called all to their employments.

Anningait and Ajut for a time always went out in the same boat, and divided whatever was caught. Anningait, in the sight of his mistress, lost no opportunity of signalising his courage; he attacked the sea-horses on the ice; pursued the seals into the water; and leaped upon the back of the whale while he was yet struggling with the remains of life. Nor was his diligence less to accumulate all that could be necessary to make winter comfortable; he dried the roe of fishes, and the flesh of seals; he entrapped deer and foxes, and dressed their skins to adorn his bride; he feasted her with eggs from the rocks, and strewed her tent with flowers.

It happened that a tempest drove the fish to a distant part of the coast before Anningait had completed his store; he therefore intreated Ajut that she would at last grant him her hand, and accompany him to that part of the country whither he was now summoned by necessity. Ajut thought him not yet entitled to such condescension, but proposed, as a trial of his constancy, that he should return at the end of summer to the cavern where their acquaintance commenced, and there expect the reward of his assiduities.

'O virgin, beautiful as the sun shining on the water, consider,' said Anningait, 'what thou hast required. How easily may my return be precluded by a sudden frost or unexpected fogs; then must the night be passed without my Ajut. We live not, my fair, in those fabled countries which lying strangers so wantonly describe; where the whole year is divided into short days and nights; where the same habitation serves for summer and winter; where they raise houses in rows above the ground, dwell together from year to year, with flocks of tame animals grazing in the fields about them; can travel at any time from one place to another, through ways inclosed with trees, or over walls raised upon the inland waters; and direct their course through wide countries, by the sight of green hills or scattered buildings. Even in summer we have no means of crossing the mountains, whose snows are never dissolved; nor can remove to any distant residence, but in our boats coasting the bays. Consider, Ajut; a few summer days and a few winter-nights and the life of man is at an end. Night is the time of ease and festivity, of revels and gaiety; but what will be the flaming lamp, the delicious seal, or the soft oil, without the smile of Ajut!'

The eloquence of Anningait was vain; the maid continued inexorable, and they parted with ardent promises to meet again before the night of winter.

Anningait, however discomposed by the dilatory coyness of Ajut, was yet resolved to omit no tokens of amorous respect; and therefore presented her at his departure with the skins of seven white fawns, of five swans, and eleven seals, with three marble lamps, ten vessels of seal oil, and a large kettle of brass, which he had purchased from a ship at the price of half a whale and two horns of sea-unicorns.

Ajut was so much affected by the fondness of her lover, or so much overpowered by his magnificence, that she followed him to the sea-side; and when she saw him enter the boat, wished aloud that he might return with plenty of skins and oil; that neither the mermaids might snatch him into the deeps, nor the spirits of the rocks confine him in their caverns.

She stood a while to gaze upon the departing vessel, and then returning to her hut, silent and dejected, laid aside from that hour her white deer skin, suffered her hair to spread unbraided on her shoulders, and forbore to mix in the dances of the maidens. She endeavoured to divert her thought by continual application to feminine employments, gathered moss for the winter lamps, and dried grass to line the boots of Anningait. Of the skins which he had bestowed upon her, she made a fishing-coat, a small boat, and tent, all of exquisite manufacture; and while she was thus busied, solaced her labours with a song, in which she prayed 'that her lover might have hands stronger than the paws of the bear, and feet swifter than the feet of the rein-deer; that his dart might never err, and that his boat might never leak; that he might never stumble on the ice, nor faint in the water; that the seal might rush on his harpoon, and the wounded whale might dash the waves, in vain.'

The large boats in which the Greenlanders transport their families are always rowed by women; for a man will not debase himself by work which requires neither skill nor courage. Anningait was therefore exposed by idleness to the ravages of passion. He went thrice to the stern of the boat with an intent to leap into the water and swim back to his mistress: but recollecting the misery which they must endure in the winter, without oil for the lamp, or skins for the bed, he resolved to employ the weeks of absence in provision for a night of plenty and felicity. He then composed his emotions as he could, and expressed in wild numbers and uncouth images his hopes, his sorrows, and his fears. 'O life,' says he, 'frail and uncertain! where shall wretched man find thy resemblance but in ice floating on the ocean? It towers on high, it sparkles from afar, while the storms drive and the waters beat it, the sun melts it above and the rocks shatter it below. What art thou, deceitful pleasure! but a sudden blaze streaming from the north, which plays a moment on the eye, mocks the traveller with the hopes of light, and then vanishes for ever? What, love, art thou but a whirlpool, which we approach without knowledge of our danger, drawn on by imperceptible degrees till we have lost all power of resistance and escape? Till I fixed my eyes on the graces of Ajut, while I had yet not called her to the banquet, I was careless as the sleeping morse, I was merry as the singers in the stars. Why, Ajut, did I gaze upon thy graces? Why, my fair, did I call thee to the banquet? Yet, be faithful, my love, remember Anningait, and meet my return with the smile of virginity. I will chase the deer, I will subdue the whale, resistless as the frost of darkness, and unwearied as the summer sun. In a few weeks I shall return prosperous and wealthy; then shall the roe-fish and the porpoise feast thy kindred; the fox and hare shall cover thy couch; the tough hide of the seal shall shelter thee from cold; and the fat of the whale illuminate thy dwelling.'

Anningait having with these sentiments consoled his grief and animated his industry, found that they had now coasted the headland, and saw the whales spouting at a distance. He therefore placed himself in his fishing-boat, called his associates to their several employments, plied his oar and harpoon with incredible courage and dexterity; and, by dividing his time between the chase and fishery, suspended the miseries of absence and suspicion.

Ajut, in the meantime, notwithstanding her neglected dress, happened, as she was drying some skins

in the sun, to catch the eye of Norngsuk, on his return from hunting. Norngsuk was of birth truly illustrious. His mother had died in childbirth, and his father, the most expert fisher of Greenland, had perished by too close pursuit of the whale. His dignity was equalled by his riches; he was master of four men's and two women's boats, had ninety tubs of oil in his winter habitation, and five-and-twenty seals buried in the snow against the season of darkness. When he saw the beauty of Ajut, he immediately threw over her the skin of a deer that he had taken, and soon after presented her with a branch of coral. Ajut refused his gifts, and determined to admit no lover in the place of Anningait.

Norngsuk, thus rejected, had recourse to stratagem. He knew that Ajut would consult an Angekkok, or diviner, concerning the fate of her lover, and the felicity of her future life. He therefore applied himself to the most celebrated Angekkok of that part of the country, and by a present of two seals and a marble kettle, obtained a promise that when Ajut should consult him, he would declare that her lover was in the land of souls. Ajut, in a short time, brought him a coat made by herself, and inquired what events were to befall her, with assurances of a much larger reward at the return of Anningait if the prediction should flatter her desires. The Angekkok knew the way to riches, and foretold that Anningait, having already caught two whales, would soon return home with a large boat laden with provisions.

This prognostication she was ordered to keep secret; and Norngsuk, depending upon his artifice, renewed his addresses with greater confidence; but finding his suit still unsuccessful, applied himself to her parents with gifts and promises. The wealth of Greenland is too powerful for the virtue of a Greenlander; they forgot the merit and the presents of Anningait, and decreed Ajut to the embraces of Norngsuk. She entreated; she remonstrated; she wept and raved; but finding riches irresistible, fled away into the uplands, and lived in a cave upon such berries as she could gather, and the birds or hares which she had the fortune to insnare, taking care, at an hour when she was not likely to be found, to view the sea every day, that her lover might not miss her at his return.

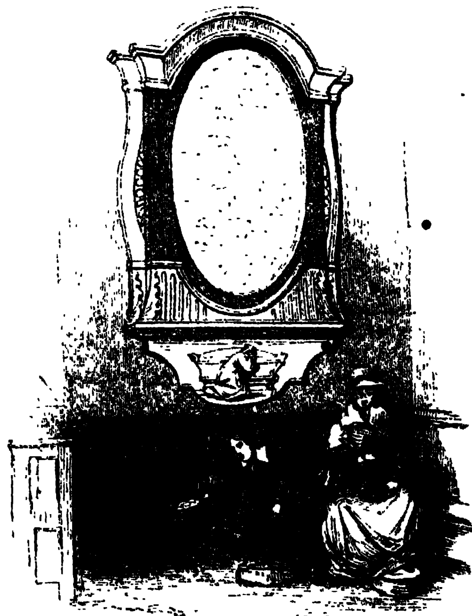
At last she saw the great boat in which Anningait had departed, stealing slow and heavy laden along the coast. She ran with all the impatience of affection to catch her lover in her arms, and relate her constancy and sufferings. When the company reached the land, they informed her that Anningait, after the fishery was ended, being unable to support the slow passage of the vessel of carriage, had set out before them in his fishing-boat, and they expected at their arrival to have found him on shore.

Ajut, distracted at this intelligence, was about to fly into the hills, without knowing why, though she was now in the hands of her parents, who forced her back to their own hut, and endeavoured to comfort her; but when at last they retired to rest, Ajut went down to the beach, where, finding a fishing-boat, she entered it without hesitation, and telling those who wondered at her rashness that she was going in search of Anningait, rowed away with great swiftness, and was seen no more.

The fate of these lovers gave occasion to various fictions and conjectures. Some are of opinion that they were changed into stars; others imagine that Anningait was seized in his passage by the genius of the rocks, and that Ajut was transformed into a mermaid, and still continues to seek her lover in the deserts of the sea. But the general persuasion is, that they are both in that part of the land of souls where the sun never sets, where oil is always fresh, and provisions always warm. The virgins sometimes throw a thimble and a needle into the bay from which the hapless maid departed; and when a Greenlander would praise any couple for virtuous affection, he declares that they love like Anningait and Ajut.'

The Adventurer, by Dr Hawkesworth, succeeded 'The Rambler,' and was published twice a-week from 1752 to 1754. JOHN HAWKESWORTH (1715-1773) rose from being a watchmaker to considerable literary eminence by his talents and learning. He was employed to write the narrative of Captain Cook's discoveries in the Pacific ocean, by which he realised a large sum of money, and he made an excellent translation of Telemachus. With the aid of Dr Johnson, Warton, and others, he carried on 'The Adventurer' with considerable success. It was more various than 'The Rambler'—more in the style of light reading. Hawkesworth, however, was an imitator of Johnson, and the conclusion of 'The Adventurer' has the Johnsonian swell and cast of imagination:—

'The hour is hastening in which whatever praise or censure I have acquired by these compositions, if they are remembered at all, will be remembered with equal indifference, and the tenor of them only will afford me comfort. Time, who is impatient to date my last paper, will shortly moulder the hand that is now writing it in the dust, and still this breast that now throbs at the reflection: but let not this be read as something that relates only to another; for a few years only can divide the eye that is now reading from the hand that has written. This awful truth, however obvious, and however reiterated, is yet frequently forgotten; for surely, if we did not lose our remembrance, or at least our sensibility, that view would always predominate in our lives which alone can afford us comfort when we die.'



Hawkesworth's Monument, Bromley.

The World was the next periodical of this class. It was edited by Dr Moore, author of the tragedy of 'The Gamester,' and other works, and was distinguished by contributions from Horace Walpole, Lord Lyttelton, Soame Jenyns, and the Earl of Chesterfield. 'The World' has the merit of being very readable: its contents are more lively than any of

its predecessors, and it is a better picture of the times. It was published weekly, from January 1753 to December 1756, and reached a sale of 2500 a-week.

Another weekly miscellany of the same kind, *The Connoisseur*, was commenced by George Colman and Bonnel Thornton—two professed wits, who wrote in unison, so that, as they state, 'almost every single paper is the joint product of both.' Cowper the poet contributed a few essays to 'The Connoisseur,' short but lively, and in that easy style which marks his correspondence. One of them is on the subject of 'Conversation,' and he afterwards extended it into an admirable poem. From another, on country churches, we give an extract which seems like a leaf from the note-book of Washington Irving:—

'It is a difficult matter to decide which is looked upon as the greatest man in a country church—the parson or his clerk. The latter is most certainly held in higher veneration, when the former happens to be only a poor curate, who rides post every Sabbath from village to village, and mounts and dismounts at the church door. The clerk's office is not only to tag the prayers with an amen, or usher in the sermon with a stave; but he is also the universal father to give away the brides, and the standing godfather to all the new-born bantlings. But in many places there is a still greater man belonging to the church than either the parson or the clerk himself. The person I mean is the squire; who, like the king, may be styled head of the church in his own parish. If the benefice be in his own gift, the vicar is his creature, and of consequence entirely at his devotion; or if the care of the church be left to a curate, the Sunday fees of roast-beef and plum-pudding, and a liberty to shoot in the manor, will bring him as much under the squire's command as his dogs and horses. For this reason the bell is often kept tolling and the people waiting in the churchyard an hour longer than the usual time; nor must the service begin till the squire has strutted up the aisle and seated himself in the great pew in the chancel. The length of the sermon is also measured by the will of the squire, as formerly by the hour-glass; and I know one parish where the preacher has always the complaisance to conclude his discourse, however abruptly, the minute that the squire gives the signal by rising up after his nap.'

'The Connoisseur' was in existence from January 1754 to September 1756.

In April 1758, Johnson (who thought there was 'no matter' in 'The Connoisseur,' and who had a very poor opinion of 'The World') entered again into this arena of light literature, and commenced his *Idler*. The example of his more mercurial predecessors had some effect on the moralist, for 'The Idler' is more gay and spirited than 'The Rambler.' It lived through 103 numbers, twelve of which were contributed by his friends Thomas Warton, Langton. and Sir Joshua Reynolds. 'The Idler' was the last experiment on the public taste in England of periodical essays published separately. In the 'Town and Country Magazine,' and other monthly miscellanies, essays were given along with other contributions, and it was thus that Goldsmith published his compositions of this sort, as well as his *Chinese Letters*. Henceforward, politics engaged the public attention in a strong degree, and monopolised the weekly press of London.

In Scotland, after an interval of twenty years, *The Mirror*, a series of periodical essays, made its appearance, and was continued weekly from January 1779 to the end of May 1780. Five years afterwards *The Lounger* was commenced and continued about two years, the number of essays being 101. Both of these publications were supported by the same authors, namely, Mr Henry Mackenzie (the Man of Feeling), Mr (afterwards Lord) Craig, Mr (afterwards Lord) Cullen, Mr (afterwards Lord) Bannatyne, Lord Hailes, Professor Richardson of Glasgow, Lord Wedderburn, Mr (afterwards Lord) Abercromby, Mr Fraser Tytler, Baron Hume, &c. A few papers were supplied by volunteers, but the regular contributors were this band of friendly lawyers, whose literary talents were of no common order. Mr Mackenzie acted as editor of the miscellanies, and published in them some of his most admired minor productions, containing pathos, sentiment, and a vein of delicate irony and humour.

[*Story of La Roche.*]

[From 'The Mirror.'*]

More than forty years ago, an English philosopher, whose works have since been read and admired by all Europe, resided at a little town in France. Some disappointments in his native country had first driven him abroad, and he was afterwards induced to remain there, from having found, in this retreat, where the connexions even of nation and language were avoided, a perfect seclusion and retirement highly favourable to the development of abstract subjects, in which he excelled all the writers of his time.

Perhaps in the structure of such a mind as Mr ——'s, the finer and more delicate sensibilities are seldom known to have place; or, if originally implanted there, are in a great measure extinguished by the exertions of intense study and profound investigation. Hence the idea of philosophy and unfeelingness being united has become proverbial, and in common language the former word is often used to express the latter. Our philosopher has been censured by some as deficient in warmth and feeling; but the mildness of his manners has been allowed by all; and it is certain that, if he was not easily melted into compassion, it was at least not difficult to awaken his benevolence.

One morning, while he sat busied in those speculations which afterwards astonished the world, an old female domestic, who served him for a housekeeper, brought him word that an elderly gentleman and his daughter had arrived in the village the preceding evening on their way to some distant country, and that the father had been suddenly seized in the night with a dangerous disorder, which the people of the inn where they lodged feared would prove mortal; that she had been sent for as having some knowledge in medicine, the village surgeon being then absent; and that it was truly piteous to see the good old man, who seemed not so much afflicted by his own distress as by that which it caused to his daughter. Her master laid aside the volume in his hand, and broke off the chain of ideas it had inspired. His night-gown was exchanged for a coat, and he followed his *gouvernante* to the sick man's apartment.

'Twas the best in the little inn where they lay, but a paltry one notwithstanding. Mr —— was obliged to stoop as he entered it. It was floored with earth; and above were the joists, not plastered, and hung with cobwebs. On a flock-bed, at one end, lay the old man he came to visit; at the foot of it sat his daughter. She was dressed in a clean white bed-gown; her dark locks hung loosely over it as she bent forward, watching the languid looks of her father. Mr —— and his housekeeper had stood some moments in the room without the young lady's being sensible of their entering it. 'Mademoiselle!' said the old woman at last in a soft tone. She turned, and

* This fine tale is by Henry Mackenzie. The character of the philosopher was intended for Hume.

showed one of the finest faces in the world. It was touched, not spoiled with sorrow; and when she perceived a stranger, whom the old woman now introduced to her, a blush at first, and then the gentle ceremonial of native politeness which the affliction of the time tempered, but did not extinguish, crossed it for a moment, and changed its expression. 'Twas sweetness all, however, and our philosopher felt it strongly. It was not a time for words; he offered his services in a few sincere ones. 'Monsieur lies miserably ill here,' said the gouvernante; 'if he could possibly be moved anywhere.' 'If he could be moved to our house,' said her master. He had a spare bed for a friend, and there was a garret room unoccupied, next to the gouvernante's. It was contrived accordingly. The scruples of the stranger, who could look scruples though he could not speak them, were overcome, and the bashful reluctance of his daughter gave way to her belief of its use to her father. The sick man was wrapt in blankets and carried across the street to the English gentleman's. The old woman helped his daughter to nurse him there. The surgeon, who arrived soon after, prescribed a little, and nature did much for him; in a week he was able to thank his benefactor.

By this time his host had learned the name and character of his guest. He was a Protestant clergyman of Switzerland, called La Roche, a widower, who had lately buried his wife after a long and lingering illness, for which travelling had been prescribed, and was now returning home, after an ineffectual and melancholy journey, with his only child, the daughter we have mentioned.

He was a devout man, as became his profession. He possessed devotion in all its warmth, but with none of its asperity; I mean that asperity which men, called devout, sometimes indulge in. Mr ——, though he felt no devotion, never quarrelled with it in others. His gouvernante joined the old man and his daughter in the prayers and thanksgivings which they put up on his recovery; for she, too, was a heretic in the phrase of the village. The philosopher walked out, with his long staff and his dog, and left them to their prayers and thanksgivings. 'My master,' said the old woman, 'alas! he is not a Christian, but he is the best of unbelievers.' 'Not a Christian!' exclaimed Mademoiselle La Roche; 'yet he saved my father! Heaven bless him for't; I would he were a Christian!' 'There is a pride in human knowledge, my child,' said her father, 'which often blinds men to the sublime truths of revelation; hence opposers of Christianity are found among men of virtuous lives, as well as among those of dissipated and licentious characters. Nay, sometimes I have known the latter more easily converted to the true faith than the former, because the fume of passion is more easily dissipated than the mist of false theory and delusive speculation.' 'But Mr ——,' said his daughter; 'alas! my father, he shall be a Christian before he dies.' She was interrupted by the arrival of their landlord. He took her hand with an air of kindness; she drew it away from him in silence, threw down her eyes to the ground, and left the room. 'I have been thanking God,' said the good La Roche, 'for my recovery.' 'That is right,' replied his landlord. 'I would not wish,' continued the old man hesitatingly, 'to think otherwise; did I not look up with gratitude to that Being, I should barely be satisfied with my recovery as a continuation of life, which, it may be, is not a real good. Alas! I may live to wish I had died, that you had left me to die, sir, instead of kindly relieving me (he clasped Mr ——'s hand); but when I look on this renovated being as the gift of the Almighty, I feel a far different sentiment; my heart dilates with gratitude and love to him; it is prepared for doing his will, not as a duty, but as a pleasure; and regards every breach of it, not with disapprobation, but with horror.' 'You say right, my dear sir,' replied the philosopher; 'but you are not yet re-established enough to talk much; you must take care of your health, and neither study nor preach for some time. I have been thinking over a scheme that struck me to-day when you mentioned your intended departure. I never was in Switzerland; I have a great mind to accompany your daughter and you into that country. I will help to take care of you by the road; for, as I was your first physician, I hold myself responsible for your cure.' La Roche's eyes glistened at the proposal; his daughter was called in and told of it. She was equally pleased with her father; for they really loved their landlord—not perhaps the less for his infidelity; at least that circumstance mixed a sort of pity with their regard for him: their souls were not of a mould for harsher feelings; hatred never dwelt in them.

They travelled by short stages; for the philosopher was as good as his word, in taking care that the old man should not be fatigued. The party had time to be well acquainted with one another, and their friendship was increased by acquaintance. La Roche found a degree of simplicity and gentleness in his companion which is not always annexed to the character of a learned or a wise man. His daughter, who was prepared to be afraid of him, was equally undeceived. She found in him nothing of that self-importance which superior parts, or great cultivation of them, is apt to confer. He talked of everything but philosophy or religion; he seemed to enjoy every pleasure and amusement of ordinary life, and to be interested in the most common topics of discourse: when his knowledge or learning at any time appeared, it was delivered with the utmost plainness, and without the least shadow of dogmatism. On his part he was charmed with the society of the good clergyman and his lovely daughter. He found in them the guileless manner of the earliest times, with the culture and accomplishment of the most refined ones. Every better feeling warm and vivid; every ungentle one repressed or overcome. He was not addicted to love; but he felt himself happy in being the friend of Mademoiselle La Roche, and sometimes envied her father the possession of such a child.

After a journey of eleven days, they arrived at the dwelling of La Roche. It was situated in one of those valleys of the canton of Berne, where nature seems to repose, as it were, in quiet, and has enclosed her retreat with mountains inaccessible. A stream, that spent its fury in the hills above, ran in front of the house, and a broken waterfall was seen through the wood that covered its sides; below it circled round a tufted plain, and formed a little lake in front of a village, at the end of which appeared the spire of La Roche's church, rising above a clump of beeches. Mr —— enjoyed the beauty of the scene; but to his companions it recalled the memory of a wife and parent they had lost. The old man's sorrow was silent—his daughter sobbed and wept. Her father took her hand, kissed it twice, pressed it to his bosom, threw up his eyes to heaven, and having wiped off a tear that was just about to drop from each, began to point out to his guest some of the most striking objects which the prospect afforded. The philosopher interpreted all this; and he could but slightly censure the creed from which it arose.

They had not been long arrived, when a number of La Roche's parishioners, who had heard of his return, came to the house to see and welcome him. The honest folks were awkward but sincere in their professions of regard. They made some attempts at condolence; it was too delicate for their handling, but La Roche took it in good part. 'It has pleased God,' said he; and they saw he had settled the matter

with himself. Philosophy could not have done so much with a thousand words.

It was now evening, and the good peasants were about to depart, when a clock was heard to strike seven, and the hour was followed by a particular chime. The country folks who had come to welcome their pastor, turned their looks towards him at the sound; he explained their meaning to his guest. 'That is the signal,' said he, 'for our evening exercise; this is one of the nights of the week in which some of my parishioners are wont to join in it; a little rustic saloon serves for the chapel of our family, and such of the good people as are with us. If you choose rather to walk out, I will furnish you with an attendant; or here are a few old books that may afford you some entertainment within.' 'By no means,' answered the philosopher, 'I will attend Mademoiselle at her devotions.' 'She is our organist,' said La Roche; 'our neighbourhood is the country of musical mechanism, and I have a small organ fitted up for the purpose of assisting our singing.' ''Tis an additional inducement,' replied the other, and they walked into the room together. At the end stood the organ mentioned by La Roche; before it was a curtain, which his daughter drew aside, and placing herself on a seat within, and drawing the curtain close, so as to save her the awkwardness of an exhibition, began a voluntary, solemn and beautiful in the highest degree. Mr —— was no musician, but he was not altogether insensible to music; this fastened on his mind more strongly, from its beauty being unexpected. The solemn prelude introduced a hymn, in which such of the audience as could sing immediately joined; the words were mostly taken from holy writ; it spoke the praises of God, and his care of good men. Something was said of the death of the just, of such as die in the Lord. The organ was touched with a hand less firm; it paused, it ceased, and the sobbing of Mademoiselle La Roche was heard in its stead. Her father gave a sign for stopping the psalmody, and rose to pray. He was discomposed at first, and his voice faltered as he spoke; but his heart was in his words, and his warmth overcame his embarrassment. He addressed a Being whom he loved, and he spoke for those he loved. His parishioners catched the ardour of the good old man; even the philosopher felt himself moved, and forgot for a moment to think why he should not. La Roche's religion was that of sentiment, not theory, and his guest was averse from disputation; their discourse, therefore, did not lead to questions concerning the belief of either; yet would the old man sometimes speak of his, from the fulness of a heart impressed with its force, and wishing to spread the pleasure he enjoyed in it. The ideas of his God and his Saviour were so congenial to his mind that every emotion of it naturally awaked them. A philosopher might have called him an enthusiast; but if he possessed the fervour of enthusiasts, he was guiltless of their bigotry. 'Our father which art in heaven!' might the good man say, for he felt it, and all mankind were his brethren.

'You regret, my friend,' said he to Mr ——, 'when my daughter and I talk of the exquisite pleasure derived from music, you regret your want of musical powers and musical feelings; it is a department of soul, you say, which nature has almost denied you, which from the effects you see it have on others you are sure must be highly delightful. Why should not the same thing be said of religion? Trust me, I feel it in the same way—an energy, an inspiration, which I would not lose for all the blessings of sense, or enjoyments of the world; yet, so far from lessening my relish of the pleasures of life, methinks I feel it heighten them all. The thought of receiving it from God adds the blessing of sentiment to that of sensation in every good thing I possess; and when calamities overtake me—and I have had my share—it confers a dignity on my affliction; so lifts me above the world. Man, I know, is but a worm, yet methinks I am then allied to God!' It would have been inhuman in our philosopher to have clouded, even with a doubt, the sunshine of this belief.

His discourse, indeed, was very remote from metaphysical disquisition, or religious controversy. Of all men I ever knew, his ordinary conversation was the least tinctured with pedantry, or liable to dissertation. With La Roche and his daughter it was perfectly familiar. The country around them, the manners of the village, the comparison of both with those of England, remarks on the works of favourite authors, on the sentiments they conveyed, and the passions they excited, with many other topics in which there was an equality or alternate advantage among the speakers, were the subjects they talked on. Their hours too of riding and walking were many, in which Mr ——, as a stranger, was shown the remarkable scenes and curiosities of the country. They would sometimes make little expeditions to contemplate, in different attitudes, those astonishing mountains, the cliffs of which, covered with eternal snows, and sometimes shooting into fantastic shapes, form the termination of most of the Swiss prospects. Our philosopher asked many questions as to their natural history and productions. La Roche observed the sublimity of the ideas which the view of their stupendous summits, inaccessible to mortal foot, was calculated to inspire, which naturally, said he, leads the mind to that Being by whom their foundations were laid. 'They are not seen in Flanders,' said Mademoiselle with a sigh. 'That's an odd remark,' said Mr ——, smiling. She blushed, and he inquired no farther.

'Twas with regret he left a society in which he found himself so happy; but he settled with La Roche and his daughter a plan of correspondence; and they took his promise, that if ever he came within fifty leagues of their dwelling, he should travel those fifty leagues to visit them.

About three years after, our philosopher was on a visit at Geneva; the promise he made to La Roche and his daughter on his former visit was recalled to his mind by a view of that range of mountains, on a part of which they had often looked together. There was a reproach, too, conveyed along with the recollection, for his having failed to write to either for several months past. The truth was, that indolence was the habit most natural to him, from which he was not easily roused by the claims of correspondence either of his friends or of his enemies; when the latter drew their pens in controversy, they were often unanswered as well as the former. While he was hesitating about a visit to La Roche, which he wished to make, but found the effort rather too much for him, he received a letter from the old man, which had been forwarded to him from Paris, where he had then his fixed residence. It contained a gentle complaint of Mr ——'s want of punctuality, but an assurance of continued gratitude for his former good offices; and as a friend whom the writer considered interested in his family, it informed him of the approaching nuptials of Mademoiselle La Roche with a young man, a relation of her own, and formerly a pupil of her father's, of the most amiable dispositions, and respectable character. Attached from their earliest years, they had been separated by his joining one of the subsidiary regiments of the canton, then in the service of a foreign power. In this situation he had distinguished himself as much for courage and military skill as for the other endowments which he had cultivated at home. The term of his service was now expired, and they expected him to return in a few weeks, when the old man hoped, as he expressed it in his letter, to join their hands, and see them happy before he died.

Our philosopher felt himself interested in this event; but he was not, perhaps, altogether so happy in the tidings of Mademoiselle La Roche's marriage as her father supposed him. Not that he was ever a lover of the lady's; but he thought her one of the most amiable women he had seen, and there was something in the idea of her being another's for ever, that struck him, he knew not why, like a disappointment. After some little speculation on the matter, however, he could look on it as a thing fitting, if not quite agreeable, and determined on this visit to see his old friend and his daughter happy.

On the last day of his journey, different accidents had retarded his progress: he was benighted before he reached the quarter in which La Roche resided. His guide, however, was well acquainted with the road, and he found himself at last in view of the lake, which I have before described, in the neighbourhood of La Roche's dwelling. A light gleamed on the water, that seemed to proceed from the house; it moved slowly along as he proceeded up the side of the lake, and at last he saw it glimmer through the trees, and stop at some distance from the place where he then was. He supposed it some piece of bridal merriment, and pushed on his horse that he might be a spectator of the scene; but he was a good deal shocked, on approaching the spot, to find it proceed from the torch of a person clothed in the dress of an attendant on a funeral, and accompanied by several others, who, like him, seemed to have been employed in the rites of sepulture.

On Mr ——'s making inquiry who was the person they had been burying, one of them, with an accent more mournful than is common to their profession, answered, 'then you knew not Mademoiselle, sir? you never beheld a lovelier.' 'La Roche!' exclaimed he, in reply. 'Alas! it was she indeed!' The appearance of surprise and grief which his countenance assumed attracted the notice of the peasant with whom he talked. He came up closer to Mr ——; 'I perceive, sir, you were acquainted with Mademoiselle La Roche.' 'Acquainted with her! Good God! when—how—where did she die? Where is her father?' 'She died, sir, of heart-break, I believe; the young gentleman to whom she was soon to have been married, was killed in a duel by a French officer, his intimate companion, and to whom, before their quarrel, he had often done the greatest favours. Her worthy father bears her death as he has often told us a Christian should; he is even so composed as to be now in his pulpit, ready to deliver a few exhortations to his parishioners, as is the custom with us on such occasions: follow me, sir, and you shall hear him.' He followed the man without answering.

The church was dimly lighted, except near the pulpit, where the venerable La Roche was seated. His people were now lifting up their voices in a psalm to that Being whom their pastor had taught them ever to bless and to revere. La Roche sat, his figure bending gently forward, his eyes half-closed, lifted up in silent devotion. A lamp placed near him threw its light strong on his head, and marked the shadowy lines of age across the paleness of his brow, thinly covered with gray hairs. The music ceased: La Roche sat for a moment, and nature wrung a few tears from him. His people were loud in their grief. Mr —— was not less affected than they. La Roche arose: 'Father of mercies,' said he, 'forgive these tears; assist thy servant to lift up his soul to thee; to lift to thee the souls of thy people. My friends, it is good so to do, at all seasons it is good; but in the days of our distress, what a privilege it is! Well saith the sacred book, "Trust in the Lord; at all times trust in the Lord." When every other support fails us, when the fountains of worldly comfort are dried up, let us then seek those living waters which flow from the throne of God. 'Tis only from the belief of the goodness and wisdom of a Supreme Being that our calamities can be borne in that manner which becomes a man. Human wisdom is here of little use; for, in proportion as it bestows comfort, it represses feeling, without which we may cease to be hurt by calamity, but we shall also cease to enjoy happiness. I will not bid you be insensible, my friends—I cannot, I cannot, if I would (his tears flowed afresh)—I feel too much myself, and I am not ashamed of my feelings; but therefore may I the more willingly be heard; therefore have I prayed God to give me strength to speak to you, to direct you to him, not with empty words, but with these tears; not from speculation, but from experience; that while you see me suffer, you may know also my consolation.

You behold the mourner of his only child, the last earthly stay and blessing of his declining years! Such a child too! It becomes not me to speak of her virtues; yet it is but gratitude to mention them, because they were exerted towards myself. Not many days ago you saw her young, beautiful, virtuous, and happy: ye who are parents will judge of my felicity then—ye will judge of my affliction now. But I look towards him who struck me; I see the hand of a father amidst the chastenings of my God. Oh! could I make you feel what it is to pour out the heart when it is pressed down with many sorrows, to pour it out with confidence to him, in whose hands are life and death, on whose power awaits all that the first enjoys, and in contemplation of whom disappears all that the last can inflict. For we are not as those who die without hope; we know that our Redeemer liveth—that we shall live with him, with our friends his servants, in that blessed land where sorrow is unknown, and happiness is endless as it is perfect. Go, then, mourn not for me; I have not lost my child: but a little while and we shall meet again, never to be separated. But ye are also my children: would ye that I should not grieve without comfort? So live as she lived; that when your death cometh, it may be the death of the righteous, and your latter end like his.'

Such was the exhortation of La Roche; his audience answered it with their tears. The good old man had dried up his at the altar of the Lord; his countenance had lost its sadness, and assumed the glow of faith and of hope. Mr —— followed him into his house. The inspiration of the pulpit was past; at sight of him the scene they had last met in rushed again on his mind; La Roche threw his arms round his neck, and watered it with his tears. The other was equally affected; they went together in silence into the parlour where the evening service was wont to be performed. The curtains of the organ were open; La Roche started back at the sight. 'Oh! my friend,' said he, and his tears burst forth again. Mr —— had now recollected himself; he stept forward and drew the curtains close; the old man wiped off his tears, and taking his friend's hand, 'You see my weakness,' said he; ''tis the weakness of humanity; but my comfort is not therefore lost.' 'I heard you,' said the other, 'in the pulpit; I rejoice that such consolation is yours.' 'It is, my friend,' said he, 'and I trust I shall ever hold it fast. If there are any who doubt our faith, let them think of what importance religion is to calamity, and forbear to weaken its force; if they cannot restore our happiness, let them not take away the solace of our affliction.'

Mr ——'s heart was smitten; and I have heard him long after confess that there were moments when the remembrance overcame him even to weakness; when, amidst all the pleasures of philosophical discovery, and the pride of literary fame, he recalled to his mind the venerable figure of the good La Roche, and wished that he had never doubted.

NOVELISTS.

The decline of the tragic drama was accompanied by a similar decline of the heroic romances, both being in some measure the creation of an imaginative and chivalrous spirit. As France had been the country in which the early romance, metrical or prosaic, flourished in greatest perfection, it was from the same nation that the second class of prose fictions, the heroic romances, also took its rise. The heroes were no longer Arthur or Charlemagne, but a sort of pastoral lovers, like the characters of Sir Philip Sidney's 'Arcadia,' who blended modern with chivalrous manners, and talked in a style of conventional propriety and decorum. This spurious offspring of romance was begun in the seventeenth century by an author named Honore d'Urfe, who was followed by Gomberville, Calprenede, and Madame Scudery. D'Urfe had, episodically, and under borrowed names, given an account of the gallantries of Henry IV.'s court, which rendered his style more piquant and attractive; but generally, this species of composition was harmless and insipid, and its productions of intolerable length. The 'Grand Cyrus' filled ten volumes! Admired as they were in their own day, the heroic romances could not long escape being burlesqued. The poet Scarron, about the time of our commonwealth, attempted this in a work which he entitled the 'Comique Roman,' or 'Comic Romance,' which detailed a long series of adventures, as low as those of Cyrus were elevated, and in a style of wit and drollery of which there is hardly any other example. This work, though designed only as a ludicrous imitation of another class of fictions, became the first of a class of its own, and found followers in England long before we had any writers of the pure novel. Mrs Aphra Behn amused the public during the reign of Charles II. by writing tales of personal adventure similar to those of Scarron, which are almost the earliest specimens of prose fiction that we possess. She was followed by Mrs Manley, whose works are equally humorous, and equally licentious. The fictions of Daniel Defoe, which have been adverted to in the preceding section, are an improvement upon these tales, being much more pure, while they, at the same time, contain more interesting pictures of character and situation. Other models were presented in the early part of the century by the French novelist Le Sage, whose 'Gil Blas,' and 'Devil on Two Sticks,' imitating in their turn the fictions of certain Spanish writers, consist of humorous and satirical pictures of modern manners, connected by a thread of adventure. In England, the first pictures of real life in prose fiction were given by Defoe, who, in his graphic details, and personal adventures, all impressed with the strongest appearances of truth or probability, has never, in his own walk, been excelled. That walk, however, was limited: of genuine humour or variety of character he had no conception; and he paid little attention to the arrangement of his plot. The gradual improvement in the tone and manners of society, the complicated relations of life, the growing contrast between town and country manners, and all the artificial distinctions that crowd in with commerce, wealth, and luxury, banished the heroic romance, and gave rise to the novel, in which the passion of love still maintained its place, but was surrounded by events and characters, such as are witnessed in ordinary life, under various aspects and modifications. The three great founders of this improved species of composition—this new theatre of living and breathing characters—were Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett, who even yet, after the lapse of more than a century, have had no superiors, and only one equal.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

Samuel Richardson was born in Derbyshire in 1689, and was the son of a joiner, who could not afford to give his son more than the ordinary elements of education. When fifteen years of age, he was put apprentice to a printer in London; and by good conduct rose to be master of an extensive business of his own, and printer of the Journals of the House of Commons. In 1754 he was chosen master of the Stationers' Company, and in 1760 he purchased a moiety of the patent of printer to the king, which greatly increased his emoluments. He was a prosperous and liberal man—mild in his manners and dispositions—and seems to have had only one marked foible—excessive vanity. From a very early period of his life, Richardson was a fluent letter-writer: at thirteen he was the confidant of three young women, whose love correspondence he carried on without any one knowing that he was secretary to the others. Two London publishers having urged



Richardson's House, Parson's Green.

him, when he was above the age of fifty, to write them a book of familiar letters on the useful concerns of life, he set about the composition of his *Pamela*, as a warning to young people, and with a hope that it would 'turn them into a course of reading different from the pomp and parade of romance writing.' It was written in about three months, and published in the year 1741, with such success, that five editions were exhausted in the course of one year. 'It requires a reader,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'to be in some degree acquainted with the huge folios of inanity, over which our ancestors yawned themselves to sleep, ere he can estimate the delight they must have experienced from this unexpected return to truth and nature.' '*Pamela*' became the rage of the town: ladies carried the volumes with them to Ranelagh gardens, and held them up to one another in triumph. Pope praised the novel as likely to do more good than twenty volumes of sermons; and Dr Sherlock recommended it from the pulpit! In 1749 appeared Richardson's second and greatest work, *The History of Clarissa Harlowe*; and in 1753 his novel, designed to repre-

sent the beau ideal of a gentleman and Christian, *The History of Sir Charles Grandison.* The almost unexampled success and popularity of Richardson's life and writings were to himself disturbed and clouded by nervous attacks, which rendered him delicate and feeble in health. He was flattered and soothed by a number of female friends, in whose society he spent most of his time, and after reaching the goodly age of seventy-two, he died on the 4th of July 1761.

The works of Richardson are all pictures of the heart. No man understood human nature better, or could draw with greater distinctness the minute shades of feeling and sentiment, or the final results of our passions. He wrote his novels, it is said, in his back-shop, in the intervals of business; and must have derived exquisite pleasure from the moral anatomy in which he was silently engaged—conducting his characters through the scenes of his ideal world, and giving expression to all the feelings, motives, and impulses, of which our nature is susceptible. He was happiest in female characters. Much of his time had been spent with the gentler sex, and his own retired habits and nervous sensibility approximated to feminine softness. He well repaid the sex for all their attentions by his character of Clarissa, one of the noblest tributes ever paid to female virtue and honour. The moral elevation of this heroine, the saintly purity which she preserves amidst scenes of the deepest depravity and the most seductive gaiety, and the never-failing sweetness and benevolence of her temper, render Clarissa one of the brightest triumphs of the whole range of imaginative literature. Perhaps the climax of her distress is too overwhelming—too oppressive to the feelings—but it is a healthy sorrow. We see the full radiance of virtue; and no reader ever rose from the perusal of those tragic scenes without feeling his moral nature renovated, and his detestation of vice increased.

'Pamela' is a work of much humbler pretensions than 'Clarissa Harlowe:' it is like the domestic tragedy of Lillo compared with Lear or Macbeth. A simple country girl, whom her master attempts to seduce, and afterwards marries, can be no very dignified heroine. But the excellences of Richardson are strikingly apparent in this his first novel. His power of circumstantial painting is evinced in the multitude of small details which he brings to bear on his story—the very wardrobe of poor Pamela, her gown of sad-coloured stuff, and her round-eared caps—her various attempts at escape, and the conveyance of her letters—the hateful character of Mrs Jewkes, and the fluctuating passions of her master, before the better part of his nature obtains the ascendency—these are all touched with the hand of a master. The seductive scenes are too highly coloured for modern taste, and Pamela is deficient in natural dignity; she is too calculating, too tame and submissive; but while engaged with the tale, we think only of her general innocence and artlessness; of her sad trials and afflictions, down to her last confinement, when she hid her papers in the rose-bush in the garden, and sat by the side of the pond in utter despair, half-meditating suicide. The elevation of this innocent and lovely young creature to be the bride of her master is an act of justice; but after all, we feel she was too good for him, and wish she had effected her escape, and been afterwards united to some great and wealthy nobleman who had never condescended to oppress the poor and unfortunate. The moral of the tale would also have been improved by some such termination. Esquire B—— should have been mortified, and waiting maids taught not to tolerate liberties from their young masters, because, like Pamela, they may rise to obtain their hand in marriage.

'Sir Charles Grandison' is inferior in general interest, as well as truth, to either of Richardson's other novels. The 'good man' and perfect gentleman, perplexed by the love of two ladies whom he regarded with equal affection, is an anomaly in nature with which we cannot sympathise. The hero of 'Clarissa,' Lovelace, being a splendid and accomplished, a gay and smiling villain, Richardson wished to make Sir Charles in all respects the very opposite: he has given him too little passion and too much perfection for frail humanity. In this novel, however, is one of the most powerful of all our author's delineations—the madness of Clementina. Shakspeare himself has scarcely drawn a more affecting or harrowing picture of high-souled suffering and blighting calamity. The same accumulation of details as in 'Clarissa,' all tending to heighten the effect and produce the catastrophe, hurry on the reader with breathless anxiety, till he has learned the last sad event, and is plunged in unavailing grief. This is no exaggerated account of the sensations produced by Richardson's pathetic scenes. He is one of the most powerful and tragic of novelists; and that he is so, in spite of much tediousness of description, much repetition and prolixity of narrative, is the best testimony to his art and genius. The extreme length of our author's novels, the epistolary style in which they are all written, and the number of minute and apparently unimportant circumstances with which they abound, added to the more energetic character of our subsequent literature, have tended to cast Richardson's novels into the shade. Even Lord Byron could not, he said, read 'Clarissa.' We admit that it requires some resolution to get through a fictitious work of eight volumes; but having once begun, most readers will find it difficult to leave off the perusal of these works. They are eminently original, which is always a powerful recommendation. They show an intimate acquaintance with the human heart, and an absolute command over the passions; they are, in fact, romances of the heart, embellished by sentiment, and as such possess a deep and enchaining interest, and a power of exciting virtuous emotions, which blind us to blemishes in style and composition, and to those errors in taste and manners which are more easily ridiculed than avoided in works so voluminous confined to domestic portraiture.

HENRY FIELDING.

Coleridge has said, that to take up Fielding after Richardson is like emerging from a sick-room heated by stoves into an open lawn on a breezy day in May. We have felt the agreeableness of the transition: from excited sensibilities and overpowering pathos, to light humour, lively description, and keen yet sportive satire, must always be a pleasant change. The feeling, however, does not derogate from the power of Richardson as a novelist. The same sensation may be experienced by turning from Lear to Falstaff, from tragedy to comedy. The feelings cannot remain in a state of constant tension, but seek relief in variety. Perhaps Richardson stretches them too violently and too continuously; his portraits are in classes, full charged with the peculiarities of their master. Fielding has a broader canvass, more light than shade, a clear and genial atmosphere, and groups of characters finely and naturally diversified. Johnson considered him barren compared with Richardson, because Johnson loved strong moral painting, and had little sympathy for wit that was not strictly allied to virtue. Richardson,

too, was a pious respectable man, for whom the critic entertained great regard, and to whom he was under obligations. Fielding was a thoughtless man of fashion—a rake who had dissipated his fortune, and passed from high to low life without dignity or respect; and who had commenced author without any higher motive than to make money, and confer amusement. Ample success crowned him in the latter department! The inimitable character of Parson Adams, the humour of road-side adventures and alehouse dialogues, Towwouse and his termagant wife, Parson Trulliber, Squire Western, the faithful Partridge, and a host of ludicrous and witty scenes, and characters, and situations, all rise up at the very mention of the name of Fielding! If Richardson 'made the passions move at the command of virtue,' Fielding bends them at will to mirth and enjoyment. He is the prince of novelists—holding the novel to include wit, love, satire, humour, observation, genuine pictures of human nature without romance, and the most perfect art in the arrangement of his plot and incidents.

Henry Fielding was of high birth: his father (a grandson of the Earl of Denbigh) was a general in the army, and his mother the daughter of a judge.



Henry Fielding.

He was born at Sharpham Park, Somersetshire, April 22, 1707. The general had a large family, and was a bad economist, and Henry was early familiar with embarrassments. He was educated at Eton, and afterwards studied the law for two years at Leyden. In his twentieth year his studies were stopped, 'money-bound,' as a kindred genius, Sheridan, used to say, and the youth returned to England. His father promised him £200 per annum, but this, the son remarked, 'any one might pay who would!' The same sum came to him in a few years by the death of his mother, from whom he inherited a small estate of that amount per annum. He also obtained £1500 by his marriage with Miss Cradock, a lady of great beauty and worth, who resided in Salisbury. Having previously subsisted by writing for the stage, in which he had little success, Fielding gladly retired with his wife to the country. Here, however, he lived extravagantly; kept a pack of hounds, and a retinue of servants, and feasted all the squires in his neighbourhood. In three years he was again penniless. He then renewed his legal studies, and qualified himself for the bar. His practice, however, was insufficient for the support of his family, and he continued to write pieces for the stage, and pamphlets to suit the topics of the day. In politics he was an anti-Jacobite, and a steady supporter of the Hanoverian succession. In 1742 appeared his novel of *Joseph Andrews*, which at once stamped him as a master, uniting to genuine English humour the spirit of Cervantes and the mock heroic of Scarron. There was a wicked wit in the choice of his subject. To ridicule Richardson's 'Pamela,' Fielding made his hero a brother of that renowned and popular lady; he quizzed Gammar Andrews and his wife, the rustic parents of Pamela, and in contrast to the style of Richardson's work, he made his hero and his friend Parson Adams, models of virtue and excellency, and his leading female characters (Lady Booby and Mrs Slipslop) of frail morals. Even Pamela is brought down from her high standing of moral perfection, and is represented as Mrs Booby, with the airs of an upstart, whom the parson is compelled to reprove for laughing in church. Richardson's vanity was deeply wounded by this insult, and he never forgave the desecration of his favourite production. The ridicule was certainly unjustifiable; but, as Sir Walter Scott has remarked, 'how can we wish that undone without which Parson Adams would not have existed?' The burlesque portion of the work would not have caused its extensive and abiding popularity. It heightened its humour, and may have contributed at first to the number of its readers, but 'Joseph Andrews' possessed strong and original claims to public favour, and has found countless admirers among persons who knew nothing of 'Pamela.' Setting aside some ephemeral essays and light pieces, Fielding's next works were *A Journey from this World to the Next*, and *The History of Jonathan Wild*. A vein of keen satire runs through the latter, but the hero and his companions are such callous rogues, and unsentimental ruffians, that we cannot take pleasure in their dexterity and success. The ordinary of Newgate, who administers consolation to Wild before his execution, is the best character in the novel. The ordinary preferred a bowl of punch to any other liquor, as it is nowhere spoken against in Scripture; and his ghostly admonitions to the malefactor are in harmony with this predilection. In 1749 Fielding was appointed one of the justices of Westminster and Middlesex, for which he was indebted to the services of Lyttelton. He was a zealous and active magistrate; but the office of a trading justice, paid by fees, was as unworthy the genius of Fielding as Burns's provision as an exciseman. It appears, from a statement made by himself, that this appointment did not bring him in, 'of the dirtiest money upon earth,' £300 a-year. In the midst of his official drudgery and too frequent dissipations, our author produced *Tom Jones*, unquestionably the first of English novels. He received £600 for the copyright, and such was its success, that Millar the publisher presented £100 more to the author. In 1751 appeared *Amelia*, for which he received £1000. Johnson was a great admirer of this novel, and read it through without stopping. Its domestic scenes moved him more deeply than heroic or ambitious adventures; but the conjugal tenderness and affection of Amelia are but ill requited by the conduct of Booth, her husband, who has the vices without the palliation of youth possessed by Tom Jones, independently of his ties as a husband and father. The character of Amelia was drawn for Fielding's wife, even down to the accident which disfigured her beauty; and the frailties of

Booth are said to have shadowed forth some of the author's own backslidings and experiences. The lady whose amiable qualities he delighted to recount, and whom he passionately loved, died while they struggled on in their worldly difficulties. He was almost broken-hearted for her loss, and found no relief, it is said, but in weeping, in concert with her servant maid, 'for the angel they mutually regretted.' This made the maid his habitual confidential associate, and in process of time he began to think he could not give his children a tenderer mother, or secure for himself a more faithful housekeeper and nurse. The maid accordingly became mistress of his household, and her conduct as his wife fully justified his good opinion. If there is little of romance, there is sound sense, affection, and gratitude in this step of Fielding; but it is probable the noble families to whom he was allied thought it a stain on his escutcheon. 'Amelia' was the last work of fiction that Fielding gave to the world. His last public act was an undertaking to extirpate the gangs of thieves and highwaymen that then infested London. The government employed him in this somewhat perilous enterprise, placing a sum of £600 at his disposal, and he was completely successful. The vigour and sagacity of his mind still remained; but Fielding was paying by a premature old age and decrepitude for the follies and excesses of his youth. A complication of disorders weighed him down in his last days, the most formidable of which was a dropsy. As a last resource he was advised to try the effect of a milder climate, and he set off for Lisbon in the spring of 1754. Nothing can be more touching than the description he has given, in his posthumous work, *A Voyage to Lisbon*, of his parting scene:

'*Wednesday, June 26, 1754*.—On this day the most melancholy sun I had ever beheld arose, and found me awake at my house at Fordhook. By the light of this sun I was, in my own opinion, last to behold and take leave of some of those creatures on whom I doted with a mother-like fondness, guided by nature and passion, and uncured and unhardened by all the doctrine of that philosophical school where I had learned to bear pains and to despise death.

In this situation, as I could not conquer nature, I submitted entirely to her, and she made as great a fool of me as she had ever done of any woman whatsoever: under pretence of giving me leave to enjoy, she drew me in to suffer the company of my little ones during eight hours; and I doubt whether, in that time, I did not undergo more than in all my distemper.

At twelve precisely my coach was at the door, which was no sooner told me than I kissed my children round, and went into it with some little resolution. My wife, who behaved more like a heroine and philosopher, though at the same time the tenderest mother in the world, and my eldest daughter, followed me; some friends went with us, and others here took their leave; and I heard my behaviour applauded, with many murmurs and praises to which I well knew I had no title; as all other such philosophers may, if they have any modesty, confess on the like occasions.'

The great novelist reached Lisbon, and resided in that genial climate for about two months. His health, however, gradually declined, and he died on the 8th of October 1754. It is pleasing to record that his family, about which he evinced so much tender solicitude in his last days, were sheltered from want by his brother and a private friend, Ralph Allen, Esq., whose character for worth and benevolence he had drawn in Allworthy, in 'Tom Jones.'

Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.

Pope.

The English factory at Lisbon erected a monument over his remains.

The irregularities of Fielding's life (however dearly he may have paid for fame) contributed to his riches as an author. He had surveyed human nature in various aspects, and experienced all its storms and sunshine. His kinswoman, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, assigns to him an enviable variety of temperament, though it is at the expense of his morality. 'His happy constitution,' she says, 'even when he had, with great pains, half demolished it, made him forget every evil when he was before a venison pasty, or over a flask of champagne; and I am persuaded he has known more happy moments than any prince upon earth. His natural spirits gave him rapture with his cook-maid, and cheerfulness when he was starving in a garret.' Fielding's experience as a Middlesex justice was unfavourable to his personal respectability, but it must also have brought him into contact with scenes and characters well fitted for his graphic delineations. On the other hand, his birth and education as a gentleman, and his brief trial of the life of a rural squire, in manners, sports, and pleasures, furnished materials for Squire Western and Allworthy, and other rural characters, down to Black George the gamekeeper; while, as a man of wit and fashion on the town, and a gay dramatist, he must have known the prototypes of Lord Fellamar and his other town portraits. The profligate set of Lady Bellaston, and the meanness of Tom Jones in accepting support from such a source, are circumstances which he scarcely condemned in a man of fashionable life. The [illegible] morality is never [illegible] in Fielding, [illegible] but the [illegible] characters [illegible] his lowest descent.

Though written amidst the wearing circumstances of [illegible] life, 'Tom Jones' bears no [illegible] the author committed some errors [illegible] time and place [illegible] constructed with the utmost exactness and precision, and is a finished model of the prose romance. 'Since the days of Homer,' says Dr Beattie, 'the world has not seen a more artful epic fable. The characters and adventures are wonderfully diversified; yet the circumstances are all so natural, and rise so easily from one another, and co-operate with so much regularity in bringing on, even while they seem to retard, the catastrophe, that the curiosity of the reader is always kept awake, and, instead of flagging, grows more and more impatient as the story advances, till at last it becomes downright anxiety. And when we get to the end, and look back on the whole contrivance, we are amazed to find that of so many incidents there should be so few superfluous; that in so great a variety of fiction there should be so great a probability; and that so complex a tale should be so perspicuously conducted, and with perfect unity of design.' The only digression from the main story which is felt to be tedious is the episode of the Man of the Hill. In Don Quixote and Gil Blas we are reconciled to such interpolations by the air of romance which pervades the whole, and which seems indigenous to the soil of Spain. In Cervantes, too, these digressions are sometimes highly poetical and striking tales. But in the plain life-like scenes of 'Tom Jones'—English life in the eighteenth century, in the county of Somerset—such a tedious hermit of the vale is felt to be an unnatural incumbrance. Fielding had little of the poetical or imaginative faculty. His study lay in real life and every-day scenes, which he depicted with a truth and freshness, a buoyancy and vigour, and such an exuberance of practical

* Byron has styled Fielding 'the prose Homer of human nature.'

knowledge, easy satire, and lively fancy, that in his own department he stands unrivalled. Others have had bolder invention, a higher cast of thought, more poetical imagery, and profounder passion (for Fielding has little pathos or sentiment), but in the perfect nature of his characters, especially in low life, and in the perfect skill with which he combined and wrought up his comic powers, seasoning the whole with wit and wisdom, the ripened fruit of genius and long experience, this great English author is still unapproached.

A passage from Fielding or Smollett can convey no more idea of the work from which it is taken, or the manner of the author, than a single stone or brick would of the architecture of a house. We are tempted, however, to extract the account of Partridge's impressions on first visiting a playhouse, when he witnessed the representation of Hamlet. The faithful attendant of Tom Jones was half-barber and half-schoolmaster, shrewd, yet simple as a child.

[Partridge at the Playhouse.]

In the first row, then, of the first gallery, did Mr Jones, Mrs Miller, her youngest daughter, and Partridge, take their places. Partridge immediately declared it was the finest place he had ever been in. When the first music was played, he said, 'It was a wonder how so many fiddlers could play at one time without putting one another out.' While the fellow was lighting the upper candles, he cried out to Mrs Miller, 'Look, look, madam, the very picture of the man in the end of the common prayer book, before the gunpowder treason service.' Nor could he help observing, with a sigh, when all the candles were lighted, 'That here were candles enough burnt in one night to keep an honest poor family for a whole twelvemonth.'

As soon as the play, which was Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, began, Partridge was all attention, nor did he break silence till the entrance of the ghost, upon which he asked Jones, 'What man that was in the strange dress; something,' said he, 'like what I have seen in a picture. Sure it is not armour, is it?' Jones answered, 'That is the ghost.' To which Partridge replied, with a smile, 'Persuade me to that, sir, if you can. Though I can't say I ever actually saw a ghost in my life, yet I am certain I should know one if I saw him better than that comes to. No, no, sir; ghosts don't appear in such dresses as that, neither.' In this mistake, which caused much laughter in the neighbourhood of Partridge, he was suffered to continue till the scene between the ghost and Hamlet, when Partridge gave that credit to Mr Garrick which he had denied to Jones, and fell into so violent a trembling that his knees knocked against each other. Jones asked him what was the matter, and whether he was afraid of the warrior upon the stage? 'O la! sir,' said he, 'I perceive now it is what you told me. I am not afraid of anything, for I know it is but a play; and if it was really a ghost, it could do one no harm at such a distance, and in so much company; and yet if I was frightened, I am not the only person.' 'Why, who,' cries Jones, 'dost thou take to be such a coward here besides thyself?' 'Nay, you may call me coward if you will; but if that little man there upon the stage is not frightened, I never saw any man frightened in my life. Ay, ay: go along with you! Ay, to be sure! Who's fool then? Will you? Lud have mercy upon such foolhardiness! Whatever happens it is good enough for you. Follow you! I'd follow the devil as soon. Nay, perhaps it is the devil—for they say he can put on what likeness he pleases. Oh! here he is again. No farther! No, you have gone far enough already; farther than I'd have gone for all the king's dominions.' Jones offered to speak, but Partridge cried, 'Hush, hush, dear sir, don't you hear him?' And during the whole speech of the ghost, he sat with his eyes fixed partly on the ghost, and partly on Hamlet, and with his mouth open; the same passions which succeeded each other in Hamlet succeeding likewise in him.

When the scene was over, Jones said, 'Why, Partridge, you exceed my expectations. You enjoy the play more than I conceived possible.' 'Nay, sir,' answered Partridge, 'if you are not afraid of the devil, I can't help it; but, to be sure, it is natural to be surprised at such things, though I know there is nothing in them: not that it was the ghost that surprised me neither; for I should have known that to have been only a man in a strange dress; but when I saw the little man so frightened himself, it was that which took hold of me.' 'And dost thou imagine then, Partridge,' cries Jones, 'that he was really frightened?' 'Nay, sir,' said Partridge, 'did not you yourself observe afterwards, when he found it was his own father's spirit, and how he was murdered in the garden, how his fear forsook him by degrees, and he was struck dumb with sorrow, as it were, just as I should have been, had it been my own case. But hush! O la! what noise is that? There he is again. Well, to be certain, though I know there is nothing at all in it, I am glad I am not down yonder where those men are.' Then turning his eyes again upon Hamlet, 'Ay, you may draw your sword; what signifies a sword against the power of the devil?'

During the second act, Partridge made very few remarks. He greatly admired the fineness of the dresses; nor could he help observing upon the king's countenance. 'Well,' said he, 'how people may be deceived by faces! *Nulla fides fronti* is, I find, a true saying. Who would think, by looking in the king's face, that he had ever committed a murder?' He then inquired after the ghost; but Jones, who intended he should be surprised, gave him no other satisfaction than 'that he might possibly see him again soon, and in a flash of fire.'

Partridge sat in fearful expectation of this; and now, when the ghost made his next appearance, Partridge cried out, 'There, sir, now; what say you now? is he frightened now or no? As much frightened as you think me, and, to be sure, nobody can help some fears, I would not be in so bad a condition as—what's his name?—squire Hamlet is there, for all the world. Bless me! what's become of the spirit? As I am a living soul, I thought I saw him sink into the earth.' 'Indeed you saw right,' answered Jones. 'Well, well,' cries Partridge, 'I know it is only a play; and besides, if there was anything in all this, Madam Miller would not laugh so; for as to you, sir, you would not be afraid, I believe, if the devil was here in person. There, there; ay, no wonder you are in such a passion; shake the vile wicked wretch to pieces. If she was my own mother I should serve her so. To be sure all duty to a mother is forfeited by such wicked doings. Ay, go about your business; I hate the sight of you.'

Our critic was now pretty silent till the play which Hamlet introduces before the king. This he did not at first understand, till Jones explained it to him; but he no sooner entered into the spirit of it, than he began to bless himself that he had never committed murder. Then turning to Mrs Miller, he asked her 'If she did not imagine the king looked as if he was touched; though he is,' said he, 'a good actor, and doth all he can to hide it. Well, I would not have so much to answer for as that wicked man there hath, to sit upon a much higher chair than he sits upon. No wonder he run away; for your sake I'll never trust an innocent face again.'

The grave-digging scene next engaged the atten-

tion of Partridge, who expressed much surprise at the number of skulls thrown upon the stage. To which Jones answered, 'That it was one of the most famous burial-places about town.' 'No wonder, then,' cries Partridge, 'that the place is haunted. But I never saw in my life a worse grave-digger. I had a sexton when I was clerk that should have dug three graves while he is digging one. The fellow handles a spade as if it was the first time he had ever had one in his hand. 'Ay, ay, you may sing. You had rather sing than work, I believe.' Upon Hamlet's taking up the skull, he cried out, 'Well! it is strange to see how fearless some men are: I never could bring myself to touch anything belonging to a dead man on any account. He seemed frightened enough too at the ghost, I thought. *Nemo omnibus horis sapit.*'

Little more worth remembering occurred during the play; at the end of which Jones asked him 'Which of the players he had liked best?' To this he answered, with some appearance of indignation at the question, 'The king, without doubt.' 'Indeed, Mr Partridge,' says Mrs Miller; 'you are not of the same opinion with the town; for they are all agreed that Hamlet is acted by the best player who ever was on the stage.' 'He the best player!' cries Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer; 'Why, I could act as well as he myself. I am sure if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did. And then, to be sure, in that scene, as you called it, between him and his mother, where you told me he acted so fine, why, Lord help me, any man, that is any good man, that had such a mother, would have done exactly the same. I know you are only joking with me; but, indeed, madam, though I was never at a play in London, yet I have seen acting before in the country; and the king for my money; he speaks all his words distinctly, half as loud again as the other. Anybody may see he is an actor.'

While Mrs Miller was thus engaged in conversation with Partridge, a lady came up to Mr Jones, whom he immediately knew to be Mrs Fitzpatrick. She said she had seen him from the other part of the gallery, and had taken that opportunity of speaking to him, as she had something to say which might be of great service to himself. She then acquainted him with her lodgings, and made him an appointment the next day in the morning; which, upon recollection, she presently changed to the afternoon; at which time Jones promised to attend her.

Thus ended the adventure at the playhouse, where Partridge had afforded great mirth, not only to Jones and Mrs Miller, but to all who sat within hearing, who were more attentive to what he said than to anything that passed on the stage. He durst not go to bed all that night for fear of the ghost; and for many nights after sweated two or three hours before he went to sleep with the same apprehensions, and waked several times in great horrors, crying out, 'Lord have mercy upon us! there it is.'

TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT.

Six years after the publication of 'Joseph Andrews,' and before 'Tom Jones' had been produced, a third novelist had taken the field, different in many respects from either Richardson or Fielding, but like them devoted to that class of fictitious composition founded on truth and nature. We have previously noticed the circumstances of Smollett's life. A young unfriended Scotsman, he went to London eager for distinction as a dramatic writer. In this his failure was more signal than the want of success which had attended Fielding's theatrical productions. Smollett, however, was of a dauntless intrepid spirit, and when he again resumed his pen, his efforts were crowned with the most gratifying success. He had adopted Le Sage as his model; but his characters, his scenes, his opinions, and prejudices, were all decidedly British. The novels of Smollett were produced in the following order:—1748, *Roderick Random*; 1751, *Peregrine Pickle*; 1754, *Ferdinand Count Fathom*; 1762, *Sir Launcelot Greaves*; 1771, *The Expedition of Humphry Clinker*. From the date of his first to that of his latest production, Smollett had improved in taste and judgment, but his powers of invention, his native humour,



Tobias George Smollett.

and his knowledge of life and character, are as conspicuous in 'Roderick Random' as in any of his works. His Tom Bowling is his most perfect sea character, though in 'Peregrine Pickle' he has preserved the same general features, with additional colouring, and a greater variety of ludicrous incidents. The adventures of Roderick are such as might naturally have occurred to any young Scotsman of the day in quest of fortune. Scene follows scene with astonishing rapidity: at one time his hero basks in prosperity, in another he is plunged in utter destitution. He is led into different countries, whose national peculiarities are described, and into society of various descriptions, with wits, sharpers, courtiers, courtesans, and men of all grades. In this tour of the world and of human life, the reader is amazed at the careless profusion, the inexhaustible humour, of an author who pours out his materials with such prodigality and facility. The patient skill and taste of Fielding are nowhere found in Smollett; there is no elaboration of character; no careful preparation of incidents; no unity of design. Roderick Random is hurried on without any fixed or definite purpose; he is the child of impulse; and though there is a dash of generosity and good humour in his character, he is equally conspicuous for reckless libertinism and mischief—more prone to selfishness and revenge than to friendship or gratitude. There is an inherent and radical meanness in his conduct towards his humble friend Strap, with whom he begins life, and to whom he is so much indebted both in purse and person. Tom Jones is always kind and liberal to his attendant Partridge, but Strap is bullied and fleeced by Roderick Random; dis-

owned or despised as suits the interest or passion of the moment; and at last, contrary to all notions of Scotch spirit and morality, his faithful services and unswerving attachment are rewarded by his receiving and accepting the hand of a prostitute, and an eleemosynary provision less than the sacrifices he had made, or what a careful Scot might attain to by honest independent exertion. The imperfect moral sense thus manifested by Smollett is also evinced by the coarse and licentious passages which disfigure the novel. Making all allowance for the manners of the times, this grossness is indefensible: and we must regret that our author had not a higher and more sentimental estimate of the female character. In this he was inferior to Richardson, who studied and reverenced the purity of the female heart, and to Fielding, whose tasté and early position in society preserved him from some of the grosser faults of his rival novelist. The charm of 'Roderick Random,' then, consists not in plot or well-sustained characters (admirable as is the sketch of Tom Bowling), but in its broad humour and comic incidents, which, even when most farcical, seldom appear improbable, and are never tiresome.

'Peregrine Pickle' is formed of the same materials, cast in a larger mould. The hero is equally unscrupulous with Roderick Random—perhaps more deliberately profligate (as in the attempted seduction of Amanda, and in his treatment of Emilia), but the comic powers of the author are more widely and variously displayed. They seem like clouds

For ever flushing round a summer sky.

All is change, brilliancy, heaped-up plenty, and unlimited power—the rich coin and mintage of genius. The want of decent drapery is unfortunately too apparent. Smollett never had much regard for the proprieties of life—those 'minor morals,' as Goldsmith has happily termed them—but where shall we find a more attractive gallery of portraits, or a series of more laughable incidents? Prominent in the group is the one-eyed naval veteran Commodore Trunnion, a humourist in Smollett's happiest manner. His keeping garrison in his house as on board ship, making his servants sleep in hammocks and turn out to watch, is a characteristic though overcharged trait of the old naval commander. The circumstances of his marriage, when he proceeded to church on a hunter, which he *steered* according to the compass, instead of keeping the road, and his detention while he tacked about rather than go 'right in the wind's eye,' are equally ludicrous. Lieutenant Hatchway, and Pipes the boatswain, are foils to the eccentric commodore; but the taciturnity of Pipes, and his ingenuity in the affair of the love-letter, are good distinctive features of his own. The humours of the poet, painter, and physician, when Pickle pursues his mischievous frolics and gallantries in France, are also admirable specimens of laughable caricature. In London, the adventures are not so amusing. Peregrine richly merited his confinement in the Fleet by his brutal conduct, while Cadwallader, the misanthrope, is more tedious than Fielding's Man of the Hill. The *Memoirs of a Lady of Quality* (though a true tale, for inserting which Smollett was bribed by a sum of money) are disgraceful without being interesting. On the whole, the vices and virtues of Smollett's style are equally seen in 'Peregrine Pickle,' and seen in full perspective.

Ferdinand Count Fathom is more of a romance, with little of national character or manners. The portraiture of a complete villain, proceeding step by step to rob his benefactors and pillage mankind, cannot be considered instructive or entertaining. The first atrocities of Ferdinand, and his intrigue with his female associate Teresa, are coarse and disgusting. When he extends his operations, and flies at higher game, the chase becomes more animated. His adventures at gambling tables and hotels, and his exploits as a physician, afford scope for the author's satirical genius. But the most powerful passages in the novel are those which recount Ferdinand's seduction of Celinda, the story of Monimia, and the description of the tempest in the forest, from which he took shelter in a robber's hut. In this lonely dwelling, the gang being absent, Fathom was relieved by a withered beldame, who conveyed him to a rude apartment to sleep in. Here he found the dead body of a man, still warm, who had been lately stabbed and concealed beneath some straw, and the account of his sensations during the night, the horrid device by which he saved his life (lifting up the dead body, and putting it in his own place in the bed), and his escape, guided by the old hag whom he compelled to accompany him through the forest, are related with the intensity and power of a tragic poet. There is a vein of poetical imagination, also, in the means by which Fathom accomplishes the ruin of Celinda, working on her superstitious fears and timidity, by placing an Æolian harp, then almost an unknown instrument, in the casement of a window adjoining her bedroom. 'The strings,' says Smollett, with poetical inflation, 'no sooner felt the impression of the balmy zephyr, than they began to pour forth a stream of melody more ravishingly delightful than the song of Philomel, the warbling brook, and all the concert of the wood. The soft and tender notes of peace and love were swelled up with the most delicate and insensible transition into a loud hymn of triumph and exultation, joined by the deep-toned organ, and a full choir of voices, which gradually decayed upon the ear, until it died away in distant sound, as if a flight of angels had raised the song in their ascent to heaven.' The remorse of Celinda is depicted with equal tenderness. 'The seeds of virtue,' remarks the novelist, 'are seldom destroyed at once. Even amidst the rank productions of vice, they re-germinate to a sort of imperfect vegetation, like some scattered hyacinths shooting up among the weeds of a ruined garden, that testify the former culture and amenity of the soil.' In descriptions of this kind, Smollett evinces a grace and pathos which Fielding did not possess. We trace the mind of the poet in such conceptions, and in the language in which they are expressed. Few readers of 'Peregrine Pickle' can forget the allusion, so beautiful and pathetic, to the Scottish Jacobites at Boulogne, 'exiled from their native homes in consequence of their adherence to an unfortunate and ruined cause,' who went daily to the sea-side in order to indulge their longing eyes with a prospect of the white cliffs of Albion, which they could never more approach.

Sir Launcelot Greaves is a sort of travesty of Don Quixote, in which the absurdity of the idea is relieved by the humour of some of the characters and conversations. Butler's Presbyterian Knight going 'a-colonelling,' as a redresser of wrongs in merry England, is ridiculous enough; but the chivalry of Sir Launcelot and his attendant, Captain Crowe, outrages all sense and probability. Seeing that his strength lay in humorous exaggeration, Smollett sought for scenes of broad mirth. He fails as often as he succeeds in this work, and an author of such strong original powers should have been above playing Pantaloon even to Cervantes.

Humphry Clinker is the most easy, natural, and delightful of all the novels of Smollett. His love of boyish mischief, tricks, and frolics, had not wholly

burned out, for we have several such undignified pranks in this work; but the narrative is replete with grave, caustic, and humorous observation, and possesses throughout a tone of manly feeling and benevolence, and fine discrimination of character. Matthew Bramble is Roderick Random grown old, somewhat cynical by experience of the world, but vastly improved in taste. Smollett may have caught the idea, as he took some of the incidents of the family tour, from 'Anstey's New Bath Guide;' but the staple of the work is emphatically his own. In the light sketching of scenery, the quick succession of incidents, the romance of Lismahago's adventures among the American Indians, and the humour of the serving-men and maids, he seems to come into closer competition with Le Sage or Cervantes than in any of his other works. The conversion of Humphry may have been suggested by Anstey, but the bad spelling of Tabitha and Mrs Winifred Jenkins is an original device of Smollett, which aids



Smollett's House, Chelsea.

in the subordinate effects of the domestic drama. Lismahago's love of disputation, his jealous sense of honour, and his national pride—characteristics of a poor Scottish officer, whose wealth and dignity lay in his sword—seem also purely original, and are highly diverting. The old lieutenant, as Matthew Bramble says, is like a crab-apple in a hedge, which we are tempted to eat for its flavour, even while repelled by its austerity. The descriptions of rural scenery, society, and manners in England and Scotland, given under different aspects by the different letter-writers, are clear and sparkling—full of fancy and sound sense. Of the episodical part, the story of Mr Baynard and his vain and stately wife seems painfully true; and the incident witnessed in a small town near Lanark, where a successful soldier returns, after an absence of eighteen years, and finds his father at work paving the street, can hardly be read without tears. This affecting story is subjoined.

[*Scene at Lanark.*]

We set out from Glasgow, by the way of Lanark, the county town of Clydesdale, in the neighbourhood of which the whole river Clyde, rushing down a steep rock, forms a very noble and stupendous cascade. Next day we were obliged to halt in a small borough, until the carriage, which had received some damage, should be repaired; and here we met with an incident which warmly interested the benevolent spirit of Mr Bramble. As we stood at the window of an inn that fronted the public prison, a person arrived on horseback, genteely though plainly dressed in a blue frock, with his own hair cut short, and a gold-laced hat upon his head. Alighting, and giving his horse to the landlord, he advanced to an old man who was at work in paving the street, and accosted him in these words—'This is hard work for such an old man as you.' So saying, he took the instrument out of his hand, and began to thump the pavement. After a few strokes, 'Have you never a son,' said he, 'to ease you of this labour?' 'Yes, an' please your honour,' replied the senior, 'I have three hopeful lads, but at present they are out of the way.' 'Honour not me,' cried the stranger; 'it more becomes me to honour your gray hairs. Where are those sons you talk of?' The ancient paviour said, his eldest son was a captain in the East Indies, and the youngest had lately enlisted as a soldier, in hopes of prospering like his brother. The gentleman desiring to know what was become of the second, he wiped his eyes, and owned he had taken upon him his old father's debts, for which he was now in the prison hard by.

The traveller made three quick steps towards the jail; then turning short, 'Tell me,' said he, 'has that unnatural captain sent you nothing to relieve your distresses?' 'Call him not unnatural,' replied the other, 'God's blessing be upon him! he sent me a great deal of money, but I made a bad use of it; I lost it by being security for a gentleman that was my landlord, and was stripped of all I had in the world besides.' At that instant a young man, thrusting out his head and neck between two iron bars in the prison-window, exclaimed, 'Father! father! if my brother William is in life, that's he.' 'I am! I am!' cried the stranger, clasping the old man in his arms, and shedding a flood of tears, 'I am your son Willy, sure enough!' Before the father, who was quite confounded, could make any return to this tenderness, a decent old woman, bolting out from the door of a poor habitation, cried, 'Where is my bairn? where is my dear Willy?' The captain no sooner beheld her than he quitted his father, and ran into her embrace.

I can assure you, my uncle who saw and heard everything that passed, was as much moved as any one of the parties concerned in this pathetic recognition. He sobbed, and wept, and clapped his hands, and hollowed, and finally ran down into the street. By this time the captain had retired with his parents, and all the inhabitants of the place were assembled at the door. Mr Bramble, nevertheless, pressed through the crowd, and entering the house, 'Captain,' said he, 'I beg the favour of your acquaintance. I would have travelled a hundred miles to see this affecting scene; and I shall think myself happy if you and your parents will dine with me at the public house.' The captain thanked him for his kind invitation, which, he said, he would accept with pleasure; but in the meantime he could not think of eating or drinking while his poor brother was in trouble. He forthwith deposited a sum equal to the debt in the hands of the magistrate, who ventured to set his brother at liberty without further process; and then the whole family repaired to the inn with my uncle, attended by the crowd, the individuals of which shook their townsman by the hand, while he returned their caresses without the least sign of pride or affectation.

This honest favourite of fortune, whose name was Brown, told my uncle that he had been bred a weaver, and about eighteen years ago had, from a spirit

of idleness and dissipation, enlisted as a soldier in the service of the East India Company; that in the course of duty he had the good fortune to attract the notice and approbation of Lord Clive, who preferred him from one step to another till he had attained the rank of captain and paymaster to the regiment, in which capacities he had honestly amassed above twelve thousand pounds, and at the peace resigned his commission. He had sent several remittances to his father, who received the first only, consisting of one hundred pounds; the second had fallen into the hands of a bankrupt; and the third had been consigned to a gentleman in Scotland, who died before it arrived, so that it still remained to be accounted for by his executors. He now presented the old man with fifty pounds for his present occasions, over and above bank notes for one hundred, which he had deposited for his brother's release. He brought along with him a deed, ready executed, by which he settled a perpetuity of fourscore pounds upon his parents, to be inherited by the other two sons after their decease. He promised to purchase a commission for his youngest brother; to take the other as his own partner in a manufacture which he intends to set up to give employment and bread to the industrious; and to give five hundred pounds, by way of dower to his sister, who had married a farmer in low circumstances. Finally, he gave fifty pounds to the poor of the town where he was born, and feasted all the inhabitants without exception.

My uncle was so charmed with the character of Captain Brown, that he drank his health three times successively at dinner. He said he was proud of his acquaintance; that he was an honour to his country, and had in some measure redeemed human nature from the reproach of pride, selfishness, and ingratitude. For my part I was as much pleased with the modesty as with the filial virtue of this honest soldier, who assumed no merit from his success, and said very little of his own transactions, though the answers he made to our inquiries were equally sensible and laconic. Mrs Tabitha behaved very graciously to him, until she understood that he was going to make a tender of his hand to a person of low estate, who had been his sweetheart while he worked as a journeyman weaver. Our aunt was no sooner made acquainted with this design, than she starched up her behaviour with a double portion of reserve; and when the company broke up, she observed, with a toss of her nose, that Brown was a civil fellow enough, considering the lowness of his origin; but that fortune, though she had mended his circumstances, was incapable to raise his ideas, which were still humble and plebeian.*

[*Feast in the Manner of the Ancients.*]

[From 'Peregrine Pickle.']

Our young gentleman, by his insinuating behaviour, acquired the full confidence of the doctor, who invited him to an entertainment, which he intended to prepare in the manner of the ancients. Pickle, struck with this idea, eagerly embraced the proposal, which he honoured with many encomiums, as a plan in all respects worthy of his genius and apprehension; and the day was appointed at some distance of time, that the treater might have leisure to compose certain pickles and confections, which were not to be found among the culinary preparations of these degenerate days.

With a view of rendering the physician's taste more conspicuous, and extracting from it the more diversion, Peregrine proposed that some foreigners should partake of the banquet; and the task being left to his care and discretion, he actually bespoke the company of a French marquis, an Italian count, and a German baron, whom he knew to be egregious coxcombs, and therefore more likely to enhance the joy of the entertainment.

Accordingly, the hour being arrived, he conducted them to the hotel where the physician lodged; after having regaled their expectations with an elegant meal in the genuine old Roman taste; and they were received by Mr Pallet, who did the honours of the house while his friend superintended the cook below. By this communicative painter, the guests understood that the doctor had met with numerous difficulties in the execution of his design; that no fewer than five cooks had been dismissed, because they could not prevail upon their own consciences to obey his directions in things that were contrary to the present practice of their art; and that, although he had at last engaged a person, by an extraordinary premium, to comply with his orders, the fellow was so astonished, mortified, and incensed at the commands he had received, that his hair stood on end, and he begged on his knees to be released from the agreement he had made; but finding that his employer insisted upon the performance of his contract, and threatened to introduce him to the commissaire if he should flinch from the bargain, he had, in the discharge of his office, wept, sung, cursed, and capered, for two whole hours without intermission.

While the company listened to this odd information, by which they were prepossessed with strange notions of the dinner, their ears were invaded by a piteous voice, that exclaimed in French, 'For the love of God! dear sir, for the sake of all the saints, spare me the mortification of the honey and oil!' Their ears still vibrated with the sound, when the doctor entering, was by Peregrine made acquainted with the strangers, to whom he, in the transports of his wrath, could not help complaining of the want of complaisance he had found in the Parisian vulgar, by which his plan had been almost entirely ruined and set aside. The French marquis, who thought the honour of his nation was concerned at this declaration, professed his sorrow for what had happened, so contrary to the established character of the people, and undertook to see the delinquents severely punished, provided he could be informed of their names or places of abode. The mutual compliments that passed on this occasion were scarce finished, when a servant, coming into the room, announced dinner; and the entertainer led the way into another apartment, where they found a long table, or rather two boards joined together, and furnished with a variety of dishes, the steams of which had such evident effect upon the nerves of the company that the marquis made frightful grimaces, under pretence of taking snuff; the Italian's eyes watered, the German's visage underwent several distortions of feature; our hero found means to exclude the odour from his sense of smelling by breathing only through his mouth; and the poor painter, running into another room, plugged his nostrils with tobacco. The doctor himself, who was the only person then present whose organs were not discomposed, pointing to a couple of couches placed on each side of the table, told his guests that he was sorry he could not procure the exact triclinia of the ancients, which were somewhat different from these conveniences, and desired they would have the goodness to repose themselves without ceremony, each in his respective couchette, while he and his friend Mr Pallet would place themselves upright at the ends, that they might have the pleasure of serving those that lay along. This disposition, of which the strangers had no previous idea, disconcerted and perplexed them in a most ridiculous manner; the marquis and baron stood bowing to each other on pretence of disputing the lower seat, but, in reality,

* This is a true story, the only alteration being in the name of the hero, which, in reality, was White.—Ed.

with a view of profiting by the example of each other, for neither of them understood the manner in which they were to loll; and Peregrine, who enjoyed their confusion, handed the count to the other side, where, with the most mischievous politeness, he insisted upon his taking possession of the upper place.

In this disagreeable and ridiculous suspense they continued acting a pantomime of gesticulations, until the doctor earnestly entreated them to waive all compliment and form, lest the dinner should be spoiled before the ceremonial could be adjusted. Thus conjured, Peregrine took the lower couch on the left hand side, laying himself gently down, with his face towards the table. The marquis, in imitation of this pattern (though he would have much rather fasted three days than run the risk of discomposing his dress by such an attitude), stretched himself upon the opposite place, reclining upon his elbow [illegible] and awkward situation, with his head [illegible] above the end of the couch, that the economy of his hair might not suffer by the projection of his body. The Italian, being a thin limber creature, planted himself next to Pickle, without sustaining any misfortune but that of his stocking being torn by a ragged nail of the seat, as he raised his legs on a level with the rest of his limbs. But the baron, who was neither so [illegible] nor supple in his joints as his companions, [illegible] himself down with [illegible] precipitation, that his feet suddenly tilting up, came in furious contact with the head of the marquis, [illegible] twinkling, like [illegible] skull of the [illegible], descended upon the [illegible] with such violence, that [illegible] room filled with pulvilio.

The drollery [illegible] that attended this disaster entirely vanquished the [illegible] young gentleman, [illegible] [illegible] the German [illegible] with [illegible] confusion [illegible] with such [illegible] convulsions, [illegible] awake the [illegible] of a Quaker.

This misfortune being repaired, as well as the circumstances of the occasion would permit, and every one settled according to the arrangement already described, the doctor graciously undertook to give some account of the dishes as they occurred, that the company might be directed in their choice, and, with an air of infinite satisfaction, thus began: 'This here, gentlemen, is a boiled goose, served up in a sauce composed of pepper, lovage, coriander, mint, rue, anchovies, and oil. I wish, for your sakes, gentlemen, it was one of the geese of Ferrara, so much celebrated among the ancients for the magnitude of their livers, one of which is said to have weighed upwards of two pounds; with this food, exquisite as it was, did the tyrant Heliogabalus regale his hounds. But I beg pardon, I had almost forgot the soup, which I hear is so necessary an article at all tables in France. At each end there are dishes of the salacacabia of the Romans; one is made of parsley, pennyroyal, cheese, pinetops, honey, vinegar, brine, eggs, cucumbers, onions, and hen livers; the other is much the same as the soup-maigre of this country. Then there is a loin of boiled veal with fennel and caraway seed, on a pottage composed of pickle, oil, honey, and flour, and a curious hashis of the lights, liver, and blood of a hare, together with a dish of roasted pigeons. Monsieur le Baron, shall I help you to a plate of this soup?' The German, who did not at all disapprove of the ingredients, assented to the proposal, and seemed to relish the composition; while the marquis, being asked by the painter which of the silly kickabys he chose, was, in consequence of his desire, accommodated with a portion of the soup-maigre, and the count, in lieu of spoon meat, of which he said he was no great admirer, supplied himself with a pigeon, therein conforming to the choice of our young gentleman, whose example he determined to follow through the whole course of the entertainment.

The Frenchman having swallowed the first spoonful, made a full pause; his throat swelled as if an egg had stuck in his gullet, his eyes rolled, and his mouth underwent a series of involuntary contractions and dilatations. Pallet, who looked steadfastly at this connoisseur, with a view of consulting his taste before he himself would venture upon the soup, began to be disturbed at these emotions, and observed, with some concern, that the poor gentleman seemed to be going into a fit; when Peregrine assured him that these were symptoms of ecstacy, and, for further confirmation, asked the marquis how he found the soup. It was with infinite difficulty that his complaisance could so far master his disgust as to enable him to answer, 'Altogether excellent, upon my honour!' And the painter, being certified of his approbation, lifted the spoon to his mouth without scruple; but far from justifying the eulogium of his taster, when this precious composition diffused itself upon his palate, he seemed to be deprived of all sense and motion, and sat like the leaden statue of some river god, with the liquor flowing out at both sides of the mouth.

The doctor, alarmed at this indecent phenomenon, earnestly inquired into the cause of it, and when Pallet recovered his recollection, and swore that he would rather swallow porridge made of burning brimstone than such an infernal mess as that which he had tasted, the physician, in his own vindication, assured the company that, except the usual ingredients, he had mixed nothing in the soup but some sal ammoniac, instead of the ancient nitrum, which could not now be procured; and appealed to the marquis whether such a succedaneum was not an improvement on the whole. The unfortunate petit maître, driven to the extremity of his condescension, acknowledged it to be a masterly refinement; and deeming himself obliged, in point of honour, to evince his sentiments by his practice, forced a few more mouthfuls of this disagreeable potion down his throat, till his stomach was so much offended that he was compelled to start up of a sudden, and in the hurry of his elevation overturned his plate into the bosom of the baron. The emergency of his occasions would not permit him to stay and make apologies for this abrupt behaviour, so that he flew into another apartment, where Pickle found him puking, and crossing himself with great devotion, and a chair at his desire being brought to the door, he slipped into it more dead than alive, conjuring his friend Pickle to make his peace with the company, and in particular excuse him to the baron, on account of the violent fit of illness with which he had been seized. It was not without reason that he employed a mediator, for when our hero returned to the dining-room, the German had got up, and was under the hands of his own lacquey, who wiped the grease from a rich embroidered waistcoat, while he, almost frantic with his misfortune, stamped upon the ground, and in high Dutch cursed the unlucky bearer, and the impertinent entertainer, who all this time, with great deliberation, consoled him for the disaster, by assuring him that the damage might be repaired with some oil of turpentine and a hot iron. Peregrine, who could scarce refrain from laughing in his face, appeased his indignation by telling him how much the whole company, and especially the marquis, was mortified at the accident, and the unhappy salacacabia being removed, the places were filled with two pies, one of dormice liquored with syrup of white poppies, which the doctor had substituted in the room of toasted poppy-seed, formerly eaten with honey as a dessert; and the other composed of a hock of pork baked in honey.

Pallet, hearing the first of these dishes described, lifted up his hands and eyes, and with signs of loathing and amazement, pronounced, 'A pie made of dormice and sirup of poppies · Lord in heaven! what beastly fellows those Romans were!' His friend checked him for his irreverent exclamation with a severe look, and recommended the veal, of which he himself cheerfully ate with such encomiums to the company that the baron resolved to imitate his example, after having called for a bumper of Burgundy, which the physician, for his sake, wished to have been the true wine of Falernum. The painter, seeing nothing else upon the table which he would venture to touch, made a [illegible] and [illegible] this veal also, although he could not help [illegible], that he would [illegible] Old England [illegible] all the dainties of a Roman emperor's table. [illegible] and assurances could [illegible] the hashes and the [illegible] [illegible] of those dishes which among the ancients had obtained the appellation of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

The painter, who had by [illegible] a bagpipe, [illegible] gation, no sooner heard [illegible] less, than he [illegible] upon which the [illegible] trouble of cutting [illegible] round, while M. Pallet [illegible] his chair, and [illegible] [illegible] not, however, [illegible] he [illegible] which he [illegible] up the cavity, was [illegible] an irruption of [illegible] smell, that, [illegible] ing to [illegible] himself from the [illegible], [illegible] away with an exclamation of 'Lord Jesus!' and involved the whole table in [illegible] sion.

Before Pallet could [illegible] his [illegible], he was saluted with a [illegible] to [illegible] in the [illegible] count, he was overwhelmed by the [illegible], which, bursting in the fall, [illegible] its contents upon his [illegible], and [illegible] that he shrieked with anguish, and [illegible] with a most ghastly and horrible aspect.

The baron, who sat secure without the vortex of this tumult, was not at all displeased at seeing his companions [illegible] which he had already shared; but the doctor was confounded with shame and vexation. After having prescribed an application of oil to the count's leg, he expressed his sorrow for the misadventure, which he openly ascribed to want of taste and prudence in the painter, who did not think proper to return and make an apology in person, and protested that there was nothing in the fowls which could give offence to a sensible nose, the stuffing being a mixture of pepper, lovage, and assafœtida, and the sauce consisting of wine and herring-pickle, which he had used instead of the celebrated garum of the Romans; that famous pickle having been prepared sometimes of the scombri, which were a sort of tunny fish, and sometimes of the silurus or shad fish; nay, he observed, that there was a third kind called garum hœmation, made of the guts, gills, and blood of the thynnus.

The physician, finding it would be impracticable to re-establish the order of the banquet by presenting again the dishes which had been discomposed, ordered everything to be removed, a clean cloth to be laid, and the dessert to be brought in.

Meanwhile he regretted his incapacity to give them a specimen of the alieus or fish-meals of the ancients; such as the jus diabaton, the conger eel, which, in Galen's opinion, is hard of digestion; the cornuta or gurnard, described by Pliny in his Natural History, who says the horns of many of them were a foot and a half in length; the mullet and lamprey, that were in the highest estimation of old, of which last Julius Cæsar borrowed six thousand for one triumphal supper. He observed that the manner of dressing them was described by Horace, in the account he gives of the entertainment to which Mæcenas was invited by the [illegible] Nasidienus,

Affertur [illegible] Murena natantes, &c.

[illegible] they were commonly eaten with the [illegible] astringent [illegible] purgative nature of the fish. [illegible] to understand [illegible] luxurious [illegible] by no [illegible] expense to some [illegible] about the time of that absurd [illegible] Heliogabalus, who ordered the brains of [illegible] to be compounded in one mess.

[illegible] the company [illegible] to see plain olives in salt [illegible] the master of the feast valued [illegible] which he affirmed to [illegible] Hesychius, being a mixture of [illegible], pickle, and honey, boiled to a [illegible] and candied assafœtida, which he [illegible] to Aumelbergius and Lister, [illegible] the laser Syriacum, so precious as [illegible] to the weight of a silver [illegible]. The gentlemen took his word for the excellency of this gum, but contented themselves with the olives, which gave such an agreeable relish to the wine that they seemed very well disposed to console themselves for the disgrace they had endured; and Pickle, unwilling to lose the least circumstance of entertainment that could be enjoyed in their company, went in quest of the painter, who remained in his penitential [illegible] in another apartment, and could not be persuaded to re-enter the banqueting room, until Peregrine undertook to procure his pardon from those whom he had injured. Having assured him of this indulgence, our young gentleman led him in like a criminal, bowing on all hands with an air of humility and contrition, and particularly addressing himself to the count, to whom he swore in English he had no intent to affront man, woman, or child, but was fain to make the best of his way, that he might not give the honourable company cause of offence by obeying the dictates of nature in their presence.

When Pickle interpreted this apology to the Italian, Pallet was forgiven in very polite terms, and even received into favour by his friend the doctor in consequence of our hero's intercession; so that all the guests forgot their chagrin, and paid their respects so piously to the bottle, that in a short time the champagne produced very evident effects in the behaviour of all present.

LAURENCE STERNE.

Next in order of time and genius, and not inferior in conception of rich eccentric comic character, was the witty, pathetic, and sentimental author of *Tristram Shandy*. Sterne was an original writer, though a plagiarist of thoughts and illustrations. Brother Shandy, my Uncle Toby, Trim, the Widow Wadman, and Dr Slop, will go down to posterity with the kindred creations of Cervantes. This idol of his own day is now, however, but little read, except in passages of pure sentiment. His broad humour is not relished; his oddities have not the gloss of novelty; his indecencies startle the prudish and correct. The readers of this busy age will not hunt for his beauties amidst the blank and marbled leaves—the pages of no-meaning—the quaint erudition, stolen from forgotten folios—the abrupt transitions and discursive flights in which his Shakspearean touches of character, and his gems of fancy, judgment, and feeling, lie hid and embedded. His sparkling polished diction has even an air of false glitter, yet it is the weapon of a master—of one who can stir the heart to tears as well as laughter. The want of simplicity and decency is his greatest fault. His whim and caprice, which he partly imitated from Rabelais, and partly assumed for effect, come in sometimes with intrusive awkwardness to mar the touches of true genius, and the kindlings of enthusiasm. He took as much pains to spoil his own natural powers by affectation, as Lady Mary says Fielding did to destroy his fine constitution.

The life of LAURENCE STERNE was as little in keeping as his writings. A clergyman, he was dissolute and licentious; a sentimentalist, who had, with his pen, tears for all animate and inanimate nature, he was hardhearted and selfish in his conduct. Had he kept to his living in the country, going his daily round of pastoral duties, he would have been a better and wiser man. 'He degenerated in London,' says David Garrick, 'like an ill-transplanted shrub: the incense of the great spoiled his head, and their ragouts his stomach. He grew sickly and proud—an invalid in body and mind.' Hard is the life of a wit when united to a susceptible temperament, and the cares and sensibilities of an author! Sterne was the son of an Irish lieutenant, and was born at Clonmel, November 24, 1713. He was educated by a relation, a cousin, and took his degree of M.A. at Cambridge in 1740. Having entered into orders, his uncle, Dr Sterne, a rich pluralist, presented him with the living of Sutton, to which was afterwards added a prebend of York. He married a York lady, and derived from the connexion another living in that county, the rectory of Stillington. He lived nearly twenty years at Sutton, reading, painting, fiddling, and shooting, with occasional quarrels with his brethren of the cloth, with whom he was no favourite. He left Yorkshire for London in 1759, to publish the two first volumes of 'Tristram Shandy.' Two others were published in 1761, and the same number in 1762. He now took a tour to France, which enriched some of his subsequent volumes of 'Tristram' with his exquisite sketches of peasants and vine-dressers, the muleteer, the abbess and Margarita, Maria at Moulines—and not forgetting the poor ass with his heavy panniers at Lyons. In 1764 he took another continental tour, and penetrated into Italy, to which we are indebted for his *Sentimental Journey*. The latter work he composed on his return at Coxwould, the living of which had been presented to him, on the first publication of 'Tristram,' by Lord Falconbridge. Having completed the first part of his 'Journey,' Sterne went to London to see it published, and died in lodgings in Bond Street, March 18, 1768. There was nobody but a hired nurse by his death-bed. He had wished to die in an inn, where the few cold offices he wanted would be purchased with a few guineas, and paid to him with an undisturbed but punctual attention. His wish was realised almost to the letter.

No one reads Sterne for the story: his great work is but a bundle of episodes and digressions, strung together without any attempt at order. The reader must 'give up the reins of his imagination into his author's hand—be pleased he knows not why, and cares not wherefore.' Through the whole novel, however, over its mists and absurdities, shines his little family band of friends and relatives—that inimitable group of originals and humorists—which stand out from the canvass with the force and distinctness of reality. This distinctness and separate identity is a proof of what Coleridge has termed the peculiar power of Sterne, of seizing on and bringing forward those points on which every man is a humorist, and of the masterly manner in which he has brought out the characteristics of two beings of the most opposite natures—the elder Shandy and Toby—and surrounded them with a group of followers, sketched with equal life and individuality: in the Corporal, the obstetric Dr Slop; Yorick, the lively and careless parson; the Widow Wadman and Susannah. During the intervals of the publication of 'Tristram,' Sterne ventured before the public some volumes of *Sermons*, with his own comic figure, from a painting by Reynolds, at the head of them. The 'Sermons,' according to the just opinion of Gray the poet, show a strong imagination and a sensible heart; 'but,' he adds, 'you see the author often tottering on the verge of laughter, and ready to throw his periwig in the face of the audience.' The affected pauses and abrupt transitions which disfigure 'Tristram' are not banished from the 'Sermons,' but there is, of course, more connection and coherency in the subject. The 'Sentimental Journey' is also more regular than 'Tristram' in its plan and details; but, beautiful as some of its descriptions are, we want the oddities of Shandy, and the ever-pleasing good nature and simplicity of Uncle Toby. Sterne himself is the only character. The pathetic passages are rather overstrained, but still finely conceived, and often expressed in his most felicitous manner. That 'gentle spirit of sweetest humour, who erst didst sit upon the easy pen of his beloved Cervantes, turning the twilight of his prison into noon-day brightness,' was seldom absent long from the invocations of his English imitator, even when he mounted his wildest hobby, and dabbled in the mire of sensuality.

Of the sentimental style of Sterne (his humour is too subtle and ethereal to be compressed into our limits) a few specimens are added.

The Story of Le Fevre.

[From 'Tristram Shandy.']

It was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies, which was about seven years before my father came into the country, and about as many, after the time, that my uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's house in town, in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortified cities in Europe, when my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small sideboard, I say sitting, for in consideration of the corporal's lame knee (which sometimes gave him exquisite pain), when my uncle Toby dined or

supped alone, he would never suffer the corporal to stand; and the poor fellow's veneration for his master was such, that, with a proper artillery, my uncle Toby could have taken Dendermond itself with less trouble than he was able to gain this point over him; for many a time, when my uncle Toby supposed the corporal's leg was at rest, he would look back and detect him standing behind him with the most dutiful respect. This bred more little squabbles betwixt them than all other causes for five and twenty years together; but this is neither here nor there—why do I mention it? Ask my pen—it governs me—I govern not it.

He was one evening sitting thus at his supper, when the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack. 'Tis for a poor gentleman—I think of the army, said the landlord, who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste anything, till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast; I think, says he, taking his hand from his forehead, it would comfort me. If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy such a thing, added the landlord, I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill. I hope in God he will still mend, continued he; we are all of us concerned for him.

Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee, cried my uncle Toby; and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself, and take a couple of bottles with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more if they will do him good.

Though I am persuaded, said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, he is a very compassionate fellow, Trim, yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too; there must be something more than common in him that in so short a time should win so much upon the affections of his host. And of his whole family, added the corporal, for they are all concerned for him. Step after him, said my uncle Toby, do, Trim, and ask if he knows his name.

I have quite forgot it, truly, said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal; but I can ask his son again. Has he a son with him, then? said my uncle Toby. A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age; but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day. He has not stirred from the bedside these two days.

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took it away, without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

Stay in the room a little, said my uncle Toby. Trim! said my uncle Toby, after he lighted his pipe, and smoked about a dozen whiffs. Trim came in front of his master, and made his bow. My uncle Toby smoked on, and said no more. Corporal! said my uncle Toby. The corporal made his bow. My uncle Toby proceeded no farther, but finished his pipe.

Trim, said my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman. Your honour's roquelaure, replied the corporal, has not once been had on since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St Nicholas. And besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin. I fear so, replied my uncle Toby; but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me. I wish I had not known so much of this affair, added my uncle Toby, or that I had known more of it. How shall we manage it? Leave it, an't please your honour, to me, quoth the corporal. I'll take my hat and stick and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly, and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour. Thou shalt go, Trim, said my uncle Toby; and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant. I shall get it all out of him, said the corporal, shutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his second pipe; and had it not been that he now and then wandered from the point, with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tennaile a straight line as a crooked one, he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor Le Fevre and his boy the whole time he smoked it.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe that Corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account. I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant. Is he in the army, then? said my uncle Toby. He is, said the corporal. And in what regiment? said my uncle Toby. I'll tell your honour, replied the corporal, everything straightforwards as I learned it. Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe, said my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window seat, and begin thy story again. The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it, Your honour is good. And having done that, he sat down as he was ordered; and begun the story to my uncle Toby over again in pretty near the same words.

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour about the lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing everything which was proper to be asked—That's a right distinction, Trim, said my uncle Toby—I was answered, an' please your honour, that he had no servant with him; that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed (to join, I suppose, the regiment), he had dismissed the morning after he came. If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man, we can hire horses from hence. But, alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, said the landlady to me; for I heard the death-watch all night long; and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of. But I will do it for my father myself, said the youth. Pray, let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire whilst I did it. I believe, sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him best myself. I am sure, said I, his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier. The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears. Poor youth! said my uncle Toby; he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend; I wish I had him here.

I never, in the longest march, said the corporal, had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company. What could be the matter with me, an' please your honour? Nothing in the world,

Trim, said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose; but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

When I gave him the toast, continued the corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honour, though a stranger, was extremely concerned for his father; and that, if there was anything in your house or cellar— And thou might'st have added my purse too, said my uncle Toby—he was heartily welcome to it. He made a very low bow, which was meant to your honour; but no answer, for his heart was full, so he went up stairs with the toast. I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen door, your father will be well again. Mr Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire, but said not a word, good or bad, to comfort the youth. I thought it wrong, added the corporal. I think so too, said my uncle Toby.

When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen to let me know that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up stairs. I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers, for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bedside, and as I shut the door, I saw his son take up a cushion.

I thought, said the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr Trim, never said your prayers at all. I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it. Are you sure of it? replied the curate. A soldier, an' please your reverence, said I, prays as often of his own accord as a parson; and when he is fighting for his king and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world. 'Twas well said of thee, Trim, said my uncle Toby. But when a soldier, said I, an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches up to his knees in cold water, or engaged, said I, for months together in long and dangerous marches; harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day; harassing others to-morrow; detached here; countermanded there; resting this night out upon his arms; beat up in his shirt the next; benumbed in his joints; perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on, must say his prayers how and when he can. I believe, said I—for I was piqued, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army—I believe, an' please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray, he prays as heartily as a parson, though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy. Thou shouldst not have said that, Trim, said my uncle Toby, for God only knows who is a hypocrite and who is not. At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment, and not till then, it will be seen who has done their duties in this world and who has not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly. I hope we shall, said Trim. It is in the Scripture, said my uncle Toby, and I will show it thee to-morrow. In the meantime, we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, said my uncle Toby, that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it, it will never be inquired into whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one. I hope not, said the corporal. But go on, Trim, said my uncle Toby, with thy story.

When I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes, he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it. The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling; the book was laid upon the bed; and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time. Let it remain there, my dear, said the lieutenant.

He did not offer to speak to me till I had walked up close to his bedside. If you are Captain Shandy's servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me. If he was of Leven's, said the lieutenant—I told him your honour was. Then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him; but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me. You will tell him, however, that the person his good nature has laid under obligations to him is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's. But he knows me not, said he, a second time, musing. Possibly he may my story, added he. Pray, tell the captain, I was the ensign at Breda whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot as she lay in my arms in my tent. I remember the story, an' t please your honour, said I, very well. Do you so? said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief, then well may I. In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribbon about his neck, and kissed it twice. Here, Billy, said he. The boy flew across the room to the bedside, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too; then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.

I wish, said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh, I wish, Trim, I was asleep. Your honour, replied the corporal, is too much concerned. Shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe? Do, Trim, said my uncle Toby.

I remember, said my uncle Toby, sighing again, the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted; and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account or other, I forget what, was universally pitied by the whole regiment; but finish the story thou art upon. 'Tis finished already, said the corporal, for I could stay no longer, so wished his honour a good-night. Young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and as we went down together, told me they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders. But, alas! said the corporal, the lieutenant's last day's march is over. Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby.

It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honour—though I tell it only for the sake of those who, when cooped in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not for their souls which way in the world to turn themselves—that, notwithstanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond, parallel with the allies, who pressed theirs on so vigorously that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner—that nevertheless he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterscarp, and bent his whole thoughts towards the private distresses at the inn; and except that he ordered the garden gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade, he left Dendermond to itself, to be relieved or not by the French king as the French king thought good, and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son. That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompense thee for this.

Thou hast left this matter short, said my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed, and I will tell thee in what, Trim. In the first place, when thou madst an offer of my services to Le Fevre—as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knowest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay—that

thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself. Your honour knows, said the corporal, I had no orders. True, quoth my uncle Toby, thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier, but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse, continued my uncle Toby, when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house, thou shouldst have offered him my house too. A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us, we could tend and look to him. Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim; and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs. In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, smiling, he might march. He will never march, an' please your honour, in this world, said the corporal. He will march, said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off. An' please your honour, said the corporal, he will never march but to his grave. He shall march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch; he shall march to his regiment. He cannot stand it, said the corporal. He shall be supported, said my uncle Toby. He'll drop at last, said the corporal, and what will become of his boy? He shall not drop, said my uncle Toby, firmly. A-well-o'day, do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point, the poor soul will die. He shall not die, by G—, cried my uncle Toby. The Accusing Spirit, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the Recording Angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

My uncle Toby went to his bureau, put his purse into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician, he went to bed, and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fever's and his afflicted son's; the hand of death pressed heavy upon his eyelids, and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle, when my uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bedside, and independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did—how he had rested in the night—what was his complaint—where was his pain—and what he could do to help him. And without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on, and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him. You shall go home directly, Le Fevre, said my uncle Toby, to my house, and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter, and we'll have an apothecary, and the corporal shall be your nurse, and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre.

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby, not the effect of familiarity, but the cause of it—which let you at once into his soul, and showed you the goodness of his nature; to this there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him. The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart, rallied back; the film forsook his eyes for a moment; he looked up wishfully in my uncle Toby's face, then cast a look upon his boy; and that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken. Nature instantly ebbed again; the film returned to its place; the pulse fluttered—stopped—went on—throbbed—stopped again—moved—stopped. Shall I go on? No.

[The Starling—Captivity.]

[From the 'Sentimental Journey.']

And as for the Bastile, the terror is in the word. Make the most of it you can, said I to myself, the Bastile is but another word for a tower, and a tower is but another word for a house you can't get out of. Mercy on the gouty! for they are in it twice a-year; but with nine livres a day, and pen, and ink, and paper, and patience, albeit a man can't get out, he may do very well within, at least for a month or six weeks, at the end of which, if he is a harmless fellow, his innocence appears, and he comes out a better and wiser man than he went in.

I had some occasion (I forget what) to step into the court-yard as I settled this account, and remember I walked down stairs in no small triumph with the conceit of my reasoning. Beshrew the sombre pencil! said I vauntingly, for I envy not its powers which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a colouring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself and blackened: reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them. 'Tis true, said I, correcting the proposition, the Bastile is not an evil to be despised; but strip it of its towers, fill up the fosse, unbarricade the doors, call it simply a confinement, and suppose 'tis some tyrant of a distemper, and not of a man, which holds you in it, the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the heyday of this soliloquy with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained 'it could not get out.' I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without further attention. In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over, and looking up, I saw it was a starling hung in a little cage. 'I can't get out, I can't get out,' said the starling. I stood looking at the bird; and to every person who came through the passage, it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the same lamentation of its captivity. 'I can't get out,' said the starling. God help thee! said I, but I'll let thee out, cost what it will; so I turned about the cage to get the door. It was twisted and double twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces. I took both hands to it. The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it as if impatient. I fear, poor creature, said I, I cannot set thee at liberty. 'No,' said the starling, 'I can't get out, I can't get out,' said the starling. I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened, or do I remember an incident in my life where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastile; and I heavily walked up stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still Slavery, said I, still thou art a bitter draught; and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. 'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess, addressing myself to Liberty, whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till nature herself shall change; no tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chemic power turn thy sceptre into

iron; with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled. Gracious Heaven! cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent, grant me but health, thou great bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion, and shower down thy mitres, if it seem good unto thy divine providence, upon those heads which are aching for them.

The bird in his cage pursued me into my room. I sat down close to my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination. I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me, I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture. I beheld his body half-wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish; in thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood; he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time, nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice; his children——but here my heart began to bleed, and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait. He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the furthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calendar of small sticks lay at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there; he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down, shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle. He gave a deep sigh: I saw the iron enter into his soul. I burst into tears; I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

[*A French Peasant's Supper.*]

A shoe coming loose from the fore-foot of the thill-horse, at the beginning of the ascent of Mount Taurira, the postilion dismounted, twisted the shoe off, and put it in his pocket. As the ascent was of five or six miles, and that horse our main dependence, I made a point of having the shoe fastened on again as well as we could; but the postilion had thrown away the nails, and the hammer in the chaise-box being of no great use without them, I submitted to go on. He had not mounted half a mile higher, when, coming to a flinty piece of road, the poor devil lost a second shoe, and from off his other fore-foot. I then got out of the chaise in good earnest; and seeing a house about a quarter of a mile to the left hand, with a great deal to do I prevailed upon the postilion to turn up to it. The look of the house, and of everything about it, as we drew nearer, soon reconciled me to the disaster. It was a little farm-house, surrounded with about twenty acres of vineyard, about as much corn; and close to the house, on one side was a *potagerie* of an acre and a-half, full of everything which could make plenty in a French peasant's house; and on the other side was a little wood, which furnished wherewithal to dress it. It was about eight in the evening when I got to the house; so I left the postilion to manage his point as he could, and for mine, I walked directly into the house.

The family consisted of an old grayheaded man and his wife, with five or six sons and sons-in-law and their several wives, and a joyous genealogy out of them. They were all sitting down together to their lentil-soup; a large wheaten loaf was in the middle of the table; and a flagon of wine at each end of it promised joy through the stages of the repast; 'twas a feast of love. The old man rose up to meet me, and with a respectful cordiality would have me sit down at the table; my heart was set down the moment I entered the room, so I sat down at once like a son of the family; and to invest myself in the character as speedily as I could, I instantly borrowed the old man's knife, and taking up the loaf, cut myself a hearty luncheon; and as I did it, I saw a testimony in every eye, not only of an honest welcome, but of a welcome mixed with thanks that I had not seemed to doubt it. Was it this, or tell me Nature what else it was, that made this morsel so sweet; and to what magic I owe it, that the draught I took of their flagon was so delicious with it, that they remain upon my palate to this hour? If the supper was to my taste, the grace which followed it was much more so.

When supper was over, the old man gave a knock upon the table with the haft of his knife, to bid them prepare for the dance. The moment the signal was given, the women and girls ran all together into a back apartment to tie up their hair, and the young men to the door to wash their faces and change their sabots; and in three minutes every soul was ready upon a little esplanade before the house, to begin. The old man and his wife came out last, and placing me betwixt them, sat down upon a sofa of turf by the door. The old man had some fifty years ago been no mean performer upon the vielle: and at the age he was then of, touched it well enough for the purpose. His wife sung now and then a little to the tune, then intermitted, and joined her old man again as their children and grandchildren danced before them.

It was not till the middle of the second dance, when, for some pauses in the movement, wherein they all seemed to look up, I fancied I could distinguish an elevation of spirit different from that which is the cause or the effect of simple jollity. In a word, I thought I beheld Religion mixing in the dance; but as I had never seen her so engaged, I should have looked upon it now as one of the illusions of an imagination which is eternally misleading me, had not the old man, as soon as the dance ended, said that this was their constant way; and that all his life long he had made it a rule, after supper was over, to call out his family to dance and rejoice; believing, he said, that a cheerful and contented mind was the best sort of thanks to Heaven that an illiterate peasant could pay. Or a learned prelate either, said I.

DR SAMUEL JOHNSON.

In 1759 Dr Johnson published his moral tale of *Rasselas*, which he wrote in the nights of one week to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral. The scene is laid in the east, but the author makes no attempt to portray the minutiæ of eastern manners. It is in fact a series of essays on various subjects of morality and religion—on the efficacy of pilgrimages, the state of departed souls, the probability of the re-appearance of the dead, the dangers of solitude, &c., on all which the philosopher and prince of Abyssinia talk exactly as Johnson talked for more than twenty years in his house at Bolt Court, or in the club. Young said 'Rasselas' was a 'mass of sense,' and its moral precepts are certainly conveyed in striking and happy language. The mad astronomer, who imagined that he possessed the regulation of the weather and the distribution of the seasons, is an original character in romance, and the happy

valley, in which 'Rasselas' resides, is sketched with poetical feeling. The habitual melancholy of Johnson is apparent in this work—as when he nobly apostrophises the river Nile—'Answer, great Father of waters! thou that rollest thy floods through eighty nations, to the invocations of the daughter of thy native king. Tell me if thou waterest, through all thy course, a single habitation from which thou dost not hear the murmurs of complaint.' When Johnson afterwards penned his depreciatory criticism of Gray, and upbraided him for apostrophising the Thames, adding coarsely, 'Father Thames has no better means of knowing than himself,' he forgot that he had written 'Rasselas.'

CHARLES JOHNSTONE.

In 1760 *The Adventures of a Guinea*, by CHARLES JOHNSTONE, amused the town by its sketches of contemporary satire. A second edition was published the same year, and a third in 1761, when the author considerably augmented the work. Johnstone published other novels, which are now utterly forgotten. He went to India in 1782, and was a proprietor of one of the Bengal newspapers. He died in 1800. As Dr Johnson (to whom the manuscript was shown by the bookseller) advised the publication of 'The Adventures of a Guinea,' and as it experienced considerable success, the novel may be presumed to have possessed superior merit. It exhibits a variety of incidents, related in the style of Le Sage and Smollett, but the satirical portraits are overcharged, and the author, like Juvenal, was too fond of lashing and exaggerating the vices of his age. One of the critics of the novel says, 'it leads us along all the gloomy, and foul, and noisome passages of life, and we escape from it with the feeling of relief with which we would emerge from a vault in which the air was loaded with noxious vapours.' To such satirists who only paint

The baser sides of literature and life,

may be contrasted the healthy tone of feeling evinced by Fielding and Smollett, and the playful sarcastic wit of Sterne.

HORACE WALPOLE.

In 1764 HORACE WALPOLE revived the Gothic romance in his interesting little story, *The Castle of Otranto*, which he at first published anonymously, as a work found in the library of an ancient Catholic

Hor Walpole

family in the north of England, and printed at Naples in the black letter in 1529. 'I wished it to be believed ancient,' he said, 'and almost everybody was imposed upon.' The tale was so well received by the public, that a second edition was soon called for, to which the author prefixed his name. Though designed to blend the two kinds of romance—the ancient, in which all was imagination and improbability, and the modern, in which nature is copied, the peculiar taste of Walpole, who loved to 'gaze on Gothic toys through Gothic glass,' and the nature of his subject, led him to give the preponderance to the antique. The ancient romances have nothing more incredible than a sword which required a hundred men to lift it; a helmet, that by its own weight forces a passage through a court-yard into an arched vault, big enough for a man to go through; a picture that walks out of its frame, or a skeleton's ghost in a hermit's cowl. Where Walpole has improved on the incredible and mysterious, is in his dialogues and style, which are pure and dramatic in effect, and in the more delicate and picturesque tone which he has given to chivalrous manners. Walpole was the third son of the Whig minister, Sir Robert Walpole; was born in 1717, became fourth Earl of Orford 1791, and died in 1797; having not only outlived most of his illustrious contemporaries, but recorded their weaknesses and failings, their private history and peculiarities, in his unrivalled correspondence.



Strawberry Hill, near Twickenham; the residence of Horace Walpole.

In the spring of 1766 came out a tale of about equal dimensions with Walpole's Gothic story, but as different in its nature as an English cottage or villa, with its honey-suckle hedge, wall-roses, neat garden, and general air of beauty and comfort, is from a gloomy feudal tower, with its dark walls, moat, and drawbridge. We allude to Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*. Though written two years before, and sold for sixty guineas, the bookseller had kept it back, doubtful of success, till the publication of *The Traveller* had given Goldsmith a name. Its reception by the public must have been an agreeable surprise. The first edition was published on the 27th of March, a second was called for in May, and a third in August of the same year. What reader could be insensible to the charms of a work so full of kindliness, benevolence, taste, and genius? By that species of mental chemistry which he understood as well as Sterne, Goldsmith extracted the essence of character, separating from it what was trite and worthless, and presenting in incredibly small space a finished representation, bland, humorous, simple, absurd, or elevated, as the story might require. The passions were equally at his bidding, within that confined sphere to which he limited their range; and a life of observation and reading (though foolish in action) supplied him with a pregnancy of thought and illustration, the full value of

which is scarcely appreciated on account of the extreme simplicity of the language. Among the incidental remarks in the volume, for example, are some on the state of the criminal law of England, which show how completely Goldsmith had antici-



Oliver Goldsmith.

pated and directed (in better language than any senator has since employed on the subject) all that parliament has effected in the reformation of our criminal code. These short, philosophical, and critical dissertations, always arise naturally out of the progress of the tale. The character of the vicar gives the chief interest to the family group, though the peculiarities of Mrs Primrose, as her boasted skill in housewifery, her motherly vanity and desire to appear *genteel*, are finely brought out, and reproduced in her daughters. The vicar's support of the Whistonian theory as to marriage, that it was unlawful for a priest of the church of England, after the death of his first wife, to take a second, to illustrate which he had his wife's epitaph written and placed over the chimney-piece, is a touch of humour and individuality that has never been excelled. Another weakness of the worthy vicar was the literary vanity which, notwithstanding his real learning, led him to be imposed upon by Jenkinson in the affair of the cosmogony; but these drawbacks only serve to endear him more closely to his readers; and when distress falls upon the virtuous household, the noble fortitude and resignation of the principal sufferer, and the efficacy of his example, form one of the most affecting and even sublime moral pictures. The numberless little traits of character, pathetic and lively incidents, and sketches of manners—as the family of the Flamboroughs, the quiet pedantry and simplicity of Moses, with his bargain of the shagreen spectacles; the family picture, in which Mrs Primrose was painted as Venus, and the vicar, in gown and band, presenting to her his books on the Whistonian controversy, and which picture, when completed, was too large for the house, and lik Robinson Crusoe's longboat, could not be removed—all mark the perfect art as well as nature of this domestic novel. That Goldsmith derived many of his incidents from actual occurrences which he had witnessed, is generally admitted. The story of George Primrose, particularly his going to Amsterdam to teach the Dutchmen English, without recollecting that he should first know something of Dutch himself, seems an exact transcript of the author's early adventures and blundering simplicity. Though Goldsmith carefully corrected the language of his miniature romance in the different editions, he did not meddle with the incidents, so that some improbabilities remain. These, however, have no effect on the reader, in diminishing for a moment the interest of the work, which must always be considered one of the most chaste and beautiful offerings which the genius of fiction ever presented at the shrine of virtue.

In the same year with the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' a domestic novel, in five volumes, *The Fool of Quality*, was published by a countryman of Goldsmith, HENRY BROOKE (1706–1783), who was the author of several dramatic pieces, and of a poem on *Universal Beauty*, which anticipated the style of Darwin's 'Botanic Garden.' The poetry and prose of Brooke have both fallen into obscurity, but his novel was popular in its day, and contains several pleasing and instructive sketches, chiefly designed for the young.

HENRY MACKENZIE.

The most successful imitator of Sterne in sentiment, pathos, and style; his superior in taste and delicacy, but greatly inferior to him in originality, force, and humour, was HENRY MACKENZIE, long the ornament of the literary circles of Edinburgh. If Mackenzie was inferior to his prototype in the essentials of genius, he enjoyed an exemption from its follies and sufferings, and passed a tranquil and prosperous life, which was prolonged to far beyond the Psalmist's cycle of threescore and ten. Mr Mackenzie was born in Edinburgh in August 1745, and was the son of Dr Joshua Mackenzie, a respectable physician. He was educated at the High-school and university of Edinburgh, and afterwards studied the law in his native city. The legal department selected by Mackenzie was the business of the Exchequer court, and to improve him in this he went to London in 1765, and studied the English Exchequer practice. Returning to Edinburgh, he mixed in its literary circles, which then numbered the great names of Hume, Robertson, Adam Smith, Blair, &c. In 1771 appeared his novel, *The Man of Feeling*, which was afterwards followed by *The Man of the World*, and *Julia de Roubigne*. He was, as we have previously stated, the principal contributor to the 'Mirror' and 'Lounger,' and he wrote some dramatic pieces, which were brought out at Edinburgh with but indifferent success. The style and diction of Mackenzie are always choice, elegant, and expressive, but he wanted power. It may seem strange that a novelist so eminently sentimental and refined should have ventured to write on political subjects, but Mackenzie supported the government of Mr Pitt with some pamphlets written with great acuteness and discrimination. In real life the novelist was shrewd and practical: he had early exhausted his vein of romance, and was an active man of business. In 1804 the government appointed him to the office of comptroller of taxes for Scotland, which entailed upon him considerable labour and drudgery, but was highly lucrative. In this situation, with a numerous family (Mr Mackenzie had married Miss Penuel Grant, daughter of Sir Ludovic Grant, of Grant), enjoying the society of his friends and his favourite sports of the field, writing occasionally on subjects of taste and literature—for he said, 'the old stump would still occasionally send forth a few green shoots'—the Man of Feeling lived to the advanced age of eighty-six, and died on the 14th of January 1831.

The first novel of Mackenzie is the best of his works, unless we except some of his short contributions to the 'Mirror' and 'Lounger' (as the tale of La Roche), which fully supported his fame. There is no regular story in 'The Man of Feeling,' but the character of Harley, his purity of mind, and his bashfulness, caused by excessive delicacy, interest the reader from the commencement of the tale. His adventures in London, the talk of club and park frequenters, his visit to bedlam, and his relief of the old soldier, Atkins, and his daughter, though partly formed on the affected sentimental style of the inferior romances, evince a facility in moral and pathetic painting that was then only surpassed by Richardson. His humour is chaste and natural. Harley fails, as might be expected from his diffident and retiring character, in securing the patronage of the great in London, and he returns to the country, meeting with some adventures by the way that illustrate his fine sensibility and benevolence. Though bashful, Harley is not effeminate, and there are bursts of manly feeling and generous sentiment throughout the work, which at once elevate the character of the hero, and relieve the prevailing tone of pathos in the novel. 'The Man of the World' has less of the discursive manner of Sterne, but the character of Sir Thomas Sindall—the Lovelace of the novel—seems forced and unnatural. His plots against the family of Annesly, and his attempted seduction of Lucy (after an interval of some eighteen or twenty years), show a deliberate villany and disregard of public opinion, which, considering his rank and position in the world, appears improbable. His death-bed sensibility and penitence are undoubtedly out of keeping with the rest of his character. The adventures of young Annesly among the Indians are interesting and romantic, and are described with much spirit: his narrative, indeed, is one of the freest and boldest of Mackenzie's sketches. 'Julia de Roubigne' is still more melancholy than 'The Man of the World.' It has no gorgeous descriptions or imaginative splendour to relieve the misery and desolation which overtake a group of innocent beings, whom for their virtues the reader would wish to see happy. It is a domestic tragedy of the deepest kind, without much discrimination of character or skill in the plot, and oppressive from its scenes of unmerited and unmitigated distress. We wake from the perusal of the tale as from a painful dream, conscious that it has no reality, and thankful that its morbid excitement is over. It is worthy of remark that in this novel Mackenzie was one of the first to denounce the system of slave-labour in the West Indies.

'I have often been tempted to doubt,' says one of the characters in Julia de Roubigne, 'whether there is not an error in the whole plan of negro servitude; and whether whites or creoles born in the West Indies, or perhaps cattle, after the manner of European husbandry, would not do the business better and cheaper than the slaves do. The money which the latter cost at first, the sickness (often owing to despondency of mind) to which they are liable after their arrival, and the proportion that die in consequence of it, make the machine, if it may be so called, of a plantation, extremely expensive in its operations. In the list of slaves belonging to a wealthy planter, it would astonish you to see the number unfit for service, pining under disease, a burden on their master. I am only talking as a merchant; but as a man—good heavens! when I think of the many thousands of my fellow-creatures groaning under servitude and misery!—great God! hast thou peopled those regions of thy world for the purpose of casting out their inhabitants to chains and torture? No; thou gavest them a land teeming with good things, and lightedst up thy sun to bring forth spontaneous plenty; but the refinements of man, ever at war with thy works, have changed this scene of profusion and luxuriance into a theatre of rapine, of slavery, and of murder!

Forgive the warmth of this apostrophe! Here it would not be understood; even my uncle, whose heart is far from a hard one, would smile at my romance, and tell me that things must be so. Habit, the tyrant of nature and of reason, is deaf to the voice of either; here she stifles humanity and debases the species—for the master of slaves has seldom the soul of a man.'

We add a specimen of the humorous and the pathetic manner of Mackenzie from 'The Man of Feeling.'

[*Harley Sets Out on his Journey—The Beggar and his Dog.*]

He had taken leave of his aunt on the eve of his intended departure; but the good lady's affection for her nephew interrupted her sleep, and early as it was, next morning when Harley came down stairs to set out, he found her in the parlour with a tear on her cheek, and her caudle-cup in her hand. She knew enough of physic to prescribe against going abroad of a morning with an empty stomach. She gave her blessing with the draught; her instructions she had delivered the night before. They consisted mostly of negatives; for London, in her idea, was so replete with temptations, that it needed the whole armour of her friendly cautions to repel their attacks.

Peter stood at the door. We have mentioned this faithful fellow formerly. Harley's father had taken him up an orphan, and saved him from being cast on the parish; and he had ever since remained in the service of him and of his son. Harley shook him by the hand as he passed, smiling, as if he had said, 'I will not weep.' He sprung hastily into the chaise that waited for him; Peter folded up the step. 'My dear master,' said he, shaking the solitary lock that hung on either side of his head, 'I have been told as how London is a sad place.' He was choked with the thought, and his benediction could not be heard. But it shall be heard, honest Peter! where these tears will add to its energy.

In a few hours Harley reached the inn where he proposed breakfasting; but the fulness of his heart would not suffer him to eat a morsel. He walked out on the road, and gaining a little height, stood gazing on the quarter he had left. He looked for his wonted prospect, his fields, his woods, and his hills; they were lost in the distant clouds! He pencilled them on the clouds, and bade them farewell with a sigh!

He sat down on a large stone to take out a little pebble from his shoe, when he saw, at some distance, a beggar approaching him. He had on a loose sort of coat, mended with different-coloured rags, amongst which the blue and the russet were the predominant. He had a short knotty stick in his hand, and on the top of it was stuck a ram's horn; his knees (though he was no pilgrim) had worn the stuff of his breeches; he wore no shoes, and his stockings had entirely lost that part of them which should have covered his feet and ankles. In his face, however, was the plump appearance of good humour: he walked a good round pace, and a crooked-legged dog trotted at his heels.

'Our delicacies,' said Harley to himself, 'are fantastic: they are not in nature! that beggar walks over the sharpest of these stones barefooted, while I have lost the most delightful dream in the world from the smallest of them happening to get into my shoe.' The beggar had by this time come up,

and, pulling off a piece of hat, asked charity of Harley; the dog began to beg too. It was impossible to resist both; and, in truth, the want of shoes and stockings had made both unnecessary, for Harley had destined sixpence for him before. The beggar, on receiving it, poured forth blessings without number; and, with a sort of smile on his countenance, said to Harley, 'that if he wanted his fortune told——' Harley turned his eye briskly on the beggar: it was an unpromising look for the subject of a prediction, and silenced the prophet immediately. 'I would much rather learn,' said Harley, 'what it is in your power to tell me: your trade must be an entertaining one: sit down on this stone, and let me know something of your profession; I have often thought of turning fortune-teller for a week or two myself.'

'Master,' replied the beggar, 'I like your frankness much; God knows I had the humour of plain dealing in me from a child; but there is no doing with it in this world; we must live as we can, and lying is, as you call it, my profession: but I was in some sort forced to the trade, for I dealt once in telling truth. I was a labourer, sir, and gained as much as to make me live: I never laid by indeed; for I was reckoned a piece of a wag, and your wags, I take it, are seldom rich, Mr Harley.' 'So,' said Harley, 'you seem to know me.' 'Ay, there are few folks in the country that I don't know something of; how should I tell fortunes else?' 'True; but to go on with your story: you were a labourer, you say, and a wag; your industry, I suppose, you left with your old trade; but your humour you preserve to be of use to you in your new.'

'What signifies sadness, sir? a man grows lean on't: but I was brought to my idleness by degrees; first I could not work, and it went against my stomach to work ever after. I was seized with a jail fever at the time of the assizes being in the county where I lived; for I was always curious to get acquainted with the felons, because they are commonly fellows of much mirth and little thought, qualities I had ever an esteem for. In the height of this fever, Mr Harley, the house where I lay took fire, and burnt to the ground; I was carried out in that condition, and lay all the rest of my illness in a barn. I got the better of my disease, however, but I was so weak that I spit blood whenever I attempted to work. I had no relation living that I knew of, and I never kept a friend above a week when I was able to joke; I seldom remained above six months in a parish, so that I might have died before I had found a settlement in any: thus I was forced to beg my bread, and a sorry trade I found it, Mr Harley. I told all my misfortunes truly, but they were seldom believed; and the few who gave me a halfpenny as they passed, did it with a shake of the head, and an injunction not to trouble them with a long story. In short, I found that people do not care to give alms without some security for their money; a wooden leg or a withered arm is a sort of draught upon heaven for those who choose to have their money placed to account there; so I changed my plan, and, instead of telling my own misfortunes, began to prophesy happiness to others. This I found by much the better way: folks will always listen when the tale is their own; and of many who say they do not believe in fortune-telling, I have known few on whom it had not a very sensible effect. I pick up the names of their acquaintance; amours and little squabbles are easily gleaned among servants and neighbours; and indeed people themselves are the best intelligencers in the world for our purpose; they dare not puzzle us for their own sakes, for every one is anxious to hear what they wish to believe; and they who repeat it, to laugh at it when they have done, are generally more serious than their hearers are apt to imagine. With a tolerable good memory and some share of cunning, with the help of walking a-nights over heaths and churchyards, with this, and showing the tricks of that there dog, whom I stole from the sergeant of a marching regiment (and, by the way, he can steal too upon occasion), I make shift to pick up a livelihood. My trade, indeed, is none of the honestest; yet people are not much cheated neither, who give a few halfpence for a prospect of happiness, which I have heard some persons say is all a man can arrive at in this world. But I must bid you good day, sir; for I have three miles to walk before noon, to inform some boarding-school young ladies whether their husbands are to be peers of the realm or captains in the army; a question which I promised to answer them by that time.'

Harley had drawn a shilling from his pocket; but Virtue bade him consider on whom he was going to bestow it. Virtue held back his arm; but a milder form, a younger sister of Virtue's, not so severe as Virtue, nor so serious as Pity, smiled upon him; his fingers lost their compression; nor did Virtue offer to catch the money as it fell. It had no sooner reached the ground, than the watchful cur (a trick he had been taught) snapped it up; and, contrary to the most approved method of stewardship, delivered it immediately into the hands of his master.

[*The Death of Harley.*]

Harley was one of those few friends whom the malevolence of fortune had yet left me; I could not, therefore, but be sensibly concerned for his present indisposition; there seldom passed a day on which I did not make inquiry about him.

The physician who attended him had informed me the evening before, that he thought him considerably better than he had been for some time past. I called next morning to be confirmed in a piece of intelligence so welcome to me.

When I entered his apartment, I found him sitting on a couch, leaning on his hand, with his eye turned upwards in the attitude of thoughtful inspiration. His look had always an open benignity, which commanded esteem; there was now something more—a gentle triumph in it.

He rose, and met me with his usual kindness. When I gave him the good accounts I had had from his physician, 'I am foolish enough,' said he, 'to rely but little in this instance to physic. My presentiment may be false; but I think I feel myself approaching to my end by steps so easy that they woo me to approach it. There is a certain dignity in retiring from life at a time when the infirmities of age have not sapped our faculties. This world, my dear Charles, was a scene in which I never much delighted. I was not formed for the bustle of the busy nor the dissipation of the gay; a thousand things occurred where I blushed for the impropriety of my conduct when I thought on the world, though my reason told me I should have blushed to have done otherwise. It was a scene of dissimulation, of restraint, of disappointment. I leave it to enter on that state which I have learned to believe is replete with the genuine happiness attendant upon virtue. I look back on the tenor of my life with the consciousness of few great offences to account for. There are blemishes, I confess, which deform in some degree the picture; but I know the benignity of the Supreme Being, and rejoice at the thoughts of its exertion in my favour. My mind expands at the thought I shall enter into the society of the blessed, wise as angels, with the simplicity of children.'

He had by this time clasped my hand, and found it wet by a tear which had just fallen upon it. His eye began to moisten too—we sat for some time silent.

At last, with an attempt at a look of more composure, 'There are some remembrances,' said Harley, 'which rise involuntarily on my heart, and make me almost wish to live. I have been blessed with a few friends who redeem my opinion of mankind. I recollect with the tenderest emotion the scenes of pleasure I have passed among them; but we shall meet again, my friend, never to be separated. There are some feelings which perhaps are too tender to be suffered by the world. The world is in general selfish, interested, and unthinking, and throws the imputation of romance or melancholy on every temper more susceptible than its own. I cannot think but in those regions which I contemplate, if there is anything of mortality left about us, that these feelings will subsist; they are called—perhaps they are—weaknesses here; but there may be some better modifications of them in heaven, which may deserve the name of virtues.' He sighed as he spoke these last words. He had scarcely finished them when the door opened, and his aunt appeared leading in Miss Walton. 'My dear,' says she, 'here is Miss Walton, who has been so kind as to come and inquire for you herself.' I could observe a transient glow upon his face. He rose from his seat. 'If to know Miss Walton's goodness,' said he, 'be a title to deserve it, I have some claim.' She begged him to resume his seat, and placed herself on the sofa beside him. I took my leave. Mrs Margery accompanied me to the door. He was left with Miss Walton alone. She inquired anxiously about his health. 'I believe,' said he, 'from the accounts which my physicians unwillingly give me, that they have no great hopes of my recovery.' She started as he spoke; but recollecting herself immediately, endeavoured to flatter him into a belief that his apprehensions were groundless. 'I know,' said he, 'that it is usual with persons at my time of life to have these hopes which your kindness suggests, but I would not wish to be deceived. To meet death as becomes a man is a privilege bestowed on few. I would endeavour to make it mine; nor do I think that I can ever be better prepared for it than now; it is that chiefly which determines the fitness of its approach.' 'Those sentiments,' answered Miss Walton, 'are just; but your good sense, Mr Harley, will own that life has its proper value. As the province of virtue, life is ennobled; as such, it is to be desired. To virtue has the Supreme Director of all things assigned rewards enough even here to fix its attachment.'

The subject began to overpower her. Harley lifted his eyes from the ground, 'There are,' said he, in a very low voice, 'there are attachments, Miss Walton.' His glance met hers. They both betrayed a confusion, and were both instantly withdrawn. He paused some moments: 'I am in such a state as calls for sincerity, let that also excuse it—it is perhaps the last time we shall ever meet. I feel something particularly solemn in the acknowledgment, yet my heart swells to make it, awed as it is by a sense of my presumption, by a sense of your perfections.' He paused again. 'Let it not offend you to know their power over one so unworthy. It will, I believe, soon cease to beat, even with that feeling which it shall lose the latest. To love Miss Walton could not be a crime; if to declare it is one, the expiation will be made.' Her tears were now flowing without control. 'Let me entreat you,' said she, 'to have better hopes. Let not life be so indifferent to you, if my wishes can put any value on it. I will not pretend to misunderstand you—I know your worth—I have known it long—I have esteemed it. What would you have me say? I have loved it as it deserved.' He seized her hand, a languid colour reddened his cheek, a smile brightened faintly in his eye. As he gazed on her it grew dim, it fixed, it closed. He sighed, and fell back on his seat. Miss Walton screamed at the sight. His aunt and the servants rushed into the room. They found them lying motionless together. His physician happened to call at that instant. Every art was tried to recover them. With Miss Walton they succeeded, but Harley was gone for ever!

I entered the room where his body lay; I approached it with reverence, not fear. I looked; the recollection of the past crowded upon me. I saw that form which, but a little before, was animated with a soul which did honour to humanity, stretched without sense or feeling before me. 'Tis a connexion we cannot easily forget. I took his hand in mine; I repeated his name involuntarily; I felt a pulse in every vein at the sound. I looked earnestly in his face; his eye was closed, his lip pale and motionless. There is an enthusiasm in sorrow that forgets impossibility; I wondered that it was so. The sight drew a prayer from my heart; it was the voice of frailty and of man! The confusion of my mind began to subside into thought; I had time to weep!

I turned with the last farewell upon my lips, when I observed old Edwards standing behind me. I looked him full in the face, but his eye was fixed on another object. He pressed between me and the bed, and stood gazing on the breathless remains of his benefactor. I spoke to him I know not what; but he took no notice of what I said, and remained in the same attitude as before. He stood some minutes in that posture, then turned and walked towards the door. He paused as he went; he returned a second time; I could observe his lips move as he looked; but the voice they would have uttered was lost. He attempted going again; and a third time he returned as before. I saw him wipe his cheek; then, covering his face with his hands, his breast heaving with the most convulsive throbs, he flung out of the room.

He had hinted that he should like to be buried in a certain spot near the grave of his mother. This is a weakness, but it is universally incident to humanity; it is at least a memorial for those who survive. For some, indeed, a slender memorial will serve; and the soft affections, when they are busy that way, will build their structures were it but on the paring of a nail.

He was buried in the place he had desired. It was shaded by an old tree, the only one in the churchyard, in which was a cavity worn by time. I have sat with him in it, and counted the tombs. The last time we passed there, methought he looked wistfully on the tree; there was a branch of it that bent towards us, waving in the wind; he waved his hand, as if he mimicked its motion. There was something predictive in his look! perhaps it is foolish to remark it, but there are times and places when I am a child at those things.

I sometimes visit his grave; I sit in the hollow of the tree. It is worth a thousand homilies; every noble feeling rises within me! Every beat of my heart awakens a virtue; but it will make you hate the world. No; there is such an air of gentleness around that I can hate nothing; but as to the world, I pity the men of it.

The last of our novel writers of this period was Miss Clara Reeve, the daughter of a clergyman at Ipswich, where she died in 1803, aged seventy-eight. An early admiration of Horace Walpole's romance, 'The Castle of Otranto,' induced Miss Reeve to imitate it in a Gothic story, entitled *The Old English Baron*, which was published in 1777. In some respects the lady has the advantage of Walpole; her supernatural machinery is better managed, so as to produce mysteriousness and effect; but her style has not the point or elegance of that

of her prototype. Miss Reeve wrote several other novels, 'all marked,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'by excellent good sense, pure morality, and a competent command of those qualities which constitute a good romance.' They have failed, however, to keep possession of public favour, and the fame of the author rests on her 'Old English Baron,' which is now generally printed along with the story of Walpole.

HISTORIANS.

A spirit of philosophical inquiry and reflection, united to the graces of literary composition, can hardly be said to have been presented by any English historian before the appearance of that illustrious triumvirate—Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon. The early annalists of Britain recorded mere fables and superstitions, with a slight admixture of truth. The classic pen of Buchanan was guided by party rancour, undignified by research. Even Milton, when he set himself to compose a history of his native country, included the fables of Geoffrey of Monmouth. The history of the Long Parliament by May is a valuable fragment, and the works of Clarendon and Burnet are interesting though prejudiced pictures of the times. A taste for our national annals soon began to call for more extensive compilations; and in 1706 a 'Complete History of England' was published, containing a collection of various works previous to the time of Charles I., and a continuation by White Kennet, bishop of Peterborough. M. Rapin, a French Protestant (1661-1725), who had come over to England with the Prince of Orange, and resided here several years, seems to have been interested in our affairs: for, on retiring to the Hague, he there composed a voluminous history of England, in French, which was speedily translated, and enjoyed great popularity. The work of Rapin is still considered valuable, and it possesses a property which no English author has yet been able to confer on a similar narration, that of impartiality; but it wants literary attractions. A more laborious, exact, and original historian, appeared in THOMAS CARTE (1686-1754), who meditated a complete domestic or civil history of England, for which he had made large collections, encouraged by public subscriptions. His work was projected in 1743, and four years afterwards the first volume appeared. Unfortunately Carte made allusion to a case, which he said had *come under his own observation*, of a person who had been cured of the king's evil by the Pretender, then in exile in France; and this Jacobite sally proved the ruin of his work. Subscribers withdrew their names, and the historian was 'left forlorn and abandoned amid his extensive collections.' A second and third volume, however, were published by the indefatigable collector, and a fourth, which he left incomplete, was published after his death. Carte was author also of a *Life of the Duke of Ormond*, remarkable for the fulness of its information, but disfigured by his Jacobite predilections.

The *Roman History* by HOOKE also belongs to this period. It commences with the building of Rome, and is continued to the downfall of the commonwealth. Hooke was patronised by Pope (to whom he dedicated his first volume), and he produced a useful work, which still maintains its place. The first volume of this history was published in 1733, but it was not completed till 1771.

DR CONYERS MIDDLETON.

In 1741 DR CONYERS MIDDLETON (1683-1750), an English clergyman, and librarian of the public library at Cambridge, produced his historical *Life of Cicero*, in two volumes. Reviewing the whole of the celebrated orator's public career, and the principal transactions of his times—mixing up questions of philosophy, government, and politics, with the details of biography, Middleton compiled a highly interesting work, full of varied and important information, and written with great care and taste. An admiration of the rounded style and flowing periods of Cicero seems to have produced in his biographer a desire to attain to similar excellence; and perhaps no author, prior to Johnson's great works, wrote English with the same careful finish and sustained dignity. The graces of Addison were wanting, but certainly no historical writings of the day were at all comparable to Middleton's memoir. One or two sentences from his summary of Cicero's character will exemplify the author's style:—

He (Cicero) made a just distinction between bearing what we cannot help, and approving what we ought to condemn; and submitted, therefore, yet never consented to those usurpations; and when he was forced to comply with them, did it always with a reluctance that he expresses very keenly in his letters to his friends. But whenever that force was removed, and he was at liberty to pursue his principles and act without control, as in his consulship, in his province, and after Cæsar's death—the only periods of his life in which he was truly master of himself—there we see him shining out in his genuine character of an excellent citizen, a great magistrate, a glorious patriot; there we could see the man who could declare of himself with truth, in an appeal to Atticus, as to the best witness of his conscience, that he had always done the greatest services to his country when it was in his power; or when it was not, had never harboured a thought of it but what was divine. If we must needs compare him, therefore, with Cato, as some writers affect to do, it is certain that if Cato's virtue seem more splendid in theory, Cicero's will be found superior in practice; the one was romantic, the other was natural; the one drawn from the refinements of the schools, the other from nature and social life; the one always unsuccessful, often hurtful; the other always beneficial, often salutary to the republic.

To conclude: Cicero's death, though violent, cannot be called untimely, but was the proper end of such a life; which must also have been rendered less glorious if it had owed its preservation to Antony. It was, therefore, not only what he expected, but, in the circumstances to which he was reduced, what he seems even to have wished. For he, who before had been timid in dangers, and desponding in distress, yet, from the time of Cæsar's death, roused by the desperate state of the republic, assumed the fortitude of a hero; discarded all fear; despised all danger; and when he could not free his country from a tyranny, provoked the tyrants to take that life which he no longer cared to preserve. Thus, like a great actor on the stage, he reserved himself, as it were, for the last act; and after he had played his part with dignity, resolved to finish it with glory.

Or the character of Julius Cæsar—

Cæsar was endowed with every great and noble quality that could exalt human nature, and give a man the ascendant in society: formed to excel in peace, as well as in war; provident in counsel; fearless in action; and executing what he had resolved with amazing celerity; generous beyond measure to his friends; placable to his enemies; and for parts, learning, eloquence, scarce inferior to any man. His orations were admired for two qualities which are seldom found together—strength and elegance. Cicero ranks him among the greatest orators that Rome ever bred; and Quintilian says, that he spoke with the

same force with which he fought; and if he had devoted himself to the bar, would have been the only man capable of rivalling Cicero. Nor was he a master only of the politer arts; but conversant also with the most abstruse and critical parts of learning; and, among other works which he published, addressed two books to Cicero on the analogy of language, or the art of speaking and writing correctly. He was a most liberal patron of wit and learning wheresoever they were found; and out of his love of those talents, would readily pardon those who had employed them against himself; rightly judging that by making such men his friends, he should draw praises from the same fountain from which he had been aspersed. His capital passions were ambition and love of pleasure, which he indulged in their turns to the greatest excess; yet the first was always predominant, to which he could easily sacrifice all the charms of the second, and draw pleasure even from toils and dangers when they ministered to his glory. For he thought Tyranny, as Cicero says, the greatest of goddesses; and had frequently in his mouth a verse of Euripides, which expressed the image of his soul, that, if right and justice were ever to be violated, they were to be violated for the sake of reigning. This was the chief end and purpose of his life; the scheme that he had formed from his early youth; so that, as Cato truly declared of him, he came with sobriety and meditation to the subversion of the republic. He used to say that there were two things necessary to acquire and to support power—soldiers and money: which yet depended mutually upon each other. With money, therefore, he provided soldiers, and with soldiers extorted money; and was of all men the most rapacious in plundering both friends and foes, sparing neither prince, nor state, nor temple, nor even private persons who were known to possess any share of treasure. His great abilities would necessarily have made him one of the first citizens of Rome: but disdaining the condition of a subject, he could never rest till he made himself a monarch. In acting this last part, his usual prudence seemed to fail him, as if the height to which he was mounted had turned his head and made him giddy; for, by a vain ostentation of his power, he destroyed the stability of it; and as men shorten life by living too fast, so, by an intemperance of reigning, he brought his reign to a violent end.

DAVID HUME.

Relying on the valuable collections of Carte; animated by a strong love of literary fame, which he avowed to be his ruling passion; desirous also of combating the popular prejudices in favour of Elizabeth and against the Stuarts; and master of a style singularly fascinating, simple, and graceful, the celebrated DAVID HUME left his philosophical studies to embark in historical composition. This eminent person was a native of Scotland, born of a good family, being the second son of Joseph Home (the historian first spelt the name Hume), laird of Ninewells, near Dunse, in Berwickshire. David was born in Edinburgh on the 26th of April 1711. After attending the university of Edinburgh, his friends were anxious that he should commence the study of the law, but a love of literature rendered him averse to this profession. An attempt was then made to establish him in business, and he was placed in a mercantile house in Bristol. This employment was found equally uncongenial, and Hume removed to France, where he passed some years in literary retirement, living with the utmost frugality and care on the small allowance made him by his family. He returned in 1737 to publish his first philosophical work, the *Treatise on Human Nature*, which he acknowledges 'fell dead-born from the press.' A third part appeared in 1740; and in 1742 he produced two volumes, entitled *Essays Moral and Philosophical*. Some of these miscellaneous productions are remarkable for research and discrimination, and for elegance of style. In 1745 he undertook the charge of the Marquis of Annandale, a young nobleman of deranged intellects; and in this humiliating employment the philosopher continued about a twelvemonth. He next made an unsuccessful attempt to be appointed professor of moral philosophy in his native university, after which he fortunately obtained the situation of secretary to Lieutenant-General St Clair, who was first appointed to the command of an expedition against Canada, and afterwards ambassador to the courts of Vienna and Turin. In the latter, Hume enjoyed congenial and refined society. Having remodelled his 'Treatise on


David Hume.

Human Nature,' he republished it in 1768 under the title of an *Inquiry Concerning the Human Understanding*. Next year he issued two volumes of *Political Discourses*, and, with a view to the promotion of his studies, assumed gratuitously the office of librarian to the Faculty of Advocates. He now struck into the path of historical writing. In 1754 appeared the first volume of his *History of Great Britain*, containing the reigns of James I. and Charles I. It was assailed by the Whigs with unusual bitterness, and Hume was so disappointed, partly from the attacks on him, and partly because of the slow sale of the work, that he intended retiring to France, changing his name, and never more returning to his native country. The breaking out of the war with France prevented this step, but we suspect the complacency of Hume and his love of Scotland would otherwise have frustrated his intention. A second volume of the history was published, with more success, in 1757; a third and fourth in 1759; and the two last in 1762. The work became highly popular; edition followed edition; and by universal consent Hume was placed at the head of English historians. In 1763 our author accompanied the Earl of Hertford on his embassy to Paris, where he was received with marked distinction. In 1766 he returned to Scotland, but was induced next year to accept the situa-

tion of under secretary of state, which he held for two years. With a revenue of £1000 a-year (which he considered opulence), the historian retired to his native city, where he continued to reside, in habits of intimacy with his literary friends, till his death, on the 25th of August 1776. His easy good-humoured disposition, his literary fame, his extensive knowledge and respectable rank in society, rendered his company always agreeable and interesting, even to those who were most decidedly opposed to the tone of scepticism which pervades all his writings. His opinions were never obtruded on his friends: he threw out dogmas for the learned, not food for the multitude.

The history of Hume is not a work of high authority, but it is one of the most easy, elegant, and interesting narratives in the language. The striking parts of his subject are related with a picturesque and dramatic force; and his dissertations on the state of parties and the tendency of particular events, are remarkable for the philosophical tone in which they are conceived and written. He was too indolent to be exact; too indifferent to sympathise heartily with any political party; too sceptical on matters of religion to appreciate justly the full force of religious principles in directing the course of public events. An enemy to all turbulence and enthusiasm, he naturally leaned to the side of settled government, even when it was united to arbitrary power; and though he could 'shed a generous tear for the fate of Charles I. and the Earl of Strafford,' the struggles of his poor countrymen for conscience' sake against the tyranny of the Stuarts, excited with him no other feelings than those of ridicule or contempt. He could even forget the merits and exaggerate the faults of the accomplished and chivalrous Raleigh, to shelter the sordid injustice of a weak and contemptible sovereign. No hatred of oppression burns through his pages. The careless epicurean repose of the philosopher was not disturbed by any visions of liberty, or any ardent aspirations for the improvement of mankind. Yet Hume was not a slavish worshipper of power. In his personal character he was liberal and independent: 'he had early in life,' says Sir James Mackintosh, 'conceived an antipathy to the Calvinistic divines, and his temperament led him at all times to regard with disgust and derision that religious enthusiasm or bigotry with which the spirit of English freedom was, in his opinion, inseparably associated: his intellect was also perhaps too active and original to submit with sufficient patience to the preparatory toils and long suspended judgment of a historian, and led him to form premature conclusions and precipitate theories, which it then became the pride of his ingenuity to justify.' A love of paradox undoubtedly led to his formation of the theory that the English government was purely despotic and absolute before the accession of the Stuarts. A love of effect, no less than his constitutional indolence, may have betrayed the historian into inconsistencies, and prompted some of his exaggeration and high colouring relative to the unfortunate Charles I., his trial and execution. Thus, in one page we are informed that 'the height of all iniquity and fanatical extravagance yet remained—the public trial and execution of the sovereign.' Three pages farther on, the historian remarks—'The pomp, the dignity, the ceremony of this transaction, corresponded to the greatest conception that is suggested in the annals of humankind; the delegates of a great people sitting in judgment upon their supreme magistrate, and trying him for his misgovernment and breach of trust.' With similar inconsistency he in one part admits, and in another denies, that Charles was insincere in dealing with his opponents. To illustrate his theory of the sudden elevation of Cromwell into importance, the historian states that about the meeting of parliament in 1640, the name of Oliver is not to be found oftener than twice upon any committee, whereas the journals of the House of Commons show that before the time specified, Cromwell was in forty-five committees, and twelve special messages to the Lords. Careless as to facts of this kind (hundreds of which errors have been pointed out), we must look at the general character of Hume's history; at its clear and admirable narrative; the philosophic composure and dignity of its style; the sagacity with which the views of conflicting sects and parties are estimated and developed; the large admissions which the author makes to his opponents; and the high importance he everywhere assigns to the cultivation of letters, and the interests of learning and literature. Judged by this elevated standard, the work of Hume must ever be regarded as an honour to British literature. It differs as widely from the previous annals and compilations as a finished portrait by Reynolds differs from the rude draughts of a country artist. The latter may be the more faithful external likeness, but is wanting in all that gives grace and sentiment, sweetness or loftiness, to the general composition.

[*State of Parties at the Reformation in England.*]

The friends of the Reformation asserted that nothing could be more absurd than to conceal, in an unknown tongue, the word of God itself, and thus to counteract the will of heaven, which, for the purpose of universal salvation, had published that salutary doctrine to all nations; that if this practice were not very absurd, the artifice at least was very gross, and proved a consciousness that the glosses and traditions of the clergy stood in direct opposition to the original text dictated by Supreme Intelligence; that it was now necessary for the people, so long abused by interested pretensions, to see with their own eyes, and to examine whether the claims of the ecclesiastics were founded on that charter which was on all hands acknowledged to be derived from heaven; and that, as a spirit of research and curiosity was happily revived, and men were now obliged to make a choice among the contending doctrines of different sects, the proper materials for decision, and, above all, the Holy Scriptures, should be set before them; and the revealed will of God, which the change of language had somewhat obscured, be again by their means revealed to mankind.

The favourers of the ancient religion maintained, on the other hand, that the pretence of making the people see with their own eyes was a mere cheat, and was itself a very gross artifice, by which the new preachers hoped to obtain the guidance of them, and to seduce them from those pastors whom the laws of ancient establishments, whom Heaven itself, had appointed for their spiritual direction; that the people were, by their ignorance, their stupidity, their necessary avocations, totally unqualified to choose their own principles; and it was a mockery to set materials before them of which they could not possibly make any proper use; that even in the affairs of common life, and in their temporal concerns, which lay more within the compass of human reason, the laws had in a great measure deprived them of the right of private judgment, and had, happily for their own and the public interest, regulated their conduct and behaviour; that theological questions were placed far beyond the sphere of vulgar comprehension; and ecclesiastics themselves, though assisted by all the advantages of education, erudition, and an assiduous study of the

science, could not be fully assured of a just decision; except by the promise made them in Scripture, that God would be ever present with his church, and that the gates of hell should not prevail against her; that the gross errors adopted by the wisest heathens prove how unfit men were to grope their own way through this profound darkness; nor would the Scriptures, if trusted to every man's judgment, be able to remedy, on the contrary, they would much augment those fatal illusions; that Sacred Writ itself was involved in so much obscurity, gave rise to so many difficulties, contained so many appearing contradictions, that it was the most dangerous weapon that could be intrusted into the hands of the ignorant and giddy multitude; that the poetical style in which a great part of it was composed, at the same time that it occasioned uncertainty in the sense by its multiplied tropes and figures, was sufficient to kindle the zeal of fanaticism, and thereby throw civil society into the most furious combustion; that a thousand sects must arise, which would pretend, each of them, to derive its tenets from the Scriptures; and would be able, by specious arguments, to seduce silly women and ignorant mechanics into a belief of the most monstrous principles; and that if ever this disorder, dangerous to the magistrate himself, received a remedy, it must be from the tacit acquiescence of the people in some new authority; and it was evidently better, without further contest or inquiry, to adhere peaceably to ancient, and therefore the more secure, establishments.

[*The Middle Ages—Progress of Freedom.*]

Those who cast their eye on the general revolutions of society, will find that, as almost all improvements of the human mind had reached nearly to their state of perfection about the age of Augustus, there was a sensible decline from that point or period; and men thenceforth gradually relapsed into ignorance and barbarism. The unlimited extent of the Roman empire, and the consequent despotism of its monarchs, extinguished all emulation, debased the generous spirits of men, and depressed the noble flame by which all the refined arts must be cherished and enlivened. The military government which soon succeeded, rendered even the lives and properties of men insecure and precarious; and proved destructive to those vulgar and more necessary arts of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce; and in the end, to the military art and genius itself, by which alone the immense fabric of the empire could be supported. The irruption of the barbarous nations which soon followed, overwhelmed all human knowledge, which was already far in its decline; and men sunk every age deeper into ignorance, stupidity, and superstition; till the light of ancient science and history had very nearly suffered a total extinction in all the European nations.

But there is a point of depression as well as of exaltation, from which human affairs naturally return in a contrary direction, and beyond which they seldom pass, either in their advancement or decline. The period in which the people of Christendom were the lowest sunk in ignorance, and consequently in disorders of every kind, may justly be fixed at the eleventh century, about the age of William the Conqueror; and from that era the sun of science, beginning to re-ascend, threw out many gleams of light, which preceded the full morning when letters were revived in the fifteenth century. The Danes and other northern people who had so long infested all the coasts, and even the inland parts of Europe, by their depredations, having now learned the arts of tillage and agriculture, found a certain subsistence at home, and were no longer tempted to desert their industry in order to seek a precarious livelihood by rapine and by the plunder of their neighbours. The feudal governments also, among the more southern nations, were reduced to a kind of system; and though that strange species of civil polity was ill fitted to insure either liberty or tranquillity, it was preferable to the universal license and disorder which had every where preceded it.

It may appear strange that the progress of the arts, which seems, among the Greeks and Romans, to have daily increased the number of slaves, should in later times have proved so general a source of liberty; but this difference in the events proceeded from a great difference in the circumstances which attended those institutions. The ancient barons, obliged to maintain themselves continually in a military posture, and little emulous of eloquence or splendour, employed not their villains as domestic servants, much less as manufacturers; but composed their retinue of freemen, whose military spirit rendered the chieftain formidable to his neighbours, and who were ready to attend him in every warlike enterprise. The villains were entirely occupied in the cultivation of their master's land, and paid their rents either in corn and cattle, and other produce of the farm, or in servile offices, which they performed about the baron's family, and upon the farms which he retained in his own possession. In proportion as agriculture improved and money increased, it was found that these services, though extremely burdensome to the villain, were of little advantage to the master; and that the produce of a large estate could be much more conveniently disposed of by the peasants themselves, who raised it, than by the landlord or his bailiff, who were formerly accustomed to receive it. A commutation was therefore made of rents for services, and of money rents for those in kind; and as men, in a subsequent age, discovered that farms were better cultivated where the farmer enjoyed a security in his possession, the practice of granting leases to the peasant began to prevail, which entirely broke the bonds of servitude, already much relaxed from the former practices. After this manner villanage went gradually into disuse throughout the more civilised parts of Europe: the interest of the master as well as that of the slave concurred in this alteration. The latest laws which we find in England for enforcing or regulating this species of servitude, were enacted in the reign of Henry VII. And though the ancient statutes on this head remain unrepealed by parliament, it appears that, before the end of Elizabeth, the distinction of villain and freeman was totally though insensibly abolished, and that no person remained in the state to whom the former laws could be applied.

Thus *personal* freedom became almost general in Europe; an advantage which paved the way for the increase of *political* or *civil* liberty, and which, even where it was not attended with this salutary effect, served to give the members of the community some of the most considerable advantages of it.

[*Death and Character of Queen Elizabeth.*]

Some incidents happened which revived her tenderness for Essex, and filled her with the deepest sorrow for the consent which she had unwarily given to his execution.

The Earl of Essex, after his return from the fortunate expedition against Cadiz, observing the increase of the queen's fond attachment towards him, took occasion to regret that the necessity of her service required him often to be absent from her person, and exposed him to all those ill offices which his enemies, more assiduous in their attendance, could employ against him. She was moved with this tender jealousy; and making him the present of a ring, desired him to keep that pledge of her affection, and assured him that into whatever disgrace he should fall, what-

ever prejudices she might be induced to entertain against him, yet if he sent her that ring, she would immediately, upon sight of it, recall her former tenderness, would afford him a patient hearing, and would lend a favourable ear to his apology. Essex, notwithstanding all his misfortunes, reserved this precious gift to the last extremity; but after his trial and condemnation, he resolved to try the experiment, and he committed the ring to the Countess of Nottingham, whom he desired to deliver it to the queen. The countess was prevailed on by her husband, the mortal enemy of Essex, not to execute the commission; and Elizabeth, who still expected that her favourite would make this last appeal to her tenderness, and who ascribed the neglect of it to his invincible obstinacy, was, after much delay and many internal combats, pushed by resentment and policy to sign the warrant for his execution. The Countess of Nottingham falling into sickness, and affected with the near approach of death, was seized with remorse for her conduct; and having obtained a visit from the queen, she craved her pardon, and revealed to her the fatal secret. The queen, astonished with this incident, burst into a furious passion: she shook the dying countess in her bed; and crying to her that God might pardon her, but she never could, she broke from her, and thenceforth resigned herself over to the deepest and most incurable melancholy. She rejected all consolation: she even refused food and sustenance; and, throwing herself on the floor, she remained sullen and immovable, feeding her thoughts on her afflictions, and declaring life and existence an insufferable burden to her. Few words she uttered; and they were all expressive of some inward grief which she cared not to reveal: but sighs and groans were the chief vent which she gave to her despondency, and which, though they discovered her sorrows, were never able to ease or assuage them. Ten days and nights she lay upon the carpet, leaning on cushions which her maids brought her; and her physicians could not persuade her to allow herself to be put to bed, much less to make trial of any remedies which they prescribed to her. Her anxious mind at last had so long preyed on her frail body, that her end was visibly approaching; and the council being assembled, sent the keeper, admiral, and secretary, to know her will with regard to her successor. She answered with a faint voice that as she had held a regal sceptre, she desired no other than a royal successor. Cecil requesting her to explain herself more particularly, she subjoined that she would have a king to succeed her; and who should that be but her nearest kinsman, the king of Scots? Being then advised by the archbishop of Canterbury to fix her thoughts upon God, she replied that she did so, nor did her mind in the least wander from him. Her voice soon after left her; her senses failed; she fell into a lethargic slumber, which continued some hours, and she expired gently, without farther struggle or convulsion (March 24), in the seventieth year of her age and forty-fifth of her reign.

So dark a cloud overcast the evening of that day, which had shone out with a mighty lustre in the eyes of all Europe. There are few great personages in history who have been more exposed to the calumny of enemies and the adulation of friends than Queen Elizabeth; and yet there is scarcely any whose reputation has been more certainly determined by the unanimous consent of posterity. The unusual length of her administration, and the strong features of her character, were able to overcome all prejudices; and obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her admirers somewhat of their panegyrics, have at last, in spite of political factions, and what is more, of religious animosities, produced a uniform judgment with regard to her conduct. Her vigour, her constancy, her magnanimity, her penetration, vigilance, and address, are allowed to merit the highest praises, and appear not to have been surpassed by any person that ever filled a throne: a conduct less rigorous, less imperious, more sincere, more indulgent to her people, would have been requisite to form a perfect character. By the force of her mind she controlled all her more active and stronger qualities, and prevented them from running into excess: her heroism was exempt from temerity, her frugality from avarice, her friendship from partiality, her active temper from turbulency and a vain ambition: she guarded not herself with equal care or equal success from lesser infirmities; the rivalship of beauty, the desire of admiration, the jealousy of love, and the sallies of anger.

Her singular talents for government were founded equally on her temper and on her capacity. Endowed with a great command over herself, she soon obtained an uncontrolled ascendant over her people; and while she merited all their esteem by her real virtues, she also engaged their affections by her pretended ones. Few sovereigns of England succeeded to the throne in more difficult circumstances; and none ever conducted the government with such uniform success and felicity. Though unacquainted with the practice of toleration—the true secret for managing religious factions—she preserved her people, by her superior prudence, from those confusions in which theological controversy had involved all the neighbouring nations: and though her enemies were the most powerful princes of Europe, the most active, the most enterprising, the least scrupulous, she was able by her vigour to make deep impressions on their states; her own greatness meanwhile remained untouched and unimpaired.

The wise ministers and brave warriors who flourished under her reign, share the praise of her success; but instead of lessening the applause due to her, they make great addition to it. They owed, all of them, their advancement to her choice; they were supported by her constancy, and with all their abilities, they were never able to acquire any undue ascendant over her. In her family, in her court, in her kingdom, she remained equally mistress: the force of the tender passions was great over her, but the force of her mind was still superior; and the combat which her victory visibly cost her, serves only to display the firmness of her resolution, and the loftiness of her ambitious sentiments.

The fame of this princess, though it has surmounted the prejudices both of faction and bigotry, yet lies still exposed to another prejudice, which is more durable because more natural, and which, according to the different views in which we survey her, is capable either of exalting beyond measure or diminishing the lustre of her character. This prejudice is founded on the consideration of her sex. When we contemplate her as a woman, we are apt to be struck with the highest admiration of her great qualities and extensive capacity; but we are also apt to require some more softness of disposition, some greater lenity of temper, some of those amiable weaknesses by which her sex is distinguished. But the true method of estimating her merit is to lay aside all these considerations, and consider her merely as a rational being placed in authority, and intrusted with the government of mankind. We may find it difficult to reconcile our fancy to her as a wife or a mistress; but her qualities as a sovereign, though with some considerable exceptions, are the object of undisputed applause and approbation.

DR WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

Dr William Robertson was born at Borthwick, county of Edinburgh, in the year 1721. His father was a clergyman, minister of Borthwick, and after-

wards of the Greyfriars church, Edinburgh: the son was also educated for the church. In 1743 he was appointed minister of Gladsmuir, in Haddingtonshire, whence he removed, in 1758, to be incumbent of Lady Yester's parish in Edinburgh. He had distinguished himself by his talents in the



Dr William Robertson.

General Assembly; but it was not till 1759 that he became known as a historian. In that year he published his *History of Scotland during the Reigns of Queen Mary and of King James VI., till his Accession to the Crown of England*, by which his fortune was benefited to the extent of £600, and his fame was by one effort placed on an imperishable basis. No first work was ever more successful. The author was congratulated by all who were illustrious for their rank or talents. He was appointed chaplain of Stirling castle; in two years afterwards he was nominated one of his majesty's chaplains in ordinary for Scotland; and he was successively made principal of the university of Edinburgh, and historiographer for Scotland, with a salary of £200 per annum. Stimulated by such success, as well as by a love of composition, Dr Robertson continued his studies, and in 1769 he produced his *History of the Reign of Charles V.*, in three volumes, quarto, for which he received from the booksellers the princely sum of £4500. It was equally well received with his former work. In 1777 he published his *History of America*, and in 1791 his *Historical Disquisition on Ancient India*, a slight work, to which he had been led by Major Rennel's Memoirs of a Map of Hindostan. For many years Dr Robertson was leader of the moderate party in the church of Scotland, in which capacity he is said to have evinced in the General Assembly a readiness and eloquence in debate which his friend Gibbon might have envied in the House of Commons. After a gradual decay of his powers, this accomplished historian died on the 11th of June 1793, in the seventy-first year of his age.

The 'History of Scotland' possesses the interest and something of the character of a memoir of Mary Queen of Scots. This unfortunate princess forms the attraction of the work; and though Robertson is not among the number of her indiscriminate admirers and apologists, he labours (with more of the art of the writer to produce a romantic and interesting narrative, than with the zeal of the philosopher to establish truth) to awaken the sympathies of the reader strongly in her behalf. The luminous historical views and retrospects in which this historian excels, were indicated in his introductory chapter on Scottish history, prior to the birth of Mary. Though a brief and rapid summary, this chapter is finely written, and is remarkable equally for elegance and perspicuity. The style of Robertson seems to have surprised his contemporaries; and Horace Walpole, in a letter to the author, expresses the feeling with his usual point and vivacity. 'Before I read your history, I should probably have been glad to dictate to you, and (I will venture to say it—it satirises nobody but myself) should have thought I did honour to an obscure Scotch clergyman by directing his studies by my superior lights and abilities. How you have saved me, sir, from making a ridiculous figure, by making so great a one yourself! But could I suspect that a man I believe much younger, and whose dialect I scarce understood, and who came to me with all the diffidence and modesty of a very middling author, and who I was told had passed his life in a small living near Edinburgh—could I then suspect that he had not only written what all the world now allows the best modern history, but that he had written it in the purest English, and with as much seeming knowledge of men and courts as if he had passed all his life in important embassies?' This is delicate though somewhat overstrained flattery. Two of the quarto volumes of Hume's history had then been published, and his inimitable essays were also before the world, showing that in mere style a Scotchman could carry off the palm for ease and elegance. Robertson is more uniform and measured than Hume. He has few salient points, and no careless beauties. His style is a full and equable stream, that rolls everywhere the same, without lapsing into irregularity, or overflowing its prescribed course. It wants spirit and variety. Of grandeur or dignity there is no deficiency; and when the subject awakens a train of lofty or philosophical ideas, the manner of the historian is in fine accordance with his matter. When he sums up the character of a sovereign, or traces the progress of society and the influence of laws and government, we recognise the mind and language of a master in historical composition. The artificial graces of his style are also finely displayed in scenes of tenderness and pathos, or in picturesque description. His account of the beauty and sufferings of Mary, or of the voyage of Columbus, when the first glimpses of the new world broke upon the adventurers, possesses almost enough of imagination to rank it with poetry. The whole of the 'History of America' is indeed full of the strongest interest. The discovery of so vast a portion of the globe, the luxuriance of its soil, the primitive manners of its natives, the pomp, magnificence, and cruelty of its conquerors, all form a series of historical pictures and images that powerfully affect the mind. No history of America can ever supplant the work of Robertson, for his materials are so well arranged, his information so varied, his philosophical reflections so just and striking, and his narrative so graceful, that nothing could be added but mere details destitute of any interest. His 'History of the Reign of Charles V.' wants this natural romance, but the knowledge displayed by the historian, and the enlarged and liberal spirit of his philosophical inquiries, are scarcely less worthy of commendation. The first volume, which describes the state of Europe previous to the sixteenth century, contains the result of much study and research, expressed in

language often eloquent, and generally pleasing and harmonious. If the 'pomp and strut' which Cowper the poet imputes to Robertson be sometimes apparent in the orderly succession of well-balanced and equally flowing periods, it must be acknowledged that there is also much real dignity and power, springing from the true elevation of intellectual and moral character.

A late acute critic, Mr Gifford, has thus discriminated between the styles of Hume and Robertson: 'Hume, the most contracted in his subject, is the most finished in execution; the nameless numberless graces of his style; the apparent absence of elaboration, yet the real effect produced by efforts the most elaborate; the simplicity of his sentences, the perspicuity of his ideas, the purity of his expression, entitle him to the name and to the praises of another Xenophon. Robertson never attained to the same graceful ease, or the same unbounded variety of expression. With a fine ear and exact judgment in the construction of his sentences, and with an absence of Scotticisms, truly wonderful in one who had never ceased to converse with Scotsmen, there is in the sentences of this historian something resembling the pace of an animal disciplined by assiduous practice to the curb, and never moving but in conformity to the rules of the manège. The taste of Hume was Greek- Attic Greek: he had, as far as the genius of the two languages would permit, collected the very juice and flavour of their style, and transfused it into his own. Robertson, we suspect, though a good, was never a profound scholar: from the peculiar nature of his education, and his early engagement in the duties of his profession, he had little leisure to be learned. Both, in their several ways, were men of the world; but Hume, polished by long intercourse with the best society in France, as well as his own country, transferred some portion of easy high-breeding from his manners to his writings; while his friend, though no man was ever more completely emancipated from the bigotry of a Scots minister, or from the pedantry of the head of a college, in his intercourse (which he assiduously courted) with the great, did not catch that last grace and polish which intercourse without equality will never produce, and which, for that reason, mere *savans* rarely acquire from society more liberal or more dignified than what is found in their own rank.'

[Character of Mary Queen of Scots.]

To all the charms of beauty and the utmost elegance of external form, she added those accomplishments which render their impression irresistible. Polite, affable, insinuating, sprightly, and capable of speaking and of writing with equal ease and dignity. Sudden, however, and violent in all her attachments, because her heart was warm and unsuspicious. Impatient of contradiction, because she had been accustomed from her infancy to be treated as a queen. No stranger, on some occasions, to dissimulation, which, in that perfidious court where she received her education, was reckoned among the necessary arts of government. Not insensible of flattery, or unconscious of that pleasure with which almost every woman beholds the influence of her own beauty. Formed with the qualities which we love, not with the talents that we admire, she was an agreeable woman rather than an illustrious queen. The vivacity of her spirit, not sufficiently tempered with sound judgment, and the warmth of her heart, which was not at all times under the restraint of discretion, betrayed her both into errors and into crimes. To say that she was always unfortunate will not account for that long and almost uninterrupted succession of calamities which befell her; we must likewise add that she was often imprudent. Her passion for Darnley was rash, youthful, and excessive. And though the sudden transition to the opposite extreme was the natural effect of her ill-requited love, and of his ingratitude, insolence, and brutality, yet neither these nor Bothwell's artful address and important services can justify her attachment to that nobleman. Even the manners of the age, licentious as they were, are no apology for this unhappy passion; nor can they induce us to look on that tragical and infamous scene which followed upon it with less abhorrence. Humanity will draw a veil over this part of her character which it cannot approve, and may, perhaps, prompt some to impute her actions to her situation more than to her dispositions, and to lament the unhappiness of the former rather than accuse the perverseness of the latter. Mary's sufferings exceed, both in degree and in duration, those tragical distresses which fancy has feigned to excite sorrow and commiseration; and while we survey them, we are apt altogether to forget her frailties; we think of her faults with less indignation, and approve of our tears as if they were shed for a person who had attained much nearer to pure virtue.

With regard to the queen's person, a circumstance not to be omitted in writing the history of a female reign, all contemporary authors agree in ascribing to Mary the utmost beauty of countenance and elegance of shape of which the human form is capable. Her hair was black, though, according to the fashion of that age, she frequently wore borrowed locks, and of different colours. Her eyes were a dark gray, her complexion was exquisitely fine, and her hands and arms remarkably delicate, both as to shape and colour. Her stature was of a height that rose to the majestic. She danced, she walked, and rode with equal grace. Her taste for music was just, and she both sung and played upon the lute with uncommon skill. Towards the end of her life she began to grow fat, and her long confinement and the coldness of the houses in which she had been imprisoned, brought on a rheumatism, which deprived her of the use of her limbs. 'No man,' says Brantome, 'ever beheld her person without admiration and love, or will read her history without sorrow.'

[Martin Luther.]

[From the 'History of Charles V.']

While appearances of danger daily increased, and the tempest which had been so long a gathering was ready to break forth in all its violence against the Protestant church, Luther was saved, by a seasonable death, from feeling or beholding its destructive rage. Having gone, though in a declining state of health, and during a rigorous season, to his native city of Eysleben, in order to compose, by his authority, a dissension among the counts of Mansfield, he was seized with a violent inflammation in his stomach, which in a few days put an end to his life, in the sixty-third year of his age. As he was raised up by providence to be the author of one of the greatest and most interesting revolutions recorded in history, there is not any person, perhaps, whose character has been drawn with such opposite colours. In his own age, one party, struck with horror and inflamed with rage, when they saw with what a daring hand he overturned everything which they held to be sacred, or valued as beneficial, imputed to him not only all the defects and vices of a man, but the qualities of a demon. The other, warmed with the admiration and gratitude which they thought he merited as the restorer of light and liberty to the Christian church, ascribed to him perfections above the condition of humanity, and viewed all his actions with a venera-

tion bordering on that which should be paid only to those who are guided by the immediate inspiration of heaven. It is his own conduct, not the undistinguishing censure or the exaggerated praise of his contemporaries, that ought to regulate the opinions of the present age concerning him. Zeal for what he regarded as truth, undaunted intrepidity to maintain his own system, abilities, both natural and acquired, to defend his principles, and unwearied industry in propagating them, are virtues which shine so conspicuously in every part of his behaviour, that even his enemies must allow him to have possessed them in an eminent degree. To these may be added, with equal justice, such purity and even austerity of manners as became one who assumed the character of a reformer; such sanctity of life as suited the doctrine which he delivered; and such perfect disinterestedness as affords no slight presumption of his sincerity. Superior to all selfish considerations, a stranger to the elegancies of life, and despising its pleasures, he left the honours and emoluments of the church to his disciples, remaining satisfied himself in his original state of professor in the university, and pastor of the town of Wittemberg, with the moderate appointments annexed to these offices. His extraordinary qualities were alloyed with no inconsiderable mixture of human frailty and human passions. These, however, were of such a nature, that they cannot be imputed to malevolence or corruption of heart, but seem to have taken their rise from the same source with many of his virtues. His mind, forcible and vehement in all its operations, roused by great objects, or agitated by violent passions, broke out, on many occasions, with an impetuosity which astonishes men of feebler spirits, or such as are placed in a more tranquil situation. By carrying some praiseworthy dispositions to excess, he bordered sometimes on what was culpable, and was often betrayed into actions which exposed him to censure. His confidence that his own opinions were well-founded, approached to arrogance; his courage in asserting them, to rashness; his firmness in adhering to them, to obstinacy; and his zeal in confuting his adversaries, to rage and scurrility. Accustomed himself to consider everything as subordinate to truth, he expected the same deference for it from other men; and without making any allowances for their timidity or prejudices, he poured forth against such as disappointed him, in this particular, a torrent of invective mingled with contempt. Regardless of any distinction of rank or character when his doctrines were attacked, he chastised all his adversaries indiscriminately with the same rough hand; neither the royal dignity of Henry VIII., nor the eminent learning and abilities of Erasmus, screened them from the same gross abuse with which he treated Tetzel or Eccius.

But these indecencies, of which Luther was guilty, must not be imputed wholly to the violence of his temper. They ought to be charged in part on the manners of the age. Among a rude people, unacquainted with those maxims which, by putting continual restraint on the passions of individuals, have polished society and rendered it agreeable, disputes of every kind were managed with heat, and strong emotions were uttered in their natural language without reserve or delicacy. At the same time the works of learned men were all composed in Latin, and they were not only authorised, by the example of eminent writers in that language, to use their antagonists with the most illiberal scurrility; but in a dead tongue, indecencies of every kind appear less shocking than in a living language, whose idioms and phrases seem gross, because they are familiar.

In passing judgment upon the characters of men, we ought to try them by the principles and maxims of their own age, not by those of another; for although virtue and vice are at all times the same, manners and customs vary continually. Some parts of Luther's behaviour, which appear to us most culpable, gave no disgust to his contemporaries. It was even by some of those qualities, which we are now apt to blame, that he was fitted for accomplishing the great work which he undertook. To rouse mankind, when sunk in ignorance or superstition, and to encounter the rage of bigotry armed with power, required the utmost vehemence of zeal, as well as a temper daring to excess. A gentle call would neither have reached nor have excited those to whom it was addressed. A spirit more amiable, but less vigorous than Luther's, would have shrunk back from the dangers which he braved and surmounted.

[*Discovery of America.*]

Next morning, being Friday the third day of August, in the year 1492, Columbus set sail, a little before sunrise, in presence of a vast crowd of spectators, who sent up their supplications to heaven for the prosperous issue of the voyage, which they wished rather than expected. Columbus steered directly for the Canary Islands, and arrived there without any occurrence that would have deserved notice on any other occasion. But in a voyage of such expectation and importance, every circumstance was the object of attention. * * *

Upon the 1st of October they were, according to the admiral's reckoning, seven hundred and seventy leagues to the west of the Canaries; but, lest his men should be intimidated by the prodigious length of the navigation, he gave out that they had proceeded only five hundred and eighty-four leagues; and, fortunately for Columbus, neither his own pilot nor those of the other ships had skill sufficient to correct this error and discover the deceit. They had now been above three weeks at sea; they had proceeded far beyond what former navigators had attempted or deemed possible; all their prognostics of discovery, drawn from the flight of birds and other circumstances, had proved fallacious; the appearances of land, with which their own credulity or the artifice of their commander had from time to time flattered and amused them, had been altogether illusive, and their prospect of success seemed now to be as distant as ever. These reflections occurred often to men who had no other object or occupation than to reason and discourse concerning the intention and circumstances of their expedition. They made impression at first upon the ignorant and timid, and extending by degrees to such as were better informed or more resolute, the contagion spread at length from ship to ship. From secret whispers or murmurings they proceeded to open cabals and public complaints. They taxed their sovereign with inconsiderate credulity, in paying such regard to the vain promises and rash conjectures of an indigent foreigner, as to hazard the lives of so many of her own subjects in prosecuting a chimerical scheme. They affirmed that they had fully performed their duty by venturing so far in an unknown and hopeless course, and could incur no blame for refusing to follow any longer a desperate adventurer to certain destruction. They contended that it was necessary to think of returning to Spain while their crazy vessels were still in a condition to keep the sea, but expressed their fears that the attempt would prove vain, as the wind, which had hitherto been so favourable to their course, must render it impossible to sail in the opposite direction. All agreed that Columbus should be compelled by force to adopt a measure on which their common safety depended. Some of the more audacious proposed, as the most expeditious and certain method for getting rid at once of his remonstrances, to throw him into the sea, being persuaded that, upon their return to Spain, the death of an un-

successful projector would excite little concern, and be inquired into with no curiosity.

Columbus was fully sensible of his perilous situation. He had observed, with great uneasiness, the fatal operation of ignorance and of fear in producing disaffection among his crew, and saw that it was now ready to burst out into open mutiny. He retained, however, perfect presence of mind. He affected to seem ignorant of their machinations. Notwithstanding the agitation and solicitude of his own mind, he appeared with a cheerful countenance, like a man satisfied with the progress he had made, and confident of success. Sometimes he employed all the arts of insinuation to soothe his men. Sometimes he endeavoured to work upon their ambition or avarice by magnificent descriptions of the fame and wealth which they were about to acquire. On other occasions he assumed a tone of authority, and threatened them with vengeance from their sovereign if, by their dastardly behaviour, they should defeat this noble effort to promote the glory of God, and to exalt the Spanish name above that of every other nation. Even with seditious sailors, the words of a man whom they had been accustomed to reverence, were weighty and persuasive, and not only restrained them from those violent excesses which they meditated, but prevailed with them to accompany their admiral for some time longer.

As they proceeded, the indications of approaching land seemed to be more certain, and excited hope in proportion. The birds began to appear in flocks, making towards the south-west. Columbus, in imitation of the Portuguese navigators, who had been guided in several of their discoveries by the motion of birds, altered his course from due west towards that quarter whither they pointed their flight. But, after holding on for several days in this new direction without any better success than formerly, having seen no object during thirty days but the sea and the sky, the hopes of his companions subsided faster than they had risen; their fears revived with additional force; impatience, rage, and despair appeared in every countenance. All sense of subordination was lost. The officers, who had hitherto concurred with Columbus in opinion, and supported his authority, now took part with the private men; they assembled tumultuously on the deck, expostulated with their commander, mingled threats with their expostulations, and required him instantly to tack about and return to Europe. Columbus perceived that it would be of no avail to have recourse to any of his former arts, which, having been tried so often, had lost their effect; and that it was impossible to rekindle any zeal for the success of the expedition among men in whose breasts fear had extinguished every generous sentiment. He saw that it was no less vain to think of employing either gentle or severe measures to quell a mutiny so general and so violent. It was necessary, on all these accounts, to soothe passions which he could no longer command, and to give way to a torrent too impetuous to be checked. He promised solemnly to his men that he would comply with their request, provided they would accompany him and obey his command for three days longer, and if, during that time, land were not discovered, he would then abandon the enterprise, and direct his course towards Spain.

Enraged as the sailors were, and impatient to turn their faces again towards their native country, this proposition did not appear to them unreasonable; nor did Columbus hazard much in confining himself to a term so short. The presages of discovering land were now so numerous and promising that he deemed them infallible. For some days the sounding line reached the bottom, and the soil which it brought up indicated land to be at no great distance. The flocks of birds increased, and were composed not only of sea-fowl, but of such land birds as could not be supposed to fly far from the shore. The crew of the Pinta observed a cane floating, which seemed to have been newly cut, and likewise a piece of timber artificially carved. The sailors aboard the Nigna took up the branch of a tree with red berries perfectly fresh. The clouds around the setting sun assumed a new appearance; the air was more mild and warm, and during night the wind became unequal and variable. From all these symptoms Columbus was so confident of being near land, that on the evening of the eleventh of October, after public prayers for success, he ordered the sails to be furled, and the ships to lie to, keeping strict watch lest they should be driven ashore in the night. During this interval of suspense and expectation, no man shut his eyes, all kept upon deck, gazing intently towards that quarter where they expected to discover the land, which had so long been the object of their wishes.

About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the forecastle, observed a light at a distance, and privately pointed it out to Pedro Guttierez, a page of the queen's wardrobe. Guttierez perceived it, and calling to Salcedo, comptroller of the fleet, all three saw it in motion, as if it were carried from place to place. A little after midnight, the joyful sound of *land! land!* was heard from the Pinta, which kept always a-head of the other ships. But having been so often deceived by fallacious appearances, every man was now become slow of belief, and waited in all the anguish of uncertainty and impatience for the return of day. As soon as morning dawned, all doubts and fears were dispelled. From every ship an island was seen about two leagues to the north, whose flat and verdant fields, well stored with wood, and watered with many rivulets, presented the aspect of a delightful country. The crew of the Pinta instantly began the *Te Deum*, as a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships with tears of joy and transports of congratulation. This office of gratitude to Heaven was followed by an act of justice to their commander. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, with feelings of self-condemnation, mingled with reverence. They implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had created him so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of his well-concerted plan; and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced the man whom they had so lately reviled and threatened, to be a person inspired by Heaven with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conception of all former ages.

As soon as the sun arose, all their boats were manned and armed. They rowed towards the island with their colours displayed, with warlike music, and other martial pomp. As they approached the coast, they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the spectacle had drawn together, whose attitudes and gestures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view. Columbus was the first European who set foot on the new world which he had discovered. He landed in a rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and, kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had so long desired to see. They next erected a crucifix, and prostrating themselves before it, returned thanks to God for conducting their voyage to such a happy issue. They then took solemn possession of the country for the crown of Castile and Leon, with all the formalities which the Portuguese were accustomed to observe in acts of this kind in their new discoveries.

The Spaniards, while thus employed, were sur-

rounded by many of the natives, who gazed in silent admiration upon actions which they could not comprehend, and of which they did not foresee the consequences. The dress of the Spaniards, the whiteness of their skins, their beards, their arms, appeared strange and surprising. The vast machines in which they had traversed the ocean, that seemed to move upon the the waters with wings, and uttered a dreadful sound resembling thunder, accompanied with lightning and smoke, struck them with such terror that they began to respect their new guests as a superior order of beings, and concluded that they were children of the sun, who had descended to visit the earth.

The Europeans were hardly less amazed at the scene now before them. Every herb and shrub and tree was different from those which flourished in Europe. The soil seemed to be rich, but bore few marks of cultivation. The climate, even to the Spaniards, felt warm, though extremely delightful. The inhabitants appeared in the simple innocence of nature, entirely naked. Their black hair, long and uncurled, floated upon their shoulders, or was bound in tresses on their heads. They had no beards, and every part of their bodies was perfectly smooth. Their complexion was of a dusty copper colour, their features singular rather than disagreeable, their aspect gentle and timid. Though not tall, they were well-shaped and active. Their faces, and several parts of their bodies, were fantastically painted with glaring colours. They were shy at first through fear, but soon became familiar with the Spaniards, and with transports of joy received from them hawk-bells, glass beads, or other baubles; in return for which they gave such provisions as they had, and some cotton yarn, the only commodity of value which they could produce. Towards evening, Columbus returned to his ship, accompanied by many of the islanders in their boats, which they called canoes, and though rudely formed out of the trunk of a single tree, they rowed them with surprising dexterity. Thus, in the first interview between the inhabitants of the old and new worlds, everything was conducted amicably and to their mutual satisfaction. The former, enlightened and ambitious, formed already vast ideas with respect to the advantages which they might derive from the regions that began to open to their view. The latter, simple and undiscerning, had no foresight of the calamities and desolation which were approaching their country!

[*Chivalry.*]

Among uncivilised nations, there is but one profession honourable—that of arms. All the ingenuity and vigour of the human mind are exerted in acquiring military skill or address. The functions of peace are few and simple, and require no particular course of education or of study as a preparation for discharging them. This was the state of Europe during several centuries. Every gentleman, born a soldier, scorned any other occupation. He was taught no science but that of war; even his exercises and pastimes were feats of martial prowess. Nor did the judicial character, which persons of noble birth were alone entitled to assume, demand any degree of knowledge beyond that which such untutored soldiers possessed. To recollect a few traditionary customs which time had confirmed and rendered respectable, to mark out the lists of battle with due formality, to observe the issue of the combat, and to pronounce whether it had been conducted according to the laws of arms, included every thing that a baron, who acted as a judge, found it necessary to understand.

But when the forms of legal proceedings were fixed, when the rules of decision were committed to writing and collected into a body, law became a science, the knowledge of which required a regular course of study, together with long attention to the practice of courts. Martial and illiterate nobles had neither leisure nor inclination to undertake a task so laborious, as well as so foreign from all the occupations which they deemed entertaining or suitable to their rank. They gradually relinquished their places in courts of justice, where their ignorance exposed them to contempt. They became weary of attending to the discussion of cases which grew too intricate for them to comprehend. Not only the judicial determination of points, which were the subject of controversy, but the conduct of all legal business and transactions, was committed to persons trained by previous study and application to the knowledge of law. An order of men, to whom their fellow-citizens had daily recourse for advice, and to whom they looked up for decision in their most important concerns, naturally acquired consideration and influence in society. They were advanced to honours which had been considered hitherto as the peculiar rewards of military virtue. They were intrusted with offices of the highest dignity and most extensive power. Thus, another profession than that of arms came to be introduced among the laity, and was reputed honourable. The functions of civil life were attended to. The talents requisite for discharging them were cultivated. A new road was opened to wealth and eminence. The arts and virtues of peace were placed in their proper rank, and received their due recompense.

While improvements, so important with respect to the state of society and the administration of justice, gradually made progress in Europe, sentiments more liberal and generous had begun to animate the nobles. These were inspired by the spirit of chivalry, which, though considered commonly as a wild institution, the effect of caprice, and the source of extravagance, arose naturally from the state of society at that period, and had a very serious influence in refining the manners of the European nations. The feudal state was a state of almost perpetual war, rapine, and anarchy; during which the weak and unarmed were exposed to insults or injuries. The power of the sovereign was too limited to prevent these wrongs, and the administration of justice too feeble to redress them. The most effectual protection against violence and oppression was often found to be that which the valour and generosity of private persons afforded. The same spirit of enterprise which had prompted so many gentlemen to take arms in defence of the oppressed pilgrims in Palestine, incited others to declare themselves the patrons and avengers of injured innocence at home. When the final reduction of the Holy Land, under the dominion of infidels, put an end to these foreign expeditions, the latter was the only employment left for the activity and courage of adventurers. To check the insolence of overgrown oppressors; to rescue the helpless from captivity; to protect or to avenge women, orphans, and ecclesiastics, who could not bear arms in their own defence; to redress wrongs and remove grievances; were deemed acts of the highest prowess and merit. Valour, humanity, courtesy, justice, honour, were the characteristic qualities of chivalry. To these were added religion, which mingled itself with every passion and institution during the middle ages, and by infusing a large proportion of enthusiastic zeal, gave them such force as carried them to romantic excess. Men were trained to knighthood by a long previous discipline; they were admitted into the order by solemnities no less devout than pompous; every person of noble birth courted that honour; it was deemed a distinction superior to royalty; and monarchs were proud to receive it from the hands of private gentlemen.

This singular institution, in which valour, gallantry, and religion, were so strangely blended, was wonder-

fully adapted to the taste and genius of martial nobles; and its effects were soon visible in their manners. War was carried on with less ferocity when humanity came to be deemed the ornament of knighthood no less than courage. More gentle and polished manners were introduced when courtesy was recommended as the most amiable of knightly virtues. Violence and oppression decreased when it was reckoned meritorious to check and to punish them. A scrupulous adherence to truth, with the most religious attention to fulfil every engagement, became the distinguishing characteristic of a gentleman, because chivalry was regarded as the school of honour, and inculcated the most delicate sensibility with respect to those points. The admiration of these qualities, together with the high distinctions and prerogatives conferred on knighthood in every part of Europe, inspired persons of noble birth on some occasions with a species of military fanaticism, and led them to extravagant enterprises. But they deeply imprinted on their minds the principles of generosity and honour. These were strengthened by everything that can affect the senses or touch the heart. The wild exploits of those romantic knights who sallied forth in quest of adventures are well known, and have been treated with proper ridicule. The political and permanent effects of the spirit of chivalry have been less observed. Perhaps the humanity which accompanies all the operations of war, the refinements of gallantry, and the point of honour—the three chief circumstances which distinguish modern from ancient manners—may be ascribed in a great measure to this institution, which has appeared whimsical to superficial observers, but by its effects has proved of great benefit to mankind. The sentiments which chivalry inspired had a wonderful influence on manners and conduct during the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. They were so deeply rooted, that they continued to operate after the vigour and reputation of the institution itself began to decline.

[*Characters of Francis I. and the Emperor Charles V.*]

During twenty-eight years an avowed rivalship subsisted between Francis I. and the Emperor Charles V., which involved not only their own dominions, but the greatest part of Europe, in wars which were prosecuted with more violent animosity, and drawn out to a greater length, than had been known in any former period. Many circumstances contributed to this. Their animosity was founded in opposition of interest, heightened by personal emulation, and exasperated, not only by mutual injuries, but by reciprocal insults. At the same time, whatever advantage one seemed to possess towards gaining the ascendant, was wonderfully balanced by some favourable circumstance peculiar to the other.

The emperor's dominions were of greater extent; the French king's lay more compact. Francis governed his kingdom with absolute power; that of Charles was limited, but he supplied the want of authority by address. The troops of the former were more impetuous and enterprising; those of the latter better disciplined, and more patient of fatigue. The talents and abilities of the two monarchs were as different as the advantages which they possessed, and contributed no less to prolong the contest between them. Francis took his resolutions suddenly, prosecuted them at first with warmth, and pushed them into execution with a most adventurous courage; but being destitute of the perseverance necessary to surmount difficulties, he often abandoned his designs, or relaxed the vigour of pursuit from impatience, and sometimes from levity. Charles deliberated long, and determined with coolness; but having once fixed his plan, he adhered to it with inflexible obstinacy, and neither danger nor discouragement could turn him aside from the execution of it. The success of their enterprises was suitable to the diversity of their characters, and was uniformly influenced by it. Francis, by his impetuous activity, often disconcerted the emperor's best laid schemes, Charles, by a more calm but steady prosecution of his designs, checked the rapidity of his rival's career, and baffled or repulsed his most vigorous efforts. The former, at the opening of a war or of a campaign, broke in upon the enemy with the violence of a torrent, and carried all before him; the latter, waiting until he saw the force of his rival beginning to abate, recovered in the end not only all that he had lost, but made new acquisitions. Few of the French monarch's attempts towards conquest, whatever promising aspect they might wear at first, were conducted to a happy issue; many of the emperor's enterprises, even after they appeared desperate and impracticable, terminated in the most prosperous manner.

The success of Hume and Robertson extended the demand for historical composition; and before adverting to their great rival Gibbon, we may glance at some of the subordinate labourers in the same field. In the year 1758, Dr SMOLLETT published, in four volumes quarto, his *Complete History of England, deduced from the Descent of Julius Cæsar to the Treaty of Aix la Chapelle*, 1748. In extent and completeness of design, this history approaches nearest to the works of the historical masters; but its execution is unequal, and it abounds in errors and inconsistences. It was rapidly composed; and though Smollett was too fluent and practised a writer to fail in narrative (his account of the rebellion in 1745-6, and his observations on the act for the relief of debtors in 1759, are excellent specimens of his best style and his benevolence of character), he could not, without adequate study and preparation, succeed in so important an undertaking. Smollett afterwards continued his work to the year 1765. The portion from the Revolution of 1688 to the death of George II. is usually printed as a continuation to Hume.

The views which Dr Robertson had taken of the reign and character of Mary Queen of Scots, were combated by WILLIAM TYTLER of Woodhouselee (1711-1792), who, in 1759, published an *Inquiry, Historical and Critical, into the Evidence against Mary Queen of Scots, and an Examination of the Histories of Dr Robertson and Mr Hume with respect to that Evidence*. The work of Mr Tytler is acute and learned; it procured for the author the approbation and esteem of the most eminent men of his times; but, judged by the higher standards which now exist, it must be pronounced to be partial and inconclusive. Mr Tytler published the 'Poetical Remains of James I., King of Scotland,' with a dissertation on the life and writings of the royal poet, honourable to his literary taste and research.

About the year 1760, the London booksellers completed a compilation which had, for a long period, employed several professional authors—a 'Universal History,' a large and valuable work, seven volumes being devoted to ancient and sixteen to modern history. The writers were ARCHIBALD BOWER (1686-1766), a native of Dundee, who was educated at the Jesuit's College of St Omer, but afterwards fled to England and embraced the Protestant faith: he was author of a *History of the Popes*. Dr JOHN CAMPBELL (1709-1775), a son of Campbell of Glenlyon in Perthshire, wrote the *Military History of the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene*, *Lives of the Admirals*, a considerable portion of the *Biographia Britannica*, a *History of Europe*, a *Political Survey of Britain*, &c. Campbell was a candid and intelligent

man, acquainted with Dr Johnson and most of the eminent men of his day. WILLIAM GUTHRIE (1708-1770), a native of Brechin, was an indefatigable writer, author of a *History of England*, a *History of Scotland*, a *Geographical Grammar*, &c. GEORGE SALE (1680-1736) translated the Koran, and was one of the founders of a society for the encouragement of learning. GEORGE PSALMANAZAR (1679-1763), a native of France, deceived the world for some time by pretending to be a native of the island of Formosa, to support which he invented an alphabet and grammar. He afterwards became a hack author, was sincerely penitent, and was reverenced by Johnson for his piety. When the 'Universal History' was completed, Goldsmith wrote a preface to it, for which he received three guineas!

In 1763 Goldsmith published a *History of England, in a Series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son*, in two small volumes. The deceptive title had the desired attraction; the letters were variously attributed to Lords Chesterfield, Orrery, and Lyttelton, and in purity and grace of style surpassed the writings of any of the reputed authors. The success of this compilation afterwards led Goldsmith to compile a more extended history of England, and abridgments of Grecian and Roman history. Even in this subordinate walk, to which nothing but necessity compelled him, Goldsmith was superior to all his contemporaries.

Lord Lyttelton afterwards came forward himself as a historian, though of but a limited period. His *History of the Reign of Henry II.*, on which he had bestowed years of study, is a valuable repertory of facts, but a dry and uninteresting composition. Of a similar character are the *Historical Memoirs and Lives* (Queen Elizabeth, Raleigh, Henry Prince of Wales, &c.), written by Dr THOMAS BIRCH, one of the secretaries of the Royal Society. Birch was a diligent explorer of records and public papers: he threw light on history, but was devoid of taste and arrangement. These works drew attention to the materials that existed for a history of domestic manners, always more interesting than state diplomacy or wars, and Dr ROBERT HENRY (1718-1790) entered upon a *History of Great Britain*, in which particular attention was to be given to this department. For nearly thirty years Henry laboured at his work: the first volume was published in 1771, and four others at intervals between that time and 1785. A contemporary, Dr Gilbert Stuart, a man not devoid of talents, but rancorous and malignant in an eminent degree, attempted, by a system of ceaseless persecution, to destroy the character and reputation of Henry, but his work realised to its author the large sum of £3300, and was rewarded with a pension from the crown of £100 per annum. Henry's work does not come farther down than the reign of Henry VIII. In our own days, the plan of a history with copious information as to manners, arts, and improvements—where full prominence is given to the progress of civilisation and the domestic life of our ancestors—has been admirably realised in the 'Pictorial History of England,' published by Mr Charles Knight. Of Dr Henry, we may add that he was a native of St Ninians, in Stirlingshire, was bred to the church, and was latterly one of the ministers of Edinburgh, where he had the honour of filling the chair as Moderator of the General Assembly.

Dr GILBERT STUART (1742-1786), a native of Edinburgh (to whom we have alluded in connexion with Henry), wrote various historical works, a *History of Scotland*, a *Dissertation on the British Constitution*, a *History of the Reformation*, &c. His style is florid and high-sounding, not wanting in elegance, but disfigured by affectation, and still more by the violent prejudices of its vindictive and unprincipled author.

Histories of Ireland, evincing antiquarian research, were published, the first in 1763-7 by Dr WARNER, and another in 1773 by Dr LELAND, the translator of our best English version of Demosthenes. A review of Celtic and Roman antiquities was in 1771-5 presented by JOHN WHITTAKER, grafted upon his *History of Manchester*; and the same author afterwards wrote a violent and prejudiced *Vindication of Mary Queen of Scots*. The *Biographical History of England* by GRANGER, and ORME'S *History of the British Transactions in Hindostan*, which appeared at this time, are also valuable works. In 1775, MACPHERSON, translator of Ossian, published a *History of Great Britain, from the Restoration to the Accession of the House of Hanover*, accompanied by original papers. The object of Macpherson was to support the Tory party, and to detract from the purity and patriotism of those who had planned and effected the Revolution of 1688. The secret history brought to light by his original papers (which were undoubtedly genuine) certainly disclosed a degree of selfishness and intrigue for which the public were not prepared. In this task, the historian (if Macpherson be entitled to the venerable name) had the use of Carte's collections, for which he paid £200, and he received no less than £3000 for the copyright of his work. *The Annals of Scotland*, from Malcolm III. to Robert I., were published in 1776 by Sir David Dalrymple, LORD HAILES. In 1779 the same author produced a continuation to the accession of the house of Stuart. These works were invaluable at the time, and have since formed an excellent quarry for the historian. Lord Hailes was born in Edinburgh in 1726, the son of Sir James Dalrymple of Hailes, Bart. He distinguished himself at the Scottish bar, and was appointed one of the judges of the Court of Session in 1766. He was the author of various legal and antiquarian treatises; of the *Remains of Christian Antiquity*, containing translations from the fathers, &c.; and of an inquiry into the secondary causes assigned by Gibbon the historian for the rapid growth of Christianity. Lord Hailes was a man of great erudition, an able lawyer, and upright judge. He died in 1792. In 1776 ROBERT WATSON, professor of rhetoric and afterwards principal of one of the colleges of St Andrews, wrote a *History of Philip II. of Spain* as a continuation to Robertson, and left unfinished a *History of Philip III.*, which was completed by Dr William Thomson, and published in 1783. In 1779, the two first volumes of a *History of Modern Europe*, by Dr WILLIAM RUSSELL (1741-1793), were published with distinguished success, and three others were added in 1784, bringing down the history to the year 1763. Continuations of this valuable compendium have been made by Dr Coote and others, and it continues to be a standard work. Russell was a native of Selkirkshire, and fought his way to learning and distinction in the midst of considerable difficulties. The vast number of historical works published about this time shows how eagerly this noble branch of study was cultivated, both by authors and the public. No department of literary labour seems then to have been so lucrative, or so sure of leading to distinction. But our greatest name yet remains behind.

EDWARD GIBBON.

The historian of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* was by birth, education, and manners, distinctively an English gentleman. He was born at Putney, in Surrey, April 27, 1737. His father was

of an ancient family settled at Beriton, near Petersfield, Hampshire. Of delicate health, young EDWARD GIBBON was privately educated, and at the age of fifteen he was placed at Magdalen college, Oxford. He was almost from infancy a close student, but his indiscriminate appetite for books 'subsided by degrees in the historic line.' He arrived at Oxford, he says, with a stock of erudition that might have puzzled a doctor, and a degree of ignorance of which a schoolboy would have been ashamed. He spent fourteen months at college idly and unprofitably, as he himself states; and, studying the works of Bossuet and Parsons the Jesuit, he became a convert to the Roman Catholic religion. He went to London, and at the feet of a priest, on the 8th of June 1753, he 'solemnly, though privately, abjured the errors of heresy.' His father, in order to reclaim him, placed him for some years at Lausanne, in Switzerland, under the charge of M. Pavilliard, a Calvinist clergyman, whose judicious conduct prevailed upon his pupil to return to the bosom of the Protestant church. On Christmas day, 1754, he received the sacrament in the Protestant church at Lausanne. 'It was here,' says the historian, 'that I suspended my religious inquiries, acquiescing with implicit belief in the tenets and mysteries which are adopted by the general consent of Catholics and Protestants.' At Lausanne a regular and severe system of study perfected Gibbon in the Latin and



Edward Gibbon.

French languages, and in a general knowledge of literature. In 1758 he returned to England, and three years afterwards appeared as an author in a slight French treatise, an *Essay on the Study of Literature*. He accepted the commission of captain in the Hampshire militia; and though his studies were interrupted, 'the discipline and evolutions of a modern battle,' he remarks, 'gave him a clearer notion of the phalanx and the legion, and the captain of the Hampshire grenadiers was not useless to the historian of the Roman empire.' On the peace of 1762, Gibbon was released from his military duties, and paid a visit to France and Italy. He had long been meditating some historical work, and whilst at Rome, October 15, 1764, his choice was determined by an incident of a striking and romantic nature. 'As I sat musing,' he says, 'amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind.' Many years, however, elapsed before he realised his intentions. On returning to England in 1765, he seems to have been fashionable and idle: his father died in 1770, and he then began to form the plan of an independent life. The estate left him by his father was much involved in debt, and he determined on quitting the country and residing permanently in London. He then undertook the composition of the first volume of his history. 'At the outset,' he remarks, 'all was dark and doubtful: even the title of the work, the true era of the decline and fall of the empire, the limits of the introduction, the division of the chapters, and the order of the narrative; and I was often tempted to cast away the labour of seven years. The style of an author should be the image of his mind, but the choice and command of language is the fruit of exercise. Many experiments were made before I could hit the middle tone between a dull tone and a rhetorical declamation: three times did I compose the first chapter, and twice the second and third, before I was tolerably satisfied with their effect. In the remainder of the way, I advanced with a more equal and easy pace.'

In 1774 he was returned for the borough of Liskeard, and sat in parliament eight sessions during the memorable contest between Great Britain and America. Prudence, he says, condemned him to acquiesce in the humble station of a mute: the great speakers filled him with despair, the bad ones with terror. Gibbon, however, supported by his vote the administration of Lord North, and was by this nobleman appointed one of the lords commissioners of trade and plantations. In 1776 the first quarto volume of his history was given to the world. Its success was almost unprecedented for a grave historical work: 'the first impression was exhausted in a few days; a second and third edition was scarcely adequate to the demand; and the bookseller's property was twice invaded by the pirates of Dublin: the book was on every table, and almost on every toilette.' His brother historians, Robertson and Hume, generously greeted him with warm applause. 'Whether I consider the dignity of your style,' says Hume, 'the depth of your matter, or the extensiveness of your learning, I must regard the work as equally the object of esteem.' There was another bond of sympathy between the English and the Scottish historian: Gibbon had insidiously, though too unequivocally, evinced his adoption of infidel principles. 'The various modes of worship which prevailed in the Roman world were all,' he remarks, 'considered by the people as equally true, by the philosopher as equally false, and by the magistrate as equally useful.' Some feeling of this kind constituted the whole of Gibbon's religious belief: the philosophers of France had triumphed over the lessons of the Calvinist minister of Lausanne, and the historian seems never to have returned to the faith and the humility of the Christian. In the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters of his work he gave an account of the growth and progress of Christianity, which he accounted for solely by secondary causes, without reference to its divine origin. A number of answers were written to these memorable chapters, the only one of which that has kept possession of the public is the reply by Dr Watson, bishop of Llandaff, entitled 'An Apology for Chris-

tianity.' Gibbon's method of attacking our faith has been well described by Lord Byron, as

> Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer,
> The lord of irony, that master spell.

He nowhere openly avows his disbelief. By tacitly sinking the early and astonishing spread of Christianity during the time of the Apostles, and dwelling with exaggerated colouring and minuteness on the errors and corruption by which it afterwards became debased, the historian in effect conveys an impression that its divine origin is but a poetical fable, like the golden age of the poets, or the mystic absurdities of Mohammedanism. The Christian faith was a bold and successful innovation, and Gibbon hated all innovations. In his after life, he was in favour of retaining even the Inquisition, with its tortures and its tyranny, because it was an ancient institution! Besides the 'solemn sneer' of Gibbon, there is another cardinal defect in his account of the progress of the Christian faith, which has been thus ably pointed out by the Rev. H. H. Milman:—'Christianity alone receives no embellishment from the magic of Gibbon's language; his imagination is dead to its moral dignity; it is kept down by a general tone of jealous disparagement, or neutralised by a painfully elaborate exposition of its darker and degenerate periods. There are occasions, indeed, when its pure and exalted humanity, when its manifestly beneficial influence can compel even him, as it were, to fairness, and kindle his unguarded eloquence to its usual fervour; but in general he soon relapses into a frigid apathy; affects an ostentatiously severe impartiality; notes all the faults of Christians in every age with bitter and almost malignant sarcasm; reluctantly, and with exception and reservation, admits their claim to admiration. This inextricable bias appears even to influence his manner of composition. While all the other assailants of the Roman empire, whether warlike or religious, the Goth, the Hun, the Arab, the Tartar, Alaric and Attila, Mahomet, and Zingis, and Tamerlane, are each introduced upon the scene almost with dramatic animation—their progress related in a full, complete, and unbroken narrative—the triumph of Christianity alone takes the form of a cold and critical disquisition. The successes of barbarous energy and brute force call forth all the consummate skill of composition, while the moral triumphs of Christian benevolence, the tranquil heroism of endurance, the blameless purity, the contempt of guilty fame, and of honours destructive to the human race, which, had they assumed the proud name of philosophy, would have been blazoned in his brightest words, because they own religion as their principle, sink into narrow asceticism. The *glories* of Christianity, in short, touch on no chord in the heart of the writer; his imagination remains unkindled; his words, though they maintain their stately and measured march, have become cool, argumentative, and inanimate.' The second and third volumes of the history did not appear till 1781. After their publication, finding it necessary to retrench his expenditure, and being disappointed of a lucrative place which he had hoped for from ministerial patronage, he resolved to retire to Lausanne, where he was offered a residence by a friend of his youth, M. Deyverdun. Here he lived very happily for about four years, devoting his mornings to composition, and his evenings to the enlightened and polished society which had gathered in that situation. The history was completed at the time and in the circumstances which he has thus stated:—'It was on the day or rather night of the 27th of June 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a berceau, or covered



Residence of Gibbon at Lausanne.

walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future date of my history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious.'* The historian adds two facts which have seldom occurred in the composition of six or even five quartos; his first rough manuscript, without an intermediate copy, was sent to the press, and not a sheet was seen by any person but the author and the printer. His lofty style, like that of Johnson, was, in fact, 'the image of his mind.'

Gibbon went to London to superintend the publication of his three last volumes, and afterwards returned to Lausanne, where he resided till 1793. The French Revolution had imbittered and divided the society of Lausanne; some of his friends were dead, and he anxiously wished himself again in England. At this time the lady of his most intimate friend, Lord Sheffield, died, and he hastened to administer consolation: he arrived at Lord Sheffield's house in London in June 1793. The health of the historian had, however, been indifferent for some time, owing to a long-settled complaint; and, exhausted by surgical operations, he died without pain, and apparently without any sense of his danger, on the 16th of January 1794.

In most of the essential qualifications of a historian, Gibbon was equal to either Hume or Robertson. In some he was superior. He had greater

* 'The garden and summer-house where he composed are neglected, and the last utterly decayed, but they still show it as his "cabinet," and seem perfectly aware of his memory.'—*Byron's Letters.*

depth and variety of learning, and a more perfect command of his intellectual treasures. It was not merely with the main stream of Roman history that he was familiar. All its accessaries and tributaries—the art of war, philosophy, theology, jurisprudence, geography (down to its minutest point), every shade of manners, opinions, and public character, in Roman and contemporaneous history, he had studied with laborious diligence and complete success. Hume was elaborate, but it was only with respect to style. Errors in fact and theory were perpetuated through every edition, while the author was purifying his periods and weeding out Scotticisms. The labour of Gibbon was directed to higher objects—to the accumulation of facts, and the collation of ancient authors. His style, once fixed, remained unaltered. In erudition and comprehensiveness of intellect, Gibbon may therefore be pronounced the first of English historians. The vast range of his subject, and the tone of dignity which he preserves throughout the whole of his capacious circuit, also give him a superiority over his illustrious rivals. In concentrating his information, and presenting it in a clear and lucid order, he is no less remarkable, while his vivid imagination, quickening and adorning his varied knowledge, is fully equal to his other powers. He identifies himself with whatever he describes, and paints local scenery, national costume or manners, with all the force and animation of a native or eye-witness. These solid and bright acquirements of the historian were not, however, without their drawbacks. His mind was more material or sensual than philosophical—more fond of splendour and display than of the beauty of virtue or the grandeur of moral heroism. His taste was vitiated and impure, so that his style is not only deficient in chaste simplicity, but is disfigured by offensive pruriency and occasional grossness. His lofty ornate diction fatigues by its uniform pomp and dignity, notwithstanding the graces and splendour of his animated narrative. Deficient in depth of moral feeling and elevation of sentiment, Gibbon seldom touches the heart or inspires true enthusiasm. The reader admires his glittering sentences, his tournaments, and battle-pieces, his polished irony and masterly sketches of character; he marvels at his inexhaustible learning, and is fascinated by his pictures of military conquest and Asiatic luxury, but he still feels, that, as in the state of ancient Rome itself, the seeds of ruin are developed amidst flattering appearances: 'the florid bloom but ill conceals the fatal malady which preys upon the vitals.'* The want of one great harmonising spirit of humanity and genuine philosophy to give unity to the splendid mass, becomes painfully visible on a calm review of the entire work. After one attentive study of Gibbon, when the mind has become saturated with his style and manner, we seldom recur to his pages excepting for some particular fact or description. Such is the importance of simplicity and purity in a voluminous narrative, that this great historian is seldom read but as a study, while Hume and Robertson are always perused as a pleasure.

The work of Gibbon has been translated into French, with notes by M. Guizot, the distinguished philosopher and statesman. The remarks of Guizot, with those of Wenck, a German commentator, and numerous original illustrations and corrections, are embodied in a fine edition by Mr Milman, in twelve volumes, published by Mr Murray, London, in 1838. M. Guizot has thus recorded his own impressions on reading Gibbon's history:—'After a first rapid perusal, which allowed me to feel nothing but the interest of a narrative, always animated, and, notwithstanding its extent and the variety of objects which it makes to pass before the view, always perspicuous, I entered upon a minute examination of the details of which it was composed, and the opinion which I then formed was, I confess, singularly severe. I discovered, in certain chapters, errors which appeared to me sufficiently important and numerous to make me believe that they had been written with extreme negligence; in others, I was struck with a certain tinge of partiality and prejudice, which imparted to the exposition of the facts that want of truth and justice which the English express by their happy term, *misrepresentation*. Some imperfect quotations, some passages omitted unintentionally or designedly, have cast a suspicion on the honesty of the author; and his violation of the first law of history—increased to my eyes by the prolonged attention with which I occupied myself with every phrase, every note, every reflection—caused me to form on the whole work a judgment far too rigorous. After having finished my labours, I allowed some time to elapse before I reviewed the whole. A second attentive and regular perusal of the entire work, of the notes of the author, and of those which I had thought it right to subjoin, showed me how much I had exaggerated the importance of the reproaches which Gibbon really deserved. I was struck with the same errors, the same partiality on certain subjects; but I had been far from doing adequate justice to the immensity of his researches, the variety of his knowledge, and, above all, to that truly philosophical discrimination (*justesse d'esprit*) which judges the past as it would judge the present; which does not permit itself to be blinded by the clouds which time gathers around the dead, and which prevent us from seeing that under the toga as under the modern dress, in the senate as in our councils, men were what they still are, and that events took place eighteen centuries ago as they take place in our days. I then felt that his book, in spite of its faults, will always be a noble work; and that we may correct his errors, and combat his prejudices, without ceasing to admit that few men have combined, if we are not to say in so high a degree, at least in a manner so complete and so well regulated, the necessary qualifications for a writer of history.'

* Hall on the Causes of the Present Discontents.

[*Opinions of the Ancient Philosophers on the Immortality of the Soul.*]

The writings of Cicero represent in the most lively colours the ignorance, the errors, and the uncertainty of the ancient philosophers with regard to the immortality of the soul. When they are desirous of arming their disciples against the fear of death, they inculcate, as an obvious though melancholy position, that the fatal stroke of our dissolution releases us from the calamities of life; and that those can no longer suffer who no longer exist. Yet there were a few sages of Greece and Rome who had conceived a more exalted, and in some respects a juster idea of human nature; though, it must be confessed, that in the sublime inquiry, their reason had often been guided by their imagination, and that their imagination had been prompted by their vanity. When they viewed with complacency the extent of their own mental powers; when they exercised the various faculties of memory, of fancy, and of judgment, in the most profound speculations, or the most important labours; and when they reflected on the desire of fame, which transported them into future ages, far beyond the bounds of death and of the grave; they were unwilling to confound

themselves with the beasts of the field, or to suppose that a being, for whose dignity they entertained the most sincere admiration, could be limited to a spot of earth, and to a few years of duration. With this favourable prepossession, they summoned to their aid the science, or rather the language, of metaphysics. They soon discovered, that as none of the properties of matter will apply to the operations of the mind, the human soul must consequently be a substance distinct from the body—pure, simple, and spiritual, incapable of dissolution, and susceptible of a much higher degree of virtue and happiness after the release from its corporeal prison. From these specious and noble principles, the philosophers who trod in the footsteps of Plato deduced a very unjustifiable conclusion, since they asserted not only the future immortality, but the past eternity of the human soul, which they were too apt to consider as a portion of the infinite and self-existing spirit, which pervades and sustains the universe. A doctrine thus removed beyond the senses and the experience of mankind might serve to amuse the leisure of a philosophic mind; or, in the silence of solitude, it might sometimes impart a ray of comfort to desponding virtue; but the faint impression which had been received in the school was soon obliterated by the commerce and business of active life. We are sufficiently acquainted with the eminent persons who flourished in the age of Cicero, and of the first Cæsars, with their actions, their characters, and their motives, to be assured that their conduct in this life was never regulated by any serious conviction of the rewards or punishments of a future state.* At the bar and in the senate of Rome the ablest orators were not apprehensive of giving offence to their hearers by exposing that doctrine as an idle and extravagant opinion, which was rejected with contempt by every man of a liberal education and understanding.

Since, therefore, the most sublime efforts of philosophy can extend no farther than feebly to point out the desire, the hope, or at most the probability, of a future state, there is nothing except a divine revelation that can ascertain the existence and describe the condition of the invisible country which is destined to receive the souls of men after their separation from the body.

[*The City of Bagdad—Magnificence of the Caliphs.*]

Almansor, the brother and successor of Saffah, laid the foundations of Bagdad (A.D. 762), the imperial seat of his posterity during a reign of five hundred years. The chosen spot is on the eastern bank of the Tigris, about fifteen miles above the ruins of Modain: the double wall was of a circular form; and such was the rapid increase of a capital now dwindled to a provincial town, that the funeral of a popular saint might be attended by eight hundred thousand men and sixty thousand women of Bagdad and the adjacent villages. In this city of peace, amidst the riches of the east, the Abbassides soon disdained the abstinence and frugality of the first caliphs, and aspired to emulate the magnificence of the Persian kings. After his wars and buildings, Almansor left behind him in gold and silver about thirty millions sterling; and this treasure was exhausted in a few years by the vices or virtues of his children. His son Mahadi, in a single pilgrimage to Mecca, expended six millions of dinars of gold. A pious and charitable motive may sanctify the foundation of cisterns and caravanseras, which he distributed along a measured road of seven hundred miles; but his train of camels, laden with snow, could serve only to astonish the natives of Arabia, and to refresh the fruits and liquors of the royal banquet. The courtiers would surely praise the liberality of his grandson Almamon, who gave away four-fifths of the income of a province—a sum of two millions four hundred thousand gold dinars—before he drew his foot from the stirrup. At the nuptials of the same prince, a thousand pearls of the largest size were showered on the head of the bride, and a lottery of lands and houses displayed the capricious bounty of fortune. The glories of the court were brightened rather than impaired in the decline of the empire, and a Greek ambassador might admire or pity the magnificence of the feeble Moctader. 'The caliph's whole army,' says the historian Abulfeda, 'both horse and foot, was under arms, which together made a body of one hundred and sixty thousand men. His state-officers, the favourite slaves, stood near him in splendid apparel, their belts glittering with gold and gems. Near them were seven thousand eunuchs, four thousand of them white, the remainder black. The porters or doorkeepers were in number seven hundred. Barges and boats, with the most superb decorations, were seen swimming upon the Tigris. Nor was the place itself less splendid, in which were hung up thirty-eight thousand pieces of tapestry, twelve thousand five hundred of which were of silk embroidered with gold. The carpets on the floor were twenty-two thousand. A hundred lions were brought out, with a keeper to each lion. Among the other spectacles of rare and stupendous luxury, was a tree of gold and silver spreading into eighteen large branches, on which, and on the lesser boughs, sat a variety of birds made of the same precious metals, as well as the leaves of the tree. While the machinery affected spontaneous motions, the several birds warbled their natural harmony. Through this scene of magnificence the Greek ambassador was led by the visier to the foot of the caliph's throne.' In the west, the Ommiades of Spain supported, with equal pomp, the title of commander of the faithful. Three miles from Cordova, in honour of his favourite sultana, the third and greatest of the Abdalrahmans constructed the city, palace, and gardens of Zehra. Twenty-five years, and above three millions sterling, were employed by the founder: his liberal taste invited the artists of Constantinople, the most skilful sculptors and architects of the age; and the buildings were sustained or adorned by twelve hundred columns of Spanish and African, of Greek and Italian marble. The hall of audience was incrusted with gold and pearls, and a great bason in the centre was surrounded with the curious and costly figures of birds and quadrupeds. In a lofty pavilion of the gardens, one of these basons and fountains, so delightful in a sultry climate, was replenished not with water but with the purest quicksilver. The seraglio of Abdalrahman, his wives, concubines, and black eunuchs, amounted to six thousand

* This passage of Gibbon is finely illustrated in Hall's Funeral Sermon for Dr Ryland:—

'If the mere conception of the reunion of good men in a future state infused a momentary rapture into the mind of Tully; if an airy speculation, for there is reason to fear it had little hold on his convictions, could inspire him with such delight, what may we be expected to feel who are assured of such an event by the true sayings of God! How should we rejoice in the prospect, the certainty rather, of spending a blissful eternity with those whom we loved on earth, of seeing them emerge from the ruins of the tomb, and the deeper ruins of the fall, not only uninjured, but refined and perfected, "with every tear wiped from their eyes," standing before the throne of God and the Lamb, "in white robes, and palms in their hands, crying with a loud voice, Salvation to God that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb, for ever and ever!" What delight will it afford to renew the sweet counsel we have taken together, to recount the toils of combat and the labour of the way, and to approach not the house but the throne of God in company, in order to join in the symphony of heavenly voices, and lose ourselves amidst the splendours and fruitions of the beatific vision.'

three hundred persons; and he was attended to the field by a guard of twelve thousand horse, whose belts and scimitars were studded with gold.

In a private condition, our desires are perpetually repressed by poverty and subordination; but the lives and labours of millions are devoted to the service of a despotic prince, whose laws are blindly obeyed, and whose wishes are instantly gratified. Our imagination is dazzled by the splendid picture; and whatever may be the cool dictates of reason, there are few among us who would obstinately refuse a trial of the comforts and the cares of royalty. It may therefore be of some use to borrow the experience of the same Abdalrahman, whose magnificence has perhaps excited our admiration and envy, and to transcribe an authentic memorial which was found in the closet of the deceased caliph. 'I have now reigned above fifty years in victory or peace; beloved by my subjects, dreaded by my enemies, and respected by my allies. Riches and honours, power and pleasure, have waited on my call, nor does any earthly blessing appear to have been wanting to my felicity. In this situation I have diligently numbered the days of pure and genuine happiness which have fallen to my lot: they amount to fourteen. O man! place not thy confidence in this present world.'

[*Conquest of Jerusalem by the Crusaders*, A. D. 1099.]

Jerusalem has derived some reputation from the number and importance of her memorable sieges. It was not till after a long and obstinate contest that Babylon and Rome could prevail against the obstinacy of the people, the craggy ground that might supersede the necessity of fortifications, and the walls and towers that would have fortified the most accessible plain. These obstacles were diminished in the age of the crusades. The bulwarks had been completely destroyed and imperfectly restored: the Jews, their nation and worship, were for ever banished; but nature is less changeable than man, and the site of Jerusalem, though somewhat softened and somewhat removed, was still strong against the assaults of an enemy. By the experience of a recent siege, and a three years' possession, the Saracens of Egypt had been taught to discern, and in some degree to remedy, the defects of a place which religion as well as honour forbade them to resign. Aladin or Iftikhar, the caliph's lieutenant, was intrusted with the defence; his policy strove to restrain the native Christians by the dread of their own ruin and that of the holy sepulchre; to animate the Moslems by the assurance of temporal and eternal rewards. His garrison is said to have consisted of forty thousand Turks and Arabians; and if he could muster twenty thousand of the inhabitants, it must be confessed that the besieged were more numerous than the besieging army. Had the diminished strength and numbers of the Latins allowed them to grasp the whole circumference of four thousand yards (about two English miles and a half), to what useful purpose should they have descended into the valley of Ben Himmon and torrent of Cedron, or approached the precipices of the south and east, from whence they had nothing either to hope or fear! Their siege was more reasonably directed against the northern and western sides of the city. Godfrey of Bouillon erected his standard on the first swell of Mount Calvary; to the left, as far as St Stephen's gate, the line of attack was continued by Tancred and the two Roberts; and Count Raymond established his quarters from the citadel to the foot of Mount Sion, which was no longer included within the precincts of the city. On the fifth day, the crusaders made a general assault, in the fanatic hope of battering down the walls without engines, and of scaling them without ladders. By the dint of brutal force, they burst the first barrier, but they were driven back with shame and slaughter to the camp: the influence of vision and prophecy was deadened by the too frequent abuse of those pious stratagems, and time and labour were found to be the only means of victory. The time of the siege was indeed fulfilled in forty days, but they were forty days of calamity and anguish. A repetition of the old complaint of famine may be imputed in some degree to the voracious or disorderly appetite of the Franks, but the stony soil of Jerusalem is almost destitute of water; the scanty springs and hasty torrents were dry in the summer season; nor was the thirst of the besiegers relieved, as in the city, by the artificial supply of cisterns and aqueducts. The circumjacent country is equally destitute of trees for the uses of shade or building, but some large beams were discovered in a cave by the crusaders: a wood near Sichem, the enchanted grove of Tasso, was cut down: the necessary timber was transported to the camp by the vigour and dexterity of Tancred; and the engines were framed by some Genoese artists, who had fortunately landed in the harbour of Jaffa. Two movable turrets were constructed at the expense and in the stations of the Duke of Lorraine and the Count of Tholouse, and rolled forwards with devout labour, not to the most accessible but to the most neglected parts of the fortification. Raymond's tower was reduced to ashes by the fire of the besieged, but his colleague was more vigilant and successful; the enemies were driven by his archers from the rampart; the drawbridge was let down; and on a Friday, at three in the afternoon, the day and hour of the Passion, Godfrey of Bouillon stood victorious on the walls of Jerusalem. His example was followed on every side by the emulation of valour; and about four hundred and sixty years after the conquest of Omar, the holy city was rescued from the Mohammedan yoke. In the pillage of public and private wealth, the adventurers had agreed to respect the exclusive property of the first occupant; and the spoils of the great mosque—seventy lamps and massy vases of gold and silver—rewarded the diligence and displayed the generosity of Tancred. A bloody sacrifice was offered by his mistaken votaries to the God of the Christians: resistance might provoke, but neither age nor sex could mollify their implacable rage; they indulged themselves three days in a promiscuous massacre, and the infection of the dead bodies produced an epidemical disease. After seventy thousand Moslems had been put to the sword, and the harmless Jews had been burnt in their synagogue, they could still reserve a multitude of captives whom interest or lassitude persuaded them to spare. Of these savage heroes of the cross, Tancred alone betrayed some sentiments of compassion; yet we may praise the more selfish lenity of Raymond, who granted a capitulation and safe conduct to the garrison of the citadel. The holy sepulchre was now free; and the bloody victors prepared to accomplish their vow. Bareheaded and barefoot, with contrite hearts, and in a humble posture, they ascended the hill of Calvary amidst the loud anthems of the clergy; kissed the stone which had covered the Saviour of the world, and bedewed with tears of joy and penitence the monument of their redemption.

[*Appearance and Character of Mahomet.*]

According to the tradition of his companions, Mahomet was distinguished by the beauty of his person—an outward gift which is seldom despised, except by those to whom it has been refused. Before he spoke, the orator engaged on his side the affections of a public or private audience. They applauded his commanding presence, his majestic aspect, his piercing eye, his gracious smile, his flowing beard, his counte-

nance that painted every sensation of the soul, and his gestures that enforced each expression of the tongue. In the familiar offices of life he scrupulously adhered to the grave and ceremonious politeness of his country: his respectful attention to the rich and powerful was dignified by his condescension and affability to the poorest citizens of Mecca; the frankness of his manner concealed the artifice of his views; and the habits of courtesy were imputed to personal friendship or universal benevolence. His memory was capacious and retentive, his wit easy and social, his imagination sublime, his judgment clear, rapid, and decisive. He possessed the courage both of thought and action; and although his designs might gradually expand with his success, the first idea which he entertained of his divine mission bears the stamp of an original and superior genius. The son of Abdallah was educated in the bosom of the noblest race, in the use of the purest dialect of Arabia; and the fluency of his speech was corrected and enhanced by the practice of discreet and seasonable silence. With these powers of eloquence, Mahomet was an illiterate barbarian; his youth had never been instructed in the arts of reading and writing; the common ignorance exempted him from shame or reproach, but he was reduced to a narrow circle of existence, and deprived of those faithful mirrors which reflect to our mind the minds of sages and heroes. Yet the book of nature and of man was open to his view; and some fancy has been indulged in the political and philosophical observations which are ascribed to the Arabian traveller. He compares the nations and religions of the earth; discovers the weakness of the Persian and Roman monarchies; beholds with pity and indignation the degeneracy of the times; and resolves to unite, under one God and one king, the invincible spirit and primitive virtues of the Arabs. Our more accurate inquiry will suggest, that instead of visiting the courts, the camps, the temples of the east, the two journeys of Mahomet into Syria were confined to the fairs of Bostra and Damascus; that he was only thirteen years of age when he accompanied the caravan of his uncle, and that his duty compelled him to return as soon as he had disposed of the merchandise of Cadijah. In these hasty and superficial excursions, the eye of genius might discern some objects invisible to his grosser companions; some seeds of knowledge might be cast upon a fruitful soil; but his ignorance of the Syriac language must have checked his curiosity, and I cannot perceive in the life or writings of Mahomet that his prospect was far extended beyond the limits of the Arabian world. From every region of that solitary world the pilgrims of Mecca were annually assembled, by the calls of devotion and commerce: in the free concourse of multitudes, a simple citizen, in his native tongue, might study the political state and character of the tribes, the theory and practice of the Jews and Christians. Some useful strangers might be tempted or forced to implore the rites of hospitality; and the enemies of Mahomet have named the Jew, the Persian, and the Syrian monk, whom they accuse of lending their secret aid to the composition of the Koran. Conversation enriches the understanding, but solitude is the school of genius; and the uniformity of a work denotes the hand of a single artist. From his earliest youth Mahomet was addicted to religious contemplation: each year, during the month of Ramadan, he withdrew from the world and from the arms of Cadijah: in the cave of Hera, three miles from Mecca, he consulted the spirit of fraud or enthusiasm, whose abode is not in the heavens but in the mind of the prophet. The faith which, under the name of Islam, he preached to his family and nation, is compounded of an eternal truth and a necessary fiction—that there is only one God, and that Mahomet is the apostle of God.

[*Term of the Conquest of Timour, or Tamerlane; his Triumph at Samarcand; his Death on the Road to China* (A. D. 1405); *Character and Merits of Timour.*]

From the Irtish and Volga to the Persian Gulf, and from the Ganges to Damascus and the Archipelago, Asia was in the hand of Timour; his armies were invincible, his ambition was boundless, and his zeal might aspire to conquer and convert the Christian kingdoms of the west, which already trembled at his name. He touched the utmost verge of the land; but an insuperable though narrow sea rolled between the two continents of Europe and Asia, and the lord of so many *tomans*, or myriads of horse, was not master of a single galley. The two passages of the Bosphorus and Hellespont, of Constantinople and Gallipoli, were possessed, the one by the Christians, the other by the Turks. On this great occasion they forgot the difference of religion, to act with union and firmness in the common cause: the double straits were guarded with ships and fortifications; and they separately withheld the transports, which Timour demanded of either nation, under the pretence of attacking their enemy. At the same time they soothed his pride with tributary gifts and suppliant embassies, and prudently tempted him to retreat with the honours of victory. Soliman, the son of Bajazet, implored his clemency for his father and himself; accepted, by a red patent, the investiture of the kingdom of Romania, which he already held by the sword; and reiterated his ardent wish, of casting himself in person at the feet of the king of the world. The Greek emperor (either John or Manuel) submitted to pay the same tribute which he had stipulated with the Turkish sultan, and ratified the treaty by an oath of allegiance, from which he could absolve his conscience so soon as the Mogul arms had retired from Anatolia. But the fears and fancy of nations ascribed to the ambitious Tamerlane a new design of vast and romantic compass—a design of subduing Egypt and Africa, marching from the Nile to the Atlantic Ocean, entering Europe by the straits of Gibraltar, and, after imposing his yoke on the kingdoms of Christendom, of returning home by the deserts of Russia and Tartary. This remote and perhaps imaginary danger was averted by the submission of the sultan of Egypt; the honours of the prayer and the coin attested at Cairo the supremacy of Timour; and a rare gift of a giraffe, or camelopard, and nine ostriches, represented at Samarcand the tribute of the African world. Our imagination is not less astonished by the portrait of a Mogul who, in his camp before Smyrna, meditates and almost accomplishes the invasion of the Chinese empire. Timour was urged to this enterprise by national honour and religious zeal. The torrents which he had shed of Mussulman blood could be expiated only by an equal destruction of the infidels; and as he now stood at the gates of paradise, he might best secure his glorious entrance by demolishing the idols of China, founding mosques in every city, and establishing the profession of faith in one God and his prophet Mahomet. The recent expulsion of the house of Zingis was an insult on the Mogul name; and the disorders of the empire afforded the fairest opportunity for revenge. The illustrious Hongvou, founder of the dynasty of Ming, died four years before the battle of Angora; and his grandson, a weak and unfortunate youth, was burnt in his palace, after a million of Chinese had perished in the civil war. Before he evacuated Anatolia, Timour despatched beyond the Sihoon a numerous army, or rather colony, of his old and new subjects, to open the road, to subdue the pagan Calmucks and Mungals, and to found cities and magazines in the desert; and by the diligence of his lieutenant, he soon received a perfect map and description of the unknown regions, from the source

of the Irish to the wall of China. During these preparations, the emperor achieved the final conquest of Georgia, passed the winter on the banks of the Araxes, appeased the troubles of Persia, and slowly returned to his capital, after a campaign of four years and nine months.

On the throne of Samarcand, he displayed in a short repose his magnificence and power; listened to the complaints of the people, distributed a just measure of rewards and punishments, employed his riches in the architecture of palaces and temples, and gave audience to the ambassadors of Egypt, Arabia, India, Tartary, Russia, and Spain, the last of whom presented a suit of tapestry which eclipsed the pencil of the oriental artists. The marriage of six of the emperor's grandsons was esteemed an act of religion as well as of paternal tenderness; and the pomp of the ancient caliphs was revived in their nuptials. They were celebrated in the gardens of Canighul, decorated with innumerable tents and pavilions, which displayed the luxury of a great city and the spoils of a victorious camp. Whole forests were cut down to supply fuel for the kitchens; the plain was spread with pyramids of meat and vases of every liquor, to which thousands of guests were courteously invited; the orders of the state, and the nations of the earth, were marshalled at the royal banquet; nor were the ambassadors of Europe (says the haughty Persian) excluded from the feast, since even the casses, the smallest of fish, find their place in the ocean. The public joy was testified by illuminations and masquerades; the trades of Samarcand passed in review; and every trade was emulous to execute some quaint device, some marvellous pageant, with the materials of their peculiar art. After the marriage contracts had been ratified by the cadhis, the bridegrooms and their brides retired to the nuptial chambers: nine times, according to the Asiatic fashion, they were dressed and undressed; and at each change of apparel, pearls and rubies were showered on their heads, and contemptuously abandoned to their attendants. A general indulgence was proclaimed; every law was relaxed, every pleasure was allowed; the people was free, the sovereign was idle; and the historian of Timour may remark, that, after devoting fifty years to the attainment of empire, the only happy period of his life were the two months in which he ceased to exercise his power. But he was soon awakened to the cares of government and war. The standard was unfurled for the invasion of China; the emirs made their report of two hundred thousand, the select and veteran soldiers of Iran and Touran; their baggage and provisions were transported by five hundred great wagons, and an immense train of horses and camels; and the troops might prepare for a long absence, since more than six months were employed in the tranquil journey of a caravan from Samarcand to Pekin. Neither age nor the severity of the winter could retard the impatience of Timour; he mounted on horseback, passed the Sihoon on the ice, marched seventy-six parasangs (three hundred miles) from his capital, and pitched his last camp in the neighbourhood of Otrar, where he was expected by the angel of death. Fatigue, and the indiscreet use of iced water, accelerated the progress of his fever; and the conqueror of Asia expired in the seventieth year of his age, thirty-five years after he had ascended the throne of Zagatai. His designs were lost; his armies were disbanded; China was saved; and fourteen years after his decease, the most powerful of his children sent an embassy of friendship and commerce to the court of Pekin.

The fame of Timour has pervaded the east and west; his posterity is still invested with the imperial title; and the admiration of his subjects, who revered him almost as a deity, may be justified in some degree by the praise or confession of his bitterest enemies. Although he was lame of a hand and foot, his form and stature were not unworthy of his rank; and his vigorous health, so essential to himself and to the world, was corroborated by temperance and exercise. In his familiar discourse he was grave and modest, and if he was ignorant of the Arabic language, he spoke with fluency and elegance the Persian and Turkish idioms. It was his delight to converse with the learned on topics of history and science, and the amusement of his leisure hours was the game of chess, which he improved or corrupted with new refinements. In his religion he was a zealous, though not perhaps an orthodox, Mussulman; but his sound understanding may tempt us to believe that a superstitious reverence for omens and prophecies, for saints and astrologers, was only affected as an instrument of policy. In the government of a vast empire he stood alone and absolute, without a rebel to oppose his power, a favourite to seduce his affections, or a minister to mislead his judgment. It was his firmest maxim, that, whatever might be the consequence, the word of the prince should never be disputed or recalled; but his foes have maliciously observed, that the commands of anger and destruction were more strictly executed than those of beneficence and favour. His sons and grandsons, of whom Timour left six and thirty at his decease, were his first and most submissive subjects; and whenever they deviated from their duty, they were corrected, according to the laws of Zingis, with the bastinade, and afterwards restored to honour and command. Perhaps his heart was not devoid of the social virtues; perhaps he was not incapable of loving his friends and pardoning his enemies; but the rules of morality are founded on the public interest; and it may be sufficient to applaud the wisdom of a monarch, for the liberality by which he is not impoverished, and for the justice by which he is strengthened and enriched. To maintain the harmony of authority and obedience, to chastise the proud, to protect the weak, to reward the deserving, to banish vice and idleness from his dominions, to secure the traveller and merchant, to restrain the depredations of the soldier, to cherish the labours of the husbandman, to encourage industry and learning, and, by an equal and moderate assessment, to increase the revenue without increasing the taxes, are indeed the duties of a prince; but, in the discharge of these duties, he finds an ample and immediate recompense. Timour might boast that, at his accession to the throne, Asia was the prey of anarchy and rapine, whilst under his prosperous monarchy a child, fearless and unhurt, might carry a purse of gold from the east to the west. Such was his confidence of merit, that from this reformation he derived an excuse for his victories, and a title to universal dominion. The four following observations will serve to appreciate his claim to the public gratitude; and perhaps we shall conclude, that the Mogul emperor was rather the scourge than the benefactor of mankind. 1. If some partial disorders, some local oppressions, were healed by the sword of Timour, the remedy was far more pernicious than the disease. By their rapine, cruelty, and discord, the petty tyrants of Persia might afflict their subjects, but whole nations were crushed under the footsteps of the reformer. The ground which had been occupied by flourishing cities was often marked by his abominable trophies—by columns or pyramids of human heads. Astracan, Carizme, Delhi, Ispahan, Bagdad, Aleppo, Damascus, Boursa, Smyrna, and a thousand others, were sacked, or burned, or utterly destroyed in his presence, and by his troops; and perhaps his conscience would have been startled if a priest or philosopher had dared to number the millions of victims whom he had sacrificed to the establishment of peace

and order. 2. His most destructive wars were rather inroads than conquests. He invaded Turkestan, Kipzak, Russia, Hindostan, Syria, Anatolia, Armenia, and Georgia, without a hope or a desire of preserving these distant provinces. From thence he departed laden with spoil; but he left behind him neither troops to awe the contumacious, nor magistrates to protect the obedient natives. When he had broken the fabric of their ancient government, he abandoned them to the evils which his invasion had aggravated or caused; nor were these evils compensated by any present or possible benefits. 3. The kingdoms of Transoxiana and Persia were the proper field which he laboured to cultivate and adorn, as the perpetual inheritance of his family. But his peaceful labours were often interrupted, and sometimes blasted, by the absence of the conqueror. While he triumphed on the Volga or the Ganges, his servants, and even his sons, forgot their master and their duty. The public and private injuries were poorly redressed by the tardy rigour of inquiry and punishment; and we must be content to praise the institutions of Timour as the specious idea of a perfect monarchy. 4. Whatsoever might be the blessings of his administration, they evaporated with his life. To reign, rather than to govern, was the ambition of his children and grandchildren, the enemies of each other and of the people. A fragment of the empire was upheld with some glory by Sharokh, his youngest son; but after his decease, the scene was again involved in darkness and blood; and before the end of a century, Transoxiana and Persia were trampled by the Uzbecks from the north, and the Turkmans of the black and white sheep. The race of Timour would have been extinct, if a hero, his descendant in the fifth degree, had not fled before the Uzbek arms to the conquest of Hindostan. His successors (the great Moguls) extended their sway from the mountains of Cashmir to Cape Comorin, and from Candahar to the Gulf of Bengal. Since the reign of Aurungzebe, their empire has been dissolved; their treasures of Delhi have been rifled by a Persian robber; and the richest of their kingdoms is now possessed by a company of Christian merchants, of a remote island in the northern ocean.

[*Invention and Use of Gunpowder.*]

The only hope of salvation for the Greek empire and the adjacent kingdoms, would have been some more powerful weapon, some discovery in the art of war, that should give them a decisive superiority over their Turkish foes. Such a weapon was in their hands; such a discovery had been made in the critical moment of their fate. The chemists of China or Europe had found, by casual or elaborate experiments, that a mixture of saltpetre, sulphur, and charcoal, produces, with a spark of fire, a tremendous explosion. It was soon observed, that if the expansive force were compressed in a strong tube, a ball of stone or iron might be expelled with irresistible and destructive velocity. The precise era of the invention and application of gunpowder is involved in doubtful traditions and equivocal language; yet we may clearly discern that it was known before the middle of the fourteenth century; and that before the end of the same, the use of artillery in battles and sieges, by sea and land, was familiar to the states of Germany, Italy, Spain, France, and England. The priority of nations is of small account; none could derive any exclusive benefit from their previous or superior knowledge; and in the common improvement, they stood on the same level of relative power and military science. Nor was it possible to circumscribe the secret within the pale of the church; it was disclosed to the Turks by the treachery of apostates and the selfish policy of rivals; and the sultans had sense to adopt, and wealth to reward, the talents of a Christian engineer. The Genoese, who transported Amurath into Europe, must be accused as his preceptors; and it was probably by their hands that his cannon was cast and directed at the siege of Constantinople. The first attempt was indeed unsuccessful; but in the general warfare of the age, the advantage was on their side who were most commonly the assailants; for a while the proportion of the attack and defence was suspended; and this thundering artillery was pointed against the walls and towers which had been erected only to resist the less potent engines of antiquity. By the Venetians, the use of gunpowder was communicated without reproach to the sultans of Egypt and Persia, their allies against the Ottoman power; the secret was soon propagated to the extremities of Asia; and the advantage of the European was confined to his easy victories over the savages of the new world. If we contrast the rapid progress of this mischievous discovery with the slow and laborious advances of reason, science, and the arts of peace, a philosopher, according to his temper, will laugh or weep at the folly of mankind.

[*Letter of Gibbon to Mrs Porten—Account of his Mode of Life at Lausanne.*]

December 27, 1783.

The unfortunate are loud and loquacious in their complaints, but real happiness is content with its own silent enjoyment; and if that happiness is of a quiet uniform kind, we suffer days and weeks to elapse without communicating our sensations to a distant friend. By you, therefore, whose temper and understanding have extracted from human life, on every occasion, the best and most comfortable ingredients, my silence will always be interpreted as an evidence of content, and you would only be alarmed (the danger is not at hand) by the too frequent repetition of my letters. Perhaps I should have continued to slumber, I don't know how long, had I not been awakened by the anxiety which you express in your last letter. * *

From this base subject I descend to one which more seriously and strongly engages your thoughts—the consideration of my health and happiness. And you will give me credit when I assure you, with sincerity, that I have not repented a single moment of the step which I have taken, and that I only regret the not having executed the same design two, or five, or even ten years ago. By this time I might have returned independent and rich to my native country; I should have escaped many disagreeable events that have happened in the meanwhile, and I should have avoided the parliamentary life, which experience has proved to be neither suitable to my temper nor conducive to my fortune. In speaking of the happiness which I enjoy, you will agree with me in giving the preference to a sincere and sensible friend; and though you cannot discern the full extent of his merit, you will easily believe that Deyverdun is the man. Perhaps two persons so perfectly fitted to live together were never formed by nature and education. We have both read and seen a great variety of objects; the lights and shades of our different characters are happily blended; and a friendship of thirty years has taught us to enjoy our mutual advantages, and to support our unavoidable imperfections. In love and marriage some harsh sounds will sometimes interrupt the harmony, and in the course of time, like our neighbours, we must expect some disagreeable moments; but confidence and freedom are the two pillars of our union, and I am much mistaken if the building be not solid and comfortable. * * In this season I rise (not at four in the morning, but) a little before eight; at nine I am called from my study to breakfast, which I always perform alone, in the English

style; and, with the aid of Caplin,* I perceive no difference between Lausanne and Bentinck Street. Our mornings are usually passed in separate studies; we never approach each other's door without a previous message, or thrice knocking, and my apartment is already sacred and formidable to strangers. I dress at half past one, and at two (an early hour, to which I am not perfectly reconciled) we sit down to dinner. We have hired a female cook, well skilled in her profession, and accustomed to the taste of every nation; as, for instance, we had excellent mince pies yesterday. After dinner and the departure of our company, one, two, or three friends—we read together some amusing book, or play at chess, or retire to our rooms, or make visits, or go to the coffee-house. Between six and seven the assemblies begin, and I am oppressed only with their number and variety. Whist, at shillings or half-crowns, is the game I generally play, and I play three rubbers with pleasure. Between nine and ten we withdraw to our bread and cheese, and friendly converse, which sends us to bed at eleven; but these sober hours are too often interrupted by private or numerous suppers, which I have not the courage to resist, though I practise a laudable abstinence at the best furnished tables. Such is the skeleton of my life; it is impossible to communicate a perfect idea of the vital and substantial parts, the characters of the men and women with whom I have very easily connected myself in looser and closer bonds, according to their inclination and my own. If I do not deceive myself, and if Deyverdun does not flatter me, I am already a general favourite; and as our likings and dislikes are commonly mutual, I am equally satisfied with the freedom and elegance of manners, and (after proper allowances and exceptions) with the worthy and amiable qualities of many individuals. The autumn has been beautiful, and the winter hitherto mild, but in January we must expect some severe frost. Instead of a hackney-coach, I walk the streets, wrapped up in a fur cloak; but this exercise is wholesome, and, except an accidental fit of the gout of a few days, I never enjoyed better health. I am no longer in Pavilliard's house, where I was almost starved with cold and hunger, and you may be assured that I now enjoy every benefit of comfort, plenty, and even decent luxury. You wish me happy; acknowledge that such a life is more conducive to happiness than five nights in the week passed in the House of Commons, or five mornings spent at the Custom-house.

[*Remarks on Reading.*]

[These remarks form the preface to a series of memoranda begun by Gibbon in 1761, under the title of *Abstract of my Readings.*]

'Reading is to the mind,' said the Duke of Vivonne to Louis XIV., 'what your partridges are to my chops.' It is, in fact, the nourishment of the mind; for by reading we know our Creator, his works, ourselves chiefly, and our fellow-creatures. But this nourishment is easily converted into poison. Salmasius had read as much as Grotius, perhaps more; but their different modes of reading made the one an enlightened philosopher, and the other, to speak plainly, a pedant, puffed up with a useless erudition.

Let us read with method, and propose to ourselves an end to which all our studies may point. Through neglect of this rule, gross ignorance often disgraces great readers; who, by skipping hastily and irregularly from one subject to another, render themselves incapable of combining their ideas. So many detached parcels of knowledge cannot form a whole. This inconstancy weakens the energies of the mind, creates in it a dislike to application, and even robs it of the advantages of natural good sense.

Yet let us avoid the contrary extreme, and respect method, without rendering ourselves its slaves. While we propose an end in our reading, let not this end be too remote; and when once we have attained it, let our attention be directed to a different subject. Inconstancy weakens the understanding; a long and exclusive application to a single object hardens and contracts it. Our ideas no longer change easily into a different channel, and the course of reading to which we have too long accustomed ourselves is the only one that we can pursue with pleasure.

We ought, besides, to be careful not to make the order of our thoughts subservient to that of our subjects; this would be to sacrifice the principal to the accessory. The use of our reading is to aid us in thinking. The perusal of a particular work gives birth, perhaps, to ideas unconnected with the subject of which it treats. I wish to pursue these ideas; they withdraw me from my proposed plan of reading, and throw me into a new track, and from thence, perhaps, into a second and a third. At length I begin to perceive whither my researches tend. Their result, perhaps, may be profitable; it is worth while to try; whereas, had I followed the high road, I should not have been able, at the end of my long journey, to retrace the progress of my thoughts.

This plan of reading is not applicable to our early studies, since the severest method is scarcely sufficient to make us conceive objects altogether new. Neither can it be adopted by those who read in order to write, and who ought to dwell on their subject till they have sounded its depths. These reflections, however, I do not absolutely warrant. On the supposition that they are just, they may be so, perhaps, for myself only. The constitution of minds differs like that of bodies; the same regimen will not suit all. Each individual ought to study his own.

To read with attention, exactly to define the expressions of our author, never to admit a conclusion without comprehending its reason, often to pause, reflect, and interrogate ourselves; these are so many advices which it is easy to give, but difficult to follow. The same may be said of that almost evangelical maxim of forgetting friends, country, religion, of giving merit its due praise, and embracing truth wherever it is to be found.

But what ought we to read? Each individual must answer this question for himself, agreeably to the object of his studies. The only general precept that I would venture to give, is that of Pliny, 'to read much rather than many things;' to make a careful selection of the best works, and to render them familiar to us by attentive and repeated perusals. Without expatiating on the authors so generally known and approved, I would simply observe, that in matters of reasoning, the best are those who have augmented the number of useful truths; who have discovered truths, of whatever nature they may be; in one word, those bold spirits who, quitting the beaten track, prefer being in the wrong alone, to being in the right with the multitude. Such authors increase the number of our ideas, and even their mistakes are useful to their successors. With all the respect due to Mr Locke, I would not, however, neglect the works of those academicians who destroy errors without hoping to substitute truth in their stead. In works of fancy, invention ought to bear away the palm; chiefly that invention which creates a new kind of writing; and next, that which displays the charms of novelty in its subject, characters, situation, pictures, thoughts, and sentiments. Yet this invention will miss its effect, unless it be accompanied with a genius capable

* His English valet de chambre.

of adapting itself to every variety of the subject—successively sublime, pathetic, flowery, majestic, and playful; and with a judgment which admits nothing indecorous, and a style which expresses well whatever ought to be said. As to compilations which are intended merely to treasure up the thoughts of others, I ask whether they are written with perspicuity, whether superfluities are lopped off, and dispersed observations skilfully collected; and agreeably to my answers to those questions, I estimate the merit of such performances.

METAPHYSICAL WRITERS.

The public taste has been almost wholly withdrawn from metaphysical pursuits, which at this time constituted a favourite study with men of letters. Ample scope was given for ingenious speculation in the inductive philosophy of the mind; and the example of a few great names, each connected with some particular theory of moral science, kept alive a zeal for such minute and often fanciful inquiries. In the higher branch of ethics, honourable service was rendered by Bishop Butler, but it was in Scotland that speculative philosophy obtained most favour and celebrity. After a long interval of a century and a half, DR FRANCIS HUTCHESON (1694-1747) introduced into Scotland a taste for metaphysics, which, in the sixteenth century, had prevailed to a great extent in the northern universities. Hutcheson was a native of Ireland, but studied in the university of Glasgow for six years, after which he returned to his native country, and kept an academy in Dublin. About the year 1726 he published his *Inquiry into Beauty and Virtue*, and his reputation was so high that he was called to be professor of moral philosophy in Glasgow in the year 1729. His great work, a *System of Moral Philosophy*, did not appear till after his death, when it was published in two volumes, quarto, by his son. The rudiments of his philosophy were borrowed from Shaftesbury, but he introduced a new term, *the moral sense*, into the metaphysical vocabulary, and assigned to it a sphere of considerable importance. With him the moral sense was a capacity of perceiving moral qualities in action, which excite what he called ideas of those qualities, in the same manner as external things give us not merely pain or pleasure, but notions or ideas of hardness, form, and colour. We agree with Dr Brown in considering this a great error; a moral sense considered strictly and truly a sense, as much so as any of those which are the source of our direct external perceptions, and not a state or act of the understanding, seems a purely fanciful hypothesis. The ancient doctrine, that virtue consists in benevolence, was supported by Hutcheson with much acuteness, but when he asserts that even the approbation of our own conscience diminishes the merit of a benevolent action, we instinctively reject his theory as unnatural and visionary. On account of these paradoxes, Sir James Mackintosh charges Hutcheson with confounding the theory of moral sentiments with the criterion of moral actions, but bears testimony to the ingenuity of his views, and the elegant simplicity of his language.

DAVID HUME.

The system of Idealism, promulgated by Berkeley and the writings of Hutcheson, led to the first literary production of DAVID HUME—his *Treatise on Human Nature*, published in 1738. The leading doctrine of Hume is, that all the objects of our knowledge are divided in two classes—impressions and ideas. From the structure of our minds he contended that we must for ever dwell in ignorance; and thus, 'by perplexing the relations of cause and effect, he boldly aimed to introduce a universal scepticism, and to pour a more than Egyptian darkness into the whole region of morals.' The 'Treatise on Human Nature' was afterwards re-cast and re-published under the title of *An Inquiry concerning the Human Understanding*; but it still failed to attract attention. He was now, however, known as a philosophical writer by his *Essays, Moral, Political, and Literary*, published in 1742; a miscellany of thoughts at once original, and calculated for popularity. The other metaphysical works of Hume are, an *Inquiry concerning the Principles of Morals*, the *Natural History of Religion*, and *Dialogues on Natural Religion*, which were not published till after his death. The moral system of Hume, that the virtue of actions depends wholly upon their utility, has been often combated, and is generally held to be successfully refuted by Brown. In his own day, Dr Adam Smith thus ridiculed the doctrine. 'It seems impossible,' he says, 'that the approbation of virtue should be a sentiment of the same kind with that by which we approve of a convenient and well-contrived building; or that we should have no other reason for praising a man than for that for which we commend a chest of drawers!' Mr Hume's theory as to miracles, that there was more probability in the error or bad faith of the reporter than in any interference with the ordinary laws of nature, which the observations of scientific men show to be unswerving, was met, to the entire satisfaction of the public, by the able disquisition of Dr George Campbell, whose leading argument in reply was, that we have equally to trust to human testimony for an account of those laws, as for a history of the transactions which are considered to be an exception from them. In drawing his metaphysical theories and distinctions, Hume seems to have been unmoved by any consideration of consequences. He saw that they led to universal scepticism—'to doubts that would not only shake all inductive science to pieces, but would put a stop to the whole business of life'—to the absurd contradiction in terms, 'a belief that there can be no belief'—but his love of theory and paradox, his philosophical acuteness and subtlety, involved him in the maze of scepticism, and he was content to be for ever in doubt. It is at the same time to be admitted, in favour of this remarkable man, that a genuine love of letters and of philosophy,* and an honourable desire of distinction in these walks—which had been his predominating sentiment and motive from his earliest years, to the exclusion of more vulgar though dazzling ambitions—had probably a large concern in misleading him. In matters strictly philosophical, his thoughts were original and profound, and to him it might not be difficult to trace the origin of several ideas which have since been more fully elaborated, and exercised no small influence on human affairs.

[*On Delicacy of Taste.*]

[From Hume's 'Essays.']

Nothing is so improving to the temper as the study of the beauties either of poetry, eloquence, music, or painting. They give a certain elegance of sentiment to which the rest of mankind are strangers. The

* Of this ruling passion of Hume we have the following outburst in his account of the reign of James I.:—'Such a superiority do the pursuits of literature possess above every other occupation, that even he who attains but a mediocrity in them, merits the pre-eminence above those that excel the most in the common and vulgar professions.'

emotions which they excite are soft and tender. They draw off the mind from the hurry of business and interest; cherish reflection; dispose to tranquillity; and produce an agreeable melancholy, which, of all dispositions of the mind, is the best suited to love and friendship. In the second place, a delicacy of taste is favourable to love and friendship, by confining our choice to few people, and making us indifferent to the company and conversation of the greater part of men. You will seldom find that mere men of the world, whatever strong sense they may be endowed with, are very nice in distinguishing characters, or in marking those insensible differences and gradations which make one man preferable to another. Any one that has competent sense is sufficient for their entertainment: they talk to him of their pleasure and affairs with the same frankness that they would to another; and finding many who are fit to supply his place, they never feel any vacancy or want in his absence. But, to make use of the allusion of a celebrated French author, the judgment may be compared to a clock or watch where the most ordinary machine is sufficient to tell the hours, but the most elaborate alone can point out the minutes and seconds, and distinguish the smallest differences of time. One that has well digested his knowledge, both of books and men, has little enjoyment but in the company of a few select companions. He feels too sensibly how much all the rest of mankind fall short of the notions which he has entertained; and his affections being thus confined within a narrow circle, no wonder he carries them further than if they were more general and undistinguished. The gaiety and frolic of a bottle companion improves with him into a solid friendship; and the ardours of a youthful appetite become an elegant passion.

[On Simplicity and Refinement.]

[From the same.]

It is a certain rule that wit and passion are entirely incompatible. When the affections are moved, there is no place for the imagination. The mind of man being naturally limited, it is impossible that all its faculties can operate at once; and the more any one predominates, the less room is there for the others to exert their vigour. For this reason a greater degree of simplicity is required in all compositions where men, and actions, and passions are painted, than in such as consist of reflections and observations. And, as the former species of writing is the more engaging and beautiful, one may safely, upon this account, give the preference to the extreme of simplicity above that of refinement.

We may also observe, that those compositions which we read the oftenest, and which every man of taste has got by heart, have the recommendation of simplicity, and have nothing surprising in the thought when divested of that elegance of expression and harmony of numbers with which it is clothed. If the merit of the composition lie in a point of wit, it may strike at first; but the mind anticipates the thought in the second perusal, and is no longer affected by it. When I read an epigram of Martial, the first line recalls the whole; and I have no pleasure in repeating to myself what I know already. But each line, each word in Catullus, has its merit; and I am never tired with the perusal of him. It is sufficient to run over Cowley once; but Parnell, after the fiftieth reading, is as fresh as the first. Besides, it is with books as with women, where a certain plainness of manner and of dress is more engaging than that glare of paint, and airs, and apparel, which may dazzle the eye but reaches not the affections. Terence is a modest and bashful beauty, to whom we grant everything, because he assumes nothing; and whose purity and nature make a durable though not a violent impression on us.

[Estimate of the Effects of Luxury.]

[From the same.]

Since luxury may be considered either as innocent or blameable, one may be surprised at those preposterous opinions which have been entertained concerning it; while men of libertine principles bestow praises even on vicious luxury, and represent it as highly advantageous to society; and, on the other hand, men of severe morals blame even the most innocent luxury, and represent it as the source of all the corruptions, disorders, and factions incident to civil government. We shall here endeavour to correct both these extremes, by proving, first, that the ages of refinement are both the happiest and most virtuous; secondly, that wherever luxury ceases to be innocent, it also ceases to be beneficial; and when carried a degree too far, is a quality pernicious, though perhaps not the most pernicious, to political society.

To prove the first point, we need but consider the effects of refinement both on private and on public life. Human happiness, according to the most received notions, seems to consist in three ingredients; action, pleasure, and indolence. And though these ingredients ought to be mixed in different proportions, according to the particular disposition of the person, yet no one ingredient can be entirely wanting without destroying in some measure the relish of the whole composition. Indolence or repose, indeed, seems not of itself to contribute much to our enjoyment, but, like sleep, is requisite as an indulgence to the weakness of human nature, which cannot support an uninterrupted course of business or pleasure. That quick march of the spirits which takes a man from himself, and chiefly gives satisfaction, does in the end exhaust the mind, and requires some intervals of repose, which, though agreeable for a moment, yet, if prolonged, beget a languor and lethargy that destroy all enjoyment. Education, custom, and example, have a mighty influence in turning the mind to any of these pursuits; and it must be owned that, where they promote a relish for action and pleasure, they are so far favourable to human happiness. In times when industry and the arts flourish, men are kept in perpetual occupation, and enjoy as their reward the occupation itself, as well as those pleasures which are the fruit of their labour. The mind acquires new vigour, enlarges its powers and faculties, and, by an assiduity in honest industry, both satisfies its natural appetites and prevents the growth of unnatural ones, which commonly spring up when nourished by ease and idleness. Banish those arts from society, you deprive men both of action and of pleasure; and leaving nothing but indolence in their place, you even destroy the relish of indolence, which never is agreeable but when it succeeds to labour, and recruits the spirits exhausted by too much application and fatigue.

Another advantage of industry and of refinements in the mechanical arts is, that they commonly produce some refinements in the liberal; nor can one be carried to perfection without being accompanied in some degree with the other. The same age which produces great philosophers and politicians, renowned generals and poets, usually abounds with skilful weavers and ship-carpenters. We cannot reasonably expect that a piece of woollen cloth will be brought to perfection in a nation which is ignorant of astronomy, or where ethics are neglected. The spirit of the age affects all the arts, and the minds of men being once roused from their lethargy and put into a fermentation, turn themselves on all sides, and carry improvements into every art and science. Profound ignorance is totally banished, and men enjoy the privilege of rational

creatures, to think as well as to act, to cultivate the pleasures of the mind as well as those of the body.

The more these refined arts advance, the more sociable men become. Nor is it possible, that when enriched with science, and possessed of a fund of conversation, they should be contented to remain in solitude, or live with their fellow-citizens in that distant manner which is peculiar to ignorant and barbarous nations. They flock into cities; love to receive and communicate knowledge; to show their wit or their breeding; their taste in conversation or living, in clothes or furniture. Curiosity allures the wise; vanity the foolish; and pleasure both. Particular clubs and societies are everywhere formed: both sexes meet in an easy and sociable manner; and the tempers of men, as well as their behaviour, refine apace. So that, beside the improvements which they receive from knowledge and the liberal arts, it is impossible but they must feel an increase of humanity, from the very habit of conversing together, and contributing to each other's pleasure and entertainment. Thus industry, knowledge, and humanity, are linked together by an indissoluble chain, and are found, from experience as well as reason, to be peculiar to the more polished, and what are commonly denominated the more luxurious ages.

[After some further arguments] Knowledge in the arts of government naturally begets mildness and moderation, by instructing men in the advantages of humane maxims above rigour and severity, which drive subjects into rebellion, and make the return to submission impracticable, by cutting off all hopes of pardon. When the tempers of men are softened as well as their knowledge improved, this humanity appears still more conspicuous, and is the chief characteristic which distinguishes a civilised age from times of barbarity and ignorance. Factions are then less inveterate, revolutions less tragical, authority less severe, and seditions less frequent. Even foreign wars abate of their cruelty; and after the field of battle, where honour and interest steel men against compassion as well as fear, the combatants divest themselves of the brute, and resume the man.

Nor need we fear that men, by losing their ferocity, will lose their martial spirit, or become less undaunted and vigorous in defence of their country or their liberty. The arts have no such effect in enervating either the mind or body. On the contrary, industry, their inseparable attendant, adds new force to both. And if anger, which is said to be the whetstone of courage, loses somewhat of its asperity by politeness and refinement, a sense of honour, which is a stronger, more constant, and more governable principle, acquires fresh vigour by that elevation of genius which arises from knowledge and a good education. Add to this, that courage can neither have any duration, nor be of any use, when not accompanied with discipline and martial skill, which are seldom found among a barbarous people. The ancients remarked that Datames was the only barbarian that ever knew the art of war. And Pyrrhus, seeing the Romans marshal their army with some art and skill, said with surprise, 'These barbarians have nothing barbarous in their discipline!' It is observable that, as the old Romans, by applying themselves solely to war, were almost the only uncivilised people that ever possessed military discipline, so the modern Italians are the only civilised people, among Europeans, that ever wanted courage and a martial spirit. Those who would ascribe this effeminacy of the Italians to their luxury, or politeness, or application to the arts, need but consider the French and English, whose bravery is as incontestable as their love for the arts and their assiduity in commerce. The Italian historians give us a more satisfactory reason for this degeneracy of their countrymen. They show us how the sword was dropped at once by all the Italian sovereigns; while the Venetian aristocracy was jealous of its subjects, the Florentine democracy applied itself entirely to commerce; Rome was governed by priests, and Naples by women. War then became the business of soldiers of fortune, who spared one another, and, to the astonishment of the world, could engage a whole day in what they called a battle, and return at night to their camp without the least bloodshed.

What has chiefly induced severe moralists to declaim against refinement in the arts, is the example of ancient Rome, which, joining to its poverty and rusticity virtue and public spirit, rose to such a surprising height of grandeur and liberty; but, having learned from its conquered provinces the Asiatic luxury, fell into every kind of corruption; whence arose sedition and civil wars, attended at last with the total loss of liberty. All the Latin classics whom we peruse in our infancy are full of these sentiments, and universally ascribe the ruin of their state to the arts and riches imported from the East; insomuch that Sallust represents a taste for painting as a vice, no less than lewdness and drinking. And so popular were these sentiments during the latter ages of the republic, that this author abounds in praises of the old rigid Roman virtue, though himself the most egregious instance of modern luxury and corruption; speaks contemptuously of the Grecian eloquence, though the most elegant writer in the world; nay, employs preposterous digressions and declamations to this purpose, though a model of taste and correctness.

But it would be easy to prove that these writers mistook the cause of the disorders in the Roman state, and ascribed to luxury and the arts what really proceeded from an ill modelled government, and the unlimited extent of conquests. Refinement on the pleasures and conveniences of life has no natural tendency to beget venality and corruption. The value which all men put upon any particular pleasure depends on comparison and experience; nor is a porter less greedy of money which he spends on bacon and brandy, than a courtier who purchases champagne and ortolans. Riches are valuable at all times, and to all men, because they always purchase pleasures such as men are accustomed to and desire; nor can anything restrain or regulate the love of money but a sense of honour and virtue, which, if it be not nearly equal at all times, will naturally abound most in ages of knowledge and refinement. * *

To declaim against present times, and magnify the virtue of remote ancestors, is a propensity almost inherent in human nature: and as the sentiments and opinions of civilised ages alone are transmitted to posterity, hence it is that we meet with so many severe judgments pronounced against luxury, and even science; and hence it is that at present we give so ready an assent to them. But the fallacy is easily perceived by comparing different nations that are contemporaries; where we both judge more impartially, and can better set in opposition those manners with which we are sufficiently acquainted. Treachery and cruelty, the most pernicious and most odious of all vices, seem peculiar to uncivilised ages, and by the refined Greeks and Romans were ascribed to all the barbarous nations which surrounded them. They might justly, therefore, have presumed that their own ancestors, so highly celebrated, possessed no greater virtue, and were as much inferior to their posterity in honour and humanity as in taste and science. An ancient Frank or Saxon may be highly extolled; but I believe every man would think his life or fortune much less secure in the hands of a Moor or Tartar than those of a French or English gentleman, the rank of men the most civilised in the most civilised nations.

We come now to the second position which we proposed to illustrate, to wit, that as innocent luxury or a refinement in the arts and conveniences of life is advantageous to the public, so wherever luxury ceases to be innocent, it also ceases to be beneficial; and when carried a degree farther, begins to be a quality pernicious, though perhaps not the most pernicious, to political society.

Let us consider what we call vicious luxury. No gratification, however sensual, can of itself be esteemed vicious. A gratification is only vicious when it engrosses all a man's expense, and leaves no ability for such acts of duty and generosity as are required by his situation and fortune. Suppose that he correct the vice, and employ part of his expense in the education of his children, in the support of his friends, and in relieving the poor; would any prejudice result to society? On the contrary, the same consumption would arise, and that labour which at present is employed only in producing a slender gratification to one man, would relieve the necessitous, and bestow satisfaction on hundreds. The same care and toil that raise a dish of peas at Christmas, would give bread to a whole family during six months. To say that without a vicious luxury the labour would not have been employed at all, is only to say that there is some other defect in human nature, such as indolence, selfishness, inattention to others, for which luxury in some measure provides a remedy, as one poison may be an antidote to another. But virtue, like wholesome food, is better than poisons, however corrected.

Suppose the same number of men that are at present in Great Britain with the same soil and climate, I ask, is it not possible for them to be happier, by the most perfect way of life that can be imagined, and by the greatest reformation that Omnipotence itself could work in their temper and disposition? To assert that they cannot, appears evidently ridiculous. As the land is able to maintain more than all its present inhabitants, they could never, in such a Utopian state, feel any other ills than those which arise from bodily sickness, and these are not the half of human miseries. All other ills spring from some vice, either in ourselves or others, and even many of our diseases proceed from the same origin. Remove the vices, and the ills follow. You must only take care to remove all the vices. If you remove part, you may render the matter worse. By banishing vicious luxury, without curing sloth and an indifference to others, you only diminish industry in the state, and add nothing to men's charity or their generosity. Let us, therefore, rest contented with asserting that two opposite vices in a state may be more advantageous than either of them alone; but let us never pronounce vice in itself advantageous. Is it not very inconsistent for an author to assert in one page that moral distinctions are inventions of politicians for public interest, and in the next page maintain that vice is advantageous to the public? And indeed it seems, upon any system of morality, little less than a contradiction in terms to talk of a vice which is in general beneficial to society.

I thought this reasoning necessary, in order to give some light to a philosophical question which has been much disputed in England. I call it a philosophical question, not a political one; for whatever may be the consequence of such a miraculous transformation of mankind as would endow them with every species of virtue, and free them from every species of vice, this concerns not the magistrate who aims only at possibilities. He cannot cure every vice by substituting a virtue in its place. Very often he can only cure one vice by another, and in that case he ought to prefer what is least pernicious to society. Luxury, when excessive, is the source of many ills, but is in general preferable to sloth and idleness, which would commonly succeed in its place, and are more hurtful both to private persons and to the public. When sloth reigns, a mean uncultivated way of life prevails amongst individuals, without society, without enjoyment. And if the sovereign, in such a situation, demands the service of his subjects, the labour of the state suffices only to furnish the necessaries of life to the labourers, and can afford nothing to those who are employed in the public service.

Of the Middle Station of Life.

The moral of the following fable will easily discover itself without my explaining it. One rivulet meeting another, with whom he had been long united in strictest amity, with noisy haughtiness and disdain thus bespoke him: 'What, brother! still in the same state! Still low and creeping! Are you not ashamed when you behold me, who, though lately in a like condition with you, am now become a great river, and shall shortly be able to rival the Danube or the Rhine, provided those friendly rains continue which have favoured my banks, but neglected yours?' 'Very true,' replies the humble rivulet, 'you are now, indeed, swollen to a great size; but methinks you are become withal somewhat turbulent and muddy. I am contented with my low condition and my purity.'

Instead of commenting upon this fable, I shall take occasion from it to compare the different stations of life, and to persuade such of my readers as are placed in the middle station to be satisfied with it, as the most eligible of all others. These form the most numerous rank of men that can be supposed susceptible of philosophy, and therefore all discourses of morality ought principally to be addressed to them. The great are too much immersed in pleasure, and the poor too much occupied in providing for the necessities of life, to hearken to the calm voice of reason. The middle station, as it is most happy in many respects, so particularly in this, that a man placed in it can, with the greatest leisure, consider his own happiness, and reap a new enjoyment, from comparing his situation with that of persons above or below him.

Agur's prayer is sufficiently noted: 'Two things have I required of thee; deny me them not before I die: remove far from me vanity and lies; give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me: lest I be full and deny thee, and say, who is the Lord? or lest I be poor, and steal, and take the name of my God in vain.' The middle station is here justly recommended, as affording the fullest security for virtue; and I may also add, that it gives opportunity for the most ample exercise of it, and furnishes employment for every good quality which we can possibly be possessed of. Those who are placed among the lower ranks of men have little opportunity of exerting any other virtue besides those of patience, resignation, industry, and integrity. Those who are advanced into the higher stations, have full employment for their generosity, humanity, affability, and charity. When a man lies betwixt these two extremes, he can exert the former virtues towards his superiors, and the latter towards his inferiors. Every moral quality which the human soul is susceptible of, may have its turn, and be called up to action, and a man may, after this manner, be much more certain of his progress in virtue, than where his good qualities lie dormant and without employment.

But there is another virtue that seems principally to lie among equals, and is, for that reason, chiefly calculated for the middle station of life. This virtue is friendship. I believe most men of generous tempers are apt to envy the great, when they consider the large opportunities such persons have of doing good

to their fellow-creatures, and of acquiring the friendship and esteem of men of merit. They make no advances in vain, and are not obliged to associate with those whom they have little kindness for, like people of inferior stations, who are subject to have their proffers of friendship rejected even where they would be most fond of placing their affections. But though the great have more facility in acquiring friendships, they cannot be so certain of the sincerity of them as men of a lower rank, since the favours they bestow may acquire them flattery, instead of good will and kindness. It has been very judiciously remarked, that we attach ourselves more by the services we perform than by those we receive, and that a man is in danger of losing his friends by obliging them too far. I should therefore choose to lie in the middle way, and to have my commerce with my friend varied both by obligations given and received. I have too much pride to be willing that all the obligations should lie on my side, and should be afraid that, if they all lay on his, he would also have too much pride to be entirely easy under them, or have a perfect complacency in my company.

We may also remark of the middle station of life, that it is more favourable to the acquiring of wisdom and ability, as well as of virtue, and that a man so situate has a better chance for attaining a knowledge both of men and things, than those of a more elevated station. He enters with more familiarity into human life, and everything appears in its natural colours before him: he has more leisure to form observations; and has, besides, the motive of ambition to push him on in his attainments, being certain that he can never rise to any distinction or eminence in the world without his own industry. And here I cannot forbear communicating a remark, which may appear somewhat extraordinary, namely, that it is wisely ordained by Providence that the middle station should be the most favourable to the improving our natural abilities, since there is really more capacity requisite to perform the duties of that station, than is requisite to act in the higher spheres of life. There are more natural parts, and a stronger genius requisite to make a good lawyer or physician, than to make a great monarch. For, let us take any race or succession of kings, where birth alone gives a title to the crown; the English kings, for instance, who have not been esteemed the most shining in history. From the Conquest to the succession of his present majesty, we may reckon twenty-eight sovereigns, omitting those who died minors. Of these, eight are esteemed princes of great capacity, namely, the Conqueror, Harry II., Edward I., Edward III., Harry V. and VII., Elizabeth, and the late King William. Now, I believe every one will allow, that, in the common run of mankind, there are not eight out of twenty-eight who are fitted by nature to make a figure either on the bench or at the bar. Since Charles VII., ten monarchs have reigned in France, omitting Francis II. Five of those have been esteemed princes of capacity, namely, Louis XI., XII., and XIV., Francis I., and Harry IV. In short, the governing of mankind well requires a great deal of virtue, justice, and humanity, but not a surprising capacity. A certain Pope, whose name I have forgot, used to say, 'Let us divert ourselves, my friends; the world governs itself.' There are, indeed, some critical times, such as those in which Harry IV. lived, that call for the utmost vigour; and a less courage and capacity than what appeared in that great monarch must have sunk under the weight. But such circumstances are rare; and even then fortune does at least one half of the business.

Since the common professions, such as law or physic, require equal, if not superior capacity, to what are exerted in the higher spheres of life, it is evident that the soul must be made of still a finer mould, to shine in philosophy or poetry, or in any of the higher parts of learning. Courage and resolution are chiefly requisite in a commander, justice and humanity in a statesman, but genius and capacity in a scholar. Great generals and great politicians are found in all ages and countries of the world, and frequently start up at once, even amongst the greatest barbarians. Sweden was sunk in ignorance when it produced Gustavus Ericson and Gustavus Adolphus; Muscovy when the Czar appeared; and perhaps Carthage when it gave birth to Hannibal. But England must pass through a long gradation of its Spensers, Johnsons, Wallers, Drydens, before it arise at an Addison or a Pope. A happy talent for the liberal arts and sciences is a kind of prodigy among men. Nature must afford the richest genius that comes from her hands; education and example must cultivate it from the earliest infancy; and industry must concur to carry it to any degree of perfection. No man needs be surprised to see Kouli-Kan among the Persians; but Homer, in so early an age among the Greeks, is certainly matter of the highest wonder.

A man cannot show a genius for war who is not so fortunate as to be trusted with command; and it seldom happens, in any state or kingdom, that several at once are placed in that situation. How many Marlboroughs were there in the confederate army, who never rose so much as to the command of a regiment! But I am persuaded there has been but one Milton in England within these hundred years, because every one may exert the talents of poetry who is possessed of them; and no one could exert them under greater disadvantages than that divine poet. If no man were allowed to write verses but the person who was beforehand named to be laureate, could we expect a poet in ten thousand years!

Were we to distinguish the ranks of men by their genius and capacity, more than by their virtue and usefulness to the public, great philosophers would certainly challenge the first rank, and must be placed at the top of mankind. So rare is this character, that perhaps there has not as yet been above two in the world who can lay a just claim to it. At least Galileo and Newton seem to me so far to excel all the rest, that I cannot admit any other into the same class with them.

Great poets may challenge the second place; and this species of genius, though rare, is yet much more frequent than the former. Of the Greek poets that remain, Homer alone seems to merit this character: of the Romans, Virgil, Horace, and Lucretius: of the English, Milton and Pope: Corneille, Racine, Boileau, and Voltaire of the French: and Tasso and Ariosto of the Italians.

Great orators and historians are perhaps more rare than great poets; but as the opportunities for exerting the talents requisite for eloquence, or acquiring the knowledge requisite for writing history, depend in some measure upon fortune, we cannot pronounce these productions of genius to be more extraordinary than the former.

I should now return from this digression, and show that the middle station of life is more favourable to happiness, as well as to virtue and wisdom; but as the arguments that prove this seem pretty obvious, I shall here forbear insisting on them.

The Hartleian theory at this time found admirers and followers in England. DR DAVID HARTLEY, an English physician (1705-1757), having imbibed from Locke the principles of logic and metaphysics, and from a hint of Newton the doctrine that there were vibrations in the substance of the brain that might throw new light on the phenomena of the mind, formed a system which he developed

in his elaborate work, published in 1749, under the title of *Observations on Man, his Frame, his Duty, and his Expectations*. Hartley, besides his theory of the vibrations in the brain, refers all the operations of the intellect to the association of ideas, and represents that association as reducible to the single law, that ideas which enter the mind at the same time acquire a tendency to call up each other, which is in direct proportion to the frequency of their having entered together. His theory of vibrations has a tendency to materialism, but was not designed by its ingenious author to produce such an effect.

DR ADAM SMITH.

DR ADAM SMITH, after an interval of a few years, succeeded to Hutcheson as professor of moral philosophy in Glasgow, and not only inherited his love of metaphysics, but adopted some of his theories, which he blended with his own views of moral science. Smith was born in Kirkaldy in Fifeshire in 1723. His father held the situation of comptroller of customs, but died before the birth of his



Dr Adam Smith.

son. At Glasgow university, Smith distinguished himself by his acquirements, and obtained a nomination to Baliol college, Oxford, where he continued for seven years. His friends had designed him for the church, but he preferred trusting to literature and science. He gave a course of lectures in Edinburgh on rhetoric and belles lettres, which, in 1751, recommended him to the vacant chair of professor of logic in Glasgow, and this situation he next year exchanged for the more congenial one of moral philosophy professor. In 1759 he published his *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, and in 1764 he was prevailed upon to accompany the young Duke of Buccleuch as travelling tutor on the continent. They were absent two years, and on his return, Smith retired to his native town, and pursued a severe system of study, which resulted in the publication, in 1776, of his great work on political economy, *An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations*. Two years afterwards he was made one of the commissioners of customs, and his latter days were spent in ease and opulence. He died in 1790.

The philosophical doctrines of Smith are vastly inferior in value to the language and illustrations he employs in enforcing them. He has been styled the most eloquent of modern moralists; and his work is embellished with such a variety of examples, with such true pictures of the passions, and of life and manners, that it may be read with pleasure and advantage by those who, like Gray the poet, cannot see in the darkness of metaphysics. His leading doctrine, that sympathy must necessarily precede our moral approbation or disapprobation, has been generally abandoned. 'To derive our moral sentiments,' says Brown, 'which are as universal as the actions of mankind that come under our review, from the occasional sympathies that warm or sadden us with joys, and griefs, and resentments which are not our own, seems to me very nearly the same sort of error as it would be to derive the waters of an overflowing stream from the sunshine or shade which may occasionally gleam over it.' Mackintosh has also pointed out the error of representing the sympathies in their primitive state, without undergoing any transformation, as continuing exclusively to constitute the moral sentiments—an error which he happily compares to that of the geologist who should tell us that the layers of this planet had always been in the same state, shutting his eyes to transition states and secondary formations. As a specimen of the flowing style and moral illustrations of Smith, we give an extract on

[*The Results of Misdirected and Guilty Ambition.*]

To attain to this envied situation, the candidates for fortune too frequently abandon the paths of virtue; for unhappily, the road which leads to the one, and that which leads to the other, lie sometimes in very opposite directions. But the ambitious man flatters himself that, in the splendid situation to which he advances, he will have so many means of commanding the respect and admiration of mankind, and will be enabled to act with such superior propriety and grace, that the lustre of his future conduct will entirely cover or efface the foulness of the steps by which he arrived at that elevation. In many governments the candidates for the highest stations are above the law, and if they can attain the object of their ambition, they have no fear of being called to account for the means by which they acquired it. They often endeavour, therefore, not only by fraud and falsehood, the ordinary and vulgar arts of intrigue and cabal, but sometimes by the perpetration of the most enormous crimes, by murder and assassination, by rebellion and civil war, to supplant and destroy those who oppose or stand in the way of their greatness. They more frequently miscarry than succeed, and commonly gain nothing but the disgraceful punishment which is due to their crimes. But though they should be so lucky as to attain that wished-for greatness, they are always most miserably disappointed in the happiness which they expect to enjoy in it. It is not ease or pleasure, but always honour, of one kind or another, though frequently an honour very ill understood, that the ambitious man really pursues. But the honour of his exalted station appears, both in his own eyes and in those of other people, polluted and defiled by the baseness of the means through which he rose to it. Though by the profusion of every liberal expense, though by excessive indulgence in every profligate pleasure—the wretched but usual resource of ruined characters; though by the hurry of public business, or by the prouder and more dazzling tumult of war, he may endeavour to efface, both from his own memory and from that of other people, the remembrance of what he has done, that remembrance never fails to pursue him. He invokes in vain the dark and dismal

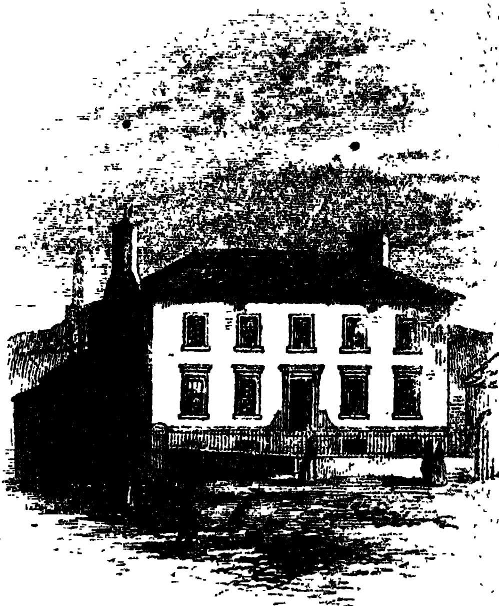
powers of forgetfulness and oblivion. He remembers himself what he has done, and that remembrance tells him that other people must likewise remember it. Amidst all the gaudy pomp of the most ostentatious greatness, amidst the venal and vile adulation of the great and of the learned, amidst the more innocent though more foolish acclamations of the common people, amidst all the pride of conquest and the triumph of successful war, he is still secretly pursued by the avenging furies of shame and remorse; and while glory seems to surround him on all sides, he himself, in his own imagination, sees black and foul infamy fast pursuing him, and every moment ready to overtake him from behind. Even the great Cæsar, though he had the magnanimity to dismiss his guards, could not dismiss his suspicions. The remembrance of Pharsalia still haunted and pursued him. When, at the request of the senate, he had the generosity to pardon Marcellus, he told that assembly that he was not unaware of the designs which were carrying on against his life; but that, as he had lived long enough both for nature and for glory, he was contented to die, and therefore despised all conspiracies. He had, perhaps, lived long enough for nature; but the man who felt himself the object of such deadly resentment, from those whose favour he wished to gain, and whom he still wished to consider as his friends, had certainly lived too long for real glory, or for all the happiness which he could ever hope to enjoy in the love and esteem of his equals.

DR REID.

Dr Reid's *Inquiry into the Human Mind*, published in 1764, was an attack on the ideal theory, and on the sceptical conclusions which Hume deduced from it. The author had the candour to submit it to Hume before publication, and the latter, with his usual complacency and good nature, acknowledged the merit of the treatise. In 1785 Reid published his *Essays on the Intellectual Powers of Man*, and in 1788 those on the *Active Powers*. The merit of Reid as a correct reasoner and original thinker on moral science, free from the jargon of the schools, and basing his speculations on inductive reasoning, has been generally admitted. The ideal theory which he combated, taught that 'nothing is perceived but what is in the mind which perceives it; that we really do not perceive things that are external, but only certain images and pictures of them imprinted upon the mind, which are called impressions and ideas.' This doctrine Reid had himself believed, till, finding it led to important consequences, he asked himself the question, 'What evidence have I for this doctrine, that all the objects of my knowledge are ideas in my own mind?' He set about an inquiry, but could find no evidence for the principle, he says, excepting the authority of philosophers. Dugald Stewart says of Reid, that it is by the logical rigour of his method of investigating metaphysical subjects (imperfectly understood even by the disciples of Locke), still more than by the importance of his particular conclusions, that he stands so conspicuously distinguished among those who have hitherto prosecuted analytically the study of man. In the dedication of his 'Inquiry,' Reid incidentally makes a definition which strikes us as very happy:—'The productions of imagination,' he says, 'require a genius which soars above the common rank; but the treasures of knowledge are commonly buried deep, and may be reached by those drudges who can dig with labour and patience, though they have not wings to fly.' Dr Reid was a native of Strachan, in Kincardineshire, where he was born on the 26th of April 1710. He was bred to the church, and obtained the living of New Machar, Aberdeenshire. In 1752 he was appointed professor of moral philosophy in King's college, Aberdeen, which he quitted in 1763 for the chair of moral philosophy in Glasgow. He died on the 7th of October 1796.

LORD KAMES.

Henry Home (1696-1782), a Scottish lawyer and judge, in which latter capacity he took, according to a custom of his country, the designation of Lord Kames, was a conspicuous member of the literary



House of Lord Kames, Canongate, Edinburgh.

and philosophical society assembled in Edinburgh during the latter part of the eighteenth century. During the earlier part of his life he devoted the whole powers of an acute and reflective mind, and with an industry calling for the greatest praise, to his profession, and compilations and treatises connected with it. But the natural bent of his faculties towards philosophical disquisition—the glory if not the vice of his age and country—at length took the mastery, and, after reaching the bench in 1752, he gave his leisure almost exclusively to metaphysical and ethical subjects. His first work of this kind, *Essays on the Principles of Morality and Natural Religion*, combats those theories of human nature which deduce all actions from some single principle, and attempts to establish several principles of action. He here maintained philosophical necessity, but in a connection with the duties of morality and religion, which he hoped might save him from the obloquy bestowed on other defenders of that doctrine; an expectation in which he was partially disappointed, as he narrowly escaped a citation before the General Assembly of his native church, on account of this book.

The *Introduction to the Art of Thinking*, published in 1761, was a small and subordinate work, consisting mainly of a series of detached maxims and general observations on human conduct, illustrated by anecdotes drawn from the stores of history and biography. In the ensuing year appeared a larger work, perhaps the best of all his compositions—*The Elements of Criticism*, three volumes, a bold and

original performance, which, discarding all arbitrary rules of literary criticism derived from authority, seeks for a proper set of rules in the fundamental principles of human nature itself. Dugald Stewart admits this to be the first systematic attempt to investigate the metaphysical principles of the fine arts.

Lord Kames had, for many years, kept a commonplace book, into which he transcribed all anecdotes of man, in his various nations and degrees of civilisation, which occurred in the course of his reading, or appeared in the fugitive publications of the day. When advanced to near eighty years of age, he threw these together in a work entitled *Sketches of the History of Man* (two vols., 4to., 1773), which shows his usual ingenuity and acuteness, and presents many curious disquisitions on society, but is materially reduced in value by the absence of a proper authentication to many of the statements presented in it as illustrations. A volume, entitled *Loose Hints on Education*, published in 1781, and in which he anticipates some of the doctrines on that subject which have since been in vogue, completes the list of his philosophical works.

Lord Kames was also distinguished as an amateur agriculturist and improver of land, and some operations, devised by him for clearing away a superincumbent moss from his estate by means of water raised from a neighbouring river, help to mark the originality and boldness of his conceptions. This taste led to his producing, in 1777, a volume entitled *The Gentleman Farmer*, which he has himself sufficiently described as 'an attempt to improve agriculture by subjecting it to the test of rational principles.'

Lord Kames was a man of commanding aspect and figure, but easy and familiar manners. He was the life and soul of every private company, and it was remarked of him that no subject seemed too great or too frivolous to derive lustre from his remarks upon it. The taste and thought of his philosophical works have now placed them out of fashion, but they contain many views and reflections from which modern inquirers might derive advantage.

[*Pleasures of the Eye and the Ear.*]

That nothing external is perceived till first it make an impression upon the organ of sense, is an observation that holds equally in every one of the external senses. But there is a difference as to our knowledge of that impression; in touching, tasting, and smelling, we are sensible of the impression; that, for example, which is made upon the hand by a stone, upon the palate by an apricot, and upon the nostrils by a rose. It is otherwise in seeing and hearing; for I am not sensible of the impression made upon my eye when I behold a tree, nor of the impression made upon my ear when I listen to a song. That difference in the manner of perceiving external objects, distinguisheth remarkably hearing and seeing from the other senses; and I am ready to show that it distinguisheth still more remarkably the feelings of the former from that of the latter; every feeling, pleasant or painful, must be in the mind; and yet, because in tasting, touching, and smelling, we are sensible of the impression made upon the organ, we are led to place there also the pleasant or painful feeling caused by that impression; but, with respect to seeing and hearing, being insensible of the organic impression, we are not misled to assign a wrong place to the pleasant or painful feelings caused by that impression; and therefore we naturally place them in the mind, where they really are; upon that account they are conceived to be more refined and spiritual than what are derived from tasting, touching, and smelling; for the latter feelings, seeming to exist externally at the organ of sense, are conceived to be merely corporeal.

The pleasures of the eye and the ear being thus elevated above those of the other external senses, acquire so much dignity, as to become a laudable entertainment. They are not, however, set on a level with the purely intellectual, being no less inferior in dignity to intellectual pleasures, than superior to the organic or corporeal: they indeed resemble the latter, being, like them, produced by external objects; but they also resemble the former, being, like them, produced without any sensible organic impression. Their mixed nature and middle place between organic and intellectual pleasures qualify them to associate with both; beauty heightens all the organic feelings, as well as the intellectual; harmony, though it aspires to inflame devotion, disdains not to improve the relish of a banquet.

The pleasures of the eye and the ear have other valuable properties beside those of dignity and elevation: being sweet and moderately exhilarating, they are in their tone equally distant from the turbulence of passion and the languor of indolence; and by that tone are perfectly well qualified not only to revive the spirits when sunk by sensual gratification, but also to relax them when overstrained in any violent pursuit. Here is a remedy provided for many distresses; and to be convinced of its salutary effects, it will be sufficient to run over the following particulars. Organic pleasures have naturally a short duration; when prolonged, they lose their relish; when indulged to excess, they beget satiety and disgust; and to restore a proper tone of mind, nothing can be more happily contrived than the exhilarating pleasures of the eye and ear. On the other hand, any intense exercise of intellectual powers becomes painful by overstraining the mind; cessation from such exercise gives not instant relief; it is necessary that the void be filled with some amusement, gently relaxing the spirits: organic pleasure, which hath no relish but while we are in vigour, is ill qualified for that office; but the finer pleasures of sense, which occupy, without exhausting, the mind, are finely qualified to restore its usual tone after severe application to study or business, as well as after satiety from sensual gratification.

Our first perceptions are of external objects, and our first attachments are to them. Organic pleasures take the lead; but the mind gradually ripening, relisheth more and more the pleasures of the eye and ear, which approach the purely mental without exhausting the spirits, and exceed the purely sensual without danger of satiety. The pleasures of the eye and ear have accordingly a natural aptitude to draw us from the immoderate gratification of sensual appetite; and the mind, once accustomed to enjoy a variety of external objects without being sensible of the organic impression, is prepared for enjoying internal objects where there cannot be an organic impression. Thus the Author of nature, by qualifying the human mind for a succession of enjoyments from low to high, leads it by gentle steps from the most grovelling corporeal pleasures, for which only it is fitted in the beginning of life, to those refined and sublime pleasures that are suited to its maturity.

But we are not bound down to this succession by any law of necessity: the God of nature offers it to us in order to advance our happiness; and it is sufficient that he hath enabled us to carry it on in a natural course. Nor has he made our task either disagreeable or difficult: on the contrary, the transition is sweet and easy from corporeal pleasures to the more refined pleasures of sense; and no less so from these to the exalted pleasures of morality and religion. We stand therefore engaged in honour as well as interest, to second the purposes of nature by culti-

vating the pleasures of the eye and ear, those especially that require extraordinary culture, such as arise from poetry, painting, sculpture, music, gardening, and architecture. This especially is the duty of the opulent, who have leisure to improve their minds and their feelings. The fine arts are contrived to give pleasure to the eye and the ear, disregarding the inferior senses. A taste for these arts is a plant that grows naturally in many soils: but without culture, scarce to perfection in any soil: it is susceptible of much refinement, and is by proper care greatly improved. In this respect a taste in the fine arts goes hand in hand with the moral sense, to which indeed it is nearly allied: both of them discover what is right and what is wrong: fashion, temper, and education, have an influence to vitiate both, or to preserve them pure and untainted: neither of them are arbitrary nor local, being rooted in human nature, and governed by principles common to all men. The design of the present undertaking, which aspires not to morality, is to examine the sensitive branch of human nature, to trace the objects that are naturally agreeable, as well as those that are naturally disagreeable; and by these means to discover, if we can, what are the genuine principles of the fine arts. The man who aspires to be a critic in these arts must pierce still deeper; he must acquire a clear perception of what objects are lofty, what low, what proper or improper, what manly, and what mean or trivial; hence a foundation for reasoning upon the taste of any individual, and for passing a sentence upon it: where it is conformable to principles, we can pronounce with certainty that it is correct; otherwise, that it is incorrect and perhaps whimsical. Thus the fine arts, like morals, become a rational science; and, like morals, may be cultivated to a high degree of refinement.

Manifold are the advantages of criticism when thus studied as a rational science. In the first place, a thorough acquaintance with the principles of the fine arts redoubles the pleasure we derive from them. To the man who resigns himself to feeling, without interposing any judgment, poetry, music, painting, are mere pastime. In the prime of life, indeed, they are delightful, being supported by the force of novelty and the heat of imagination; but in time they lose their relish, and are generally neglected in the maturity of life, which disposes to more serious and more important occupations. To those who deal in criticism as a regular science governed by just principles, and giving scope to judgment as well as to fancy, the fine arts are a favourite entertainment, and in old age maintain that relish which they produce in the morning of life.

DR BEATTIE.

Among the answerers of Hume was DR BEATTIE the poet, who, in 1770, published his *Essay on the Nature and Immutability of Truth, in opposition to Sophistry and Scepticism.* Inferior to most of the metaphysicians in logical precision, equanimity of temper, or patient research, Beattie brought great zeal and fervour to his task, a respectable share of philosophical knowledge, and a better command of popular language and imaginative illustration than most of his fellow-labourers in that dry and dusty field. These qualities, joined to the pious and beneficial tendency of his work, enabled him to produce a highly popular treatise. No work of the kind was ever so successful. It has fallen into equal neglect with other metaphysical treatises of the age, and is now considered unworthy the talents of its author. It has neither the dignity nor the acumen of the original philosopher, and is unsuited to the ordinary religious reader. The best of Beattie's prose works are his *Dissertations, Moral and Critical,* and his *Essays on Poetry, Music, &c.* He also published a digest of his college lectures, under the title of *Elements of Moral Science.* In these works, though not profoundly philosophical, the author's 'lively relish for the sublime and beautiful, his clear and elegant style,' and his happy quotations and critical examples, must strike every reader.

[On the Love of Nature.]

[From 'Beattie's Essays.']

Homer's beautiful description of the heavens and earth, as they appear in a calm evening by the light of the moon and stars, concludes with this circumstance —'And the heart of the shepherd is glad.' Madame Dacier, from the turn she gives to the passage in her version, seems to think, and Pope, in order perhaps to make out his couplet, insinuates, that the gladness of the shepherd is owing to his sense of the utility of those luminaries. And this may in part be the case; but this is not in Homer; nor is it a necessary consideration. It is true that, in contemplating the material universe, they who discern the causes and effects of things must be more rapturously entertained than those who perceive nothing but shape and size, colour and motion. Yet, in the mere outside of nature's works (if I may so express myself), there is a splendour and a magnificence to which even untutored minds cannot attend without great delight.

Not that all peasants or all philosophers are equally susceptible of these charming impressions. It is strange to observe the callousness of some men, before whom all the glories of heaven and earth pass in daily succession, without touching their hearts, elevating their fancy, or leaving any durable remembrance. Even of those who pretend to sensibility, how many are there to whom the lustre of the rising or setting sun, the sparkling concave of the midnight sky, the mountain forest tossing and roaring to the storm, or warbling with all the melodies of a summer evening; the sweet interchange of hill and dale, shade and sunshine, grove, lawn, and water, which an extensive landscape offers to the view; the scenery of the ocean, so lovely, so majestic, and so tremendous, and the many pleasing varieties of the animal and vegetable kingdom, could never afford so much real satisfaction as the steams and noise of a ball-room, the insipid fiddling and squeaking of an opera, or the vexations and wranglings of a card-table!

But some minds there are of a different make, who, even in the early part of life, receive from the contemplation of nature a species of delight which they would hardly exchange for any other; and who, as avarice and ambition are not the infirmities of that period, would, with equal sincerity and rapture, exclaim—

'I care not, Fortune, what you me deny ;
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace ;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face ;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns by living stream at eve.'

Such minds have always in them the seeds of true taste, and frequently of imitative genius. At least, though their enthusiastic or visionary turn of mind, as the man of the world would call it, should not always incline them to practise poetry or painting, we need not scruple to affirm that, without some portion of this enthusiasm, no person ever became a true poet or painter. For he who would imitate the works of nature, must first accurately observe them, and accurate observation is to be expected from those only who take great pleasure in it.

To a mind thus disposed, no part of creation is indifferent. In the crowded city and howling wilderness, in the cultivated province and solitary isle, in

the flowery lawn and craggy mountain, in the murmur of the rivulet and in the uproar of the ocean, in the radiance of summer and gloom of winter, in the thunder of heaven and in the whisper of the breeze, he still finds something to rouse or to soothe his imagination, to draw forth his affections, or to employ his understanding. And from every mental energy that is not attended with pain, and even from some of those that are, as moderate terror and pity, a sound mind derives satisfaction; exercise being equally necessary to the body and the soul, and to both equally productive of health and pleasure.

This happy sensibility to the beauties of nature should be cherished in young persons. It engages them to contemplate the Creator in his wonderful works; it purifies and harmonises the soul, and prepares it for moral and intellectual discipline; it supplies a never-failing source of amusement; it contributes even to bodily health; and, as a strict analogy subsists between material and moral beauty, it leads the heart by an easy transition from the one to the other, and thus recommends virtue for its transcendent loveliness, and makes vice appear the object of contempt and abomination. An intimate acquaintance with the best descriptive poets—Spenser, Milton, and Thomson, but above all with the divine Georgic—joined to some practice in the art of drawing, will promote this amiable sensibility in early years; for then the face of nature has novelty superadded to its other charms, the passions are not pre-engaged, the heart is free from care, and the imagination warm and romantic.

But not to insist longer on those ardent emotions that are peculiar to the enthusiastic disciple of nature, may it not be affirmed of all men without exception, or at least of all the enlightened part of mankind, that they are gratified by the contemplation of things natural as opposed to unnatural? Monstrous sights please but for a moment, if they please at all; for they derive their charm from the beholder's amazement, which is quickly over. I have read, indeed, of a man of rank in Sicily who chooses to adorn his villa with pictures and statues of most unnatural deformity; but it is a singular instance; and one would not be much more surprised to hear of a person living without food, or growing fat by the use of poison. To say of anything that it is contrary to nature, denotes censure and disgust on the part of the speaker; as the epithet natural intimates an agreeable quality, and seems for the most part to imply that a thing is as it ought to be, suitable to our own taste, and congenial with our own constitution. Think with what sentiments we should peruse a poem in which nature was totally misrepresented, and principles of thought and of operation supposed to take place repugnant to everything we had seen or heard of; in which, for example, avarice and coldness were ascribed to youth, and prodigality and passionate attachment to the old; in which men were made to act at random, sometimes according to character, and sometimes contrary to it; in which cruelty and envy were productive of love, and beneficence and kind affection of hatred; in which beauty was invariably the object of dislike, and ugliness of desire; in which society was rendered happy by atheism and the promiscuous perpetration of crimes, and justice and fortitude were held in universal contempt. Or think how we should relish a painting where no regard was had to the proportions, colours, or any of the physical laws of nature; where the ears and eyes of animals were placed in their shoulders; where the sky was green, and the grass crimson; where trees grew with their branches in the earth, and their roots in the air; where men were seen fighting after their heads were cut off, ships sailing on the land, lions entangled in cobwebs, sheep preying on dead carcases, fishes sporting in the woods, and elephants walking on the sea. Could such figures and combinations give pleasure, or merit the appellation of sublime or beautiful? Should we hesitate to pronounce their author mad? And are the absurdities of madmen proper subjects either of amusement or of imitation to reasonable beings?

[*On Scottish Music.*]

[From the same.]

There is a certain style of melody peculiar to each musical country, which the people of that country are apt to prefer to every other style. That they should prefer their own, is not surprising; and that the melody of one people should differ from that of another, is not more surprising, perhaps, than that the language of one people should differ from that of another. But there is something not unworthy of notice in the particular expression and style that characterise the music of one nation or province, and distinguish it from every other sort of music. Of this diversity Scotland supplies a striking example. The native melody of the Highlands and Western Isles is as different from that of the southern part of the kingdom as the Irish or Erse language is different from the English or Scotch. In the conclusion of a discourse on music, as it relates to the mind, it will not perhaps be impertinent to offer a conjecture on the cause of these peculiarities; which, though it should not—and indeed I am satisfied that it will not—fully account for any one of them, may, however, incline the reader to think that they are not unaccountable, and may also throw some faint light on this part of philosophy.

Every thought that partakes of the nature of passion has a correspondent expression in the look and gesture; and so strict is the union between the passion and its outward sign, that, where the former is not in some degree felt, the latter can never be perfectly natural, but if assumed, becomes awkward mimicry, instead of that genuine imitation of nature which draws forth the sympathy of the beholder. If therefore there be, in the circumstances of particular nations or persons, anything that gives a peculiarity to their passions and thoughts, it seems reasonable to expect that they will also have something peculiar in the expression of their countenance and even in the form of their features. Caius Marius, Jugurtha, Tamerlane, and some other great warriors, are celebrated for a peculiar ferocity of aspect, which they had no doubt contracted from a perpetual and unrestrained exertion of fortitude, contempt, and other violent emotions. These produced in the face their correspondent expressions, which, being often repeated, became at last as habitual to the features as the sentiments they arose from were to the heart. Savages, whose thoughts are little inured to control, have more of this significancy of look than those men who, being born and bred in civilised nations, are accustomed from their childhood to suppress every emotion that tends to interrupt the peace of society. And while the bloom of youth lasts, and the smoothness of feature peculiar to that period, the human face is less marked with any strong character than in old age. A peevish or surly stripling may elude the eye of the physiognomist; but a wicked old man, whose visage does not betray the evil temperature of his heart, must have more cunning than it would be prudent for him to acknowledge. Even by the trade or profession the human countenance may be characterised. They who employ themselves in the nicer mechanic arts, that require the earnest attention of the artist, do generally contract a fixedness of feature suited to that one uniform sentiment which engrosses them while at work. Whereas other artists, whose work requires less attention, and who may ply their trade and

amuse themselves with conversation at the same time, have, for the most part, smoother and more unmeaning faces: their thoughts are more miscellaneous, and therefore their features are less fixed in one uniform configuration. A keen penetrating look indicates thoughtfulness and spirit: a dull torpid countenance is not often accompanied with great sagacity.

This, though there may be many an exception, is in general true of the visible signs of our passions; and it is no less true of the audible. A man habitually peevish, or passionate, or querulous, or imperious, may be known by the sound of his voice, as well as by his physiognomy. May we not go a step farther, and say that if a man, under the influence of any passion, were to compose a discourse, or a poem, or a tune, his work would in some measure exhibit an image of his mind? I could not easily be persuaded that Swift and Juvenal were men of sweet tempers; or that Thomson, Arbuthnot, and Prior, were ill-natured. The airs of Felton are so uniformly mournful, that I cannot suppose him to have been a merry or even a cheerful man. If a musician, in deep affliction, were to attempt to compose a lively air, I believe he would not succeed: though I confess I do not well understand the nature of the connection that may take place between a mournful mind and a melancholy tune. It is easy to conceive how a poet or an orator should transfuse his passions into his work; for every passion suggests ideas congenial to its own nature; and the composition of the poet or of the orator must necessarily consist of those ideas that occur at the time he is composing. But musical sounds are not the signs of ideas; rarely are they even the imitations of natural sounds; so that I am at a loss to conceive how it should happen that a musician, overwhelmed with sorrow, for example, should put together a series of notes whose expression is contrary to that of another series which he had put together when elevated with joy. But of the fact I am not doubtful; though I have not sagacity or knowledge of music enough to be able to explain it. And my opinion in this matter is warranted by that of a more competent judge, who says, speaking of church voluntaries, that if the organist 'do not feel in himself the divine energy of devotion, he will labour in vain to raise it in others. Nor can he hope to throw out those happy instantaneous thoughts which sometimes far exceed the best concerted compositions, and which the enraptured performer would gladly secure to his future use and pleasure, did they not as fleetly escape as they rise.' A man who has made music the study of his life, and is well acquainted with all the best examples of style and expression that are to be found in the works of former masters, may, by memory and much practice, attain a sort of mechanical dexterity in contriving music suitable to any given passion; but such music would, I presume, be vulgar and spiritless compared to what an artist of genius throws out when under the power of any ardent emotion. It is recorded of Lulli, that once when his imagination was all on fire with some verses descriptive of terrible ideas, which he had been reading in a French tragedy, he ran to his harpsichord, and struck off such a combination of sounds, that the company felt their hair stand on end with horror.

Let us therefore suppose it proved, or, if you please, take it for granted, that different sentiments in the mind of the musician will give different and peculiar expressions to his music; and upon this principle it will not perhaps be impossible to account for some of the phenomena of a national ear.

The Highlands of Scotland are a picturesque, but in general a melancholy country. Long tracts of mountainous desert, covered with dark heath, and often obscured by misty weather; narrow valleys, thinly inhabited, and bounded by precipices resounding with the fall of torrents; a soil so rugged, and a climate so dreary, as in many parts to admit neither the amusements of pasturage nor the labours of agriculture; the mournful dashing of waves along the firths and lakes that intersect the country; the portentous noises which every change of the wind and every increase and diminution of the waters is apt to raise in a lonely region, full of echoes, and rocks, and caverns; the grotesque and ghastly appearance of such a landscape by the light of the moon. Objects like these diffuse a gloom over the fancy, which may be compatible enough with occasional and social merriment, but cannot fail to tincture the thoughts of a native in the hour of silence and solitude. If these people, notwithstanding their reformation in religion, and more frequent intercourse with strangers, do still retain many of their old superstitions, we need not doubt but in former times they must have been more enslaved to the horrors of imagination, when beset with the bugbears of popery and the darkness of paganism. Most of their superstitions are of a melancholy cast. That second sight wherewith some of them are still supposed to be haunted, is considered by themselves as a misfortune, on account of the many dreadful images it is said to obtrude upon the fancy. I have been told that the inhabitants of some of the Alpine regions do likewise lay claim to a sort of second sight. Nor is it wonderful that persons of lively imagination, immured in deep solitude, and surrounded with the stupendous scenery of clouds, precipices, and torrents, should dream, even when they think themselves awake, of those few striking ideas with which their lonely lives are diversified; of corpses, funeral processions, and other objects of terror; or of marriages and the arrival of strangers, and such like matters of more agreeable curiosity. Let it be observed, also, that the ancient Highlanders of Scotland had hardly any other way of supporting themselves than by hunting, fishing, or war, professions that are continually exposed to fatal accidents. And hence, no doubt, additional horrors would often haunt their solitude, and a deeper gloom overshadow the imagination even of the hardiest native.

What then would it be reasonable to expect from the fanciful tribe, from the musicians and poets, of such a region? Strains expressive of joy, tranquillity, or the softer passions? No: their style must have been better suited to their circumstances. And so we find in fact that their music is. The wildest irregularity appears in its composition: the expression is warlike and melancholy, and approaches even to the terrible. And that their poetry is almost uniformly mournful, and their views of nature dark and dreary, will be allowed by all who admit of the authenticity of Ossian; and not doubted by any who believe those fragments of Highland poetry to be genuine, which many old people, now alive, of that country, remember to have heard in their youth, and were then taught to refer to a pretty nigh antiquity.

Some of the southern provinces of Scotland present a very different prospect. Smooth and lofty hills covered with verdure; clear streams winding through long and beautiful valleys; trees produced without culture, here straggling or single, and there crowding into little groves and bowers, with other circumstances peculiar to the districts I allude to, render them fit for pasturage, and favourable to romantic leisure and tender passions. Several of the old Scotch songs take their names from the rivulets, villages, and hills adjoining to the Tweed near Melrose; a region distinguished by many charming varieties of rural scenery, and which, whether we consider the face of the country or the genius of the people, may properly enough be termed the Arcadia of Scotland. And all these songs are sweetly and powerfully expressive of love and tenderness, and other emotions suited to the

tranquillity of pastoral life. * * I believe it [the Scottish music] took its rise among men who were real shepherds, and who actually felt the sentiments and affections whereof it is so very expressive.

DR RICHARD PRICE—ABRAHAM TUCKER—DR JOSEPH PRIESTLEY.

Dr Richard Price (1723-1791), a nonconformist divine, published, in 1758, *A Review of the Principal Questions and Difficulties in Morals*, which attracted attention as 'an attempt to revive the intellectual theory of moral obligation, which seemed to have fallen under the attacks of Butler, Hutcheson, and Hume, even before Smith.' Price, after Cudworth, supports the doctrine that moral distinctions being perceived by reason, or the understanding, are equally immutable with all other kinds of truth. On the other side, it is argued that reason is but a principle of our mental frame, like the principle which is the source of moral emotion, and has no peculiar claim to remain unaltered in the supposed general alteration of our mental constitution. Price was an able writer on finance and political economy, and took an active part in the political questions of the day at the time of the French Revolution: he was a republican in principle, and is attacked by Burke in his Reflections on the Revolution.

Abraham Tucker (1705-1774) was an English squire, who, instead of pursuing the pleasures of the chase, studied metaphysics at his country-seat, and published, under the fictitious name of Edward Search, a work, entitled *The Light of Nature Pursued*, which Paley said contained more original thinking and observation than any other work of the kind. Tucker, like Adam Smith, excelled in illustration, and he did not disdain the most homely subjects for examples. Mackintosh says he excels in mixed, not in pure philosophy, and that his intellectual views are of the Hartleian school. How truly, and at the same time how beautifully, has Tucker characterised in one short sentence his own favourite metaphysical studies! 'The science of abstruse learning,' he says, 'when completely attained, is like Achilles's spear, that healed the wounds it had made before. It casts no additional light upon the paths of life, but disperses the clouds with which it had overspread them; it advances not the traveller one step on his journey, but conducts him back again to the spot from whence he had wandered.'

In 1775 Dr Joseph Priestley published an examination of the principles of Dr Reid and others, designed as a refutation of the doctrine of common sense, said to be employed as the test of truth by the Scottish metaphysicians. The doctrines of Priestley are of the school of Hartley. In 1777 he published a series of disquisitions on *Matter and Spirit*, in which he openly supported the material system. He also wrote in support of another unpopular doctrine—that of necessity. He settled in Birmingham in 1780, and officiated as minister of a dissenting congregation. His religious opinions were originally Calvinistic, but afterwards became decidedly anti-Trinitarian. His works excited so much opposition, that he ever after found it necessary, as he states, to write a pamphlet annually in their defence! Priestley was also an active and distinguished chemist, and wrote a history of discoveries relative to light and colours, a history of electricity, &c. At the period of the French Revolution in 1791, a mob of outrageous and brutal loyalists set fire to his house in Birmingham, and destroyed his library, apparatus, and specimens. Three years afterwards he emigrated to America, where he continued his studies in science and theology, and died at Northumberland, Pennsylvania, in 1804. As an experimental philosopher, Priestley was of a superior class; but as a metaphysical or ethical writer, he can only be considered subordinate. He was a man of intrepid spirit and of unceasing industry. One of his critics (in the Edinburgh Review) draws from his writings a lively picture of 'that indefatigable activity, that bigotted vanity, that precipitation, cheerfulness, and sincerity, which made up the character of this restless philosopher.'

Robert Hall, whose feelings as a dissenter, and an enemy to all religious intolerance and persecution, were enlisted on the side of Priestley, has thus eulogised him in one of his most eloquent sentences:—'The religious tenets of Dr Priestley appear to me erroneous in the extreme; but I should be sorry to suffer any difference of sentiment to diminish my sensibility to virtue, or my admiration of genius. His enlightened and active mind, his unwearied assiduity, the extent of his researches, the light he has poured into almost every department of science, will be the admiration of that period, when the greater part of those who have favoured, or those who have opposed him, will be alike forgotten. Distinguished merit will ever rise superior to oppression, and will draw lustre from reproach. The vapours which gather round the rising sun, and follow in its course, seldom fail at the close of it to form a magnificent theatre for its reception, and to invest with variegated tints, and with a softened effulgence, the luminary which they cannot hide.'

WRITERS IN DIVINITY.

Without much originality (excepting in one memorable instance), there was great acuteness, controversial ability, and learning displayed in the department of theology. The higher dignitaries of the church of England are generally well fitted, by education, talents, and the leisure they enjoy, for vindicating revealed religion from the attacks of all assailants; and even when the standard of duty was low among the inferior clergy, there has seldom been any want of sound polemical divines. It seems to be admitted that there was a decay of piety and zeal in the church at the time of which we are now treating. To animate this drooping spirit, and to place revelation upon the imperishable foundations of true philosophy, Dr Joseph Butler published his great work on the *Analogy of Religion to the Course of Nature*, which appeared in 1736. Without entering on the question of the miracles and prophecies, Dr Butler rested his evidence on the analogies of nature: 'he reasons from that part of the divine proceedings which comes under our view in the daily business of life, to that larger and more comprehensive part of these proceedings which is beyond our view, and which religion reveals.' His argument for a future life, from the changes which the human body undergoes at birth, and in its different stages of maturity; and from the instances of the same law of nature, in the change of worms into butterflies, and birds and insects bursting the shell, and entering into a new world, furnished with new powers, is one of the most conclusive pieces of reasoning in the language. The same train of argument, in support of the immortality of the soul, has been followed up in two admirable lectures in Dr T. Brown's Philosophy. The work of Butler, however, extends over a wide field—over the whole of the leading points, both in natural and revealed religion. The germ of his treatise is contained in a passage in Origen (one of the most eminent of the fathers, who died at Tyre in the year 254), which Butler quotes in his introduction. It is to the effect that he who believes

the Scripture to have proceeded from the author of nature, may well believe that the same difficulties exist in it as in the constitution of nature. Hence, Butler infers that he who denies the Scripture to have come from God, on account of difficulties found in it, may, for the same reason, deny the world to have been formed by Him. Inexplicable difficulties are found in the course of nature; no sound theist can therefore be surprised to find similar difficulties in the Christian religion. If both proceed from the same author, the wonder would rather be, that, even on this inferior ground of difficulty and adaptation to the comprehension of man, there should not be found the impress of the same hand, whose *works* we can trace but a very little way, and whose *word* equally transcends on some points the feeble efforts of unassisted reason. All Butler's arguments on natural and revealed religion are marked by profound thought and sagacity. In a volume of sermons published by him, he shines equally as an ethical philosopher. In the three first, on human nature, he has laid the science of morals on a surer foundation than any previous writer. After showing that our social affections are disinterested, he proceeds to vindicate the supremacy of the moral sentiments. Man is, in his view, a law to himself; but the intimations of this law are not to be deduced from the strength or temporary predominance of any single appetite or passion. They are to be deduced from the dictates of one principle, which is evidently intended to rule over the other parts of our nature, and which issues its mandates with authority. This master principle is conscience, which rests upon rectitude as its object, as disinterestedly as the social affections rest upon their appropriate objects, and as naturally as the appetite of hunger is satisfied with food. The ethical system of Butler has been adopted by Reid, Stewart, and Brown. Sir James Mackintosh (who acknowledged that Bishop Butler was his father in philosophy) made an addition to it: he took the principle of utility as a test or criterion of the rectitude or virtue which, with Butler, he maintained to be the proper object of our moral affections. The life of this eminent prelate affords a pleasing instance of talent winning its way to distinction in the midst of difficulties. He was born in 1692, the son of a shopkeeper at Wantage, in Berkshire. His father was a Presbyterian, and intended his son to be a minister of the same persuasion, but the latter conformed to the establishment, took orders, and was successively preacher at the Rolls chapel, prebendary of Rochester, clerk of the closet to the queen, bishop of Bristol, and bishop of Durham. He owed much to Queen Caroline, who had a philosophical taste, and valued his talents and virtues. Butler died on the 16th of June 1752.

BISHOP WARBURTON.

No literary man of this period engrossed in his own time a larger share of the attention of the learned world, not to speak of the public at large, than did WILLIAM WARBURTON, bishop of Gloucester (1698-1779). Prodigious powers of study and of expression, a bold and original way of thinking, and indomitable self-will and arrogance, were the leading characteristics of this extraordinary man, who unfortunately was too eager to astonish and arrest the attention of mankind, to care for any more beneficial result from his literary exertions; and whose writings have, accordingly, after passing like a splendid meteor across the horizon of his own age, sunk into all but oblivion. He was the son of an attorney at Newark, and entered life in the same profession, and at the same town, but soon saw fit to abandon a pursuit in which it was evident he could have no success. A passion for reading led Warburton in his twenty-fifth year to adopt the



Bishop Warburton.

clerical profession. He took deacon's orders, and by a dedication to a small and obscure volume of translations published in 1723, obtained a presentation to a small vicarage. He now threw himself amidst the inferior literary society of the metropolis, and sought for subsistence and advancement by his pen. On obtaining from a patron the rectory of Brand Broughton, in Lincolnshire, he retired thither, and devoted himself for a long series of years to reading. His first work of any note was published in 1736, under the title of *Alliance between Church and State*, which, though scarcely calculated to please either party in the church, was extensively read, and brought the author into notice. In the next, *The Divine Legation of Moses*, of which the first volume appeared in 1738, and the remaining four in the course of several years thereafter, the gigantic scholarship of Warburton shone out in all its vastness. It had often been objected to the pretensions of the Jewish religion, that it presented nowhere any acknowledgment of the principle of a future state of rewards and punishments. Warburton, who delighted in paradox, instead of attempting to deny this or explain it away, at once acknowledged it, but asserted that therein lay the strongest argument for the divine mission of Moses. To establish this point, he ransacked the whole domains of pagan antiquity, and reared such a mass of curious and confounding argument, that mankind might be said to be awed by it into a partial concession to the author's views. He never completed the work; he became, indeed, weary of it; and perhaps the fallacy of the hypothesis was first secretly acknowledged by himself. If it had been consecrated to truth, instead of paradox, it would have been by far the most illustrious book of its age. As it is, we only look into it to wonder at its endless learning and misspent ingenuity.

The merits of the author, or his worldly wisdom, brought him preferment in the church: he rose through the grades of prebend of Gloucester, prebend of Durham, and dean of Bristol, to be (1759)

bishop of Gloucester—a remarkable transition for the Newark attorney.

It would be tedious to detail the other literary adventures of this arrogant prelate. The only one which falls particularly in our way is his edition of Pope's works, for the publication of which he had obtained a patent right in consequence of the poet's bequest. The annotations of Warburton upon Pope, perverting the author's meaning in numberless instances, and full of malignity against half the learned men of the age, were a disgrace to contemporary literature. Yet for many years the works of Pope could not be possessed without this monstrous incumbrance. The latter years of Warburton were spent in a melancholy state of mental weakness, partly occasioned by grief for the loss of a son; for, like the butcher animals, this man, ruthless to all others, had kind feelings towards his own kindred. Ten years after his death, his great work is spoken of by Gibbon as already a brilliant ruin. It is now rarely referred to, its learning being felt as no attraction where the solid qualities of truth are wanting. Warburton is indeed as perfect a proof of the futility of talent without moral direction, as could be produced from the meanest walks of literature. He gave all to a bad ambition, in which the chief object seems to have been to make his fellow creatures wonder at and stand in awe of him. Such feelings as he excited are doomed to be transient. They have passed away; and Warburton, having never conferred any solid benefit on his kind, is already little else than a name.

[*The Grecian Mythology—The Various Lights in which it was regarded.*]

[From the 'Divine Legation.']

Here matters rested: and the vulgar faith seems to have remained a long time undisturbed. But as the age grew refined, and the Greeks became inquisitive and learned, the common mythology began to give offence. The speculative and more delicate were shocked at the absurd and immoral stories of their gods, and scandalised to find such things make an authentic part of their story. It may, indeed, be thought matter of wonder how such tales, taken up in a barbarous age, came not to sink into oblivion as the age grew more knowing, from mere abhorrence of their indecencies and shame of their absurdities. Without doubt this had been their fortune, but for an unlucky circumstance. The great poets of Greece, who had most contributed to refine the public taste and manners, and were now grown into a kind of sacred authority, had sanctified these silly legends by their writings, which time had now consigned to immortality.

Vulgar paganism, therefore, in such an age as this, lying open to the attacks of curious and inquisitive men, would not, we may well think, be long at rest. It is true, freethinking then lay under great difficulties and discouragements. To insult the religion of one's country, which is now the mark of learned distinction, was branded in the ancient world with public infamy. Yet freethinkers there were, who, as is their wont, together with the public worship of their country, threw off all reverence for religion in general. Amongst these was Euhemerus, the Messenian, and, by what we can learn, the most distinguished of this tribe. This man, in mere wantonness of heart, began his attacks on religion by divulging the secret of the mysteries. But as it was capital to do this directly and professedly, he contrived to cover his perfidy and malice by the intervention of a kind of Utopian romance. He pretended, 'that in a certain city, which he came to in his travels, he found this grand secret, that the gods were dead men deified, preserved in their sacred writings, and confirmed by monumental records inscribed to the gods themselves, who were there said to be interred.' So far was not amiss; but then, in the genuine spirit of his class, who never cultivate a truth but in order to graft a lie upon it, he pretended 'that dead mortals were the first gods, and that an imaginary divinity in these early heroes and conquerors created the idea of a superior power, and introduced the practice of religious worship amongst men.' The learned reader sees below [note in Greek omitted] that our freethinker is true to his cause, and endeavours to verify the fundamental principle of his sect, that fear first made gods, even in that very instance where the contrary passion seems to have been at its height, the time when men made gods of their deceased benefactors. A little matter of address hides the shame of so perverse a piece of malice. He represents those founders of society and fathers of their country under the idea of destructive conquerors, who by mere force and fear had brought men into subjection and slavery. On this account it was that indignant antiquity concurred in giving Euhemerus the proper name of atheist, which, however, he would hardly have escaped, though he had done no more than divulge the secret of the mysteries, and had not poisoned his discovery with this impious and foreign addition, so contrary to the true spirit of that secret.

This detection had been long dreaded by the orthodox protectors of pagan worship; and they were provided of a temporary defence in their intricate and properly perplexed system of symbolic adoration. But this would do only to stop a breach for the present, till a better could be provided, and was too weak to stand alone against so violent an attack. The philosophers, therefore, now took up the defence of paganism where the priests had left it, and to the others' symbols added their own allegories, for a second cover to the absurdities of the ancient mythology; for all the genuine sects of philosophy, as we have observed, were steady patriots, legislation making one essential part of their philosophy; and to legislate without the foundation of a national religion, was, in their opinion, building castles in the air. So that we are not to wonder they took the alarm, and opposed these insulters of the public worship with all their vigour. But as they never lost sight of their proper character, they so contrived that the defence of the national religion should terminate in a recommendation of their philosophic speculations. Hence, their support of the public worship, and their evasion of Euhemerus's charge, turned upon this proposition, 'That the whole ancient mythology was no other than the vehicle of physical, moral, and divine knowledge.' And to this it is that the learned Eusebius refers, where he says, 'That a new race of men refined their old gross theology, and gave it an honester look, and brought it nearer to the truth of things.'

However, this proved a troublesome work, and, after all, ineffectual for the security of men's private morals, which the example of the licentious story according to the letter would not fail to influence, how well soever the allegoric interpretation was calculated to cover the public honour of religion; so that the more ethical of the philosophers grew peevish with what gave them so much trouble, and answered so little to the interior of religious practice. This made them break out, from time to time, into hasty resentments against their capital poets; unsuitable, one would think, to the dignity of the authors of such noble recondite truths as they would persuade us to believe were treasured up in their writings. Hence it was that Plato banished Homer from his republic, and that Pythagoras, in one of his extramundane adventures, saw both Homer and Hesiod doing penance in hell, and hung up there for examples, to be bleached

and purified from the grossness and pollution of their ideas.

The first of these allegorisers, as we learn from Laertius, was Anaxagoras, who, with his friend Metrodorus, turned Homer's mythology into a system of ethics. Next came Hereclides Ponticus, and of the same fables made as good a system of physics; which, to show us with what kind of spirit it was composed, he entitled *Antirresis ton kat autou* [*Homerou*] *blasphemesanton*. And last of all, when the necessity became more pressing, Proclus undertook to show that all Homer's fables were no other than physical, ethical, and moral allegories. * *

DR ROBERT LOWTH—DR C. MIDDLETON—REV. W. LAW —DR ISAAC WATTS—DR RICHARD HURD—DR G. HORNE—DR JOHN JORTIN.

Dr Robert Lowth, second son of Dr William Lowth, was born at Buriton, in Hampshire, in 1710. He entered the church, and became successively bishop of St David's, Oxford, and London; he died in 1787. The works of Lowth display both genius and learning. They consist of *Prelections on Hebrew Poetry*, a *Life of William of Wykeham*, a *Short Introduction to English Grammar*, and a *Translation of Isaiah*. The last is the greatest of his productions. The spirit of eastern poetry is rendered with fidelity, elegance, and sublimity; and the work is an inestimable contribution to biblical criticism and learning, as well as to the exalted strains of the divine muse.

Dr Conyers Middleton, distinguished for his admirable *Life of Cicero*, mixed freely and eagerly in the religious controversies of the times. One writer, Dr Matthew Tindal, served as a firebrand to the clergy. Tindal had embraced popery in the reign of James II., but afterwards renounced it. Being thus, as Drummond the poet said of Ben Johnson, 'of either religion, as versed in both,' he set himself to write on theology, and published *The Rights of the Christian Church Asserted*, and *Christianity as Old as the Creation*. The latter had a decided deistical tendency, and was answered by several divines, as Dr Conybeare, Dr Foster, and Dr Waterland. Middleton now joined in the argument, and wrote remarks on Dr Waterland's manner of vindicating Scripture against Tindal, which only increased the confusion by adding to the elements of discord. He also published *A Free Inquiry into the Miraculous Powers of the Church*, which was answered by several of the high church clergy. These treatises have now fallen into oblivion. They were perhaps useful in preventing religious truths from stagnating in that lukewarm age; but in adverting to them, we are reminded of the fine saying of Hall—'While Protestants attended more to the points on which they differed than those on which they agreed, while more zeal was employed in settling ceremonies and defending subtleties than in enforcing plain revealed truths, the lovely fruits of peace and charity perished under the storms of controversy.'

A permanent service was rendered to the cause of Christianity by the writings of the Rev. William Law (1686-1761), author of a still popular work, *A Serious Call to a Holy Life*, which, happening to fall into the hands of Dr Johnson at college, gave that eminent person 'the first occasion of thinking in earnest of religion after he became capable of rational inquiry.' Law was a Jacobite nonconformist: he was tutor to the father of Gibbon the historian.

The two elementary works of Dr Isaac Watts—his *Logic, or the Right Use of Reason*, published in 1724, and his *Improvement of the Mind* (a supplement to the former), were both designed to advance the interests of religion, and are well adapted to the purpose. Various theological treatises were also written by Watts.

Dr Richard Hurd (1720-1808), a friend and disciple of Warburton, was author of an *Introduction to the Study of the Prophecies*, being the substance of twelve discourses delivered at Cambridge. Hurd was a man of taste and learning, author of a commentary on Horace, and editor of Cowley's works. He rose to enjoy high church preferment, and died bishop of Worcester, after having declined the archiepiscopal see of Canterbury.

Dr George Horne (1730-1792) was another divine whose talents and learning raised him to the bench of bishops. He wrote various works, the most important of which is a *Commentary on the Book of Psalms*, which appeared in 1776 in two volumes quarto. It is still a text-book with theological students and divines, and unites extensive erudition with fervent piety.

Dr John Jortin (1698-1770), a prebendary of St Paul's and archdeacon of London, was an eminent scholar, and an independent theologian. He wrote various dissertations, *Remarks on Ecclesiastical History*, a *Life of Erasmus*, &c. The freedom of some of his strictures gave offence to the high church clergy. Of a similar character, but less orthodox in his tenets, was Dr John Jebb, who obtained considerable preferment in the church, which he resigned on imbibing Socinian opinions. On quitting the church, Jebb studied and practised as a physician: he died in 1786, aged fifty. His works on theology and other subjects form three volumes.

Of the other theological and devotional productions of the established clergy of this age, there is only room to notice a few of the best. The dissertations of Bishop Newton on various parts of the Bible; the *Lectures on the English Church Catechism*, by Archbishop Secker; Bishop Law's *Considerations on the Theory of Religion*, and his *Reflections on the Life and Character of Christ*, are all works of standard excellence. The labours of Dr Kennicot, in the collection of various manuscripts of the Hebrew Bible, are also worthy of being here mentioned as an eminent service to sacred literature.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD—JOHN WESLEY.

Connected with the English establishment, yet ultimately separating from it, were those two remarkable men, Whitefield and Wesley. Both were highly useful in their day and generation, and they enjoyed a popularity rarely attained by divines. George Whitefield was born in Gloucester in 1714. He took orders, and preached in London with astonishing success. He made several voyages to America, where he was equally popular. Whitefield adopted the Calvinistic doctrines, and preached them with incessant activity, and an eloquence unparalleled in its effects. As a popular orator he was passionate and vehement, wielding his audiences almost at will, and so fascinating in his style and manner, that Hume the historian said he was worth travelling twenty miles to hear. He died in Newbury, New England, in 1770. His writings are tame and commonplace, and his admirers regretted that he should have injured his fame by resorting to publication.

John Wesley was more learned, and in all respects better fitted to become the leader and founder of a sect. His father was rector of Epworth, in Lincolnshire, where John was born in 1703. He was educated at Oxford, where he and his brother Charles, and a few other students, lived in a regular system of

pious study and discipline, whence they were denominated Methodists. After officiating a short time as curate to his father, the young enthusiast set off as a missionary to Georgia, where he remained about two years. Shortly after his return in 1738, he commenced field-preaching, occasionally travelling through every part of Great Britain and Ireland, where he established congregations of Methodists. Thousands flocked to his standard. The grand doctrine of Wesley was universal redemption, as contradistinguished from the Calvinistic doctrine of particular redemption, and his proselytes were, by the act of conversion, made regenerate men. The Methodists also received lay converts as preachers, who, by their itinerant ministrations and unquenchable enthusiasm, contributed materially to the extension of their societies. Wesley continued writing, preaching, and travelling, till he was eighty-eight years of age; his apostolic earnestness and venerable appearance procured for him everywhere profound respect. He had preached about forty thousand sermons, and travelled three hundred thousand miles. His highly useful and laborious career was terminated on the 2d of March 1791. His body lay in a kind of state in his chapel at London the day previous to his interment, dressed in his clerical habit, with gown, cassock, and band; the old clerical cap on his head, a Bible in one hand, and a white handkerchief in the other. The funeral service was read by one of his old preachers. 'When he came to that part of the service, "forasmuch as it hath pleased God to take unto himself the soul of our dear *brother*," his voice changed, and he substituted the word *father*; and the feeling with which he did this was such, that the congregation, who were shedding silent tears, burst at once into loud weeping.'* At the time of Wesley's death, the number of Methodists in Europe, America, and the West India islands, was 80,000: they are now above a million—three hundred thousand of which are in Great Britain and Ireland. The writings and journals of Wesley are very voluminous, but he cannot be said to have produced any one valuable work in divinity or general literature.

NATHANIEL LARDNER—HUGH FARMER—DR JAMES FOSTER—JOHN LELAND.

The English dissenters now began to evince their regard for learning and their ardour in study. DR NATHANIEL LARDNER (1684-1768) produced some treatises of the highest importance to the theological student. His works fill eleven octavo volumes. The chief is his *Credibility of the Gospel History*, published between 1730 and 1757, in fifteen volumes, and in which proofs are brought from innumerable sources in the religious history and literature of the first five centuries in favour of the truth of Christianity. Another voluminous work, entitled *A Large Collection of Ancient Jewish and Heathen Testimonies to the Truth of the Christian Religion*, appeared near the close of the author's life, and completed a design, which, making allowance for the interruptions occasioned by other studies and writings of less importance, occupied his attention for forty-three years.

HUGH FARMER (1714-1787), a pupil of Dr Doddridge, was author of several religious treatises, the most important of which is his *Dissertation on Miracles*, a work of close reasoning and profound thought. This dissertation was published in 1771, and still maintains its place as one of the bulwarks of revealed religion.

DR JAMES FOSTER (1697-1752) is worthy of notice among the dissenting divines, as having obtained the poetical praise of Pope. He was originally an Independent, but afterwards joined the Baptists, and was one of the most popular preachers in London. He wrote *Tracts on Heresy*, *Discourses on Natural Religion and Social Virtue*, and other theological works.

JOHN LELAND (1691-1766) was pastor of a congregation of Protestant dissenters in Dublin. He wrote *A View of the Deistical Writers in England*, and an elaborate work on the *Advantage and Necessity of the Christian Revelation*. The former is a solid and valuable treatise, and is still regarded as one of the best confutations of infidelity.

DR HUGH BLAIR.

The Scottish church at this time also contained some able and accomplished divines. The equality of livings in the northern establishment, and the greater amount of pastoral labour devolved upon its ministers, are unfavourable for studious research or profound erudition. The Edinburgh clergy, however, are generally men of talents and attainments, and the universities occasionally receive some of the best divines as professors. One of the most popular and influential of the Scottish clergy was DR HUGH BLAIR, born in Edinburgh in 1718. He was at first minister of a country church in Fifeshire, but, being celebrated for his pulpit eloquence, he was successively preferred to the Canongate, Lady Yester's, and the High Church in Edinburgh. In 1759 he commenced a course of lectures on rhetoric and belles lettres, which extended his literary reputation; and in 1763 he published his *Dissertation on the Poems of Ossian*, a production evincing both critical taste and learning. In 1777 appeared the first volume of his *Sermons*, which was so well received that the author published three other volumes, and a fifth which he had prepared, was printed after his death. A royal pension of £200 per annum further rewarded its author. Blair next published his *Rhetorical Lectures*, and they also met with a favourable reception. Though somewhat hard and dry in style and manner, this work forms a useful guide to the young student: it is carefully arranged, contains abundance of examples in every department of literary composition, and has also detailed criticisms on ancient and modern authors. The sermons, however, are the most valuable of Blair's works. They are written with taste and elegance, and by inculcating Christian morality without any allusion to controversial topics, are suited to all classes of Christians. Profound thought, or reasoning, or impassioned eloquence, they certainly do not possess, and in this respect they must be considered inferior to the posthumous sermons of Logan the poet, which, if occasionally irregular, or faulty in style, have more of devotional ardour and vivid description. In society Dr Blair was cheerful and polite, the friend of literature as well as of virtue. His predominant weakness seems to have been vanity, which was soon discovered by Burns, in his memorable residence in Edinburgh in 1787. Blair died on the 27th of December 1800.

[*On the Cultivation of Taste.*]

[From 'Blair's Lectures.']

Such studies have this peculiar advantage, that they exercise our reason without fatiguing it. They lead to inquiries acute, but not painful; profound, but not dry or abstruse. They strew flowers in the path of science, and while they keep the mind bent in some degree and active, they relieve it at the same time

* Southey's Life of Wesley.

from that more toilsome labour to which it must submit in the acquisition of necessary erudition or the investigation of abstract truth.

The cultivation of taste is further recommended by the happy effects which it naturally tends to produce on human life. The most busy man in the most active sphere cannot be always occupied by business. Men of serious professions cannot always be on the stretch of serious thought. Neither can the most gay and flourishing situations of fortune afford any man the power of filling all his hours with pleasure. Life must always languish in the hands of the idle. It will frequently languish even in the hands of the busy, if they have not some employment subsidiary to that which forms their main pursuit. How then shall these vacant spaces, those unemployed intervals, which more or less occur in the life of every one, be filled up? How can we contrive to dispose of them in any way that shall be more agreeable in itself, or more consonant to the dignity of the human mind, than in the entertainments of taste, and the study of polite literature? He who is so happy as to have acquired a relish for these, has always at hand an innocent and irreproachable amusement for his leisure hours, to save him from the danger of many a pernicious passion. He is not in hazard of being a burden to himself. He is not obliged to fly to low company, or to court the riot of loose pleasures, in order to cure the tediousness of existence.

Providence seems plainly to have pointed out this useful purpose to which the pleasures of taste may be applied, by interposing them in a middle station between the pleasures of sense and those of pure intellect. We were not designed to grovel always among objects so low as the former; nor are we capable of dwelling constantly in so high a region as the latter. The pleasures of taste refresh the mind after the toils of the intellect and the labours of abstract study; and they gradually raise it above the attachments of sense, and prepare it for the enjoyments of virtue.

So consonant is this to experience, that, in the education of youth, no object has in every age appeared more important to wise men than to tincture them early with a relish for the entertainments of taste. The transition is commonly made with ease from these to the discharge of the higher and more important duties of life. Good hopes may be entertained of those whose minds have this liberal and elegant turn. It is favourable to many virtues. Whereas, to be entirely devoid of relish for eloquence, poetry, or any of the fine arts, is justly construed to be an unpromising symptom of youth; and raises suspicions of their being prone to low gratifications, or destined to drudge in the more vulgar and illiberal pursuits of life.

There are indeed few good dispositions of any kind with which the improvement of taste is not more or less connected. A cultivated taste increases sensibility to all the tender and humane passions, by giving them frequent exercise; while it tends to weaken the more violent and fierce emotions.

> Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
> Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.*

The elevated sentiments and high examples which poetry, eloquence, and history are often bringing under our view, naturally tend to nourish in our minds public spirit, the love of glory, contempt of external fortune, and the admiration of what is truly illustrious and great.

I will not go so far as to say that the improvement of taste and of virtue is the same, or that they may always be expected to coexist in an equal degree. More powerful correctives than taste can apply are necessary for reforming the corrupt propensities which too frequently prevail among mankind. Elegant speculations are sometimes found to float on the surface of the mind, while bad passions possess the interior regions of the heart. At the same time this cannot but be admitted, that the exercise of taste is, in its native tendency, moral and purifying. From reading the most admired productions of genius, whether in poetry or prose, almost every one rises with some good impressions left on his mind; and though these may not always be durable, they are at least to be ranked among the means of disposing the heart to virtue. One thing is certain, that without possessing the virtuous affections in a strong degree, no man can attain eminence in the sublime parts of eloquence. He must feel what a good man feels, if he expects greatly to move or to interest mankind. They are the ardent sentiments of honour, virtue, magnanimity, and public spirit, that only can kindle that fire of genius, and call up into the mind those high ideas, which attract the admiration of ages; and if this spirit be necessary to produce the most distinguished efforts of eloquence, it must be necessary also to our relishing them with proper taste and feeling.

[*Difference between Taste and Genius.*]

[From the same.]

Taste and genius are two words frequently joined together, and therefore, by inaccurate thinkers, confounded. They signify, however, two quite different things. The difference between them can be clearly pointed out, and it is of importance to remember it. Taste consists in the power of judging; genius in the power of executing. One may have a considerable degree of taste in poetry, eloquence, or any of the fine arts, who has little or hardly any genius for composition or execution in any of these arts; but genius cannot be found without including taste also. Genius, therefore, deserves to be considered as a higher power of the mind than taste. Genius always imports something inventive or creative, which does not rest in mere sensibility to beauty where it is perceived, but which can, moreover, produce new beauties, and exhibit them in such a manner as strongly to impress the minds of others. Refined taste forms a good critic; but genius is further necessary to form the poet or the orator.

It is proper also to observe, that genius is a word which, in common acceptation, extends much further than to the objects of taste. It is used to signify that talent or aptitude which we receive from nature for excelling in any one thing whatever. Thus, we speak of a genius for mathematics, as well as a genius for poetry—of a genius for war, for politics, or for any mechanical employment.

This talent or aptitude for excelling in some one particular is, I have said, what we receive from nature. By art and study, no doubt, it may be greatly improved, but by them alone it cannot be acquired. As genius is a higher faculty than taste, it is ever, according to the usual frugality of nature, more limited in the sphere of its operations. It is not uncommon to meet with persons who have an excellent taste in several of the polite arts, such as music, poetry, painting, and eloquence, all together; but to find one who is an excellent performer in all these arts, is much more rare, or rather, indeed, such a one is not to be looked for. A sort of universal genius, or one who is equally and indifferently turned towards several different professions and arts, is not likely to excel in any; although there may be some few exceptions, yet in general it holds, that when the bent of the mind is

* These polished arts have humanised mankind,
Softened the rude, and calmed the boisterous mind.

wholly directed towards some one object, exclusive in a manner of others, there is the fairest prospect of eminence in that, whatever it be. The rays must converge to a point, in order to glow intensely.

[*On Sublimity.*]

[From the same.]

It is not easy to describe in words the precise impression which great and sublime objects make upon us when we behold them; but every one has a conception of it. It produces a sort of internal elevation and expansion; it raises the mind much above its ordinary state, and fills it with a degree of wonder and astonishment which it cannot well express. The emotion is certainly delightful, but it is altogether of the serious kind; a degree of awfulness and solemnity, even approaching to severity, commonly attends it when at its height, very distinguishable from the more gay and brisk emotion raised by beautiful objects.

The simplest form of external grandeur appears in the vast and boundless prospects presented to us by nature; such as wide extended plains, to which the eye can see no limits, the firmament of heaven, or the boundless expanse of the ocean. All vastness produces the impression of sublimity. It is to be remarked, however, that space, extended in length, makes not so strong an impression as height or depth. Though a boundless plain be a grand object, yet a high mountain, to which we look up, or an awful precipice or tower, whence we look down on the objects which lie below, is still more so. The excessive grandeur of the firmament arises from its height, joined to its boundless extent; and that of the ocean not from its extent alone, but from the perpetual motion and irresistible force of that mass of waters. Wherever space is concerned, it is clear that amplitude or greatness of extent in one dimension or other is necessary to grandeur. Remove all bounds from any object, and you presently render it sublime. Hence infinite space, endless numbers, and eternal duration, fill the mind with great ideas.

From this some have imagined that vastness or amplitude of extent is the foundation of all sublimity. But I cannot be of this opinion, because many objects appear sublime which have no relation to space at all. Such, for instance, is great loudness of sound. The burst of thunder or of cannon, the roaring of winds, the shouting of multitudes, the sound of vast cataracts of water, are all incontestably grand objects. 'I heard the voice of a great multitude, as the sound of many waters, and of mighty thunderings, saying, Hallelujah.' In general, we may observe that great power and force exerted always raise sublime ideas; and perhaps the most copious source of these is derived from this quarter. Hence the grandeur of earthquakes and burning mountains; of great conflagrations; of the stormy ocean and overflowing waters; of tempests of wind; of thunder and lightning; and of all the uncommon violence of the elements: nothing is more sublime than mighty power and strength. A stream that runs within its banks is a beautiful object, but when it rushes down with the impetuosity and noise of a torrent, it presently becomes a sublime one. From lions, and other animals of strength, are drawn sublime comparisons in poets. A race-horse is looked upon with pleasure; but it is the war-horse, 'whose neck is clothed with thunder,' that carries grandeur in its idea. The engagement of two great armies, as it is the highest exertion of human might, combines a variety of sources of the sublime, and has accordingly been always considered as one of the most striking and magnificent spectacles that can be either presented to the eye, or exhibited to the imagination in description.

For the further illustration of this subject, it is proper to remark, that all ideas of the solemn and awful kind, and even bordering on the terrible, tend greatly to assist the sublime; such as darkness, solitude, and silence. What are the scenes of nature that elevate the mind in the highest degree, and produce the sublime sensation? Not the gay landscape, the flowery field, or the flourishing city; but the hoary mountains, and the solitary lake, the aged forest, and the torrent falling over the rock. Hence, too, night scenes are commonly the most sublime. The firmament, when filled with stars, scattered in such vast numbers, and with such magnificent profusion, strikes the imagination with a more awful grandeur than when we view it enlightened with all the splendour of the sun. The deep sound of a great bell, or the striking of a great clock, are at any time grand, but, when heard amid the silence and stillness of the night, they become doubly so. Darkness is very commonly applied for adding sublimity to all our ideas of the Deity: 'He maketh darkness his pavilion, he dwelleth in the thick cloud.' So Milton:—

How oft, amidst
Thick clouds and dark, does heaven's all ruling Sire
Choose to reside, his glory unobscured,
And with the majesty of darkness, round
Circles his throne.

Observe with how much art Virgil has introduced all those ideas of silence, vacuity, and darkness, when he is going to introduce his hero to the infernal regions, and to disclose the secrets of the great deep:—

Ye subterranean gods, whose awful sway
The gliding ghosts and silent shades obey;
Oh, Chaos, hear! and Phlegethon profound!
Whose solemn empire stretches wide around!
Give me, ye great tremendous powers, to tell
Of scenes and wonders in the depth of hell;
Give me, your mighty secrets to display
From those black realms of darkness to the day.—*Pitt.*

Obscure they went; through dreary shades, that led
Along the waste dominions of the dead;
As wander travellers in woods by night,
By the moon's doubtful and malignant light.—*Dryden.*

These passages I quote at present, not so much as instances of sublime writing, though in themselves they truly are so, as to show, by the effect of them, that the objects which they present to us belong to the class of sublime ones.

Obscurity, we are further to remark, is not unfavourable to the sublime. Though it render the object indistinct, the impression, however, may be great; for, as an ingenious author has well observed, it is one thing to make an idea clear, and another to make it affecting to the imagination; and the imagination may be strongly affected, and, in fact, often is so, by objects of which we have no clear conception. Thus we see that almost all the descriptions given us of the appearances of supernatural beings, carry some sublimity, though the conceptions which they afford us be confused and indistinct. Their sublimity arises from the ideas, which they always convey, of superior power and might, joined with an awful obscurity. We may see this fully exemplified in the following noble passage of the book of Job:—'In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, fear came upon me and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up: it stood still; but I could not discern the form thereof; an image was before mine eyes; there was silence; and I heard a voice—Shall mortal man be more just than God!' (Job iv. 15.) No ideas, it is plain, are so sublime as those taken from the Supreme Being, the most unknown, but the greatest of all objects; the infinity

of whose nature, and the eternity of whose duration, joined with the omnipotence of his power, though they surpass our conceptions, yet exalt them to the highest. In general, all objects that are greatly raised above us, or far removed from us, either in space or in time, are apt to strike us as great. Our viewing them as through the mist of distance or antiquity is favourable to the impressions of their sublimity.

As obscurity, so disorder too is very compatible with grandeur; nay, frequently heightens it. Few things that are strictly regular and methodical appear sublime. We see the limits on every side; we feel ourselves confined; there is no room for the mind's exerting any great effort. Exact proportion of parts, though it enters often into the beautiful, is much disregarded in the sublime. A great mass of rocks, thrown together by the hand of nature with wildness and confusion, strike the mind with more grandeur than if they had been adjusted to one another with the most accurate symmetry.

In the feeble attempts which human art can make towards producing grand objects (feeble, I mean, in comparison with the powers of nature), greatness of dimensions always constitutes a principal part. No pile of buildings can convey any idea of sublimity, unless it be ample and lofty. There is, too, in architecture, what is called greatness of manner, which seems chiefly to arise from presenting the object to us in one full point of view, so that it shall make its impression whole, entire, and undivided upon the mind. A Gothic cathedral raises ideas of grandeur in our minds by its size, its height, its awful obscurity, its strength, its antiquity, and its durability.

There still remains to be mentioned one class of sublime objects, which may be called the moral or sentimental sublime, arising from certain exertions of the human mind, from certain affections and actions of our fellow-creatures. These will be found to be all, or chiefly of that class, which comes under the name of magnanimity or heroism; and they produce an effect extremely similar to what is produced by the view of grand objects in nature; filling the mind with admiration, and elevating it above itself. Wherever, in some critical and high situation, we behold a man uncommonly intrepid, and resting upon himself, superior to passion and to fear; animated by some great principle to the contempt of popular opinion, of selfish interest, of dangers, or of death, there we are struck with a sense of the sublime.

High virtue is the most natural and fertile source of this moral sublimity. However, on some occasions, where virtue either has no place, or is but imperfectly displayed, yet if extraordinary vigour and force of mind be discovered, we are not insensible to a degree of grandeur in the character; and from the splendid conqueror, or the daring conspirator, whom we are far from approving, we cannot withhold our admiration.

DR GEORGE CAMPBELL.

DR GEORGE CAMPBELL, professor of divinity and afterwards principal of Marischal college, Aberdeen, was a theologian and critic of more vigorous intellect and various learning than Dr Blair. His *Dissertation on Miracles*, written in reply to Hume, is a conclusive and masterly piece of reasoning; and his *Philosophy of Rhetoric* (published in 1776) is perhaps the best book of the kind since Aristotle. Most of the other works on this subject are little else but compilations, but Campbell brought to it a high degree of philosophical acumen and learned research. Its utility is also equal to its depth and originality: the philosopher finds in it exercise for his ingenuity, and the student may safely consult it for its practical suggestions and illustrations. Dr Campbell's other works are, a *Translation of the Four Gospels*, worthy of his talents, some sermons preached on public occasions, and a series of *Lectures on Ecclesiastical History*, which were not published till after his death. It is worthy of remark that Hume himself admitted the 'ingenuity' of Campbell's reply to his sceptical opinions, and the 'great learning' of the author. The well-known hypothesis of Hume is, that no testimony for any kind of miracle can ever amount to a probability, much less to a proof. To this Dr Campbell opposed the argument that testimony has a natural and original influence on belief, antecedent to experience, in illustration of which he remarked, that the earliest assent which is given to testimony by children, and which is previous to all experience, is in fact the most unlimited. His answer is divided into two parts; first, that miracles are capable of proof from testimony, and religious miracles not less than others; and, secondly, that the miracles on which the belief of Christianity is founded, are sufficiently attested. Campbell had no fear for the result of such discussions:—'I do not hesitate to affirm,' he says, 'that our religion has been indebted to the *attempts*, though not to the *intentions*, of its bitterest enemies. They have tried its strength, indeed, and, by trying, they have displayed its strength; and that in so clear a light, as we could never have hoped, without such a trial, to have viewed it in. Let them, therefore, write; let them argue, and, when arguments fail, even let them cavil against religion as much as they please; I should be heartily sorry that ever in this island, the asylum of liberty, where the spirit of Christianity is better understood (however defective the inhabitants are in the observance of its precepts) than in any other part of the Christian world; I should, I say, be sorry that in this island so great a disservice were done to religion as to check its adversaries in any other way than by returning a candid answer to their objections. I must at the same time acknowledge, that I am both ashamed and grieved when I observe any friends of religion betray so great a diffidence in the goodness of their cause (for to this diffidence alone can it be imputed), as to show an inclination for recurring to more forcible methods. The assaults of infidels, I may venture to prophecy, will never overturn our religion. They will prove not more hurtful to the Christian system, if it be allowed to compare small things with the greatest, than the boisterous winds are said to prove to the sturdy oak. They shake it impetuously for a time, and loudly threaten its subversion; whilst, in effect, they only serve to make it strike its roots the deeper, and stand the firmer ever after.'

In the same manly spirit, and reliance on the ultimate triumph of truth, Dr Campbell was opposed to the penal laws against the Catholics; and in 1779, when the country was agitated with that intolerant zeal against Popery, which in the following year burst out in riots in London, he issued an *Address to the People of Scotland*, remarkable for its cogency of argument and its just and enlightened sentiments. For this service to true religion and toleration the mob of Aberdeen broke the author's windows, and nicknamed him 'Pope Campbell.' In 1795, when far advanced in life, Dr Campbell received a pension of £300 from the Crown, on which he resigned his professorship, and his situation as principal of Marischal college. He enjoyed this well-earned reward only one year, dying in 1796, in his seventy-seventh year. With the single exception of Dr Robertson the historian (who shone in a totally different walk), the name of Dr Campbell is the greatest which the Scottish church can number among its clergy.

MISCELLANEOUS WRITERS.

DR SAMUEL JOHNSON.

This department of our literature was unusually rich at the present period, as it included nearly all the great names that shone in poetry, fiction, politics, philosophy, and criticism. First, as exercising a more commanding influence than any other of his contemporaries, may be mentioned DR JOHNSON, already distinguished as a moral poet and essayist. In 1755 Johnson published his *Dictionary of the English Language*, which had occupied the greater part of his time for seven years. In 1765 appeared his edition of Shakspeare, containing little that is valuable in the way of annotation, but introduced by a powerful and masterly preface. In 1770 and 1771 he wrote two political pamphlets in support of the measures of government, *The False Alarm*, and *Thoughts on the late Transactions respecting the Falkland Islands*. Though often harsh, contemptuous, and intolerant, these pamphlets are admirable pieces of composition—full of nerve and controversial zeal. In 1775 appeared his *Journey to the Western Isles of Scotland*; and in 1781 his *Lives of the Poets*. It was the felicity of Johnson, as of Dryden, to improve as an author as he advanced in years, and to write best after he had passed that period of life when many men are almost incapable of intellectual exertion. In reviewing the above works, little other language need be employed than that of eulogy. The Dictionary is a valuable practical work, not remarkable for philological research, but for its happy and luminous definitions, the result of great sagacity, precision of understanding, and clearness of expression. A few of the definitions betray the personal feelings and peculiarities of the author, and have been much ridiculed. For example, 'Excise,' which (as a Tory hating Walpole and the Whig excise act) he defines, 'A hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged, not by the common judges of property, but wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid.' A pension is defined to be 'an allowance made to any one without an equivalent. In England it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state-hireling for treason to his country.' After such a definition, it is scarcely to be wondered that Johnson paused, and felt some 'compunctious visitings' before he accepted a pension himself! Oats he defines, 'A grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people.' This gave mortal offence to the natives of Scotland, and is hardly yet forgiven; but the best reply was the happy observation of Lord Elibank, 'Yes, and where will you find such horses and such men?' The 'Journey to the Western Isles' makes no pretension to scientific discovery, but it is an entertaining and finely written work. In the Highlands, the poetical imagination of Johnson expanded with the new scenery and forms of life presented to his contemplation. His love of feudalism, of clanship, and of ancient Jacobite families, found full scope; and as he was always a close observer, his descriptions convey much pleasing and original information. His complaints of the want of woods in Scotland, though dwelt upon with a ludicrous perseverance and querulousness, had the effect of setting the landlords to plant their bleak moors and mountains, and improve the aspect of the country. The 'Lives of the Poets' have a freedom of style, a vigour of thought, and happiness of illustration, rarely attained even by their author. The plan of the work was defective, as the lives begin only with Cowley, excluding all the previous poets from Chaucer downwards. Some feeble and worthless rhymesters also obtained niches in Johnson's gallery; but the most serious defect of the whole is the injustice done to some of our greatest masters of song, in consequence of the political or personal prejudices of the author. To Milton he is strikingly unjust, though his criticism on Paradise Lost is able and profound. Gray is treated with a coarseness and insensibility derogatory only to the critic; and in general, as we have before had occasion to remark, the higher order of imaginative poetry suffers under the ponderous hand of Johnson. Its beauties were too airy and ethereal for his grasp—too subtle for his feeling or understanding. A few extracts are subjoined, to illustrate his peculiar but impressive and animated style.

[*From the Preface to the Dictionary.*]

It is the fate of those who toil at the lower employments of life to be rather driven by the fear of evil, than attracted by the prospect of good; to be exposed to censure without hope of praise; to be disgraced by miscarriage, or punished for neglect, where success would have been without applause, and diligence without reward.

Among these unhappy mortals is the writer of dictionaries; whom mankind have considered, not as the pupil, but the slave of science, the pioneer of literature, doomed only to remove rubbish and clear obstructions from the paths through which learning and genius press forward to conquest and glory, without bestowing a smile on the humble drudge that facilitates their progress. Every other author may aspire to praise; the lexicographer can only hope to escape reproach, and even this negative recompense has been yet granted to very few.

I have, notwithstanding this discouragement, attempted a dictionary of the English language, which, while it was employed in the cultivation of every species of literature, has itself been hitherto neglected; suffered to spread, under the direction of chance, into wild exuberance; resigned to the tyranny of time and fashion; and exposed to the corruptions of ignorance, and caprices of innovation.

No book was ever turned from one language into another without imparting something of its native idiom; this is the most mischievous and comprehensive innovation; single words may enter by thousands, and the fabric of the tongue continue the same; but new phraseology changes much at once; it alters not the single stones of the building, but the order of the columns. If an academy should be established for the cultivation of our style—which I, who can never wish to see dependence multiplied, hope the spirit of English liberty will hinder or destroy—let them, instead of compiling grammars and dictionaries, endeavour, with all their influence, to stop the license of translators, whose idleness and ignorance, if it be suffered to proceed, will reduce us to babble a dialect of France.

If the changes that we fear be thus irresistible, what remains but to acquiesce with silence, as in the other insurmountable distresses of humanity. It remains that we retard what we cannot repel, that we palliate what we cannot cure. Life may be lengthened by care, though death cannot be ultimately defeated; tongues, like governments, have a natural tendency to degeneration; we have long preserved our constitution, let us make some struggles for our language.

In hope of giving longevity to that which its own nature forbids to be immortal, I have devoted this book, the labour of years, to the honour of my country, that we may no longer yield the palm of philology, without a contest, to the nations of the continent. The chief glory of every people arises from its authors: whether I shall add anything by my own writings to the reputation of English literature, must be left to time; much of my life has been

lost under the pressures of disease; much has been trifled away; and much has always been spent in provision for the day that was passing over me; but I shall not think my employment useless or ignoble, if, by my assistance, foreign nations and distant ages gain access to the propagators of knowledge, and understand the teachers of truth; if my labours afford light to the repositories of science, and add celebrity to Bacon, to Hooker, to Milton, and to Boyle.

When I am animated by this wish, I look with pleasure on my book, however defective, and deliver it to the world with the spirit of a man that has endeavoured well. That it will immediately become popular, I have not promised to myself; a few wild blunders and risible absurdities, from which no work of such multiplicity was ever free, may for a time furnish folly with laughter, and harden ignorance into contempt; but useful diligence will at last prevail, and there never can be wanting some who distinguish desert, who will consider that no dictionary of a living tongue ever can be perfect, since, while it is hastening to publication, some words are budding and some falling away; that a whole life cannot be spent upon syntax and etymology, and that even a whole life would not be sufficient; that he whose design includes whatever language can express, must often speak of what he does not understand; that a writer will sometimes be hurried by eagerness to the end, and sometimes faint with weariness under a task which Scaliger compares to the labours of the anvil and the mine; that what is obvious is not always known, and what is known is not always present; that sudden fits of inadvertency will surprise vigilance, slight avocations will seduce attention, and casual eclipses of the mind will darken learning; and that the writer shall often in vain trace his memory at the moment of need for that which yesterday he knew with intuitive readiness, and which will come uncalled into his thoughts to-morrow.

In this work, when it shall be found that much is omitted, let it not be forgotten that much likewise is performed; and though no book was ever spared out of tenderness to the author, and the world is little solicitous to know whence proceeded the faults of that which it condemns, yet it may gratify curiosity to inform it, that the English Dictionary was written with little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of academic bowers, but amid inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow. It may repress the triumph of malignant criticism to observe, that if our language is not here fully displayed, I have only failed in an attempt which no human powers have hitherto completed. If the lexicons of ancient tongues, now immutably fixed, and comprised in a few volumes, be yet, after the toil of successive ages, inadequate and delusive; if the aggregated knowledge and co-operating diligence of the Italian academicians did not secure them from the censure of Beni; if the embodied critics of France, when fifty years had been spent upon their work, were obliged to change its economy, and give their second edition another form, I may surely be contented without the praise of perfection, which, if I could obtain in this gloom of solitude, what would it avail me? I have protracted my work till most of those whom I wished to please have sunk into the grave, and success and miscarriage are empty sounds. I therefore dismiss it with frigid tranquillity, having little to fear or hope from censure or from praise.

[*Reflections on Landing at Iona.*]

[From the 'Journey to the Western Isles.']

We were now treading that illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion. To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. The man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force on the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.

[*Parallel between Pope and Dryden.*]

[From the 'Lives of the Poets.']

Pope professed to have learned his poetry from Dryden, whom, whenever an opportunity was presented, he praised through his whole life with unvaried liberality; and perhaps his character may receive some illustration, if he be compared with his master.

Integrity of understanding and nicety of discernment were not allotted in a less proportion to Dryden than to Pope. The rectitude of Dryden's mind was sufficiently shown by the dismission of his poetical prejudices, and the rejection of unnatural thoughts and rugged numbers. But Dryden never desired to apply all the judgment that he had. He wrote, and professed to write, merely for the people; and when he pleased others he contented himself. He spent no time in struggles to rouse latent powers; he never attempted to make that better which was already good, nor often to mend what he must have known to be faulty. He wrote, as he tells us, with very little consideration; when occasion or necessity called upon him, he poured out what the present moment happened to supply, and, when once it had passed the press, ejected it from his mind; for when he had no pecuniary interest, he had no further solicitude.

Pope was not content to satisfy: he desired to excel, and therefore always endeavoured to do his best: he did not court the candour, but dared the judgment of his reader, and expecting no indulgence from others, he showed none to himself. He examined lines and words with minute and punctilious observation, and retouched every part with indefatigable diligence, till he had left nothing to be forgiven.

For this reason he kept his pieces very long in his hands, while he considered and reconsidered them. The only poems which can be supposed to have been written with such regard to the times as might hasten their publication, were the two satires of 'Thirty-Eight,' of which Dodsley told me that they were brought to him by the author that they might be fairly copied. 'Almost every line,' he said, 'was then written twice over; I gave him a clean transcript, which he sent sometime afterwards to me for the press, with almost every line written twice over a second time.'

His declaration, that his care for his works ceased at their publication, was not strictly true. His parental attention never abandoned them; what he found amiss in the first edition, he silently corrected in those that followed. He appears to have revised the 'Iliad,' and freed it from some of its imperfections; and the 'Essay on Criticism' received many improvements after its first appearance. It will seldom be found that he altered without adding clearness, elegance, or vigour.

Pope had perhaps the judgment of Dryden; but Dryden certainly wanted the diligence of Pope.

In acquired knowledge, the superiority must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastic, and who, before he became an author, had been allowed more time for study, with better means of information. His mind has a larger range, and he collects his images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation, and those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope.

Poetry was not the sole praise of either; for both excelled likewise in prose; but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied, that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind, Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid, Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation, Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and levelled by the roller.

Of genius, that power which constitutes a poet, that quality without which judgment is cold and knowledge is inert, that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates, the superiority must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred that of this poetical vigour Pope had only a little, because Dryden had more; for every other writer since Milton must give place to Pope; and even of Dryden it must be said, that if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems. Dryden's performances were always hasty, either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by domestic necessity; he composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought, and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden, therefore, are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

This parallel will, I hope, when it is well considered, be found just; and if the reader should suspect me, as I suspect myself, of some partial fondness for the memory of Dryden, let him not too hastily condemn me, for meditation and inquiry may, perhaps, show him the reasonableness of my determination.

[*Picture of the Miseries of War.*]

[From the 'Thoughts on the Falkland Islands.']

It is wonderful with what coolness and indifference the greater part of mankind see war commenced. Those that hear of it at a distance or read of it in books, but have never presented its evils to their minds, consider it as little more than a splendid game, a proclamation, an army, a battle, and a triumph. Some, indeed, must perish in the successful field, but they die upon the bed of honour, resign their lives amidst the joys of conquest, and, filled with England's glory, smile in death!

The life of a modern soldier is ill represented by heroic fiction. War has means of destruction more formidable than the cannon and the sword. Of the thousands and ten thousands that perished in our late contests with France and Spain, a very small part ever felt the stroke of an enemy; the rest languished in tents and ships, amidst damps and putrefaction; pale, torpid, spiritless, and helpless; gasping and groaning, unpitied among men, made obdurate by long continuance of hopeless misery; and were at last whelmed in pits, or heaved into the ocean, without notice and without remembrance. By incommodious encampments and unwholesome stations, where courage is useless and enterprise impracticable, fleets are silently dispeopled, and armies sluggishly melted away.

Thus is a people gradually exhausted, for the most part, with little effect. The wars of civilised nations make very slow changes in the system of empire. The public perceives scarcely any alteration but an increase of debt; and the few individuals who are benefited are not supposed to have the clearest right to their advantages. If he that shared the danger enjoyed the profit, and after bleeding in the battle, grew rich by the victory, he might show his gains without envy. But at the conclusion of a ten years' war, how are we recompensed for the death of multitudes and the expense of millions, but by contemplating the sudden glories of paymasters and agents, contractors and commissaries, whose equipages shine like meteors, and whose palaces rise like exhalations?

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

The 'Citizen of the World,' by GOLDSMITH, was published in a collected shape in 1762, and his 'Essays' about the same time. As a light critic, a sportive yet tender and insinuating moralist, and observer of men and manners, we have no hesitation in placing Goldsmith far above Johnson. His chaste humour, poetical fancy, and admirable style, render these essays (for the Citizen of the World consists of detached pieces) a mine of lively and profound thought, happy imagery, and pure English. The story of the Old Soldier, Beau Tibbs, the Reverie at the Boar's Head Tavern, and the Strolling Player, are in the finest vein of story-telling; while the Eastern Apologue, Asem, an Eastern Tale, and Alcander and Septimius, are tinged with the light of true poetry and imagination. Where the author speaks of actual life, and the 'fashion of our estate,' we see the workings of experience and a finely meditative mind. 'The History of Animated Nature,' not published till after his death, is imbued with the same graces of composition. Goldsmith was no naturalist, strictly speaking, but his descriptions are often vivid and beautiful, and his history is well calculated to awaken a love of nature and a study of its various phenomena.

[*Scenery of the Alps.*]

[From the 'History of the Earth and Animated Nature.']

Nothing can be finer or more exact than Mr Pope's description of a traveller straining up the Alps. Every mountain he comes to he thinks will be the last: he finds, however, an unexpected hill rise before him; and that being scaled, he finds the highest summit almost at as great a distance as before. Upon quitting the plain, he might have left a green and fertile soil, and a climate warm and pleasing. As he ascends, the ground assumes a more russet colour, the grass becomes more mossy, and the weather more moderate. When he is still higher, the weather becomes more cold, and the earth more barren. In this dreary passage he is often entertained with a little valley of surprising verdure, caused by the reflected heat of the sun collected into a narrow spot on the surrounding heights. But it much more frequently

happens that he sees only frightful precipices beneath, and lakes of amazing depth, from whence rivers are formed, and fountains derive their original. On those places next the highest summits vegetation is scarcely carried on: here and there a few plants of the most hardy kind appear. The air is intolerably cold—either continually refrigerated with frosts, or disturbed with tempests. All the ground here wears an eternal covering of ice and snow, that seem continually accumulating. Upon emerging from this war of the elements, he ascends into a purer and serener region, where vegetation is entirely ceased—where the precipices, composed entirely of rocks, rise perpendicularly above him; while he views beneath him all the combat of the elements, clouds at his feet, and thunders darting upwards from their bosoms below. A thousand meteors, which are never seen on the plain, present themselves. Circular rainbows, mock suns, the shadow of the mountain projected upon the body of the air, and the traveller's own image reflected as in a looking-glass upon the opposite cloud.

[*A Sketch of the Universe.*]

[From the same.]

The world may be considered as one vast mansion, where man has been admitted to enjoy, to admire, and to be grateful. The first desires of savage nature are merely to gratify the importunities of sensual appetite, and to neglect the contemplation of things, barely satisfied with their enjoyment; the beauties of nature, and all the wonders of creation, have but little charms for a being taken up in obviating the wants of the day, and anxious for precarious subsistence.

Our philosophers, therefore, who have testified such surprise at the want of curiosity in the ignorant, seem not to consider that they are usually employed in making provisions of a more important nature—in providing rather for the necessities than the amusements of life. It is not till our more pressing wants are sufficiently supplied, that we can attend to the calls of curiosity; so that in every age scientific refinement has been the latest effort of human industry.

But human curiosity, though at first slowly excited, being at last possessed of leisure for indulging its propensity, becomes one of the greatest amusements of life, and gives higher satisfactions than what even the senses can afford. A man of this disposition turns all nature into a magnificent theatre, replete with objects of wonder and surprise, and fitted up chiefly for his happiness and entertainment; he industriously examines all things, from the minutest insect to the most finished animal, and when his limited organs can no longer make the disquisition, he sends out his imagination upon new inquiries.

Nothing, therefore, can be more august and striking than the idea which his reason, aided by his imagination, furnishes of the universe around him. Astronomers tell us that this earth which we inhabit forms but a very minute part in that great assemblage of bodies of which the world is composed. It is a million of times less than the sun, by which it is enlightened. The planets, also, which, like it, are subordinate to the sun's influence, exceed the earth one thousand times in magnitude. These, which were at first supposed to wander in the heavens without any fixed path, and that took their name from their apparent deviations, have long been found to perform their circuits with great exactness and strict regularity. They have been discovered as forming with our earth a system of bodies circulating round the sun, all obedient to one law, and impelled by one common influence.

Modern philosophy has taught us to believe, that when the great Author of nature began the work of creation, he chose to operate by second causes; and that, suspending the constant exertion of his power, he endued matter with a quality by which the universal economy of nature might be continued, without his immediate assistance. This quality is called attraction, a sort of approximating influence, which all bodies, whether terrestrial or celestial, are found to possess; and which, in all, increases as the quantity of matter in each increases. The sun, by far the greatest body in our system, is, of consequence, possessed of much the greatest share of this attracting power; and all the planets, of which our earth is one, are, of course, entirely subject to its superior influence. Were this power, therefore, left uncontrolled by any other, the sun must quickly have attracted all the bodies of our celestial system to itself; but it is equally counteracted by another power of equal efficacy; namely, a progressive force which each planet received when it was impelled forward by the divine architect upon its first formation. The heavenly bodies of our system being thus acted upon by two opposing powers; namely, by that of attraction, which draws them towards the sun, and that of impulsion, which drives them straight forward into the great void of space, they pursue a track between these contrary directions; and each, like a stone whirled about in a sling, obeying two opposite forces, circulates round its great centre of heat and motion.

In this manner, therefore, is the harmony of our planetary system preserved. The sun, in the midst, gives heat and light and circular motion to the planets which surround it: Mercury, Venus, the Earth, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn, perform their constant circuits at different distances, each taking up a time to complete its revolutions, proportioned to the greatness of the circle which it is to describe. The lesser planets, also, which are attendants upon some of the greater, are subject to the same laws; they circulate with the same exactness, and are in the same manner influenced by their respective centres of motion.

Besides those bodies which make a part of our peculiar system, and which may be said to reside within its great circumference, there are others that frequently come among us from the most distant tracts of space, and that seem like dangerous intruders upon the beautiful simplicity of nature. These are comets, whose appearance was once so terrible to mankind, and the theory of which is so little understood at present; all we know is, that their number is much greater than that of the planets, and that, like these, they roll in orbits, in some measure obedient to solar influence. Astronomers have endeavoured to calculate the returning periods of many of them; but experience has not, as yet, confirmed the veracity of their investigations. Indeed, who can tell, when those wanderers have made their excursions into other worlds and distant systems, what obstacles may be found to oppose their progress, to accelerate their motions, or retard their return?

But what we have hitherto attempted to sketch is but a small part of that great fabric in which the Deity has thought proper to manifest his wisdom and omnipotence. There are multitudes of other bodies dispersed over the face of the heavens, that lie too remote for examination; these have no motion such as the planets are found to possess, and are therefore called fixed stars; and from their extreme brilliancy and their immense distance, philosophers have been induced to suppose them to be suns resembling that which enlivens our system. As the imagination, also, once excited, is seldom content to stop, it has furnished each with an attendant system of planets belonging to itself, and has even induced some to deplore the fate of those systems whose imagined suns, which sometimes happens, have become no longer visible.

But conjectures of this kind, which no reasoning can ascertain nor experiment reach, are rather amusing than useful. Though we see the greatness and wisdom of the Deity in all the seeming worlds that surround us, it is our chief concern to trace him in that which we inhabit. The examination of the earth, the wonders of its contrivance, the history of its advantages, or of the seeming defects in its formation, are the proper business of the natural historian. A description of this earth, its animals, vegetables, and minerals, is the most delightful entertainment the mind can be furnished with, as it is the most interesting and useful. I would beg leave, therefore, to conclude these commonplace speculations with an observation which, I hope, is not entirely so.

A use, hitherto not much insisted upon, that may result from the contemplation of celestial magnificence, is, that it will teach us to make an allowance for the apparent irregularities we find below. Whenever we can examine the works of the Deity at a proper point of distance, so as to take in the whole of his design, we see nothing but uniformity, beauty, and precision. The heavens present us with a plan which, though inexpressibly magnificent, is yet regular beyond the power of invention. Whenever, therefore, we find any apparent defects in the earth, instead of attempting to reason ourselves into an opinion that they are beautiful, it will be wiser to say that we do not behold them at the proper point of distance, and that our eye is laid too close to the objects to take in the regularity of their connection. In short, we may conclude that God, who is regular in his great productions, acts with equal uniformity in the little.

[*Scenery of the Sea-coasts.*]

[From the same.]

Those who have been much upon our coasts know that there are two different kinds of shores—that which slants down to the water with a gentle declivity, and that which rises with a precipitate boldness, and seems set as a bulwark to repel the force of the invading deeps. It is to such shores as these that the whole tribe of the gull kind resort, as the rocks offer them a retreat for their young, and the sea a sufficient supply. It is in the cavities of these rocks, of which the shore is composed, that the vast variety of sea-fowl retire to breed in safety. The waves beneath, that continually beat at the base, often wear the shore into an impending boldness, so that it seems to jut out over the water, while the raging of the sea makes the place inaccessible from below. These are the situations to which sea-fowl chiefly resort, and bring up their young in undisturbed security.

Those who have never observed our boldest coasts, have no idea of their tremendous sublimity. The boasted works of art, the highest towers, and the noblest domes, are but ant-hills when put in comparison; the single cavity of a rock often exhibits a coping higher than the ceiling of a Gothic cathedral. The face of the shore offers to the view a wall of massive stone ten times higher than our tallest steeples. What should we think of a precipice three quarters of a mile in height? and yet the rocks of St Kilda are still higher! What must be our awe to approach the edge of that impending height, and to look down on the unfathomable vacuity below; to ponder on the terrors of falling to the bottom, where the waves that swell like mountains are scarcely seen to curl on the surface, and the roar of an ocean a thousand leagues broad appears softer than the murmur of a brook? It is in these formidable mansions that myriads of sea-fowl are for ever seen sporting, flying in security down the depth, half a mile beneath the feet of the spectator. The crow and the chough avoid those frightful precipices; they choose smaller heights, where they are less exposed to the tempest; it is the cormorant, the gannet, the tarrock, and the terne, that venture to these dreadful retreats, and claim an undisturbed possession. To the spectator from above, those birds, though some of them are above the size of an eagle, seem scarce as large as a swallow, and their loudest screaming is scarcely perceptible.

But the generality of our shores are not so formidable. Though they may rise two hundred fathom above the surface, yet it often happens that the water forsakes the shore at the departure of the tide, and leaves a noble and delightful walk for curiosity on the beach. Not to mention the variety of shells with which the sand is strewed, the lofty rocks that hang over the spectator's head, and that seem but just kept from falling, produce in him no unpleasing gloom. If to this be added the fluttering, the screaming, and the pursuits of myriads of water-birds, all either intent on the duties of incubation, or roused at the presence of a stranger, nothing can compose a scene of more peculiar solemnity. To walk along the shore when the tide is departed, or to sit in the hollow of a rock when it is come in, attentive to the various sounds that gather on every side, above and below, may raise the mind to its highest and noblest exertions. The solemn roar of the waves swelling into and subsiding from the vast caverns beneath, the piercing note of the gull, the frequent chatter of the guillemot, the loud note of the auk, the scream of the heron, and the hoarse deep periodical croaking of the cormorant, all unite to furnish out the grandeur of the scene, and turn the mind to Him who is the essence of all sublimity.

[*On the Increased Love of Life with Age.*]

[From Goldsmith's Essays.]

Age, that lessens the enjoyment of life, increases our desire of living. Those dangers which, in the vigour of youth, we had learned to despise, assume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution increasing as our years increase, fear becomes at last the prevailing passion of the mind, and the small remainder of life is taken up in useless efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued existence.

Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wise are liable! If I should judge of that part of life which lies before me by that which I have already seen, the prospect is hideous. Experience tells me that my past enjoyments have brought no real felicity, and sensation assures me that those I have felt are stronger than those which are yet to come. Yet experience and sensation in vain persuade; hope, more powerful than either, dresses out the distant prospect in fancied beauty; some happiness, in long perspective, still beckons me to pursue; and, like a losing gamester, every new disappointment increases my ardour to continue the game.

Whence, then, is this increased love of life, which grows upon us with our years? whence comes it, that we thus make greater efforts to preserve our existence at a period when it becomes scarce worth the keeping? Is it that nature, attentive to the preservation of mankind, increases our wishes to live, while she lessens our enjoyments; and, as she robs the senses of every pleasure, equips imagination in the spoil? Life would be insupportable to an old man who, loaded with infirmities, feared death no more than when in the vigour of manhood; the numberless calamities of decaying nature, and the consciousness of surviving every pleasure, would at once induce him, with his own hand, to terminate the scene of misery; but happily the contempt of death forsakes him at a time when it could only be prejudicial, and life acquires

an imaginary value in proportion as its real value is no more.

Our attachment to every object around us increases in general from the length of our acquaintance with it. 'I would not choose,' says a French philosopher, 'to see an old post pulled up with which I had been long acquainted.' A mind long habituated to a certain set of objects insensibly becomes fond of seeing them; visits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance. From hence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of possession; they love the world and all that it produces; they love life and all its advantages, not because it gives them pleasure, but because they have known it long.

Chinvang the Chaste, ascending the throne of China, commanded that all who were unjustly detained in prison during the preceding reigns should be set free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer on this occasion there appeared a majestic old man, who, falling at the emperor's feet, addressed him as follows: 'Great father of China, behold a wretch, now eighty-five years old, who was shut up in a dungeon at the age of twenty-two. I was imprisoned, though a stranger to crime, or without being even confronted by my accusers. I have now lived in solitude and darkness for more than fifty years, and am grown familiar with distress. As yet, dazzled with the splendour of that sun to which you have restored me, I have been wandering the streets to find out some friend that would assist, or relieve, or remember me; but my friends, my family, and relations are all dead, and I am forgotten. Permit me, then, O Chinvang, to wear out the wretched remains of life in my former prison: the walls of my dungeon are to me more pleasing than the most splendid palace: I have not long to live, and shall be unhappy except I spend the rest of my days where my youth was passed—in that prison from whence you were pleased to release me.'

The old man's passion for confinement is similar to that we all have for life. We are habituated to the prison, we look round with discontent, are displeased with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only increases our fondness for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houses we have built, or the posterity we have begotten, all serve to bind us closer to earth, and imbitter our parting. Life sues the young like a new acquaintance; the companion, as yet unexhausted, is at once instructive and amusing; its company pleases, yet for all this it is but little regarded. To us, who are declined in years, life appears like an old friend; its jests have been anticipated in former conversation; it has no new story to make us smile, no new improvement with which to surprise, yet still we love it; destitute of every enjoyment, still we love it; husband the wasting treasure with increasing frugality, and feel all the poignancy of anguish in the fatal separation.

Sir Philip Mordaunt was young, beautiful, sincere, brave, an Englishman. He had a complete fortune of his own, and the love of the king his master, which was equivalent to riches. Life opened all her treasures before him, and promised a long succession of future happiness. He came, tasted of the entertainment, but was disgusted even at the beginning. He professed an aversion to living, was tired of walking round the same circle; had tried every enjoyment, and found them all grow weaker at every repetition. 'If life be in youth so displeasing,' cried he to himself, 'what will it appear when age comes on? if it be at present indifferent, sure it will then be execrable.' This thought imbittered every reflection; till at last, with all the serenity of perverted reason, he ended the debate with a pistol! Had this self-deluded man been apprised that existence grows more desirable to us the longer we exist, he would have then faced old age without shrinking; he would have boldly dared to live, and served that society by his future assiduity which he basely injured by his desertion.

[*A City Night-Piece.*]

[From the 'Citizen of the World.']

The clock has just struck two; the expiring taper rises and sinks in the socket; the watchman forgets the hour in slumber; the laborious and the happy are at rest; and nothing wakes but meditation, guilt, revelry, and despair. The drunkard once more fills the destroying bowl; the robber walks his midnight round; and the suicide lifts his guilty arm against his own sacred person.

Let me no longer waste the night over the page of antiquity or the sallies of contemporary genius, but pursue the solitary walk, where vanity, ever changing, but a few hours past walked before me—where she kept up the pageant, and now, like a froward child, seems hushed with her own importunities.

What a gloom hangs all around! The dying lamp feebly emits a yellow gleam; no sound is heard but of the chiming clock or the distant watch-dog; all the bustle of human pride is forgotten. An hour like this may well display the emptiness of human vanity.

There will come a time when this temporary solitude will be made continual, and the city itself, like its inhabitants, fade away, and leave a desert in its room.

What cities, great as this, have once triumphed in existence, had their victories as great, joy as just and as unbounded, and, with short-sighted presumption, promised themselves immortality! Posterity can hardly trace the situation of some; the sorrowful traveller wanders over the awful ruins of others; and, as he beholds, he learns wisdom, and feels the transience of every sublunary possession.

Here, he cries, stood their citadel, now grown over with weeds; there their senate house, but now the haunt of every noxious reptile. Temples and theatres stood here, now only an undistinguished heap of ruin. They are fallen, for luxury and avarice first made them feeble. The rewards of state were conferred on amusing, and not on useful members of society. Their riches and opulence invited the invaders, who, though at first repulsed, returned again, conquered by perseverance, and at last swept the defendants into undistinguished destruction.

How few appear in those streets, which but some few hours ago were crowded! And those who appear now no longer wear their daily mask, nor attempt to hide their lewdness or their misery.

But who are those who make the streets their couch, and find a short repose from wretchedness at the doors of the opulent? These are strangers, wanderers, and orphans, whose circumstances are too humble to expect redress, and whose distresses are too great even for pity. Their wretchedness excites rather horror than pity. Some are without the covering even of rags, and others emaciated with disease. The world has disclaimed them: society turns its back upon their distress, and has given them up to nakedness and hunger. These poor shivering females have once seen happier days, and been flattered into beauty.

Why, why was I born a man, and yet see the sufferings of wretches I cannot relieve? Poor houseless creatures! the world will give you reproaches, but will not give you relief. The slightest misfortunes of the great, the most imaginary uneasiness of the rich, are aggravated with all the power of eloquence, and held up to engage our attention and sympathetic sorrow. The poor weep unheeded, persecuted by every subordinate species of tyranny; and every law which gives others security becomes an enemy to them.

Why was this heart of mine formed with so much sensibility? or why was not my fortune adapted to its impulses? Tenderness without the capacity of relieving, only makes the man more wretched than the object which sues for assistance.

EDMUND BURKE.

As an orator, politician, and author, the name of EDMUND BURKE stood high with his contemporaries, and time has abated little of its lustre. He is still by far the most eloquent and imaginative of all our writers on public affairs, and the most philosophical of English statesmen. Burke was born in Dublin, the second son of an attorney, in 1730. After his education at Trinity college, he removed to London, where he entered himself as a student of the Middle Temple, and laboured in periodical works for the booksellers. His first conspicuous work was a parody on the style and manner of Bolingbroke, a *Vindication of Natural Society*, in which the paradoxical reasoning of the noble sceptic is pushed to a ridiculous extreme, and its absurdity very happily exposed. In 1757 he published *A Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful*, which soon attracted considerable attention, and paved the way for the author's introduction to the society of Johnson, Reynolds, Goldsmith, and the other eminent men of the day. Burke, however, was still struggling with difficulties, and



Edmund Burke.

compiling for booksellers. He suggested to Dodsley the plan of an Annual Register, which that spirited publisher adopted, Burke furnishing the whole of the original matter. He continued for several years to write the historical portion of this valuable compilation. In 1761 Burke accompanied the Earl of Halifax to Ireland as one of his secretaries; and four years afterwards, he was fairly launched into public life as a Whig politician, by becoming private secretary to the Marquis of Rockingham, then appointed first lord of the treasury. A seat in parliament next followed, and Burke became a leading speaker in the House of Commons. His first seat was for Wendover, and he was afterwards member for Bristol and Malton. His speeches on American affairs were among his most vigorous and felicitous appearances: his most important public duty was the part he took in the prosecution of Warren Hastings, and his opposition to the regency bill of Mr Pitt. Stormier times, however, were at hand: the French Revolution was then 'blackening the horizon' (to use one of his own metaphors), and he early predicted the course it would take. He strenuously warned his countrymen against the dangerous influence of French principles, and published his memorable treatise, *Reflections on the French Revolution.* A rupture now took place between him and his Whig friends, Mr Fox in particular; but with characteristic ardour Burke went on denouncing the doctrines of the revolution, and published his *Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs*, his *Letters to a Noble Lord*, and his *Letters on the Proposals for Peace with the Regicide Directory of France.* The splendour of these compositions, the various knowledge which they display, the rich imagery with which they abound, and the spirit of philosophical reflection which pervades them all, stamp them among the first literary productions of their time. Judged as political treatises, they may in some instances be considered as exaggerated in their tone and manner: the imagination of the orator transported him beyond the bounds of sober prudence and correct taste; but in all his wanderings there is genius, wisdom, and eloquence. Such a flood of rich illustration had never before been poured on questions of state policy and government. At the same time Burke was eminently practical in his views. His greatest efforts will be found directed to the redress of some existing wrong, or the preservation of some existing good—to hatred of actual oppression, to the removal of useless restrictions, and to the calm and sober improvement of the laws and government which he venerated, without 'coining to himself Whig principles from a French die, unknown to the impress of our fathers in the constitution.' Where inconsistencies are found in his writings between his early and later opinions, they will be seen to consist chiefly in matters of detail or in expression. The leading principles of his public life were always the same. He wished, as he says, to preserve consistency, but only by varying his means to secure the unity of his end: 'when the equipoise of the vessel in which he sails may be endangered by overloading it upon one side, he is desirous of carrying the small weight of his reasons to that which may preserve its equipoise.' When the revolution broke out, his sagacity enabled him to foresee the dreadful consequences which it would entail upon France and the world, and his enthusiastic temperament led him to state his impressions in language sometimes overcharged and almost bombastic, sometimes full of prophetic fire, and always with an energy and exuberance of fancy in which, among philosophical politicians, he was unrivalled. In the clash of party strife, so eminent a person could not escape animadversion or censure; his own ardour excited others, and the vehemence of his manner naturally provoked and aggravated discussion. Thus he stood aloof from most of his old associates, when, like a venerable tower, he was sinking into ruin and decay. Posterity, however, has done ample justice to his genius and character, and has confirmed the opinion of one of his contemporaries, that if (as he did not attempt to conceal) Cicero was the model on which he laboured to form his own character in eloquence, in policy, in ethics, and philosophy, he infinitely surpassed the original. Burke retired from parliament in 1794. The friendship of the Marquis of Rockingham had enabled him to purchase an estate near Beaconsfield, in Buckinghamshire, and

there the orator spent exclusively his few remaining years. In 1795 he was rewarded with a handsome pension from the civil list. It was in contemplation to elevate him to the peerage, but the death of his only son (who was his colleague in the representation of Malton) rendered him indifferent, if not averse, to such a distinction. The force and energy of his mind, and the creative richness of his imagination, continued with him to the last. His *Letter to a Noble Lord on his Pension* (1796), his *Letters on a Regicide Peace* (1796 and 1797), and his *Observations on the Conduct of the Minority* (1797), bear no trace of decaying vigour, though written after the age of sixty-seven. The keen interest with which he regarded passing events, particularly the great political drama then in action in France, is still manifest in these works, with general observations and reflections that strike from their profundity and their universal application. 'He possessed,' says Coleridge, 'and had sedulously sharpened that eye which sees all things, actions, and events, in relation to the laws which determine their existence and circumscribe their possibility. He referred habitually to principles—he was a scientific statesman.' This reference to principles in the writings and speeches of Burke (and his speeches were all carefully prepared for the press), renders them still popular and valuable, when the circumstances and events to which they relate have long passed away, and been succeeded by others not less important; while their grander passages, their imagery and profusion of illustration, make them interesting to the orator and literary student. His imagination, it is admitted, was not always guided by correct taste; some of his images are low, and even border on disgust.* His language and his conceptions are often hyperbolical, or it may be said, his mind, like the soil of the East, which he loved to paint, threw up a rank and luxuriant vegetation, in which unsightly weeds were mingled with the choicest flowers and the most precious fruit. He was at once a poet, an orator, a philosopher, and practical statesman; and his knowledge, his industry, and perseverance, were as remarkable as his genius. The protracted and brilliant career of this great man was terminated on the 9th of July 1797, and he was interred in the church at Beaconsfield.*

A complete edition of Burke's works has been published in sixteen volumes. His political, and not his philosophical writings, are now chiefly read. His 'Disquisition on the Sublime and Beautiful' is incorrect in theory and in many of its illustrations, though containing some just remarks and elegant criticism. His mighty understanding, as Sir James Mackintosh observed, was best employed in 'the middle region,



Beaconsfield.

between the details of business and the generalities of speculation.' In this department, his knowledge of men as well as of books, of passions as well as principles, was called into action, and his imagination found room for its lights and shadows among the varied realities and shifting scenes of life. A generous political opponent, and not less eloquent (though less original and less powerful) writer, has thus sketched the character of Burke:—

'It is pretended,' says Robert Hall, 'that the moment we quit a state of nature, as we have given up the control of our actions in return for the superior advantages of law and government, we can never appeal again to any original principles, but must rest content with the advantages that are secured by the terms of the society. These are the views which distinguish the political writings of Mr Burke, an author whose splendid and unequal powers have given a vogue and fashion to certain tenets which, from any other pen, would have appeared abject and contemptible. In the field of reason the encounter would not be difficult, but who can withstand the fascination and magic of his eloquence? The excursions of his genius are immense. His imperial fancy has laid all nature under tribute, and has collected riches from every scene of the creation

* One of the happiest of his homely similes is contained in his reply to Pitt, on the subject of the commercial treaty with France in 1787. Pitt, he contended, had contemplated the subject with a narrowness peculiar to limited minds—'as an affair of two little counting-houses, and not of two great nations. He seems to consider it as a contention between the sign of the *fleur-de-lis* and the sign of the old *red lion*, for which should obtain the best custom.' In replying to the argument, that the Americans were our children, and should not have revolted against their parent, he said, 'They are our children, it is true, but when children ask for bread, we are not to give them a stone. When those children of ours wish to assimilate with their parent, and to respect the beauteous countenance of British liberty, are we to turn to them the shameful parts of our constitution? Are we to give them our weakness for their strength, our opprobrium for their glory, and the slough of slavery, which we are not able to work off, to serve them for their freedom?' His account of the ill-assorted administration of Lord Chatham is no less ludicrous than correct. 'He made an administration so chequered and speckled; he put together a piece of joinery so crossly indented, and whimsically dove-tailed; a cabinet so variously inlaid; such a piece of diversified mosaic; such a tesselated pavement without cement, here a bit of black stone, and there a bit of white; patriots and courtiers; king's friends and republicans; Whigs and Tories; treacherous friends and open enemies; that it was indeed a very curious show, but utterly unsafe to touch, and unsure to stand on. The colleagues whom he had assorted at the same boards stared at each other, and were obliged to ask, "Sir, your name?" "Sir, you have the advantage of me;" "Mr Such-a-one, I beg a thousand pardons," I venture to say it did so happen, that persons had a single office divided between them, who had never spoke to each other in their lives, until they found themselves, they knew not how, pigging together, heads and points, in the same truckle bed.'

* A plain mural tablet has been erected in the church to the memory of Burke. The orator's residence was about a mile from the town of Beaconsfield. The house was afterwards partly destroyed by fire, and is now, we believe, wholly removed.

and every walk of art. His eulogium on the queen of France is a master-piece of pathetic composition; so select are its images, so fraught with tenderness, and so rich with colours "dipt in heaven," that he who can read it without rapture may have merit as a reasoner, but must resign all pretensions to taste and sensibility. His imagination is, in truth, only too prolific: a world of itself, where he dwells in the midst of chimerical alarms—is the dupe of his own enchantments, and starts, like Prospero, at the spectres of his own creation. His intellectual views in general, however, are wide and variegated, rather than distinct; and the light he has let in on the British constitution, in particular, resembles the coloured effulgence of a painted medium, a kind of mimic twilight, solemn and soothing to the senses, but better fitted for ornament than use.'*

Sir James Mackintosh considered that Burke's best style was before the Indian business and the French Revolution had inflamed him. It was more chaste and simple; but his writings and speeches at this period can hardly be said to equal his later productions in vigour, fancy, or originality. The excitement of the times seemed to give a new development to his mental energies. The early speeches have most constitutional and practical value —the late ones most genius. The former are a solid and durable structure, and the latter its 'Corinthian columns.'

[*From the Speech on Conciliation with America*, 1775.]

Mr Speaker, I cannot prevail on myself to hurry over the great consideration. It is good for us to be here. We stand where we have an immense view of what is, and what is past. Clouds, indeed, and darkness, rest upon the future. Let us, however, before we descend from this noble eminence, reflect that this growth of our national prosperity has happened within the short period of the life of man. It has happened within sixty-eight years. There are those alive whose memory might touch the two extremities. For instance, my Lord Bathurst might remember all the stages of the progress. He was in 1704 of an age at least to be made to comprehend such things. He was then old enough *acta parentum jam legere, et quæ sit poterit cognoscere virtus*. Suppose, sir, that the angel of this auspicious youth, foreseeing the many virtues which made him one of the most amiable, as he is one of the most fortunate men of his age, had opened to him in vision, that, when in the fourth generation, the third prince of the house of Brunswick had sat twelve years on the throne of that nation, which (by the happy issue of moderate and healing councils) was to be made Great Britain, he should see his son, lord-chancellor of England, turn back the current of hereditary dignity to its fountain, and raise him to a higher rank of peerage, whilst he enriched the family with a new one. If amidst these bright and happy scenes of domestic honour and prosperity that angel should have drawn up the curtain, and unfolded the rising glories of his country, and whilst he was gazing with admiration on the then commercial grandeur of England, the Genius should point out to him a little speck, scarce visible in the mass of the national interest, a small seminal principle, rather than a formed body, and should tell him—'Young man, there is America—which at this day serves for little more than to amuse you with stories of savage men and uncouth manners; yet shall, before you taste of death, show itself equal to the whole of that commerce which now attracts the envy of the world. Whatever England has been growing to by a progressive increase of improvement, brought in by varieties of people, by succession of civilising conquests and civilising settlements in a series of seventeen hundred years, you shall see as much added to her by America in the course of a single life!' If this state of his country had been foretold to him, would it not require all the sanguine credulity of youth, and all the fervid glow of enthusiasm, to make him believe it? Fortunate man, he has lived to see it! Fortunate, indeed, if he lives to see nothing that shall vary the prospect and cloud the setting of his day! * *

You cannot station garrisons in every part of these deserts. If you drive the people from one place, they will carry on their annual tillage, and remove with their flocks and herds to another. Many of the people in the back settlements are already little attached to particular situations. Already they have topped the Appalachian mountains. From thence they behold before them an immense plain, one vast, rich, level meadow; a square of five hundred miles. Over this they would wander without a possibility of restraint; they would change their manners with the habits of their life; would soon forget a government by which they were disowned; would become hordes of English Tartars, and, pouring down upon your unfortified frontiers a fierce and irresistible cavalry, become masters of your governors and your counsellors, your collectors and comptrollers, and all the slaves that adhere to them. Such would, and in no long time must be, the effect of attempting to forbid as a crime, and to suppress as an evil, the command and blessing of Providence—'increase and multiply.' Such would be the happy result of an endeavour to keep as a lair of wild beasts that earth which God, by an express charter, has given to the children of men. Far different, and surely much wiser, has been our policy hitherto. Hitherto we have invited our people, by every kind of bounty, to fixed establishments. We have invited the husbandman to look to authority for his title. We have taught him piously to believe in the mysterious virtue of wax and parchment. We have thrown each tract of land, as it was peopled, into districts, that the ruling power should never be wholly out of sight. We have settled all we could, and we have carefully attended every settlement with government.

Adhering, sir, as I do to this policy, as well as for the reasons I have just given, I think this new project of hedging in population to be neither prudent nor practicable.

To impoverish the colonies in general, and in particular to arrest the noble course of their marine enterprises, would be a more easy task, I freely confess it. We have shown a disposition to a system of this kind; a disposition even to continue the restraint after the offence; looking on ourselves as rivals to our colonies, and persuaded that of course we must gain all that they shall lose. Much mischief we may certainly do. The power inadequate to all other things is often more than sufficient for this. I do not look on the direct and immediate power of the colonies to resist our violence as very formidable. In this, however, I may be mistaken. But when I consider that we have colonies for no purpose but to be serviceable to us, it seems to my poor understanding a little preposterous to make them unserviceable, in order to keep them obedient. It is, in truth, nothing more than the old, and, as I thought, exploded problem of tyranny, which proposes to beggar its subjects into submission. But remember, when you have completed your system of impoverishment, that nature still proceeds in her ordinary course; and that discontent will increase with misery; and that there are critical moments in the fortunes of all states, when they who are too weak to contribute to your prosperity, may be strong enough to complete your ruin. *Spoliatis arma supersunt.*

* Hall's Works, 2d edition, vol. iv. p. 89.

The temper and character which prevail in our colonies are, I am afraid, unalterable by any human art. We cannot, I fear, falsify the pedigree of this fierce people, and persuade them that they are not sprung from a nation in whose veins the blood of freedom circulates. The language in which they would hear you tell them this tale would detect the imposition; your speech would betray you. An Englishman is the unfittest person on earth to argue another Englishman into slavery. * *

My hold of the colonies is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. These are ties which, though light as air, are as strong as links of iron. Let the colonies always keep the idea of their civil rights associated with your government; they will cling and grapple to you; and no force under heaven will be of power to tear them from their allegiance. But let it be once understood that your government may be one thing and their privileges another; that these two things may exist without any mutual relation, the cement is gone—the cohesion is loosened—and everything hastens to decay and dissolution. As long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith, wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom, they will turn their faces towards you. The more they multiply, the more friends you will have; the more ardently they love liberty, the more perfect will be their obedience. Slavery they can have anywhere. It is a weed that grows in every soil. They may have it from Spain, they may have it from Prussia; but until you become lost to all feeling of your true interest and your natural dignity, freedom they can have from none but you. This is the commodity of price, of which you have the monopoly. This is the true act of navigation, which binds you to the commerce of the colonies, and through them secures to you the commerce of the world. Deny them this participation of freedom, and you break that sole bond which originally made, and must still preserve, the unity of the empire. Do not entertain so weak an imagination, as that your registers and your bonds, your affidavits and your sufferances, your coquets and your clearances, are what form the great securities of your commerce. Do not dream that your letters of office, and your instructions, and your suspending clauses, are the things that hold together the great contexture of this mysterious whole. These things do not make your government. Dead instruments, passive tools as they are, it is the spirit of the English communion that gives all their life and efficacy to them. It is the spirit of the English constitution which, infused through the mighty mass, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates, vivifies every part of the empire, even down to the minutest member.

Is it not the same virtue which does everything for us here in England? Do you imagine, then, that it is the land-tax act which raises your revenue? that it is the annual vote in the committee of supply which gives you your army? or that it is the mutiny bill which inspires it with bravery and discipline? No! Surely no! It is the love of the people; it is their attachment to their government, from the sense of the deep stake they have in such a glorious institution, which gives you your army and your navy, and infuses into both that liberal obedience without which your army would be a base rabble, and your navy nothing but rotten timber. All this, I know well enough, will sound wild and chimerical to the profane herd of those vulgar and mechanical politicians who have no place among us; a sort of people who think that nothing exists but what is gross and material; and who, therefore, far from being qualified to be directors of the great movement of empire, are not fit to turn a wheel in the machine. But to men truly initiated and rightly taught, these ruling and master principles which, in the opinion of such men as I have mentioned, have no substantial existence, are in truth everything, and all in all. Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom, and a great empire and little minds go ill together. If we are conscious of our situation, and glow with zeal to fill our places as becomes our station and ourselves, we ought to auspicate all our public proceedings on America, with the old warning of the church, *sursum corda!* We ought to elevate our minds to the greatness of that trust to which the order of Providence has called us. By adverting to the dignity of this high calling, our ancestors have turned a savage wilderness into a glorious empire; and have made the most extensive, and the only honourable conquests; not by destroying, but by promoting the wealth, the number, the happiness of the human race. Let us get an American revenue, as we have got an American empire. English privileges have made it all that it is; English privileges alone will make it all it can be. In full confidence of this unalterable truth, I now (*quod felix faustumque sit*) lay the first stone of the temple of peace.*

[*Mr Burke's Account of his Son.*]

Had it pleased God to continue to me the hopes of succession, I should have been, according to my mediocrity, and the mediocrity of the age I live in, a sort of founder of a family; I should have left a son, who, in all the points in which personal merit can be viewed, in science, in erudition, in genius, in taste, in honour, in generosity, in humanity, in every liberal sentiment, and every liberal accomplishment, would not have shown himself inferior to the Duke of Bedford, or to any of those whom he traces in his line. His Grace very soon would have wanted all plausibility in his attack upon that provision which belonged more to mine than to me. He would soon have supplied every deficiency, and symmetrised every disproportion. It would not have been for that successor to resort to any stagnant wasting reservoir of merit in me, or in any ancestry. He had in himself a salient living spring of generous and manly action. Every day he lived, he would have repurchased the bounty of the crown, and ten times more, if ten times more he had received. He was made a public creature, and had no enjoyment whatever but in the performance of some duty. At this exigent moment the loss of a finished man is not easily supplied.

But a Disposer, whose power we are little able to resist, and whose wisdom it behoves us not at all to dispute, has ordained it in another manner, and (whatever my querulous weakness might suggest) a far better. The storm has gone over me, and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honours; I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth! There, and prostrate there, I most unfeignedly recognise the divine justice, and in some degree submit to it. But whilst I humble myself before God, I do not know that it is forbidden to repel the attacks of unjust and inconsiderate men. The patience of Job is proverbial. After some of the convulsive struggles of our irritable nature, he submitted

* At the conclusion of this speech, Mr Burke moved that the right of parliamentary representation should be extended to the American colonies, but his motion was negatived by 270 to 78. Indeed his most brilliant orations made little impression on the House of Commons, the ministerial party being strong in numbers.

himself, and repented in dust and ashes. But even so, I do not find him blamed for reprehending, and with a considerable degree of verbal asperity, those ill-natured neighbours of his who visited his dunghill to read moral, political, and economical lectures on his misery. I am alone. I have none to meet my enemies in the gate. Indeed, my lord, I greatly deceive myself, if in this hard season I would give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame and honour in the world. This is the appetite but of a few. It is a luxury; it is a privilege; it is an indulgence for those who are at their ease. But we are all of us made to shun disgrace, as we are made to shrink from pain, and poverty, and disease. It is an instinct; and under the direction of reason, instinct is always in the right. I live in an inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded me are gone before me; they who should have been to me as posterity, are in the place of ancestors. I owe to the dearest relation (which ever must subsist in memory) that act of piety, which he would have performed to me. I owe it to him to show, that he was not descended, as the Duke of Bedford would have it, from an unworthy parent.

[*The British Monarchy.*]

The learned professors of the rights of man regard prescription, not as a title to bar all claim, set up against old possession, but they look on prescription as itself a bar against the possessor and proprietor. They hold an immemorial possession to be no more than a long continued, and therefore an aggravated injustice. Such are their ideas, such their religion, and such their law. But as to our country and our race, as long as the well-compacted structure of our church and state, the sanctuary, the holy of holies of that ancient law, defended by reverence, defended by power, a fortress at once and a temple, shall stand inviolate on the brow of the British Sion; as long as the British monarchy, not more limited than fenced by the orders of the state, shall, like the proud keep of Windsor, rising in the majesty of proportion, and girt with the double belt of its kindred and coeval towers; as long as this awful structure shall oversee and guard the subjected land, so long the mounds and dikes of the low fat Bedford Level will have nothing to fear from all the pickaxes of all the levellers of France. As long as our sovereign lord the king, and his faithful subjects, the lords and commons of this realm—the triple cord which no man can break; the solemn, sworn, constitutional frankpledge of this nation; the firm guarantee of each other's being and each other's rights; the joint and several securities, each in its place and order for every kind and every quality of property and of dignity—as long as these endure, so long the Duke of Bedford is safe, and we are all safe together—the high from the blights of envy and the spoliations of rapacity; the low from the iron hand of oppression and the insolent spurn of contempt.

[*Marie Antoinette, Queen of France.*]

[From 'Reflections on the Revolution in France.']

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in—glittering like the morning star full of life, and splendour, and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what a heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream, when she added titles of veneration to that enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded, and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness.

[*The Order of Nobility.*]

[From the Same.]

To be honoured and even privileged by the laws, opinions, and inveterate usages of our country, growing out of the prejudice of ages, has nothing to provoke horror and indignation in any man. Even to be too tenacious of those privileges is not absolutely a crime. The strong struggle in every individual to preserve possession of what he has found to belong to him, and to distinguish him, is one of the securities against injustice and despotism implanted in our nature. It operates as an instinct to secure property, and to preserve communities in a settled state. What is there to shock in this? Nobility is a graceful ornament to the civil order. It is the Corinthian capital of polished society. *Omnes boni nobilitati semper favemus*, was the saying of a wise and good man. It is, indeed, one sign of a liberal and benevolent mind to incline to it with some sort of partial propensity. He feels no ennobling principle in his own heart who wishes to level all the artificial institutions which have been adopted for giving a body to opinion, and permanence to fugitive esteem. It is a sour, malignant, envious disposition, without taste for the reality, or for any image or representation of virtue, that sees with joy the unmerited fall of what had long flourished in splendour and in honour. I do not like to see anything destroyed, any void produced in society, any ruin on the face of the land.

[*Danger of Military Power to American Freedom.*]

[From Address to the King, 1777.]

To leave any real freedom to parliament, freedom must be left to the colonies. A military government is the only substitute for civil liberty. That the establishment of such a power in America will utterly ruin our finances (though its certain effect), is the smallest part of our concern. It will become an apt, powerful, and certain engine for the destruction of our freedom here. Great bodies of armed men, trained to a contempt of popular assemblies representative of an English people, kept up for the purpose of exacting impositions without their consent, and maintained by that exaction; instruments in subverting, without any process of law, great ancient establishments and respected forms of governments, set free from, and therefore above the ordinary English tribunals of the country where they serve, these men cannot so transform themselves, merely by crossing the sea, as to behold with love and reverence, and submit with profound obedience to the very same things in Great Britain which in America they had been taught to

despise, and had been accustomed to awe and humble. All your majesty's troops, in the rotation of service, will pass through this discipline, and contract these habits. If we could flatter ourselves that this would not happen, we must be the weakest of men: we must be the worst, if we were indifferent whether it happened or not. What, gracious sovereign, is the empire of America to us, or the empire of the world, if we lose our own liberties? We deprecate this last of evils. We deprecate the effect of the doctrines which must support and countenance the government over conquered Englishmen.

As it will be impossible long to resist the powerful and equitable arguments in favour of the freedom of these unhappy people, that are to be drawn from the principle of our own liberty, attempts will be made, attempts have been made, to ridicule and to argue away this principle, and to inculcate into the minds of your people other maxims of government and other grounds of obedience than those which have prevailed at and since the glorious Revolution. By degrees these doctrines, by being convenient, may grow prevalent. The consequence is not certain; but a general change of principles rarely happens among a people without leading to a change of government.

Sir, your throne cannot stand secure upon the principles of unconditional submission and passive obedience; on powers exercised without the concurrence of the people to be governed; on acts made in defiance of their prejudices and habits; on acquiescence procured by foreign mercenary troops, and secured by standing armies. These may possibly be the foundation of other thrones; they must be the subversion of yours. It was not to passive principles in our ancestors that we owe the honour of appearing before a sovereign who cannot feel that he is a prince, without knowing that we ought to be free. The Revolution is a departure from the ancient course of the descent of this monarchy. The people at that time re-entered into their original rights; and it was not because a positive law authorised what was then done, but because the freedom and safety of the subject, the origin and cause of all laws, required a proceeding paramount and superior to them. At that ever-memorable and instructive period, the letter of the law was superseded in favour of the substance of liberty. To the free choice, therefore, of the people, without either king or parliament, we owe that happy establishment out of which both king and parliament were regenerated. From that great principle of liberty have originated the statutes confirming and ratifying the establishment from which your majesty derives your right to rule over us. Those statutes have not given us our liberties; our liberties have produced them. Every hour of your majesty's reign, your title stands upon the very same foundation on which it was at first laid, and we do not know a better on which it can possibly be laid.

Convinced, sir, that you cannot have different rights, and a different security in different parts of your dominions, we wish to lay an even platform for your throne, and to give it an unmovable stability, by laying it on the general freedom of your people, and by securing to your majesty that confidence and affection in all parts of your dominions, which makes your best security and dearest title in this the chief seat of your empire.

[*Destruction of the Carnatic.*]

[From speech on the Nabob of Arcot's debts, 1785.]

When at length Hyder Ali found that he had to do with men who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty and no signature could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself, he decreed to make the country possessed by these incorrigible and predestinated criminals a memorable example to mankind. He resolved, in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of vengeance, and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those against whom the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together was no protection. He became at length so confident of his force, so collected in his might, that he made no secret whatever of his dreadful resolution. Having terminated his disputes with every enemy and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common detestation against the creditors of the Nabob of Arcot, he drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the arts of destruction; and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation, into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains. Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on the menacing meteor which blackened all their horizon, it suddenly burst and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic. Then ensued a scene of wo, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard of were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants flying from the flaming villages, in part were slaughtered: others, without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank, or sacredness of function; fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers and the trampling of pursuing horses, were swept into captivity, in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest fled to the walled cities; but, escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine.

The alms of the settlement, in this dreadful exigency, were certainly liberal; and all was done by charity that private charity could do: but it was a people in beggary; it was a nation that stretched out its hands for food. For months together these creatures of sufferance, whose very excess and luxury in their most plenteous days had fallen short of the allowance of our austerest fasts, silent, patient, resigned, without sedition or disturbance, almost without complaint, perished by a hundred a day in the streets of Madras; every day seventy at least laid their bodies in the streets, or on the glacis of Tanjore, and expired of famine in the granary of India. I was going to awake your justice towards this unhappy part of our fellow-citizens, by bringing before you some of the circumstances of this plague of hunger. Of all the calamities which beset and waylay the life of man, this comes the nearest to our heart, and is that wherein the proudest of us all feels himself to be nothing more than he is: but I find myself unable to manage it with decorum; these details are of a species of horror so nauseous and disgusting; they are so degrading to the sufferers and to the hearers; they are so humiliating to human nature itself, that, on better thoughts, I find it more advisable to throw a pall over this hideous object, and to leave it to your general conceptions.

For eighteen months, without intermission, this destruction raged from the gates of Madras to the gates of Tanjore; and so completely did these masters in their art, Hyder Ali and his more ferocious son, absolve themselves of their impious vow, that when the British armies traversed, as they did, the Carnatic for hundreds of miles in all directions, through the whole line of their march did they not see one man, not one woman, not one child, not one fourfooted beast of any description whatever. One dead uniform silence

reigned over the whole region. * * The Carnatic is a country not much inferior in extent to England. Figure to yourself, Mr Speaker, the land in whose representative chair you sit; figure to yourself the form and fashion of your sweet and cheerful country from Thames to Trent, north and south, and from the Irish to the German sea east and west, emptied and embowelled (may God avert the omen of our crimes!) by so accomplished a desolation!

[*The Difference Between Mr Burke and the Duke of Bedford.*]

[The Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale attacked Mr Burke and his pension in their place in the House of Lords, and Burke replied in his 'Letters to a Noble Lord,' one of the most sarcastic and most able of all his productions.]

I was not, like his Grace of Bedford, swaddled, and rocked, and dandled into a legislator—*Nitor in adversum* is the motto for a man like me. I possessed not one of the qualities, nor cultivated one of the arts, that recommend men to the favour and protection of the great. I was not made for a minion or a tool. As little did I follow the trade of winning the hearts by imposing on the understandings of the people. At every step of my progress in life (for in every step was I traversed and opposed), and at every turnpike I met I was obliged to show my passport, and again and again to prove my sole title to the honour of being useful to my country, by a proof that I was not wholly unacquainted with its laws, and the whole system of its interests both abroad and at home. Otherwise, no rank, no toleration even for me. I had no arts but manly arts. On them I have stood, and, please God, in spite of the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale, to the last gasp will I stand. * *

I know not how it has happened, but it really seems that, whilst his Grace was meditating his well-considered censure upon me, he fell into a sort of sleep. Homer nods, and the Duke of Bedford may dream; and as dreams (even his golden dreams) are apt to be ill-pieced and incongruously put together, his Grace preserved his idea of reproach to me, but took the subject-matter from the crown-grants to his own family. This is 'the stuff of which his dreams are made.' In that way of putting things together, his Grace is perfectly in the right. The grants to the house of Russel were so enormous, as not only to outrage economy, but even to stagger credibility. The Duke of Bedford is the leviathan among all the creatures of the crown. He tumbles about his unwieldy bulk; he plays and frolics in the ocean of the royal bounty. Huge as he is, and whilst 'he lies floating many a rood,' he is still a creature. His ribs, his fins, his whalebone, his blubber, the very spiracles through which he spouts a torrent of brine against his origin, and covers me all over with the spray—everything of him and about him is from the throne.

Is it for him to question the dispensation of the royal favour?

I really am at a loss to draw any sort of parallel between the public merits of his Grace, by which he justifies the grants he holds, and these services of mine, on the favourable construction of which I have obtained what his Grace so much disapproves. In private life, I have not at all the honour of acquaintance with the noble duke. But I ought to presume, and it costs me nothing to do so, that he abundantly deserves the esteem and love of all who live with him. But as to public service, why, truly, it would not be more ridiculous for me to compare myself in rank, in fortune, in splendid descent, in youth, strength, or figure, with the Duke of Bedford, than to make a parallel between his services and my attempts to be useful to my country. It would not be gross adulation, but uncivil irony, to say that he has any public merit of his own, to keep alive the idea of the services by which his vast landed pensions were obtained. My merits, whatever they are, are original and personal; his are derivative. It is his ancestor, the original pensioner, that has laid up this inexhaustible fund of merit, which makes his Grace so very delicate and exceptious about the merit of all other grantees of the crown. Had he permitted me to remain in quiet, I should have said, 'tis his estate; that's enough. It is his by law; what have I to do with it or its history? He would naturally have said on his side, 'tis this man's fortune. He is as good now as my ancestor was two hundred and fifty years ago. I am a young man with very old pensions; he is an old man with very young pensions—that's all.

Why will his Grace, by attacking me, force me reluctantly to compare my little merit with that which obtained from the crown those prodigies of profuse donation by which he tramples on the mediocrity of humble and laborious individuals? * * Since the new grantees have war made on them by the old, and that the word of the sovereign is not to be taken, let us turn our eyes to history, in which great men have always a pleasure in contemplating the heroic origin of their house.

The first peer of the name, the first purchaser of the grants, was a Mr Russel, a person of an ancient gentleman's family, raised by being a minion of Henry VIII. As there generally is some resemblance of character to create these relations, the favourite was in all likelihood much such another as his master. The first of these immoderate grants was not taken from the ancient demesne of the crown, but from the recent confiscation of the ancient nobility of the land. The lion having sucked the blood of his prey, threw the offal carcass to the jackal in waiting. Having tasted once the food of confiscation, the favourites became fierce and ravenous. This worthy favourite's first grant was from the lay nobility. The second, infinitely improving on the enormity of the first, was from the plunder of the church. In truth, his Grace is somewhat excusable for his dislike to a grant like mine, not only in its quantity, but in its kind so different from his own.

Mine was from a mild and benevolent sovereign; his from Henry VIII. Mine had not its fund in the murder of any innocent person of illustrious rank, or in the pillage of any body of unoffending men; his grants were from the aggregate and consolidated funds of judgments iniquitously legal, and from possessions voluntarily surrendered by the lawful proprietors with the gibbet at their door.

The merit of the grantee whom he derives from, was that of being a prompt and greedy instrument of a levelling tyrant, who oppressed all descriptions of his people, but who fell with particular fury on everything that was great and noble. Mine has been in endeavouring to screen every man, in every class, from oppression, and particularly in defending the high and eminent, who in the bad times of confiscating princes, confiscating chief governors, or confiscating demagogues, are the most exposed to jealousy, avarice, and envy.

The merit of the original grantee of his Grace's pensions was in giving his hand to the work, and partaking the spoil with a prince, who plundered a part of the national church of his time and country. Mine was in defending the whole of the national church of my own time and my own country, and the whole of the national churches of all countries, from the principles and the examples which lead to ecclesiastical pillage, thence to a contempt of all prescriptive titles, thence to the pillage of all property, and thence to universal desolation.

The merit of the origin of his Grace's fortune was in being a favourite and chief adviser to a prince who

left no liberty to his native country. My endeavour was to obtain liberty for the municipal country in which I was born, and for all descriptions and denominations in it. Mine was to support, with unrelaxing vigilance, every right, every privilege, every franchise, in this my adopted, my dearer and more comprehensive country; and not only to preserve those rights in this chief seat of empire, but in every nation, in every land, in every climate, language, and religion in the vast domain that still is under the protection, and the larger that was once under the protection, of the British crown.

His founder's merits were by arts in which he served his master and made his fortune, to bring poverty, wretchedness, and depopulation on his country. Mine were under a benevolent prince, in promoting the commerce, manufactures, and agriculture of his kingdom; in which his majesty shows an eminent example, who even in his amusements is a patriot, and in hours of leisure an improver of his native soil.

[*Character of Howard the Philanthropist.*]

I cannot name this gentleman without remarking, that his labours and writings have done much to open the eyes and hearts of all mankind. He has visited all Europe—not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosities of modern art; nor to collect medals, or collate manuscripts, but to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries. His plan is original: it is as full of genius as of humanity. It was a voyage of discovery; a circumnavigation of charity. Already, the benefit of his labour is felt more or less in every country: I hope he will anticipate his final reward by seeing all its effects fully realised in his own.

JUNIUS.

On the 21st of January 1769 appeared the first of a series of political letters, bearing the signature of JUNIUS, which have since taken their place among the standard works of the English language. Great excitement prevailed in the nation at the time. The contest with the American colonies, the imposition of new taxes, the difficulty of forming a steady and permanent administration, and the great ability and eloquence of the opposition, had tended to spread a feeling of dissatisfaction throughout the country. The publication of the North Briton, a periodical edited by John Wilkes, and conducted with reckless violence and asperity, added fuel to the flame, and the prime minister, Lord North, said justly, that 'the press overflowed the land with its black gall, and poisoned the minds of the people.' Without any wish to express political opinions, we may say that the government was not equal to the emergency, and indeed it would have required a cabinet of the highest powers and most energetic wisdom to have triumphed over the opposition of men like Chatham and Burke, and writers like Junius. The most popular newspaper of that day was the Public Advertiser, published by Woodfall, a man of education and respectability. In this journal the writer known as Junius had contributed under various signatures for about two years. The letters by which he is now distinguished were more carefully elaborated, and more highly polished, than any of his previous communications. They attacked all the public characters of the day connected with the government, they retailed much private scandal and personal history, and did not spare even royalty itself. The compression, point, and brilliancy of their language, their unrivalled sarcasm, boldness, and tremendous invective, at once arrested the attention of the public. Every effort that could be devised by the government, or prompted by private indignation, was made to discover their author, but in vain. 'It is not in the nature of things,' he writes to his publisher, 'that you or anybody else should know me, unless I make myself known: all arts or inquiries or rewards would be ineffectual.' In another place he remarks, 'I am the sole depository of my secret, and it shall die with me.' The event has verified the prediction: he had drawn around himself so impenetrable a veil of secrecy, that all the efforts of inquirers, political and literary, failed in dispelling the original darkness. The letters were published at intervals from 1769 to 1772, when they were collected by Woodfall and revised by their author (who was equally unknown to his publisher), and printed in two volumes. They have since gone through innumerable editions; but the best is that published in 1812 by Woodfall's son, which includes the letters by the same writer under other signatures, with his private notes to his publisher, and fac-similes of his handwriting.

The *principles* of Junius are moderate, compared with his *personalities*. Some sound constitutional maxims are conveyed in his letters, but his style has undoubtedly been his passport to fame. His illustrations and metaphors are also sometimes uncommonly felicitous. The personal malevolence of his attacks it is impossible to justify. They evince a settled deliberate malignity, which could not proceed from a man of a good or noble nature, and contain allusions to obscure individuals in the public offices, which seem to have arisen less from patriotism than from individual hatred and envy. When the controversy as to the authorship of these memorable philippics had almost died away, a book appeared in 1816, bearing the title of 'Junius Identified with a Celebrated Living Character.' The living character was the late Sir Philip Francis, and certainly a mass of strong circumstantial evidence has been presented in his favour. 'The external evidence,' says Mr Macaulay,* 'is, we think, such as would support a verdict in a civil, nay, in a criminal proceeding. The handwriting of Junius is the very peculiar handwriting of Francis, slightly disguised. As to the position, pursuits, and connexions of Junius, the following are the most important facts which can be considered as clearly proved:—First, that he was acquainted with the technical forms of the secretary of state's office; secondly, that he was intimately acquainted with the business of the war office; thirdly, that he, during the year 1770, attended debates in the House of Lords, and took notes of speeches, particularly of the speeches of Lord Chatham; fourthly, that he bitterly resented the appointment of Mr Chamier to the place of deputy-secretary at war; fifthly, that he was bound by some strong tie to the first Lord Holland. Now, Francis passed some years in the secretary of state's office. He was subsequently chief clerk of the war office. He repeatedly mentioned that he had himself, in 1770, heard speeches of Lord Chatham; and some of these speeches were actually printed from his notes. He resigned his clerkship at the war office from resentment at the appointment of Mr Chamier. It was by Lord Hol-

* Edinburgh Review for 1841.

land that he was first introduced into the public service. Now, here are five marks, all of which ought to be found in Junius. They are all five found in Francis. We do not believe that more than two of them can be found in any other person whatever. If this argument does not settle the question, there is an end of all reasoning on circumstantial evidence.' The same acute writer considers the internal evidence to be equally clear as to the claims of Francis. Already, however, the impression made on the public mind by the evidence for this gentleman seems to have passed away, and attention has recently been directed to another individual, who was only one of ten or more persons suspected at the time of the publication. This is Lord George Sackville, latterly Viscount Sackville, an able but unpopular soldier, cashiered from the army in consequence of neglect of duty at the battle of Minden, but who afterwards regained the favour of the government, and acted as secretary at war throughout the whole period of the American contest. A work by Mr Coventry in 1825, and a volume by Mr Jaques in 1842, have been devoted to an endeavour to fix the authorship of Junius upon Lord George, and it is surprising how many and how powerful are the arguments which have been adduced by these writers. It seems by no means unlikely that a haughty and disappointed man, who conceived himself to have suffered unjustly, should pour forth his bitter feelings in this form; but, again, if Lord George Sackville was really Junius, how strange to consider that the vituperator of the king, Lord Mansfield, and others, should in a few short years have been acting along with them in the government! Here, certainly, there is room to pause, and either to suspend judgment altogether, or to lean to the conclusion for Francis which has been favoured by such high authority.

Philip Francis was the son of the Rev. Philip Francis, translator of Horace. He was born in Dublin in 1740, and at the early age of sixteen was placed by Lord Holland in the secretary of state's office. By the patronage of Pitt (Lord Chatham), he was made secretary to General Bligh in 1758, and was present at the capture of Cherburgh; in 1760 he accompanied Lord Kinnoul as secretary on his embassy to Lisbon; and in 1763 he was appointed to a considerable situation in the war office, which he held till 1772. Next year he was made a member of the council appointed for the government of Bengal, from whence he returned in 1781, after being perpetually at war with the governor-general, Warren Hastings, and being wounded by him in a duel. He afterwards sat in parliament, supporting Whig principles, and was one of the 'Friends of the People' in association with Fox, Tierney, and Grey. He died in 1818. It must be acknowledged that the speeches and letters of Sir Philip evince much of the talent found in Junius, though they are less rhetorical in style; while the history and dispositions of the man—his strong resentments, his arrogance, his interest in the public questions of the day, evinced by his numerous pamphlets, even in advanced age, and the whole complexion of his party and political sentiments, are what we should expect of Woodfall's celebrated correspondent. High and commanding qualities he undoubtedly possessed; nor was he without genuine patriotic feelings, and a desire to labour earnestly for the public weal. His error lay in mistaking his private enmities for public virtue, and nursing his resentments till they attained a dark and unsocial malignity. His temper was irritable and gloomy, and often led him to form mistaken and uncharitable estimates of men and measures.

Of the literary excellences of Junius, his sarcasm, compressed energy, and brilliant illustration, a few specimens may be quoted. His finest metaphor (as just in sentiment as beautiful in expression) is contained in the conclusion to the forty-second letter:—'The ministry, it seems, are labouring to draw a line of distinction between the honour of the crown and the rights of the people. This new idea has yet only been started in discourse; for, in effect, both objects have been equally sacrificed. I neither understand the distinction, nor what use the ministry propose to make of it. The king's honour is that of his people. *Their* real honour and real interest are the same. I am not contending for a vain punctilio. A clear unblemished character comprehends not only the integrity that will not offer, but the spirit that will not submit, to an injury; and whether it belongs to an individual or to a community, it is the foundation of peace, of independence, and of safety. Private credit is wealth; public honour is security. The feather that adorns the royal bird supports his flight. Strip him of his plumage, and you fix him to the earth.'

Thus also he remarks—'In the shipwreck of the state, trifles float and are preserved; while everything solid and valuable sinks to the bottom, and is lost for ever.'

Of the supposed enmity of George III. to Wilkes, and the injudicious prosecution of that demagogue, Junius happily remarks—'He said more than moderate men would justify, but not enough to entitle him to the honour of your majesty's personal resentment. The rays of royal indignation, collected upon him, served only to illuminate, and could not consume. Animated by the favour of the people on the one side, and heated by persecution on the other, his views and sentiments changed with his situation. Hardly serious at first, he is now an enthusiast. The coldest bodies warm with opposition, the hardest sparkle in collision. There is a holy mistaken zeal in politics as well as religion. By persuading others, we convince ourselves. The passions are engaged, and create a maternal affection in the mind, which forces us to love the cause for which we suffer.'

The letter to the king is the most dignified of the letters of Junius; those to the Dukes of Grafton and Bedford the most severe. The latter afford the most favourable specimens of the force, epigram, and merciless sarcasm of his best style. The Duke of Grafton was descended from Charles II., and this afforded the satirist scope for invective:—'The character of the reputed ancestors of some men has made it impossible for their descendants to be vicious in the extreme, without being degenerate. Those of your Grace, for instance, left no distressing examples of virtue, even to their legitimate posterity; and you may look back with pleasure to an illustrious pedigree, in which heraldry has not left a single good quality upon record to insult or upbraid you. You have better proofs of your descent, my lord, than the register of a marriage, or any troublesome inheritance of reputation. There are some hereditary strokes of character by which a family may be as clearly distinguished as by the blackest features of the human face. Charles I. lived and died a hypocrite; Charles II. was a hypocrite of another sort, and should have died upon the same scaffold. At the distance of a century, we see their different characters happily revived and blended in your Grace. Sullen and severe without religion, profligate without gaiety, you live like Charles II., without being an amiable companion; and, for aught I know, may die as his father did, without the reputation of a martyr.'

In the same strain of elaborate and refined sar-

casm the Duke of Bedford is addressed:—'My lord, you are so little accustomed to receive any marks of respect or esteem from the public, that if in the following lines a compliment or expression of applause should escape me, I fear you would consider it as a mockery of your established character, and perhaps an insult to your understanding. You have nice feelings, my lord, if we may judge from your resentments. Cautious, therefore, of giving offence where you have so little deserved it, I shall leave the illustration of your virtues to other hands. Your friends have a privilege to play upon the easiness of your temper, or probably they are better acquainted with your good qualities than I am. You have done good by stealth. The rest is upon record. You have still left ample room for speculation when panegyric is exhausted.'

After having reproached the duke for corruption and imbecility, the splendid tirade of Junius concludes in a strain of unmeasured yet lofty invective:—'Let us consider you, then, as arrived at the summit of worldly greatness; let us suppose that all your plans of avarice and ambition are accomplished, and your most sanguine wishes gratified in the fear as well as the hatred of the people. Can age itself forget that you are now in the last act of life? Can gray hairs make folly venerable? and is there no period to be reserved for meditation and retirement? For shame, my lord! Let it not be recorded of you that the latest moments of your life were dedicated to the same unworthy pursuits, the same busy agitations, in which your youth and manhood were exhausted. Consider that, though you cannot disgrace your former life, you are violating the character of age, and exposing the impotent imbecility, after you have lost the vigour, of the passions.

Your friends will ask, perhaps, "Whither shall this unhappy old man retire? Can he remain in the metropolis, where his life has been so often threatened, and his palace so often attacked? If he returns to Woburn, scorn and mockery await him: he must create a solitude round his estate, if he would avoid the face of reproach and derision. At Plymouth his destruction would be more than probable; at Exeter inevitable. No honest Englishman will ever forget his attachment, nor any honest Scotchman forgive his treachery, to Lord Bute. At every town he enters, he must change his liveries and name. Whichever way he flies, the hue and cry of the country pursues him.

In another kingdom, indeed, the blessings of his administration have been more sensibly felt, his virtues better understood: or, at worst, they will not for him alone forget their hospitality." As well might Verres have returned to Sicily. You have twice escaped, my lord; beware of a third experiment. The indignation of a whole people plundered, insulted, and oppressed, as they have been, will not always be disappointed.

It is in vain, therefore, to shift the scene; you can no more fly from your enemies than from yourself. Persecuted abroad, you look into your own heart for consolation, and find nothing but reproaches and despair. But, my lord, you may quit the field of business, though not the field of danger; and though you cannot be safe, you may cease to be ridiculous. I fear you have listened too long to the advice of those pernicious friends with whose interests you have sordidly united your own, and for whom you have sacrificed everything that ought to be dear to a man of honour. They are still base enough to encourage the follies of your age, as they once did the vices of your youth. As little acquainted with the rules of decorum as with the laws of morality, they will not suffer you to profit by experience, nor even to consult the propriety of a bad character. Even now they tell you that life is no more than a dramatic scene, in which the hero should preserve his consistency to the last; and that, as you lived without virtue, you should die without repentance.'

These are certainly brilliant pieces of composition. The tone and spirit in which they are conceived are harsh and reprehensible—in some parts almost fiendish—but they are the emanations of a powerful and cultivated genius, that, under better moral discipline, might have done lasting honour to literature and virtue. The acknowledged productions of Sir Philip Francis have equal animation, but less studied brevity and force of style. The soaring ardour of youth had flown; his hopes were crushed; he was not writing under the mask of a fearless and impenetrable secrecy. Yet in 1812, in a letter to Earl Grey on the subject of the blockade of Norway, we find such vigorous sentences as the following:—'Though a nation may be bought and sold, deceived or betrayed, oppressed or beggared, and in every other sense undone, *all* is not lost, as long as a sense of national honour survives the general ruin. Even an individual cannot be crushed by events or overwhelmed by adversity, if, in the wreck and ruin of his fortune, the character of the man remains unblemished. That force is elastic, and, with the help of resolution, will raise him again out of any depth of calamity. But if the injured sufferer, whether it be a great or a little community, a number of individuals or a single person, be content to submit in silence, and to endure without resentment—if no complaints shall be uttered, no murmur shall be heard, *deploratum est*—there must be something celestial in the spirit that rises from that descent.

In March 1798, I had your voluntary and entire concurrence in the following, as well as many other abandoned propositions—when we drank pure wine together—when *you* were young, and *I* was not superannuated—when we left the cold infusions of prudence to fine ladies and gentle politicians—when true wisdom was not degraded by the name of moderation—when we cared but little by what majorities the nation was betrayed, or how many felons were acquitted by their peers—and when we were not afraid of being intoxicated by the elevation of a spirit too highly rectified. In England and Scotland, the general disposition of the people may be fairly judged of by the means which are said to be necessary to counteract it—an immense standing army, barracks in every part of the country, the bill of rights suspended, and, in effect, a military despotism.' The following vigorous and *Junius-like* passage is from a speech made by Francis in answer to the remark of Lord Chancellor Thurlow, namely, that it would have been well for the country if General Clavering, Colonel Monson, and Mr Francis, had been drowned in their passage to India. Sir Philip observed:—'His second reason for obtaining a seat in parliament, was to have an opportunity of explaining his own conduct if it should be questioned, or defending it if it should be attacked. The last and not least urgent reason was, that he might be ready to defend the character of his colleagues, not against specific charges, which he was sure would never be produced, but against the language of calumny, which endeavoured to asperse without daring to accuse. It was well known that a gross and public insult had been offered to the memory of General Clavering and Colonel Monson, by a person of high rank in this country. He was happy when he heard that his name was included in it with theirs. So highly did he respect the character of those men, that he deemed it an honour to share in the injustice it had suffered. It was in compliance

with the forms of the house, and not to shelter himself, or out of tenderness to the party, that he forbore to name him. He meant to describe him so exactly that he could not be mistaken. He declared, in his place in a great assembly, and in the course of a grave deliberation, "that it would have been happy for this country if General Clavering, Colonel Monson, and Mr Francis, had been drowned in their passage to India." If this poor and spiteful invective had been uttered by a man of no consequence or repute—by any light, trifling, inconsiderate person—by a lord of the bed-chamber, for example—or any of the other silken barons of modern days, he should have heard it with indifference; but when it was seriously urged, and deliberately insisted on, by a grave lord of parliament, by a judge, by a man of ability and eminence in his profession, whose personal disposition was serious, who carried gravity to sternness, and sternness to ferocity, it could not be received with indifference, or answered without resentment. Such a man would be thought to have inquired before he pronounced. From his mouth a reproach was a sentence, an invective was a judgment. The accidents of life, and not any original distinction that he knew of, had placed him too high, and himself at too great a distance from him, to admit of any other answer than a public defiance for General Clavering, for Colonel Monson, and for himself. This was not a party question, nor should it be left to so feeble an advocate as he was to support it. The friends and fellow-soldiers of General Clavering and Colonel Monson would assist him in defending their memory. He demanded and expected the support of every man of honour in that house and in the kingdom. What character was safe, if slander was permitted to attack the reputation of two of the most honourable and virtuous men that ever were employed, or ever perished in the service of their country. He knew that the authority of this man was not without weight; but he had an infinitely higher authority to oppose to it. He had the happiness of hearing the merits of General Clavering and Colonel Monson acknowledged and applauded, in terms to which he was not at liberty to do more than to allude—they were rapid and expressive. He must not venture to repeat, lest he should do them injustice, or violate the forms of respect, where essentially he owed and felt the most; but he was sufficiently understood. The generous sensations that animate the royal mind were easily distinguished from those which rankled in the heart of that person who was supposed to be the keeper of the royal conscience.'

In the last of the private letters of Junius to Woodfall—the last, indeed, of his appearances in that character—he says, with his characteristic ardour and impatience, 'I feel for the honour of this country, when I see that there are not ten men in it who will unite and stand together upon any one question. But it is all alike, vile and contemptible.' This was written in January 1773. Forty-three years afterwards, in 1816, Sir Philip Francis thus writes in a letter on public affairs, addressed to Lord Holland, and the similarity in manner and sentiment is striking. The style is not unworthy of Junius:—'My mind sickens and revolts at the scenes of public depravity, of personal baseness, and of ruinous folly, little less than universal, which have passed before us, not in dramatic representation, but in real action, since the year 1792, in the government of this once flourishing as well as glorious kingdom. In that period a deadly revolution has taken place in the moral character of the nation, and even in the instinct of the gregarious multitude. Passion of any kind, if it existed, might excite action. With still many generous exceptions, the body of the country is lost in apathy and indifference—sometimes strutting on stilts—for the most part groveling on its belly—no life-blood in the heart—and instead of reason or reflection, a *caput mortuum* for a head-piece; of all revolutions this one is the worst, because it makes any other impossible.'*

Among the lighter sketches of Francis may be taken the following brief characters of Fox and Pitt:—'They know nothing of Mr Fox who think that he was what is commonly called *well educated.* I know that it was directly or very nearly the reverse. His mind educated itself, not by early study or instruction, but by active listening and rapid apprehension. He said so in the House of Commons when he and Mr Burke parted. His powerful understanding grew like a forest oak, not by cultivation, but by neglect. Mr Pitt was a plant of an inferior order, though marvellous in its kind—a smooth bark, with the deciduous pomp and decoration of a rich foliage, and blossoms and flowers which drop off of themselves, and leave the tree naked at last to be judged by its fruits. *He*, indeed, as I suspect, had been educated more than enough, until there was nothing natural and spontaneous left in him. He was too polished and accurate in the minor embellishments of his art to be a great artist in anything. He could have painted the boat, and the fish, and the broken nets, but not the two fishermen. He knew his audience, and, with or without eloquence, how to summon the generous passions to his applause. The human eye soon grows weary

* The character of Francis is seen in the following admirable observation, which is at once acute and profound:—'With a callous heart there can be no genius in the imagination or wisdom in the mind; and therefore the prayer with equal truth and sublimity says—"Incline our hearts unto wisdom." Resolute thoughts find words for themselves, and make their own vehicle. Impression and expression are relative ideas. He who feels deeply will express strongly. The language of slight sensations is naturally feeble and superficial.' —*Reflections on the Abundance of Paper.* 1810.—Francis excelled in pointed and pithy expression. After his return to parliament in 1784, he gave great offence to Mr Pitt, by exclaiming, after he had pronounced an animated eulogy on Lord Chatham, 'But he is dead, and has left nothing in this world that resembles him!' In a speech delivered at a political meeting in 1817, he said, 'We live in times that call for wisdom in contemplation and virtue in action; but in which virtue and wisdom will not do without resolution.' When the property-tax was imposed, he exclaimed, that the ministers were now coming to the life-blood of the country, and the more they wanted the less they would get.' In a letter to Lord Holland, written in 1816, he remarks, 'Whether you look up to the top or down to the bottom, whether you mount with the froth or sink with the sediment, no rank in this country can support a perfectly degraded name.' 'My recital,' he says to Lord Holland, 'shall be inflicted on you, as if it were an operation, with compassion for the patient, with the brevity of impatience and the rapidity of youth: for I feel or fancy that I am gradually growing young again, in my way back to infancy. The taper that burns in the socket flashes more than once before it dies. I would not long outlive myself if I could help it, like some of my old friends who pretend to be alive, when to my certain knowledge they have been dead these seven years.' The writer of a memoir of Francis, in the Annual Obituary (1820), states that one of his maxims was, 'That the views of every one should be directed towards a solid, however moderate independence, without which no man can be happy or even honest.' There is a remarkable coincidence (too close to be accidental) in a private letter by Junius to his publisher Woodfall, dated March 5, 1772: 'As for myself, be assured that I am far above all pecuniary views, and no other person I think has any claim to share with you. Make the most of it, therefore, and let all your views in life be directed to a solid, however moderate independence. Without it no man can be happy, nor even honest.'

of an unbounded plain, and sooner, I believe, than of any limited portion of space, whatever its dimensions may be. There is a calm delight, a *dolcé riposo*, in viewing the smooth-shaven verdure of a bowling green as long as it is near. You must learn from repetition that those properties are inseparable from the idea of a flat surface, and that flat and tiresome are synonymous. The works of nature, which command admiration at once, and never lose it, are compounded of grand inequalities.'

[*Junius's Celebrated Letter to the King.*]

To the Printer of the Public Advertiser.—19th December 1769.

SIR—When the complaints of a brave and powerful people are observed to increase in proportion to the wrongs they have suffered; when, instead of sinking into submission, they are roused to resistance, the time will soon arrive at which every inferior consideration must yield to the security of the sovereign, and to the general safety of the state. There is a moment of difficulty and danger, at which flattery and falsehood can no longer deceive, and simplicity itself can no longer be misled. Let us suppose it arrived. Let us suppose a gracious well-intentioned prince made sensible at last of the great duty he owes to his people, and of his own disgraceful situation; that he looks round him for assistance, and asks for no advice but how to gratify the wishes and secure the happiness of his subjects. In these circumstances, it may be matter of curious speculation to consider, if an honest man were permitted to approach a king, in what terms he would address himself to his sovereign. Let it be imagined, no matter how improbable, that the first prejudice against his character is removed; that the ceremonious difficulties of an audience are surmounted; that he feels himself animated by the purest and most honourable affection to his king and country; and that the great person whom he addresses has spirit enough to bid him speak freely, and understanding enough to listen to him with attention. Unacquainted with the vain impertinence of forms, he would deliver his sentiments with dignity and firmness, but not without respect:—

Sir—It is the misfortune of your life, and originally the cause of every reproach and distress which has attended your government, that you should never have been acquainted with the language of truth till you heard it in the complaints of your people. It is not, however, too late to correct the error of your education. We are still inclined to make an indulgent allowance for the pernicious lessons you received in your youth, and to form the most sanguine hopes from the natural benevolence of your disposition. We are far from thinking you capable of a direct deliberate purpose to invade those original rights of your subjects on which all their civil and political liberties depend. Had it been possible for us to entertain a suspicion so dishonourable to your character, we should long since have adopted a style of remonstrance very distant from the humility of complaint. The doctrine inculcated by our laws, 'that the king can do no wrong,' is admitted without reluctance. We separate the amiable good-natured prince from the folly and treachery of his servants, and the private virtues of the man from the vices of his government. Were it not for this just distinction, I know not whether your majesty's condition, or that of the English nation, would deserve most to be lamented. I would prepare your mind for a favourable reception of truth, by removing every painful offensive idea of personal reproach. Your subjects, sir, wish for nothing but that, as *they* are reasonable and affectionate enough to separate your person from your government, so *you*, in your turn, would distinguish between the conduct which becomes the permanent dignity of a king, and that which serves only to promote the temporary interest and miserable ambition of a minister.

You ascended the throne with a declared (and, I doubt not, a sincere) resolution of giving universal satisfaction to your subjects. You found them pleased with the novelty of a young prince, whose countenance promised even more than his words, and loyal to you not only from principle but passion. It was not a cold profession of allegiance to the first magistrate, but a partial, animated attachment to a favourite prince, the native of their country. They did not wait to examine your conduct, nor to be determined by experience, but gave you a generous credit for the future blessings of your reign, and paid you in advance the dearest tribute of their affections. Such, sir, was once the disposition of a people who now surround your throne with reproaches and complaints. Do justice to yourself. Banish from your mind those unworthy opinions with which some interested persons have laboured to possess you. Distrust the men who tell you that the English are naturally light and inconstant; that they complain without a cause. Withdraw your confidence equally from all parties; from ministers, favourites, and relations; and let there be one moment in your life in which you have consulted your own understanding.

When you affectedly renounced the name of Englishman, believe me, sir, you were persuaded to pay a very ill-judged compliment to one part of your subjects at the expense of another. While the natives of Scotland are not in actual rebellion, they are undoubtedly entitled to protection; nor do I mean to condemn the policy of giving some encouragement to the novelty of their affection for the house of Hanover. I am ready to hope for everything from their new-born zeal, and from the future steadiness of their allegiance. But hitherto they have no claim to your favour. To honour them with a determined predilection and confidence, in exclusion of your English subjects—who placed your family, and in spite of treachery and rebellion, have supported it, upon the throne—is a mistake too gross for even the unsuspecting generosity of youth. In this error we see a capital violation of the most obvious rules of policy and prudence. We trace it, however, to an original bias in your education, and are ready to allow for your inexperience.

To the same early influence we attribute it, that you have descended to take a share not only in the narrow views and interests of particular persons, but in the fatal malignity of their passions. At your accession to the throne the whole system of government was altered; not from wisdom or deliberation, but because it had been adopted by your predecessor. A little personal motive of pique and resentment was sufficient to remove the ablest servants of the crown; but it is not in this country, sir, that such men can be dishonoured by the frowns of a king. They were dismissed, but could not be disgraced.

Without entering into a minuter discussion of the merits of the peace, we may observe, in the imprudent hurry with which the first overtures from France were accepted, in the conduct of the negotiation, and terms of the treaty, the strongest marks of that precipitate spirit of concession with which a certain part of your subjects have been at all times ready to purchase a peace with the natural enemies of this country. On your part we are satisfied that everything was honourable and sincere; and if England was sold to France, we doubt not that your majesty was equally betrayed. The conditions of the peace were matter of grief and surprise to your subjects, but not the immediate cause of their present discontent.

Hitherto, sir, you had been sacrificed to the prejudices and passions of others. With what firmness will you bear the mention of your own?

A man not very honourably distinguished in the

world commences a formal attack upon your favourite; considering nothing but how he might best expose his person and principles to detestation, and the national character of his countrymen to contempt. The natives of that country, sir, are as much distinguished by a peculiar character, as by your majesty's favour. Like another chosen people, they have been conducted into the land of plenty, where they find themselves effectually marked and divided from mankind. There is hardly a period at which the most irregular character may not be redeemed; the mistakes of one sex find a retreat in patriotism; those of the other in devotion. Mr Wilkes brought with him into politics the same liberal sentiments by which his private conduct had been directed; and seemed to think, that as there are few excesses in which an English gentleman may not be permitted to indulge, the same latitude was allowed him in the choice of his political principles, and in the spirit of maintaining them. I mean to state, not entirely to defend, his conduct. In the earnestness of his zeal, he suffered some unwarrantable insinuations to escape him. He said more than moderate men would justify, but not enough to entitle him to the honour of your majesty's personal resentment. The rays of royal indignation collected upon him, served only to illumine, and could not consume. Animated by the favour of the people on one side, and heated by persecution on the other, his views and sentiments changed with his situation. Hardly serious at first, he is now an enthusiast. The coldest bodies warm with opposition; the hardest sparkle in collision. There is a holy mistaken zeal in politics as well as religion. By persuading others, we convince ourselves; the passions are engaged, and create a maternal affection in the mind, which forces us to love the cause for which we suffer. Is this a contention worthy of a king? Are you not sensible how much the meanness of the cause gives an air of ridicule to the serious difficulties into which you have been betrayed? The destruction of one man has been now for many years the sole object of your government; and if there can be anything still more disgraceful, we have seen for such an object the utmost influence of the executive power, and every ministerial artifice, exerted without success. Nor can you ever succeed, unless he should be imprudent enough to forfeit the protection of those laws to which you owe your crown; or unless your ministers should persuade you to make it a question of force alone, and try the whole strength of government in opposition to the people. The lessons he has received from experience will probably guard him from such excess of folly; and in your majesty's virtues we find an unquestionable assurance that no illegal violence will be attempted.

Far from suspecting you of so horrible a design, we would attribute the continued violation of the laws, and even this last enormous attack upon the vital principles of the constitution, to an ill-advised unworthy personal resentment. From one false step you have been betrayed into another; and as the cause was unworthy of you, your ministers were determined that the prudence of the execution should correspond with the wisdom and dignity of the design. They have reduced you to the necessity of choosing out of a variety of difficulties; to a situation so unhappy, that you can neither do wrong without ruin, nor right without affliction. These worthy servants have undoubtedly given you many singular proofs of their abilities. Not contented with making Mr Wilkes a man of importance, they have judiciously transferred the question from the rights and interests of one man, to the most important rights and interests of the people: and forced your subjects, from wishing well to the cause of an individual, to unite with him in their own. Let them proceed as they have begun, and your majesty need not doubt that the catastrophe will do no dishonour to the conduct of the piece.

The circumstances to which you are reduced will not admit of a compromise with the English nation. Undecisive qualifying measures will disgrace your government still more than open violence; and without satisfying the people, will excite their contempt. They have too much understanding and spirit to accept of an indirect satisfaction for a direct injury. Nothing less than a repeal as formal as the resolution* itself, can heal the wound which has been given to the constitution; nor will anything less be accepted. I can readily believe that there is an influence sufficient to recall that pernicious vote. The House of Commons undoubtedly consider their duty to the crown as paramount to all other obligations. To us they are indebted for only an accidental existence, and have justly transferred their gratitude from their parents to their benefactors; from those who gave them birth to the minister from whose benevolence they derive the comforts and pleasures of their political life; who has taken the tenderest care of their infancy, and relieves their necessities without offending their delicacy. But if it were possible for their integrity to be degraded to a condition so vile and abject, that, compared with it, the present estimation they stand in is a state of honour and respect, consider, sir, in what manner you will afterwards proceed. Can you conceive that the people of this country will long submit to be governed by so flexible a House of Commons? It is not in the nature of human society that any form of government in such circumstances can long be preserved. In ours, the general contempt of the people is as fatal as their detestation. Such, I am persuaded, would be the necessary effect of any base concession made by the present House of Commons; and, as a qualifying measure would not be accepted, it remains for you to decide whether you will, at any hazard, support a set of men who have reduced you to this unhappy dilemma, or whether you will gratify the united wishes of the whole people of England by dissolving the parliament.

Taking it for granted, as I do very sincerely, that you have personally no design against the constitution, nor any view inconsistent with the good of your subjects, I think you cannot hesitate long upon the choice which it equally concerns your interest and your honour to adopt. On one side, you hazard the affections of all your English subjects; you relinquish every hope of repose to yourself, and you endanger the establishment of your family for ever. All this you venture for no object whatever, or for such an object as it would be an affront to you to name. Men of sense will examine your conduct with suspicion; while those who are incapable of comprehending to what degree they are injured, afflict you with clamours equally insolent and unmeaning. Supposing it possible that no fatal struggle should ensue, you determine at once to be unhappy, without the hope of a compensation either from interest or ambition. If an English king be hated or despised, he must be unhappy; and this, perhaps, is the only political truth which he ought to be convinced of without experiment. But if the English people should no longer confine their resentment to a submissive representation of their wrongs; if, following the glorious example of their ancestors, they should no longer appeal to the creature of the constitution, but to that high Being who gave them the rights of humanity, whose gifts it were sacrilege to surrender, let me ask you, sir, upon what part of your subjects would you rely for assistance?

The people of Ireland have been uniformly plun-

* Of the House of Commons, on the subject of the Middlesex election.

dered and oppressed. In return, they give you every day fresh marks of their resentment. They despise the miserable governor you have sent them, because he is the creature of Lord Bute; nor is it from any natural confusion in their ideas that they are so ready to confound the original of a king with the disgraceful representation of him.

The distance of the colonies would make it impossible for them to take an active concern in your affairs, even if they were as well affected to your government as they once pretended to be to your person. They were ready enough to distinguish between you and your ministers. They complained of an act of the legislature, but traced the origin of it no higher than to the servants of the crown; they pleased themselves with the hope that their sovereign, if not favourable to their cause, at least was impartial. The decisive personal part you took against them has effectually banished that first distinction from their minds.* They consider you as united with your servants against America; and know how to distinguish the sovereign and a venal parliament on one side, from the real sentiments of the English people on the other. Looking forward to independence, they might possibly receive you for their king; but if ever you retire to America, be assured they will give you such a covenant to digest, as the presbytery of Scotland would have been ashamed to offer to Charles II. They left their native land in search of freedom, and found it in a desert. Divided as they are into a thousand forms of polity and religion, there is one point in which they all agree; they equally detest the pageantry of a king, and the supercilious hypocrisy of a bishop.

It is not, then, from the alienated affections of Ireland or America that you can reasonably look for assistance: still less from the people of England, who are actually contending for their rights, and in this great question are parties against you. You are not, however, destitute of every appearance of support; you have all the Jacobites, non-jurors, Roman Catholics, and Tories of this country; and all Scotland, without exception. Considering from what family you are descended, the choice of your friends has been singularly directed; and truly, sir, if you had not lost the Whig interest of England, I should admire your dexterity in turning the hearts of your enemies. Is it possible for you to place any confidence in men who, before they are faithful to you, must renounce every opinion, and betray every principle, both in church and state, which they inherit from their ancestors, and are confirmed in by their education; whose numbers are so inconsiderable, that they have long since been obliged to give up the principles and language which distinguish them as a party, and to fight under the banners of their enemies? Their zeal begins with hypocrisy, and must conclude in treachery. At first they deceive; at last they betray.

As to the Scotch, I must suppose your heart and understanding so biased from your earliest infancy in their favour, that nothing less than your own misfortunes can undeceive you. You will not accept of the uniform experience of your ancestors; and when once a man is determined to believe, the very absurdity of the doctrine confirms him in his faith. A bigoted understanding can draw a proof of attachment to the house of Hanover from a notorious zeal for the house of Stuart; and find an earnest of future loyalty in former rebellions. Appearances are, however, in their favour; so strongly, indeed, that one would think they had forgotten that you are their lawful king, and had mistaken you for a pretender to the crown. Let it be admitted, then, that the Scotch are as sincere in their present professions, as if you were in reality not an Englishman, but a Briton of the north; you would not be the first prince of their native country against whom they have rebelled, nor the first whom they have basely betrayed. Have you forgotten, sir, or has your favourite concealed from you, that part of our history when the unhappy Charles (and he, too, had private virtues) fled from the open avowed indignation of his English subjects, and surrendered himself at discretion to the good faith of his own countrymen? Without looking for support in their affections as subjects, he applied only to their honour as gentlemen for protection. They received him, as they would your majesty, with bows, and smiles, and falsehood; and kept him till they had settled their bargain with the English parliament; then basely sold their native king to the vengeance of his enemies. This, sir, was not the act of a few traitors, but the deliberate treachery of a Scotch parliament, representing the nation. A wise prince might draw from it two lessons of equal utility to himself: on one side he might learn to dread the undisguised resentment of a generous people who dare openly assert their rights, and who in a just cause are ready to meet their sovereign in the field; on the other side he would be taught to apprehend something far more formidable—a fawning treachery, against which no prudence can guard, no courage can defend. The insidious smile upon the cheek would warn him of the canker in the heart.

From the uses to which one part of the army has been too frequently applied, you have some reason to expect that there are no services they would refuse. Here, too, we trace the partiality of your understanding. You take the sense of the army from the conduct of the Guards, with the same justice with which you collect the sense of the people from the representations of the ministry. Your marching regiments, sir, will not make the Guards their example either as soldiers or subjects. They feel and resent, as they ought to do, that invariable undistinguishing favour with which the Guards are treated; while those gallant troops, by whom every hazardous, every laborious service is performed, are left to perish in garrisons abroad, or pine in quarters at home, neglected and forgotten. If they had no sense of the great original duty they owe their country, their resentment would operate like patriotism, and leave your cause to be defended by those on whom you have lavished the rewards and honours of their profession. The prætorian bands, enervated and debauched as they were, had still strength enough to awe the Roman populace; but when the distant legions took the alarm, they marched to Rome and gave away the empire.

On this side, then, whichever way you turn your eyes, you see nothing but perplexity and distress. You may determine to support the very ministry who have reduced your affairs to this deplorable situation; you may shelter yourself under the forms of a parliament, and set your people at defiance; but be assured, sir, that such a resolution would be as imprudent as it would be odious. If it did not immediately shake your establishment, it would rob you of your peace of mind for ever.

On the other, how different is the prospect! how easy, how safe and honourable is the path before you! The English nation declare they are grossly injured by their representatives, and solicit your majesty to exert your lawful prerogative, and give them an opportunity of recalling a trust which they find has been

* In the king's speech of 8th November 1768, it was declared 'that the spirit of faction had broken out afresh in some of the colonies, and in one of them proceeded to acts of violence and resistance to the execution of the laws; that Boston was in a state of disobedience to all law and government, and had proceeded to measures subversive of the constitution, and attended with circumstances that manifested a disposition to throw off their dependence on Great Britain.'

scandalously abused. You are not to be told that the power of the House of Commons is not original; but delegated to them for the welfare of the people, from whom they received it. A question of right arises between the constituent and the representative body. By what authority shall it be decided? Will your majesty interfere in a question in which you have properly no immediate concern? It would be a step equally odious and unnecessary. Shall the lords be called upon to determine the rights and privileges of the commons? They cannot do it without a flagrant breach of the constitution. Or will you refer it to the judges? They have often told your ancestors that the law of parliament is above them. What party, then, remains, but to leave it to the people to determine for themselves? They alone are injured; and since there is no superior power to which the cause can be referred, they alone ought to determine.

I do not mean to perplex you with a tedious argument upon a subject already so discussed, that inspiration could hardly throw a new light upon it. There are, however, two points of view in which it particularly imports your majesty to consider the late proceedings of the House of Commons. By depriving a subject of his birthright, they have attributed to their own vote an authority equal to an act of the whole legislature; and though, perhaps, not with the same motives, have strictly followed the example of the Long Parliament, which first declared the regal office useless, and soon after, with as little ceremony, dissolved the House of Lords. The same pretended power which robs an English subject of his birthright, may rob an English king of his crown. In another view, the resolution of the House of Commons, apparently not so dangerous to your majesty, is still more alarming to your people. Not contented with divesting one man of his right, they have arbitrarily conveyed that right to another. They have set aside a return as illegal, without daring to censure those officers who were particularly apprised of Mr Wilkes's incapacity (not only by the declaration of the house, but expressly by the writ directed to them), and who nevertheless returned him as duly elected. They have rejected the majority of votes, the only criterion by which our laws judge of the sense of the people; they have transferred the right of election from the collective to the representative body; and by these acts, taken separately or together, they have essentially altered the original constitution of the House of Commons. Versed as your majesty undoubtedly is in the English history, it cannot easily escape you how much it is your interest, as well as your duty, to prevent one of the three estates from encroaching upon the province of the other two, or assuming the authority of them all. When once they have departed from the great constitutional line by which all their proceedings should be directed, who will answer for their future moderation? or what assurance will they give you, that when they have trampled upon their equals, they will submit to a superior? Your majesty may learn hereafter how nearly the slave and the tyrant are allied.

Some of your council, more candid than the rest, admit the abandoned profligacy of the present House of Commons, but oppose their dissolution upon an opinion (I confess not very unwarrantable) that their successors would be equally at the disposal of the treasury. I cannot persuade myself that the nation will have profited so little by experience. But if that opinion were well-founded, you might then gratify our wishes at an easy rate, and appease the present clamour against your government, without offering any material injury to the favourite cause of corruption.

You have still an honourable part to act. The affections of your subjects may still be recovered. But before you subdue their hearts, you must gain a noble victory over your own. Discard those little personal resentments which have too long directed your public conduct. Pardon this man* the remainder of his punishment; and if resentment still prevails, make it (what it should have been long since) an act not of mercy but of contempt. He will soon fall back into his natural station—a silent senator, and hardly supporting the weekly eloquence of a newspaper. The gentle breath of peace would leave him on the surface, neglected and unremoved; it is only the tempest that lifts him from his place.

Without consulting your minister, call together your whole council. Let it appear to the public that you can determine and act for yourself. Come forward to your people; lay aside the wretched formalities of a king, and speak to your subjects with the spirit of a man, and in the language of a gentleman. Tell them you have been fatally deceived: the acknowledgment will be no disgrace, but rather an honour, to your understanding. Tell them you are determined to remove every cause of complaint against your government; that you will give your confidence to no man that does not possess the confidence of your subjects; and leave it to themselves to determine, by their conduct at a future election, whether or not it be in reality the general sense of the nation, that their rights have been arbitrarily invaded by the present House of Commons, and the constitution betrayed. They will then do justice to their representatives and to themselves.

These sentiments, sir, and the style they are conveyed in, may be offensive, perhaps, because they are new to you. Accustomed to the language of courtiers, you measure their affections by the vehemence of their expressions; and when they only praise you indirectly, you admire their sincerity. But this is not a time to trifle with your fortune. They deceive you, sir, who tell you that you have many friends whose affections are founded upon a principle of personal attachment. The first foundation of friendship is not the power of conferring benefits, but the equality with which they are received, and may be returned. The fortune which made you a king, forbade you to have a friend; it is a law of nature, which cannot be violated with impunity. The mistaken prince who looks for friendship will find a favourite, and in that favourite the ruin of his affairs.

The people of England are loyal to the house of Hanover, not from a vain preference of one family to another, but from a conviction that the establishment of that family was necessary to the support of their civil and religious liberties. This, sir, is a principle of allegiance equally solid and rational; fit for Englishmen to adopt, and well worthy of your majesty's encouragement. We cannot long be deluded by nominal distinctions. The name of Stuart of itself is only contemptible: armed with the sovereign authority, their principles are formidable. The prince who imitates their conduct should be warned by their example; and while he plumes himself upon the security of his title to the crown, should remember that as it was acquired by one revolution, it may be lost by another.

DE LOLME.

The Constitution of England, or an Account of the English Government, by M. De Lolme, was recommended by Junius 'as a performance deep, solid, and ingenious.' The author was a native of

* Mr Wilkes, who was then under confinement in the king's bench, on a sentence of a fine of a thousand pounds, and twenty-two months' imprisonment (from the 18th of June 1768), for the publication of the North Briton No. 45, and the Essay on Woman.

Geneva, who had studied the law. His work on the English constitution was first published in Holland, in the French language. The English edition, enlarged and dedicated by the author to King George III., appeared in 1775. De Lolme wrote several slight political treatises, and expected to be patronised by the British government. In this he was disappointed; and his circumstances were so reduced, that he was glad to accept of relief from the Literary Fund. He left England, and died in Switzerland in 1807, aged sixty-two. The praise of Junius has not been confirmed by the present generation, for De Lolme's work has fallen into neglect. He evinces considerable acuteness in tracing and pointing out the distinguishing features of our constitution; but his work is scarcely entitled to the appellation of 'solid;' his admiration is too excessive and undistinguishing to be always just. Of the ease and spirit with which this foreigner wrote our language, we give one specimen, a correct remark on the freedom with which Englishmen complain of the acts of their government:—'The agitation of the popular mind is not in England what it would be in other states; it is not the symptom of a profound and general discontent, and the forerunner of violent commotions. Foreseen, regulated, even hoped for by the constitution, this agitation animates all parts of the state, and is to be considered only as the beneficial vicissitude of the seasons. The governing power being dependent on the nation, is often thwarted; but so long as it continues to deserve the affection of the people, it can never be endangered. Like a vigorous tree, which stretches its branches far and wide, the slightest breath can put it in motion; but it acquires and exerts at every moment a new degree of force, and resists the winds by the strength and elasticity of its fibres and the depth of its roots. In a word, whatever revolutions may at times happen among the persons who conduct the public affairs in England, they never occasion the shortest interruption of the power of the laws, or the smallest diminution of the security of individuals. A man who should have incurred the enmity of the most powerful men in the state—what do I say?—though he had, like another Vatinius, drawn upon himself the united detestation of all parties, might, under the protection of the laws, and by keeping within the bounds required by them, continue to set both his enemies and the whole nation at defiance.'

DR ADAM SMITH.

Dr Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, published in 1776, laid the foundations of the science of political economy. Some of its leading principles had been indicated by Hobbes and Locke; Hume in his essays had also stated some curious results respecting wealth and trade; and several French writers had made considerable advances towards the formation of a system. Smith, however, after a labour of ten years, produced a complete system of political economy; and the execution of his work evinces such indefatigable research, so much sagacity, learning, and information, derived from arts and manufactures, no less than from books, that the 'Wealth of Nations' must always be regarded as one of the greatest works in political philosophy which the world has produced. Its leading principles, as enumerated by its best and latest commentator, Mr M'Culloch, may be thus summed up:—'He showed that the only source of the opulence of nations is *labour*; that the natural wish to augment our fortunes and rise in the world is the cause of riches being accumulated. He demonstrated that labour is productive of wealth, when employed in manufactures and commerce, as well as when it is employed in the cultivation of land; he traced the various means by which labour may be rendered most effective; and gave a most admirable analysis and exposition of the prodigious addition made to its efficacy by its division among different individuals and countries, and by the employment of accumulated wealth or capital in industrious undertakings. He also showed, in opposition to the commonly received opinions of the merchants, politicians, and statesmen of his time, that wealth does not consist in the abundance of gold and silver, but in the abundance of the various necessaries, conveniences, and enjoyments of human life; that it is in every case sound policy to leave individuals to pursue their own interest in their own way; that, in prosecuting branches of industry advantageous to themselves, they necessarily prosecute such as are at the same time advantageous to the public; and that every regulation intended to force industry into particular channels, or to determine the species of commercial intercourse to be carried on between different parts of the same country, or between distant and independent countries, is impolitic and pernicious.'* Though correct in his fundamental positions, Dr Smith has been shown to be guilty of several errors. He does not always reason correctly from the principles he lays down; and some of his distinctions (as that between the different classes of society as productive and unproductive consumers) have been shown, by a more careful analysis and observation, to be unfounded. But these defects do not touch the substantial merits of the work, 'which produced,' says Mackintosh, 'an immediate, general, and irrevocable change in some of the most important parts of the legislation of all civilised states. In a few years it began to alter laws and treaties, and has made its way, throughout the convulsions of revolution and conquest, to a due ascendant over the minds of men, with far less than the average obstructions of prejudice and clamour, which choke the channels through which truth flows into practice.' In this work, as in his 'Moral Sentiments,' Dr Smith is copious and happy in his illustrations. The following account of the advantages of the division of labour is very finely written:—'Observe the accommodation of the most common artificer or day-labourer in a civilised and thriving country, and you will perceive that the number of people, of whose industry a part, though but a small part, has been employed in procuring him this accommodation, exceeds all computation. The woollen coat, for example, which covers the day-labourer, as coarse and rough as it may appear, is the produce of the joint labour of a great multitude of workmen. The shepherd, the sorter of the wool, the wool-comber or carder, the dyer, the scribbler, the spinner, the weaver, the fuller, the dresser, with many others, must all join their different arts in order to complete even this homely production. How many merchants and carriers, besides, must have been employed in transporting the materials from some of those workmen to others, who often live in a very distant part of the country? How much commerce and navigation in particular, how many ship-builders, sailors, sail-makers, rope-makers, must have been employed in order to bring together the different drugs made use of by the dyer, which often come from the remotest corners of the world? What a variety of labour, too, is necessary in order to produce the tools of the meanest of those workmen! To say nothing of such complicated

* M'Culloch's Principles of Political Economy, p. 57.

machines as the ship of the sailor, the mill of the fuller, or even the loom of the weaver, let us consider only what a variety of labour is requisite in order to form that very simple machine, the shears with which the shepherd clips the wool. The miner, the builder of the furnace for smelting the ore, the feller of the timber, the burner of the charcoal to be made use of in the smelting-house, the brickmaker, the bricklayer, the workmen who attend the furnace, the millwright, the forger, the smith, must all of them join their different arts in order to produce them. Were we to examine in the same manner all the different parts of his dress and household furniture, the coarse linen shirt which he wears next his skin, the shoes which cover his feet, the bed which he lies on, and all the different parts which compose it, the kitchen-grate at which he prepares his victuals, the coals which he makes use of for that purpose, dug from the bowels of the earth, and brought to him, perhaps, by a long sea and a long land-carriage, all the other utensils of his kitchen, all the furniture of his table, the knives and forks, the earthen or pewter plates upon which he serves up and divides his victuals, the different hands employed in preparing his bread and his beer, the glass window which lets in the heat and the light, and keeps out the wind and the rain, with all the knowledge and art requisite for preparing that beautiful and happy invention, without which these northern parts of the world could scarce have afforded a very comfortable habitation, together with the tools of all the different workmen employed in producing those different conveniences; if we examine, I say, all these things, and consider what a variety of labour is employed about each of them, we shall be sensible that, without the assistance and co-operation of many thousands, the very meanest person in a civilised country could not be provided, even according to, what we very falsely imagine, the easy and simple manner in which he is commonly accommodated. Compared, indeed, with the more extravagant luxury of the great, his accommodation must no doubt appear extremely simple and easy; and yet it may be true, perhaps, that the accommodation of a European prince does not always so much exceed that of an industrious and frugal peasant, as the accommodation of the latter exceeds that of many an African king, the absolute masters of the lives and liberties of ten thousand naked savages.'

DR BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—WILLIAM MELMOTH—WILLIAM HARRIS—JAMES HARRIS—WILLIAM STUKELEY—EDWARD KING.

As Adam Smith taught how the wealth of nations might be accumulated and preserved, DR BENJAMIN FRANKLIN (1706-1790), with a humbler aim, but with scarcely less practical sagacity, applied the same lessons to individuals. By his admirable writings, and still more admirable life, he inculcated the virtues of industry, frugality, and independence of thought, and may be reckoned one of the benefactors of mankind. Franklin was a native of Boston in America, and was brought up to the trade of a printer. By unceasing industry and strong natural talents (which he assiduously cultivated), he rose to be one of the representatives of Philadelphia, and after the separation of America from Britain, he was ambassador for the states at the court of France. Several important treaties were negotiated by him, and in all the fame and fortunes of his native country—its struggles, disasters, and successes—he bore a prominent part. The writings of Franklin are not numerous; he always, as he informs us, 'set a greater value on a *doer of good* than on any other kind of reputation.' His *Poor Richard's Almanack*, containing some homely and valuable rules of life, was begun in 1732. Between the years 1747 and 1754 he communicated to his friend, Peter Collinson, a series of letters detailing *New Experiments*



Benjamin Franklin.

and Observations on Electricity, made at Philadelphia, in which he established the scientific fact, that electricity and lightning are the same. His experiments, as described by himself, have an air of wonder and romance. He made a kite of a silk handkerchief, and set it up into the air, with a common key fastened to the end of a hempen string, by which he held the kite in his hand. His son watched with him the result; clouds came and passed, and at length lightning came; it agitated the hempen cord, and emitted sparks from the key, which gave him a slight electrical shock. The discovery was thus made: the identity of lightning with electricity was clearly manifested; and Franklin was so overcome by his feelings at the discovery, that he said he could willingly at that moment have died! The political, miscellaneous, and philosophical works of Franklin, were published by him in 1779, and were afterwards republished, with additions, by his grandson, in six volumes. His memoir of himself is the most valuable of his miscellaneous pieces; his essays scarcely exceed mediocrity as literary compositions, but they are animated by a spirit of benevolence and practical wisdom.

The refined classical taste and learning of WILLIAM MELMOTH (1710-1799) enriched this period with a translation of Pliny's Letters, which Warton, a highly competent judge, pronounced to be one of the few translations that are better than the original. Under the assumed name of Fitzosborne, Melmoth also published a volume of *Letters on Literary and Moral Subjects*, remarkable for elegance of style. The same author translated Cicero's Letters to several of his friends, and the treatises *De Amicitia* and *De Senectute*, to which he appended large and valuable annotations. Melmoth was an amiable, accomplished, and pious man, and his character shines forth in all his writings. His translations are still the best we possess; and his style, though sometimes feeble from excess of polish and ornament, is generally correct, perspicuous, and musical in construction.

[On Thinking.]

[From Melmoth's Letters.]

If one would rate any particular merit according to its true valuation, it may be necessary, perhaps, to consider how far it can be justly claimed by mankind in general. I am sure, at least, when I read the very uncommon sentiments of your last letter, I found the judicious author rise in my esteem, by reflecting that there is not a more singular character in the world than that of a thinking man. It is not merely having a succession of ideas which lightly skim over the mind, that can with any propriety be styled by that denomination. It is observing them separately and distinctly, and ranging them under their respective classes; it is calmly and steadily viewing our opinions on every side, and resolutely tracing them through all their consequences and connections, that constitutes the man of reflection, and distinguishes reason from fancy. Providence, indeed, does not seem to have formed any very considerable number of our species for an extensive exercise of this higher faculty, as the thoughts of the far greater part of mankind are necessarily restrained within the ordinary purposes of animal life. But even if we look up to those who move in much superior orbits, and who have opportunities to improve, as well as leisure to exercise their understandings, we shall find that thinking is one of the least exerted privileges of cultivated humanity.

It is, indeed, an operation of the mind which meets with many obstructions to check its just and free direction; but there are two principles which prevail more or less in the constitutions of most men, that particularly contribute to keep this faculty of the soul unemployed; I mean pride and indolence. To descend to truth through the tedious progression of well-examined deductions, is considered as a reproach to the quickness of understanding, as it is much too laborious a method for any but those who are possessed of a vigorous and resolute activity of mind. For this reason the greater part of our species generally choose either to seize upon their conclusions at once, or to take them by rebound from others, as best suits with their vanity or their laziness. Accordingly, Mr Locke observes, that there are not so many errors and wrong opinions in the world as is generally imagined. Not that he thinks mankind are by any means uniform in embracing truth; but because the majority of them, he maintains, have no thought or opinion at all about those doctrines concerning which they raise the greatest clamour. Like the common soldiers in an army, they follow where their leaders direct, without knowing or even inquiring into the cause for which they so warmly contend.

This will account for the slow steps by which truth has advanced in the world on one side, and for those absurd systems which at different periods have had a universal currency on the other; for there is a strange disposition in human nature either blindly to tread the same paths that have been traversed by others, or to strike out into the most devious extravagances: the greater part of the world will either totally renounce their reason, or reason only from the wild suggestions of a heated imagination.

From the same source may be derived those divisions and animosities which break the union both of public and private societies, and turn the peace and harmony of human intercourse into dissonance and contention. For, while men judge and act by such measures as have not been proved by the standard of dispassionate reason, they must equally be mistaken in their estimates both of their own conduct and that of others.

If we turn our view from active to contemplative life, we may have occasion, perhaps, to remark that thinking is no less uncommon in the literary than the civil world. The number of those writers who can, with any justness of expression, be termed thinking authors, would not form a very copious library, though one were to take in all of that kind which both ancient and modern times have produced. Necessarily, I imagine, must one exclude from a collection of this sort all critics, commentators, translators, and, in short, all that numerous under tribe in the commonwealth of literature that owe their existence merely to the thoughts of others. I should reject, for the same reason, such compilers as Valerius Maximus and Aulus Gellius: though it must be owned, indeed, their works have acquired an accidental value, as they preserve to us several curious traces of antiquity, which time would otherwise have entirely worn out. Those teeming geniuses, likewise, who have propagated the fruits of their studies through a long series of tracts, would have little pretence, I believe, to be admitted as writers of reflection. For this reason I cannot regret the loss of those incredible numbers of compositions which some of the ancients are said to have produced:

> Quale fuit Cassi rapido ferventius amni
> Ingenium; capsis quem fama est esse, librisque
> Ambustum propriis. —*Hor.*

Thus Epicurus, we are told, left behind him three hundred volumes of his own works, wherein he had not inserted a single quotation; and we have it upon the authority of Varro's own words, that he himself composed four hundred and ninety books. Seneca assures us that Didymus the grammarian wrote no less than four thousand; but Origen, it seems, was yet more prolific, and extended his performances even to six thousand treatises. It is obvious to imagine with what sort of materials the productions of such expeditious workmen were wrought up: sound thought and well matured reflections could have no share, we may be sure, in these hasty performances. Thus are books multiplied, whilst authors are scarce; and so much easier is it to write than to think! But shall I not myself, Palamedes, prove an instance that it is so, if I suspend any longer your own more important reflections, by interrupting you with such as mine?

[On Conversation.]

[From the same.]

It is with much pleasure I look back upon that philosophical week which I lately enjoyed at ——; as there is no part, perhaps, of social life which affords more real satisfaction than those hours which one passes in rational and unreserved conversation. The free communication of sentiments amongst a set of ingenious and speculative friends, such as those you gave me the opportunity of meeting, throws the mind into the most advantageous exercise, and shows the strength or weakness of its opinions, with greater force of conviction than any other method we can employ.

That 'it is not good for man to be alone,' is true in more views of our species than one; and society gives strength to our reason, as well as polish to our manners. The soul, when left entirely to her own solitary contemplations, is insensibly drawn by a sort of constitutional bias, which generally leads her opinions to the side of her inclinations. Hence it is that she contracts those peculiarities of reasoning, and little habits of thinking, which so often confirm her in the most fantastical errors; but nothing is more likely to recover the mind from this false bent than the counter warmth of impartial debate. Conversation opens our views, and gives our faculties a more vigorous play; it puts us upon turning our notions on every side, and holds them up to a light that discovers those latent flaws which would probably have lain

concealed in the gloom of unagitated abstraction. Accordingly, one may remark that most of those wild doctrines which have been let loose upon the world, have generally owed their birth to persons whose circumstances or dispositions have given them the fewest opportunities of canvassing their respective systems in the way of free and friendly debate. Had the authors of many an extravagant hypothesis discussed their principles in private circles, ere they had given vent to them in public, the observation of Varro had never perhaps been made (or never, at least, with so much justice), that 'there is no opinion so absurd, but has some philosopher or other to produce in its support.'

Upon this principle I imagine it is that some of the finest pieces of antiquity are written in the dialogue manner. Plato and Tully, it should seem, thought truth could never be examined with more advantage than amidst the amicable opposition of well-regulated converse. It is probable, indeed, that subjects of a serious and philosophical kind were more frequently the topics of Greek and Roman conversations than they are of ours, as the circumstances of the world had not yet given occasion to those prudential reasons which may now perhaps restrain a more free exchange of sentiments amongst us. There was something, likewise, in the very scenes themselves where they usually assembled, that almost unavoidably turned the stream of their conversations into this useful channel. Their rooms and gardens were generally adorned, you know, with the statues of the greatest masters of reason that had then appeared in the world; and while Socrates or Aristotle stood in their view, it is no wonder their discourse fell upon those subjects which such animating representations would naturally suggest. It is probable, therefore, that many of those ancient pieces which are drawn up in the dialogue manner were no imaginary conversations invented by their authors, but faithful transcripts from real life. And it is this circumstance, perhaps, as much as any other, which contributes to give them that remarkable advantage over the generality of modern compositions which have been formed upon the same plan. I am sure, at least, I could scarcely name more than three or four of this kind which have appeared in our language worthy of notice. My Lord Shaftesbury's dialogue entitled The Moralists, Mr Addison's upon Ancient Coins, Mr Spence's upon the Odyssey, together with those of my very ingenious friend, Philemon to Hydaspes, are almost the only productions in this way which have hitherto come forth amongst us with advantage. These, indeed, are all masterpieces of the kind, and written in the true spirit of learning and politeness. The conversation in each of these most elegant performances is conducted, not in the usual absurd method of introducing one disputant to be tamely silenced by the other, but in the more lively dramatic manner, where a just contrast of characters is preserved throughout, and where the several speakers support their respective sentiments with all the strength and spirit of a well-bred opposition.

WILLIAM HARRIS (1720-1770), a dissenting divine in Devonshire, published historical memoirs of James I., Charles I., Oliver Cromwell, and Charles II. These works were written in imitation of the manner of Bayle, the text being subordinate to the notes and illustrations. Very frequently only a single line of the memoir is contained in the page, the rest being wholly notes. As depositories of original papers, the memoirs of Harris (which are still to be met with in five volumes) are valuable: the original part is trifling in extent, and written without either merit or pretension.

JAMES HARRIS of Salisbury, a learned and benevolent man, published in 1744 treatises on art, on music and painting, and on happiness. He afterwards (1751) produced his celebrated work, *Hermes, or a Philosophical Inquiry concerning Universal Grammar*. The definitions of Harris are considered arbitrary and often unnecessary, and his rules are complicated; but his profound acquaintance with Greek literature, and his general learning, supplying numerous illustrations, enabled him to produce a curious and valuable publication. Every writer on the history and philosophy of grammar must consult 'Hermes.' Unfortunately the study of the ancient dialects of the northern nations was little prevalent at the time of Mr Harris, and to this cause (as was the case also with many of the etymological distinctions in Johnson's Dictionary) must be attributed some of his errors and the imperfection of his plan. Mr Harris was a man of rank and fortune: he sat several years in parliament, and was successively a lord of the admiralty and lord of the treasury. In 1774 he was made secretary and comptroller to the queen, which he held till his death in 1780. His son, Lord Malmesbury, published, in 1801, a complete edition of his works in two volumes quarto. Harris relates the following interesting anecdote of a Greek pilot, to show that even among the present Greeks, in their day of servitude, the remembrance of their ancient glory is not extinct: 'When the late Mr Anson (Lord Anson's brother) was upon his travels in the East, he hired a vessel to visit the Isle of Tenedos. His pilot, an old Greek, as they were sailing along, said with some satisfaction, "There it was our fleet lay." Mr Anson demanded, "What fleet?" "What fleet!" replied the old man, a little piqued at the question; "why, our Grecian fleet at the siege of Troy."'

Two distinguished antiquarian writers, whose researches illustrate the history of their native country, may be here mentioned. WILLIAM STUKELEY (1687-1765), who published *Itinerarium Curiosum, or an Account of the Antiquities and Curiosities of Great Britain*, &c. &c. Stukeley studied medicine, but afterwards took orders, and at the time of his death was rector of St George's church, Queen Square, London. EDWARD KING (1735-1807), an English barrister, published *Observations on Ancient Castles*, and an elaborate work, in three folio volumes, *Munimenta Antiqua*, descriptive of buildings and antiquities anterior to the Norman Conquest.

SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE.

SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE'S *Commentaries on the Laws of England*, published in 1765, exhibit a logical and comprehensive mind and a correct taste in composition. They formed the first attempt to popularise legal knowledge, and were eminently successful. Junius and others have attacked their author for leaning too much to the side of prerogative, and abiding rather by precedents than by sense and justice; yet in the House of Commons, when Blackstone was once advocating what was considered servile obedience, he was answered from his own book! The Commentaries have not been supplanted by any subsequent work of the same kind, but various additions and corrections have been made by eminent lawyers in late editions. Blackstone thus sums up the relative merits of an elective and hereditary monarchy:—'It must be owned, an elective monarchy seems to be the most obvious, and best suited of any to the rational principles of government and the freedom of human nature; and accordingly we find from history that, in the infancy and first rudiments of

almost every state, the leader, chief magistrate, or prince, hath usually been elective. And if the individuals who compose that state could always continue true to first principles, uninfluenced by passion or prejudice, unassailed by corruption, and unawed by violence, elective succession were as much to be desired in a kingdom as in other inferior communities. The best, the wisest, and the bravest man would then be sure of receiving that crown which his endowments have merited; and the sense of an unbiassed majority would be dutifully acquiesced in by the few who were of different opinions. But history and observation will inform us that elections of every kind, in the present state of human nature, are too frequently brought about by influence, partiality, and artifice; and even where the case is otherwise, these practices will be often suspected, and as constantly charged upon the successful, by a splenetic disappointed minority. This is an evil to which all societies are liable, as well those of a private and domestic kind, as the great community of the public, which regulates and includes the rest. But in the former there is this advantage, that such suspicions, if false, proceed no farther than jealousies and murmurs, which time will effectually suppress; and, if true, the injustice may be remedied by legal means, by an appeal to those tribunals to which every member of society has (by becoming such) virtually engaged to submit. Whereas in the great and independent society which every nation composes, there is no superior to resort to but the law of nature; no method to redress the infringements of that law but the actual exertion of private force. As, therefore, between two nations complaining of mutual injuries, the quarrel can only be decided by the law of arms; so in one and the same nation, when the fundamental principles of their common union are supposed to be invaded, and more especially when the appointment of their chief magistrate is alleged to be unduly made, the only tribunal to which the complainants can appeal is that of the God of battles, the only process by which the appeal can be carried on is that of a civil and intestine war. An hereditary succession to the crown is therefore now established in this and most other countries, in order to prevent that periodical bloodshed and misery which the history of ancient imperial Rome and the more modern experience of Poland and Germany, may show us are the consequences of elective kingdoms.'

[*Of the Right of Property.*]

[From Blackstone's Commentaries.]

In the beginning of the world, we are informed by holy writ, the all-bountiful Creator gave to man 'dominion over all the earth, and over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.' This is the only true and solid foundation of man's dominion over external things, whatever airy metaphysical notions may have been started by fanciful writers upon this subject. The earth, therefore, and all things therein, are the general property of all mankind, exclusive of other beings, from the immediate gift of the Creator. And while the earth continued bare of inhabitants, it is reasonable to suppose that all was in common among them, and that every one took from the public stock to his own use such things as his immediate necessities required.

These general notions of property were then sufficient to answer all the purposes of human life; and might, perhaps, still have answered them had it been possible for mankind to have remained in a state of primeval simplicity, as may be collected from the manners of many American nations, when first discovered by the Europeans; and from the ancient method of living among the first Europeans themselves, if we may credit either the memorials of them preserved in the golden age of the poets, or the uniform accounts given by historians of those times wherein *erant omnia communia et indivisa omnibus, veluti unum cunctis patrimonium esset.* Not that this communion of goods seems ever to have been applicable, even in the earliest ages, to aught but the substance of the thing; nor could be extended to the use of it. For, by the law of nature and reason, he who first began to use it acquired therein a kind of transient property, that lasted so long as he was using it, and no longer; or, to speak with greater precision, the right of possession continued for the same time only that the act of possession lasted. Thus the ground was in common, and no part of it was the permanent property of any man in particular; yet, whoever was in the occupation of any determinate spot of it, for rest, for shade, or the like, acquired for the time a sort of ownership, from which it would have been unjust, and contrary to the law of nature, to have driven him by force; but the instant that he quitted the use or occupation of it, another might seize it without injustice. Thus also a vine or other tree might be said to be in common, as all men were equally entitled to its produce; and yet any private individual might gain the sole property of the fruit, which he had gathered for his own repast; a doctrine well illustrated by Cicero, who compares the world to a great theatre, which is common to the public, and yet the place which any man has taken is for the time his own.

But when mankind increased in number, craft, and ambition, it became necessary to entertain conceptions of more permanent dominion; and to appropriate to individuals not the immediate use only, but the very substance of the thing to be used. Otherwise, innumerable tumults must have arisen, and the good order of the world been continually broken and disturbed, while a variety of persons were striving who should get the first occupation of the same thing, or disputing which of them had actually gained it. As human life also grew more and more refined, abundance of conveniences were devised to render it more easy, commodious, and agreeable, as habitations for shelter and safety, and raiment for warmth and decency. But no man would be at the trouble to provide either, so long as he had only a usufructuary property in them, which was to cease the instant that he quitted possession; if, as soon as he walked out of his tent, or pulled off his garment, the next stranger who came by would have a right to inhabit the one, and to wear the other. In the case of habitations, in particular, it was natural to observe, that even the brute creation, to whom everything else was in common, maintained a kind of permanent property in their dwellings, especially for the protection of their young; that the birds of the air had nests, and the beasts of the field had caverns, the invasion of which they esteemed a very flagrant injustice, and would sacrifice their lives to preserve them. Hence a property was soon established in every man's house and homestall, which seem to have been originally mere temporary huts or movable cabins, suited to the design of Providence for more speedily peopling the earth, and suited to the wandering life of their owners, before any extensive property in the soil or ground was established. And there can be no doubt but that movables of every kind became sooner appropriated than the permanent substantial soil; partly because they were more susceptible of a long occupance, which might be continued for months together without any sensible interruption, and at length by usage ripen into an established right; but principally because few of them could be fit for use, till improved and meliorated by the bodily labour of the

occupant; which bodily labour, bestowed upon any subject which before lay in common to all men, is universally allowed to give the fairest and most reasonable title to an exclusive property therein.

The article of food was a more immediate call, and therefore a more early consideration. Such as were not contented with the spontaneous product of the earth, sought for a more solid refreshment in the flesh of beasts, which they obtained by hunting. But the frequent disappointments incident to that method of provision, induced them to gather together such animals as were of a more tame and sequacious nature; and to establish a permanent property in their flocks and herds, in order to sustain themselves in a less precarious manner, partly by the milk of the dams, and partly by the flesh of the young. The support of these their cattle made the article of water also a very important point. And therefore the book of Genesis (the most venerable monument of antiquity, considered merely with a view to history) will furnish us with frequent instances of violent contentions concerning wells, the exclusive property of which appears to have been established in the first digger or occupant, even in such places where the ground and herbage remained yet in common. Thus we find Abraham, who was but a sojourner, asserting his right to a well in the country of Abimelech, and exacting an oath for his security, 'because he had digged that well.' And Isaac, about ninety years afterwards, reclaimed this his father's property, and after much contention with the Philistines, was suffered to enjoy it in peace.

All this while the soil and pasture of the earth remained still in common as before, and open to every occupant, except perhaps in the neighbourhood of towns, where the necessity of a sole and exclusive property in lands (for the sake of agriculture) was earlier felt, and therefore more readily complied with. Otherwise, when the multitude of men and cattle had consumed every convenience on one spot of ground, it was deemed a natural right to seize upon and occupy such other lands as would more easily supply their necessities. This practice is still retained among the wild and uncultivated nations that have never been formed into civil states, like the Tartars and others in the East, where the climate itself, and the boundless extent of their territory, conspire to retain them still in the same savage state of vagrant liberty which was universal in the earliest ages, and which Tacitus informs us continued among the Germans till the decline of the Roman empire. We have also a striking example of the same kind in the history of Abraham and his nephew Lot. When their joint substance became so great, that pasture and other conveniences grew scarce, the natural consequence was, that a strife arose between their servants, so that it was no longer practicable to dwell together. This contention Abraham thus endeavoured to compose: 'Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between thee and me. Is not the whole land before thee? Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me. If thou wilt take the left hand, then will I go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then will I go to the left.' This plainly implies an acknowledged right in either to occupy whatever ground he pleased, that was not pre-occupied by other tribes. 'And Lot lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered everywhere, even as the garden of the Lord. Then Lot chose him all the plain of Jordan, and journeyed east; and Abraham dwelt in the land of Canaan.'

Upon the same principle was founded the right of migration, or sending colonies to find out new habitations, when the mother country was overcharged with inhabitants; which was practised as well by the Phœnicians and Greeks, as the Germans, Scythians, and other northern people. And so long as it was confined to the stocking and cultivation of desert, uninhabited countries, it kept strictly within the limits of the law of nature. But how far the seizing on countries already peopled, and driving out or massacring the innocent and defenceless natives, merely because they differed from their invaders in language, in religion, in customs, in government, or in colour; how far such a conduct was consonant to nature, to reason, or to Christianity, deserved well to be considered by those who have rendered their names immortal by thus civilising mankind.

As the world by degrees grew more populous, it daily became more difficult to find out new spots to inhabit, without encroaching upon former occupants; and, by constantly occupying the same individual spot, the fruits of the earth were consumed, and its spontaneous produce destroyed, without any provision for a future supply or succession. It therefore became necessary to pursue some regular method of providing a constant subsistence; and this necessity produced, or at least promoted and encouraged, the art of agriculture, by a regular connection and consequence, introduced and established the idea of a more permanent property in the soil than had hitherto been received and adopted. It was clear that the earth would not produce her fruits in sufficient quantities, without the assistance of tillage; but who would be at the pains of tilling it, if another might watch an opportunity to seize upon and enjoy the product of his industry, art, and labour? Had not, therefore, a separate property in lands, as movables, been vested in some individuals, the world must have continued a forest, and men have been mere animals of prey; which, according to some philosophers, is the genuine state of nature. Whereas now (so graciously has Providence interwoven our duty and our happiness together) the result of this very necessity has been the ennobling of the human species, by giving it opportunities of improving its rational faculties, as well as of exerting its natural. Necessity begat property; and, in order to insure that property, recourse was had to civil society, which brought along with it a long train of inseparable concomitants—states, government, laws, punishments, and the public exercise of religious duties. Thus connected together, it was found that a part only of society was sufficient to provide, by their manual labour, for the necessary subsistence of all; and leisure was given to others to cultivate the human mind, to invent useful arts, and to lay the foundations of science.

The only question remaining is, how this property became actually vested; or what it is that gave a man an exclusive right to retain in a permanent manner that specific land which before belonged generally to everybody, but particularly to nobody? And as we before observed, that occupancy gave the right to the temporary use of the soil, so it is agreed upon all hands that occupancy gave also the original right to the permanent property in the substance of the earth itself, which excludes every one else but the owner from the use of it. There is, indeed, some difference among the writers on natural law concerning the reason why occupancy should convey this right and invest one with this absolute property; Grotius and Puffendorf insisting that this right of occupancy is founded upon a tacit and implied assent of all mankind, that the first occupant should become the owner; and Barbeyrac, Titius, Mr Locke, and others, holding that there is no such implied assent, neither is it necessary that there should be; for that the very act of occupancy alone being a degree of bodily labour, is, from a principle of natural justice, without any consent or compact, sufficient of itself to gain a title; a dispute that savours too much of nice and scholastic refinement! However, both sides agree in this, that occupancy is the thing by which the title was in fact originally gained;

every man seizing to his own continued use such spots of ground as he found most agreeable to his own convenience, provided he found them unoccupied by any one else.

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, Earl of Chesterfield (1694-1773), was an elegant author, though his only popular compositions are his *Letters to his Son*, a work containing many excellent advices for the cultivation of the mind and improvement of the external worldly character, but greatly deficient in the higher points of morality. Lord Chesterfield was an able politician and diplomatist, and an eloquent parliamentary debater. The celebrated 'Letters to his Son' were not intended for publication, and did not appear till after his death. Their publication was much to be regretted by every friend of this accomplished, witty, and eloquent peer.

[*Definition of Good Breeding.*]

[From Chesterfield's Letters.]

A friend of yours and mine has very justly defined good breeding to be, 'the result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them.' Taking this for granted (as I think it cannot be disputed), it is astonishing to me that anybody, who has good sense and good nature, can essentially fail in good breeding. As to the modes of it, indeed, they vary according to persons, places, and circumstances, and are only to be acquired by observation and experience; but the substance of it is everywhere and eternally the same. Good manners are, to particular societies, what good morals are to society in general—their cement and their security. And as laws are enacted to enforce good morals, or at least to prevent the ill effects of bad ones, so there are certain rules of civility, universally implied and received, to enforce good manners and punish bad ones. And indeed there seems to me to be less difference both between the crimes and punishments, than at first one would imagine. The immoral man, who invades another's property, is justly hanged for it; and the ill-bred man, who by his ill manners invades and disturbs the quiet and comforts of private life, is by common consent as justly banished society. Mutual complaisances, attentions, and sacrifices of little conveniences, are as natural an implied compact between civilised people, as protection and obedience are between kings and subjects; whoever, in either case, violates that compact, justly forfeits all advantages arising from it. For my own part, I really think that, next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing; and the epithet which I should covet the most, next to that of Aristides, would be that of well-bred. Thus much for good breeding in general; I will now consider some of the various modes and degrees of it.

Very few, scarcely any, are wanting in the respect which they should show to those whom they acknowledge to be infinitely their superiors, such as crowned heads, princes, and public persons of distinguished and eminent posts. It is the manner of showing that respect which is different. The man of fashion and of the world expresses it in its fullest extent, but naturally, easily, and without concern; whereas a man who is not used to keep good company expresses it awkwardly; one sees that he is not used to it, and that it costs him a great deal; but I never saw the worst-bred man living guilty of lolling, whistling, scratching his head, and such like indecencies, in company that he respected. In such companies, therefore, the only point to be attended to is, to show that respect which everybody means to show, in an easy, unembarrassed, and graceful manner. This is what observation and experience must teach you.

In mixed companies, whoever is admitted to make part of them is, for the time at least, supposed to be on a footing of equality with the rest; and, consequently, as there is no one principal object of awe and respect, people are apt to take a greater latitude in their behaviour, and to be less upon their guard; and so they may, provided it be within certain bounds, which are upon no occasion to be transgressed. But upon these occasions, though no one is entitled to distinguished marks of respect, every one claims, and very justly, every mark of civility and good breeding. Ease is allowed, but carelessness and negligence are strictly forbidden. If a man accosts you, and talks to you ever so dully or frivolously, it is worse than rudeness, it is brutality, to show him, by a manifest inattention to what he says, that you think him a fool or a blockhead, and not worth hearing. It is much more so with regard to women, who, of whatever rank they are, are entitled, in consideration of their sex, not only to an attentive, but an officious good breeding from men. Their little wants, likings, dislikes, preferences, antipathies, and fancies, must be officiously attended to, and, if possible, guessed at and anticipated, by a well-bred man. You must never usurp to yourself those conveniences and gratifications which are of common right, such as the best places, the best dishes, &c., but on the contrary, always decline them yourself, and offer them to others, who, in their turns, will offer them to you; so that, upon the whole, you will in your turn enjoy your share of the common right. It would be endless for me to enumerate all the particular instances in which a well-bred man shows his good breeding in good company; and it would be injurious to you to suppose that your own good sense will not point them out to you, and then your own good nature will recommend, and your self-interest enforce the practice.

There is a third sort of good breeding, in which people are the most apt to fail, from a very mistaken notion that they cannot fail at all. I mean with regard to one's most familiar friends and acquaintances, or those who really are our inferiors; and there, undoubtedly, a greater degree of ease is not only allowed, but proper, and contributes much to the comforts of a private social life. But ease and freedom have their bounds, which must by no means be violated. A certain degree of negligence and carelessness becomes injurious and insulting, from the real or supposed inferiority of the persons; and that delightful liberty of conversation among a few friends is soon destroyed, as liberty often has been, by being carried to licentiousness. But example explains things best, and I will put a pretty strong case. Suppose you and me alone together; I believe you will allow that I have as good a right to unlimited freedom in your company, as either you or I can possibly have in any other; and I am apt to believe, too, that you would indulge me in that freedom as far as anybody would. But, notwithstanding this, do you imagine that I should think there was no bounds to that freedom? I assure you I should not think so; and I take myself to be as much tied down by a certain degree of good manners to you, as by other degrees of them to other people. The most familiar and intimate habitudes, connexions, and friendships, require a degree of good breeding both to preserve and cement them. The best of us have our bad sides, and it is as imprudent as it is ill-bred to exhibit them. I shall not use ceremony with you; it would be misplaced between us, but I shall certainly observe that degree of good breeding with you which is, in the first place, decent, and which, I am sure, is absolutely necessary to make us like one another's company long.

SOAME JENYNS—DR ADAM FERGUSON—LORD MONBODDO—HORACE WALPOLE.

Soame Jenyns (1704-1787) was distinguished in early life as a gay and witty writer, both in poetry and prose; but afterwards applying himself to serious subjects, he produced, in 1757, *A Free Inquiry into the Nature of Evil*; in 1776, *A View of the Internal Evidences of the Christian Religion*; and in 1782, *Disquisitions on Various Subjects*; works containing much ingenious speculation, but which have lost most of their early popularity.

Dr Adam Ferguson (1724-1816), son of the minister of Logierait, in Perthshire, was educated at St Andrews; removing to Edinburgh, he became an associate of Dr Robertson, Blair, Home, &c. In 1741 he entered the 42d regiment as chaplain, and continued in that situation till 17[illegible], when he resigned it, and became tutor in the family of Lord Bute. He was afterwards professor of natural philosophy, and of moral philosophy, in the university of Edinburgh. In 1778 he went to America as secretary to the commissioners appointed to negotiate with the revolted colonies; on his return he resumed the duties of his professorship. His latter days were spent in ease and affluence at St Andrews, where he died at the patriarchal age of ninety-three. The works of Dr Ferguson are, *The History of Civil Society*, published in 17[illegible]; *Institutes of Moral Philosophy*, 17[illegible]; *A Reply to Dr Price on Civil and Religious Liberty*, 17[illegible]; *The History of the Progress and Termination of the Roman Republic*, 17[illegible]; and *Principles of Moral and Political Science*, 1792. Sir Walter Scott, who was personally acquainted with Ferguson, supplies some interesting information as to the latter years of the venerable professor, whom he considered the most striking example of the stoic philosopher which could be seen in modern days. He had a shock of paralysis in the sixtieth year of his life, from which period he became a strict Pythagorean in his diet, eating nothing but vegetables, and drinking only water or milk. The deep interest which he took in the French war had long seemed to be the main tie which connected him with passing existence; and the news of Waterloo acted on the old patriarch as a *nunc dimittis*. From that hour the feeling that had almost alone given him energy decayed, and he avowedly relinquished all desire for prolonged life. Of Ferguson's 'History of Civil Society,' Gray the poet remarks—'There are uncommon strains of eloquence in it; and I was surprised to find not one single idiom of his country (I think) in the whole work. His application to the heart is frequent, and often successful. His love of Montesquieu and Tacitus has led him into a manner of writing too short-winded and sententious, which those great men, had they lived in better times, and under a better government, would have avoided.' This remark is true of all Ferguson's writings; his style is too succinct and compressed. His Roman history, however, is a valuable compendium, illustrated by philosophical views and reflections.

Lord Monboddo's *Essay on the Origin and Progress of Language*, published in 1771-3 and 6, is one of those singular works which at once provoke study and ridicule. The author was a man of real learning and talents, but a humorist in character and opinions. He was an enthusiast in Greek literature and antiquities, and a worshipper of Homer. So far did he carry this, that, finding carriages were not in use among the ancients, he never would enter one, but made all his journeys to London (which he visited once a year) and other places on horseback, and continued the practice till he was upwards of eighty. He said it was a degradation of the genuine dignity of human nature to be dragged at the tail of a horse instead of mounting upon his back! The eccentric philosopher was less careful of the dignity of human nature in some of his opinions. He gravely maintains in his Essay that men were originally monkeys, in which condition they remained for ages destitute of speech, reason, and social affections. They gradually improved, according to Monboddo's theory, as geologists say the earth was changed by successive revolutions; but he contends that the ourang-outangs are still of the human species, and that in the Bay of Bengal there exists a nation of human beings with tails like monkeys, which had been discovered a hundred and thirty years before by a Swedish skipper. When Sir Joseph Banks returned from Botany Bay, Monboddo inquired after the long-tailed men, and, according to Dr Johnson, was not pleased that they had not been found in all his peregrinations. All the moral sentiments and domestic affections were, according to this whimsical philosopher, the result of art, contrivance, and experience, as much as writing, ship-building, or any other mechanical invention. [illegible] man in his natural state [illegible], which he terms a solitary [illegible] animal! The laughable absurdity of these doctrines must have protected them entirely from the fulmination of the clergy, who were then [illegible] to attack all the metaphysical opponents of [illegible]. In 17[illegible] Monboddo published an elaborate work on ancient metaphysics, in three volumes quarto, which, like his former publication, is equally learned and equally whimsical. After a life of study and paradox, discharging his [illegible] with uprightness and integrity, and much respected in private for his amiable dispositions, James Burnet, Lord Monboddo, died in Edinburgh May 2[illegible], 1799, at the advanced age of eighty-five.

Horace Walpole, the author of the Castle of Otranto, would have held but an inconsiderable place in British literature, had it not been for his Correspondence and Memoirs. Those pictures of society and manners, compounded of wit and gaiety, shrewd [illegible], censorious [illegible] language. His situation and circumstances were exactly suited to his character and habits. He had in early life travelled with his friend Gray the poet, and imbibed in Italy a taste for antiquities and the arts, fostered, no doubt, by the kindred genius of Gray, who delighted in ancient architecture and in classic pursuits. He next tried politics, and sat in parliament for twenty-six years. This added to his observation of men and manners, but without increasing his reputation, for Horace Walpole was no orator or statesman. His aristocratic habits prevented him from courting distinction as a general author, and he accordingly commenced collecting antiques, building a baronial castle, and chronicling in secret his opinions and impressions of his contemporaries. His income, from sinecure offices and private sources, was about £4000 per annum, and, as he was never married, his fortune enabled him, under good management and methodical arrangement, to gratify his tastes as a virtuoso. When thirty years old he had purchased some land at Twickenham, near London, and here he commenced improving a small house, which by degrees swelled into a feudal castle, with turrets, towers, galleries, and corridors, windows of stained glass, armorial bearings, and all the other appropriate insignia of a Gothic baronial mansion. Who has not heard of Strawberry Hill—that 'little plaything house,' as Walpole styled it, in

which were gathered curiosities of all descriptions, works of art, rare editions, valuable letters, memorials of virtue and of vice, of genius, beauty, taste, and fashion, mouldered into dust! This valuable collection is now (1842) scattered to the winds—dispersed at a public sale.

Enough to rouse the dead man into rage,
And warm with red resentment the wan cheek.

The delight with which Walpole contemplated this suburban retreat, is evinced in many of his letters. In one to General Conway (the only man he seems ever to have really loved or regarded) he runs on in this enthusiastic manner:—'You perceive that I have got into a new camp, and have left my tub at Windsor. It is a little plaything-house that I have got out of this Chenevix's shop [Strawberry Hill had been occupied by Mrs Chenevix, a toy-woman!], and is the prettiest bauble you ever saw. It is set in enamelled meadows, with filigree hedges,

A small Euphrates through the piece is rolled,
And little finches wave their wings in gold.

Two delightful roads, that you would call dusty, supply me continually with coaches and chaises; and barges as solemn as barons of the Exchequer move under my window. Richmond Hill and Ham Walks bound my prospect, but, thank God! the Thames is between me and the Duchess of Queensberry. Dowagers as plenty as flounders, inhabit all around, and Pope's ghost is just now skimming under my window by a most poetical moonlight.'

The literary performances with which Walpole varied his leisure at Strawberry Hill are all characteristic of the man. In 1758 appeared his *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors*; in 1761 his *Anecdotes of Painting in England*; in 1765 his *Castle of Otranto*; and in 1767 his *Historic Doubts on the Character and Person of Richard III*. He left for publication his *Memoirs of the Court of George II*, and a large collection of copies of his letters, and he printed at his private press (for among the collections at Strawberry Hill was a small printing establishment) his tragedy of the *Mysterious Mother*. A complete collection of his letters was printed in 1840 in six volumes. The writings of Walpole are all ingenious and entertaining, and though his judgments on men and books or passing events are often inaccurate and never profound, it is impossible not to be amused by the liveliness of his style, his wit, his smartness, and even his malevolence. 'Walpole's letters,' says Mr Macaulay, 'are generally considered as his best performances, and we think with reason. His faults are far less offensive to us in his correspondence than in his books. His wild, absurd, and ever-changing opinions of men and things are easily pardoned in familiar letters. His bitter scoffing depreciating disposition does not show itself in so unmitigated a manner as in his Memoirs. A writer of letters must be civil and friendly to his correspondent at least, if to no other person.' The variety of topics introduced is no doubt one cause of the charm of these compositions, for every page and almost every sentence turns up something new; and the whim of the moment is ever with Walpole a subject of the greatest importance. The peculiarity of his information, his private scandal, his anecdotes of the great, and the constant exhibition of his own tastes and pursuits, furnish abundant amusement to the reader. Another Horace Walpole, like another Boswell, the world has not supplied, and probably never will.

[Politics and Evening Parties.]

TO SIR HORACE MANN—1745

When I receive your long letters I am ashamed: mine are notes in comparison. How do you contrive to roll out your patience into two sheets? You certainly don't love me better than I do you; and yet if our loves were to be sold by the quire, you would have by far the more magnificent stock to dispose of. I can only say that age has already an effect on the vigour of my pen; none on yours: it is not, I assure you, for you alone, but my ink is at low water-mark for all my acquaintance. My present shame arises from a letter of eight sides, of December 8th, which I received from you last post.

It is not being an upright senator to promise one's vote beforehand, especially in a money matter; but I believe so many excellent patriots have just done the same thing, that I shall venture readily to engage my promise to you to get you any sum for the defence of Tuscany. Why, it is to defend you and my own country! my own palace *in Via di Santo Spirito*,[1] my own prince's *opera*, and all my family! I shall quite make interest for you; nay, I would speak to our new ally, your old acquaintance, Lord Sandwich, to assist in it, but I could have no hope of getting at his ear, for he has put on such a first-rate tie-wig, on his admission to the admiralty board, that nothing without the lungs of a boatswain can ever thunder to penetrate the thickness of the curls. I think, however, this is hard to the dignity of ministers: when he was but a patriot, his wig was not of half its present gravity. There are no more changes made: [illegible], but next Thursday the parliament [illegible] the completion of the session. My brother [illegible] goes next week to Holland, and then [illegible].

The [illegible] at present disturbance in politics is my Lady Granville's assembly, which I do assure you disturbs the Pelhams infinitely more than a mysterious motion of the States would, and far more than the dangerous breaking up of the Diet at Grodno. She had begun to keep Tuesdays before her lord resigned, which now she continues with greater zeal. Her house is very fine, she very handsome, her lord very agreeable and extraordinary; and yet the Duke of Newcastle wonders that people will go thither. He mentioned to my father my going there, who laughed at him; but is not he a proper person to trust with such a childish jealousy? Horry, I may say, 'Let the Duke of Newcastle open his own house, and see if all that come thither are his friends.' The fashion now is to send cards to the women, and to declare that all men are welcome without being asked. This is a piece of ease that shocks the prudes of the last age. You can't imagine how my Lady Granville shines in doing honours: you know she is made for it. My lord has new furnished his mother's apartment for her, and has given her a magnificent set of dressing-plate: he is very fond of her, and she as fond of his being so.

You will have heard of Marshal Belleisle's being made a prisoner at Hanover: the world will believe it was not by accident. He is sent for over hither: the first thought was to confine him to the Tower, but that is contrary to the *politesse* of modern war: they talk of sending him to Nottingham, where Tallard was. I am sure, if he is prisoner at large anywhere, we could not have a worse inmate: so ambitious and intriguing a man, who was author of this whole war, will be no bad general to be ready to head the Jacobites on any insurrection.[2]

[1] The street in Florence where Mr Mann lived.

[2] Belleisle and his brother, who had been sent by the king of France on a mission to the king of Prussia, were detained, while changing horses, at Elbingerode, and from thence con-

I can say nothing more about young Gardiner, but that I don't think my father at all inclined now to have any letter written for him. Adieu!

[*The Scottish Rebellion.*]

[To the same—Nov 15, 1745.]

I told you in my last what disturbance there had been about the new regiments; the affair [illegible] was again disputed on the report till ten at night, and carried by a majority of twenty three. The king had been persuaded to appear for it, though Lord Granville made it a party point against Mr Pelham. Winnington did not speak. I was not there, for I could not vote for it, and yielded not to give any hindrance to a public measure (or at least what was called so) just now. The prince acted openly, and influenced his people against it; but it only [illegible] to let Mr Pelham see what, like everything else, I [illegible] not know—how strong he is. The k[ing] will [illegible] speak to him, and he cannot yet get Pitt [illegible] place.

The rebels are come into England; for two days we believed them near Lancaster, but the ministry now own that they don't know if they have passed Carlisle. Some think they will besiege that town, which has an old wall, and all the militia of Cumberland and Westmorland; but as they can pass by it, I don't see why they should take it, for they are not strong enough to leave garrisons. Several desert them as they advance south, [illegible] good men and bad, [illegible] believe them tenting [illegible] By their marching westward to avoid Wade, it is evident that they are not [illegible] to fight him. They may yet return [illegible] but if once they get to Lancaster, the [illegible] for Wade will not stir from Newcastle till he has embarked [illegible] into [illegible] will be behind them. [illegible] from Berwick with [illegible] regiments [illegible] of Edinburgh. The [illegible] certainly in a very desperate situation; they [illegible] Wade, and if they had waited for him, their troops would have deserted. Unless they meet with great risings in their favour in Lancashire, I don't see what they can hope, except from a [illegible] of [illegible]. That, indeed, has [illegible] excite [illegible] for them. They were suffered to march the whole length of Scotland, and take possession of the capital, without a man appearing against them. Then two thousand men sailed to them, to run from them. Till the flight of Cope's army, Wade was not sent. Two [illegible] till lay into England, and till they had chosen that which Wade had not taken, no army was then [illegible] sent to secure the other. Now Ligonier, with seven old regiments, and six of the new, is ordered to Lancashire; before this first division of the army could get to Coventry, they are forced to order it to halt, for fear the enemy should be up with it before it was all assembled. It is uncertain if the rebels will march to the north of Wales, to Bristol, or towards London. If to the latter, Ligonier must fight them; if to either of the other, which I hope, the two armies may join and drive them into a corner, where they must all perish. They cannot subsist in Wales, but by being supplied by the Papists in Ireland. The best is, that we are in no fear from France; there is no preparation for invasions in any of their ports. Lord Clancarty,[1] a Scotchman of great parts, but mad and drunken, and whose family lost [illegible] £90,000 a year for King James, is made vice-admiral at Brest. The Duke of Bedford goes in his little round person with his regiment; he now takes to the land, and says he is tired of being a pen and ink man. Lord Gower insisted, too, upon going with his regiment, but is laid up with the gout.

With the rebels in England, you may imagine we have no private news, nor think of foreign. From this account you may judge that our case is far from desperate, though disagreeable. The prince,[1] while the princess lies in, has taken to give dinners, to which he asks two of the ladies of the [illegible] chamber, two of the maids of honour, &c. by turns, and five or six others. He sits at the head of the table, drinks and harangues to all this medley till nine at night; and the other day after the affair of the regiments, drank Mr Fox's health in a bumper, with three huzzas, for opposing Mr Pelham—

[illegible]

[illegible] more for [illegible] but [illegible] that all my Chutes and eagles [illegible] wish the [illegible] Does the princess [illegible] Pretender? Is [illegible] devotion? and does [illegible] appetite for supper? [illegible] Good night! [illegible] King George.

P.S.—[illegible] the other day [illegible] was all over, [illegible] the Pretender's [illegible]

Nov. 2[illegible] 1745.

[illegible] Newcastle, [illegible] they stayed [illegible] had, and [illegible] But I thought [illegible] rebels [illegible] spirits [illegible] Carlisle, who [illegible] the [illegible] he [illegible] I think the town of [illegible] than the [illegible] together? [illegible] the whole fashion for [illegible] twenty [illegible] to stop all other [illegible] The [illegible] at his levee with [illegible] 'Yes, sir, Mr Patt[illegible] lately.' The Duke of [illegible] 'My lord, his name is not [illegible] his name is *Pattin*.' But [illegible] the next day the rebels returned, [illegible] the women and children of the country [illegible] in front of their army, and forcing the [illegible] the [illegible] holder. The great Mr Pattinson, or Patterson (for now his name may be [illegible] pleases), instantly surrendered the town, and agreed to pay two thousand pounds to save it from pillage.

[*Lords [illegible] and London Gossip.*]

[To the same—March 11, 1750.]

Portents and prodigies are grown so frequent,
That they have lost their name.—*Dryden.*

My text is not literally true; but as far as earthquakes go towards lowering the price of wonderful commodities, to be sure we are overstocked. We

[illegible] veyed to England, where, refusing to give their parole in the mode it was required, they were confined in Windsor castle.

[1] Donagh Macarty, Earl of Clancarty, was an Irishman, and not a Scotchman.

[1] Frederick, Prince of Wales.

have had a second, much more violent than the first; and you must not be surprised if, by next post, you hear of a burning mountain sprung up in Smithfield. In the night between Wednesday and Thursday last (exactly a month since the first shock), the earth had a shivering fit between one and two, but so slight, that, if no more had followed, I don't believe it would have been noticed. I had been awake, and had scarce dozed again—on a sudden I felt my bolster lift up my head; I thought somebody was getting from under my bed, but soon found it was a strong earthquake that lasted near half a minute, with a violent vibration and great roaring. I rang my bell; my servant came in, frightened out of his senses: in an instant we heard all the windows in the neighbourhood flung up. I got up and found people running into the streets, but saw no mischief done: there has been some; two old houses flung down, several chimneys, and much china-ware. The bells rung in several houses. Admiral Knowles, who has lived long in Jamaica, and felt seven there, says this was more violent than any of them: Francesco prefers it to the dreadful one at Leghorn. The wise say, that if we have not rain soon, we shall certainly have more. Several people are going out of town, for it has nowhere reached above ten miles from London: they say they are not frightened, but that it is such fine weather, 'Lord! one can't help going into the country!' The only visible effect it has had was on the Ridotto, at which, being the following night, there were but four hundred people. A parson who came into White's the morning of earthquake the first, and heard bets laid on whether it was an earthquake or the blowing up of powder-mills, went away exceedingly scandalised, and said, 'I protest they are such an impious set of people, that I believe if the last trumpet was to sound, they would bet puppet-show against Judgment.' If we get any nearer still to the torrid zone, I shall pique myself on sending you a present of cedrati and orange-flower water: I am already planning a *terreno* for Strawberry Hill.

The Middlesex election is carried against the Court: the Prince in a green frock (and I won't swear but in a Scotch plaid waistcoat) sat under the park-wall in his chair, and hallooed the voters on to Brentford. The Jacobites are so transported, that they are opening subscriptions for all boroughs that shall be vacant—this is wholesale! They will spoil their own game by it: a few more seats in a Parliament where they will never have the majority, and so have nothing to carry the general elections. The Court, however, has lost Westminster; the high bailiff went to vote for the opposition.

I now jump to another topic; I find all letters will be detached scraps; I can't at all contrive to hide the seams. But I don't care. I began my letter merely to tell you of the earthquake, and I don't pique myself upon doing any more than telling you what you would be glad to hear if I was with you. I tell you, too, how pleased I was with the triumphs of another old beauty, our friend the princess.[1] Do you know, I have found a history that has great resemblance to hers; that is, that will be very like hers, if hers is but like it. I will tell it you in as few words as I can. Madame la Maréchale de l'Hôpital was the daughter of a sempstress; a young gentleman fell in love with her, and was going to be married to her, but the match was broken off. An old farmer-general, who had retired into the province where this happened, hearing the story, had a curiosity to see the victim; he liked her, married her, died, and left her enough not to care for her inconstant. She came to Paris, where the Maréchal de l'Hôpital married her for her riches. After the Maréchal's death, Casimir, the abdicated king of Poland, who was retired into France, fell in love with the Maréchale, and privately married her. If the event ever happens, I shall certainly travel to Nancy, to hear her talk of *ma belle-fille la Reine de France*. What pains my Lady Pomfret would take to prove[1] that an abdicated king's wife did not take place of an English countess; and how the princess herself would grow still fonder of the Pretender[2] for the similitude of his fortune with that of *le Roi mon mari!* Her daughter, Mirepoix, was frightened the other night with Miss Nugent's calling out, *un voleur! un voleur!* The ambassadress had heard so much of robbery, that she did not doubt but *dans ce pays-ci*, they robbed in the middle of an assembly. It turned out to be *a thief in the candle!* Good-night!

THE EARL OF CHATHAM.

Another series of letters, written at this time, has since been published. The collection is far inferior in value, but its author was one of the greatest men of his age—perhaps the first of English orators and statesmen. We allude to a volume of letters written by the Earl of Chatham to his nephew, Thomas Pitt, (Lord Camelford). The work contains much excellent advice as to life and conduct, a sincere admiration of classical learning, and great kindliness of domestic feeling and affection. Another collection of the correspondence of Lord Chatham was made and published in 1838, in four volumes. Some light is thrown on contemporary history and public events by this correspondence; but its principal value is of a reflex nature, derived from our interest in all that relates to the lofty and commanding intellect which shaped the destinies of Europe. WILLIAM PITT was born on the 15th of November 1708. He was educated at Eton, whence he removed to Trinity college, Oxford. He was afterwards a cornet in the 'Blues.' His military career, however, was of short duration; for before he was quite twenty-one, he had a seat in parliament. His talents for debate were soon conspicuous, and on the occasion of a bill for registering seamen in 1740 he made his memorable reply to Mr Walpole, who had taunted him on account of his youth. This burst of youthful ardour has been put into this shape by Dr Johnson, who then reported the parliamentary debates for the Gentleman's Magazine. Johnson was no laborious or diligent note-taker; he often had merely verbal communications of the sentiments of the speakers, which he imbued with his own energy, and coloured with his peculiar style and diction. Pitt's reply to Walpole may therefore be considered the composition of Johnson, founded on some note or statement of the actual speech; yet we are tempted to transcribe it, on account of its celebrity and its eloquence:—

1 The Princess Craon, who [illegible] to marry Stanislaus Leczinsky, Duke of Lorraine and ex-king of Poland, whose daughter, Maria Leczinsky, was married to Louis XV., king of France.

2 This is the story of a woman named Mary Mignot. She was near marrying a young man of the name of La Gardie, who afterwards entered the Swedish service and became a field-marshal in that country. Her first husband was, if I mistake not, a procureur of the noblesse; her second was the Maréchal de l'Hôpital; and her third is supposed to have been Casimir, the ex-king of Poland, who had retired, after his abdication, to the monastery of St Germain des Près. It does not however appear certain whether Casimir actually married her or not.

1 Lady Pomfret and Princess Craon did not visit at Florence, upon a dispute of precedence.

2 The Pretender, when in Lorraine, lived in Prince Craon's house.

[Speech of Chatham on being taunted on account of youth.]

Sir—The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny, but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not, sir, assume the province of determining; but surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object either of abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his gray hairs should secure him from insult. Much more, sir, is he to be abhorred who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and become more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country. But youth, sir, is not my only crime; I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

In the first sense, sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though, perhaps, I may have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age, or modelled by experience. But if any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behaviour, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intrench themselves, nor shall anything but age restrain my resentment; age, which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious, without punishment. But with regard, sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion that if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure; the heat that offended them is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavours, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect him in his villainy, and whoever may partake of his plunder.

We need not follow the public career of Pitt, which is, in fact, a part of the history of England during a long and agitated period. His style of oratory was of the highest class, rapid, vehement, and overpowering, and it was adorned by all the graces of action and delivery. His public conduct was singularly pure and disinterested, considering the venality of the times in which he lived; but as a statesman he was often inconsistent, haughty, and impracticable. His acceptance of a peerage (in 1766) hurt his popularity with the nation, who loved and reverenced him as 'the great commoner;' but he still 'shook the senate' with the resistless appeals of his eloquence. His speech—delivered when he was upwards of sixty, and broken down and enfeebled by disease—against the employment of Indians in the war with America, is too characteristic, too noble, to be omitted.

[Speech of Chatham against the employment of Indians in the war with America.]

I cannot, my lords, I will not, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment; it is not a time for adulation; the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelop it, and display in its full danger and genuine colours, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can parliament be so dead to their dignity and duty, as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them; measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt? But yesterday, and England might have stood against the world; now, none so poor as do her reverence! The people whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against us, supplied with every military store, have their interest consulted, and their ambassadors entertained, by our inveterate enemy—and ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honours the English troops than I do; I know their virtues and their valour; I know they can achieve anything but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility. You cannot, my lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot: your attempts will be for ever vain and impotent; doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—never, never, never! But, my lords, who is the man that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorise and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage?—to call into civilised alliance the wild and inhuman inhabitant of the woods?—to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. But, my lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality; 'for it is perfectly allowable,' says Lord Suffolk, 'to use all the means which God and nature have put into our hands.' I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed; to hear them avowed in this house or in this country. My lords, I did not intend to encroach so much on your attention, but I cannot repress my indignation—I feel myself impelled to speak. My lords, we are called upon as members of this house, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity! 'That God and nature have put into our hands!' What ideas of God and nature that noble lord may entertain I know not, but I know that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion

and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife! to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honour These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation I call upon that right reverend and this most learned bench, to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn, upon the judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution I call upon the honour of your lordships to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country to vindicate the national character I invoke the Genius of the Constitution From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country In vain did he defend the liberty and establish the religion of Britain against the tyranny of Rome, if these worse than Popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are endured among us To send forth the merciless cannibal, thirsting for blood! against whom? your Protestant brethren! to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name by the aid and instrumentality of these horrible hell-hounds of war! Spain can no longer boast pre-eminence in barbarity She armed herself with blood-hounds to extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico, we, more ruthless, loose these dogs of war against our countrymen in America, endeared to us by every tie that can sanctify humanity I solemnly call upon your lordships, and upon every order of men in the state, to stamp upon this infamous procedure the indelible stigma of the public abhorrence More particularly I call upon the holy prelates of our religion to do away this iniquity let them perform a lustration, to purify the country from this deep and deadly sin My lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more, but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor even reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving vent to my eternal abhorrence of such enormous and preposterous principles.

The last public appearance and death of Lord Chatham are thus described by Belsham in his history of Great Britain —

'The mind feels interested in the minutest circumstances relating to the last day of the public life of this renowned statesman and patriot He was dressed in a rich suit of black velvet, with a full wig, and covered up to the knees in flannel On his arrival in the house, he refreshed himself in the lord chancellor's room, where he stayed till prayers were over, and till he was informed that business was going to begin He was then led into the house by his son and son-in-law, Mr William Pitt and Lord Viscount Mahon, all the lords standing up out of respect, and making a lane for him to pass to the earl's bench he bowing very gracefully to them as he proceeded He looked pale and much emaciated, but his eye retained all its native fire, which, joined to his general deportment, and the attention of the house, formed a spectacle very striking and impressive

When the Duke of Richmond had sat down, Lord Chatham rose, and began by lamenting "that his bodily infirmities had so long and at so important a crisis prevented his attendance on the duties of parliament. He declared that he had made an effort almost beyond the powers of his constitution to come down to the house on this day, perhaps the last time he should ever be able to enter its walls, to express the indignation he felt at the idea which he understood was gone forth of yielding up the sovereignty of America My lords," continued he, "I rejoice that the grave has not closed upon me, that I am still alive to lift up my voice against the dismemberment of this ancient and noble monarchy. Pressed down as I am by the load of infirmity, I am little able to assist my country in this most perilous conjuncture, but, my lords, while I have sense and memory, I never will consent to tarnish the lustre of this nation by an ignominious surrender of its rights and fairest possessions Shall a people, so lately the terror of the world, now fall prostrate before the house of Bourbon? It is impossible! In God's name, if it is absolutely necessary to declare either for peace or war, and if peace cannot be preserved with honour, why is not war commenced without hesitation? I am not, I confess, well informed of the resources of this kingdom, but I trust it has still sufficient to maintain its just rights, though I know them not Any state, my lords, is better than despair Let us at least make one effort, and if we must fall, let us fall like men"

The Duke of Richmond, in reply, declared himself to be "totally ignorant of the means by which we were to resist with success the combination of America with the house of Bourbon. He urged the noble lord to point out any possible mode, if he were able to do it, of making the Americans renounce that independence of which they were in possession His Grace added, that if he could not, no man could; and that it was not in his power to change his opinion on the noble lord's authority, unsupported by any reasons but a recital of the calamities arising from a state of things not in the power of this country now to alter."

Lord Chatham, who had appeared greatly moved during the reply, made an eager effort to rise at the conclusion of it, as if labouring with some great idea, and impatient to give full scope to his feelings; but before he could utter a word, pressing his hand on his bosom, he fell down suddenly in a convulsive fit The Duke of Cumberland, Lord Temple, and other lords near him, caught him in their arms The house was immediately cleared, and his lordship being carried into an adjoining apartment, the debate was adjourned Medical assistance being obtained, his lordship in some degree recovered, and was conveyed to his favourite villa of Hayes, in Kent, where, after lingering some few weeks, he expired May 11, 1778, in the 70th year of his age'

Grattan, the Irish orator, has drawn the character of Lord Chatham with such felicity and vigour of style, that it will ever be preserved, if only for its composition The glittering point and antithesis of his thoughts and language, have seldom been united to such originality and force —

'The secretary stood alone Modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity His august mind overawed majesty; and one of his sovereigns thought royalty so impaired in his presence, that he conspired to remove him, in order to be relieved from his superiority. No state chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics, sunk him to the vulgar level of the great; but, overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable, his object was England, his ambition was fame. Without dividing, he destroyed party; without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous France sunk beneath him. With one hand he smote the house of Bourbon, and wielded in the other the democracy of England. The sight of his mind was infinite; and his schemes were to affect,

not England, not the present age only, but Europe and posterity. Wonderful were the means by which these schemes were accomplished; always seasonable, always adequate, the suggestions of an understanding animated by ardour and enlightened by prophecy.

The ordinary feelings which make life amiable and indolent were unknown to him. No domestic difficulties, no domestic weakness, reached him; but aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and unsullied by its intercourse, he came occasionally into our system to counsel and to decide.

A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age, and the treasury trembled at the name of Pitt through all the classes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that she had found defects in this statesman, and talked much of the inconsistency of his glory, and much of the ruin of his victories, but the history of his country, and the calamities of the enemy, answered and refuted her. Nor were his political abilities his only talents: his eloquence was an era in the senate, peculiar and spontaneous, familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instinctive wisdom; not like the torrent of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully, it resembled sometimes the thunder, and sometimes the music of the spheres. Like Murray, he did not conduct the understanding through the painful subtlety of argumentation, nor was he, like Townshend, for ever on the rack of exertion; but rather lightened upon the subject, and reached the point by the flashings of the mind, which, like those of his eye, were felt, but could not be followed. Upon the whole, there was in this man something that could create, subvert, or reform, an understanding, a spirit, and an eloquence to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and to rule the wilderness of free minds with unbounded authority; something that could establish or overwhelm empire, and strike a blow in the world that should resound through the universe.

ENCYCLOPÆDIAS AND MAGAZINES.

The *Cyclopædia* of EPHRAIM CHAMBERS, published in 1728, in two folio volumes, was the first dictionary or repertory of general knowledge produced in Britain. Chambers, who had been reared to the business of a globe-maker, and was a man of respectable though not profound attainments, died in 1740. His work was printed five times during the subsequent eighteen years, and has finally been extended, in the present century, under the care of Dr ABRAHAM REES, to forty volumes in quarto. Dr JOHN CAMPBELL, whose share in compiling the *Universal History* has already been spoken of, began in 1742 to publish his *Lives of the British Admirals*, and three years later commenced the *Biographia Britannica*; works of considerable magnitude, and which still possess a respectable reputation. The reign of George II. produced many other attempts to familiarise knowledge, but it seems only necessary to allude to one of these, the *Preceptor* of ROBERT DODSLEY, first published in 1748, and which long continued to be a favourite and useful book. It embraced within the compass of two volumes, in octavo, treatises on elocution, composition, arithmetic, geography, logic, moral philosophy, human life and manners, and a few other branches of knowledge, then supposed to form a complete course of education.

The age under notice may be termed the epoch of magazines and reviews. The earliest work of the former kind, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, commenced in the year 1731 by Mr Edward Cave, a printer, was at first simply a monthly condensation of newspaper discussions and intelligence, but in the course of a few years became open to the reception of literary and archæological articles. The term magazine thus gradually departed from its original meaning as a depository of extracts from newspapers, till it was understood to refer to monthly miscellanies of literature, such as it is now habitually applied to. The design of Mr Cave was so successful, that it soon met with rivalry, though it was some time before any other work obtained sufficient encouragement to be continued for any lengthened period. The *Literary Magazine*, started in 1735 by Mr Ephraim Chambers, subsisted till about the close of the century. The *London Magazine*, the *British Magazine*, and the *Town and Country Magazine*, were other works of the same kind, published with more or less success during the reigns of George II. and George III. In 1739, the *Scots Magazine* was commenced in Edinburgh, upon a plan nearly similar to the 'Gentleman's;' it survived till 1826, and forms a valuable register of the events of the times over which it extends. In the old magazines, there is little trace of that anxiety for literary excellence which now animates the conductors of such miscellanies; yet, from the notices which they contain respecting the characters, incidents, and manners of former years, they are generally very entertaining. The Gentleman's Magazine continues to be published, and retains much of its early distinction as a literary and archæological repository.

Periodical works, devoted exclusively to the criticism of new books, were scarcely known in Britain till 1749, when the *Monthly Review* was commenced under the patronage of the Whig and low church party. This was followed, in 1756, by the establishment of the *Critical Review*, which for some years was conducted by Dr Smollett, and was devoted to the interests of the Tory party in church and state. These productions, marked by no great ability, were the only publications of the kind previous to the commencement of the *British Critic* in 1793.

Another respectable and useful periodical work was originated in 1758 by Robert Dodsley, under the title of the *Annual Register*, the plan being suggested, as has been said, by Burke, who for some years wrote the historical portion with his usual ability. This work is still published.

Seventh Period.

FROM 1780 TILL THE PRESENT TIME.

POETS.



THE great extent and abundance of the literature of this period might in some measure have been predicted from the progress made during the previous thirty or forty years, in which, as Johnson said, almost every man had come to write and express himself correctly, and the number of readers had been multiplied a thousand-fold. The increase in national wealth and population, in a free country like Great Britain, to the improvement of literature and the arts, and accordingly we find that a more popular and generous style of composition began to supplant the conventional stiffness and classic restraint imposed upon former authors. The human intellect and imagination were sent abroad on wider surveys, and with more ambitious views. To excite a great mass of hearers, the public orator finds it necessary to appeal to the strong or passionate and universal sympathies of his audience, and in like manner, writing for a large number of readers, must adopt similar means, or fail of success. It seems natural that as society advanced, the character of our literature should become assimilated to it, and partake of the onward movement, the popular feeling, and rising energy of the nation. There were, however, some great public events and accidental circumstances which assisted in bringing about a change. The American war, by exciting the eloquence of Chatham and Burke, awakened the spirit of the nation. The enthusiasm was continued by the poet Cowper, who sympathised keenly with his fellow-men, and had a warm love of his native country. Cowper wrote from no system; he had not read a poet for seventeen years, but he drew the distinguishing features of English life and scenery with such graphic power and beauty, that the mere poetry of art and fashion, and the stock images of descriptive verse, could not but appear mean, affected, and commonplace. Warton's 'History of Poetry,' and Percy's 'Reliques,' threw back the imagination to the bolder and freer era of our national literature, and the German drama, with all its horrors and extravagance, was something better than mere delineations of manners or incidental satire. The French Revolution came next, and seemed to break down all artificial distinctions. Talent and virtue only were to be regarded, and the spirit of man was to enter on a new course of free and glorious action. This dream passed away; but it had sunk deep into some ardent minds, and its fruits were seen in bold speculations on the hopes and destiny of man, in the strong colourings of nature and passion, and in the free and flexible movements of the native genius of our poetry. Since then every department of literature has been cultivated with success. In fiction, the name of Scott is inferior only to that of Shakspeare; in criticism, a new era may be dated from the establishment of the Edinburgh Review; and in historical composition, if we have no Hume or Gibbon, we have the results of far more valuable and diligent research. Truth and nature have been more truly and devoutly worshipped, and real excellence more highly prized. It has been feared by some that the principle of utility, which is recognised as one of the features of the present age, and the progress of mechanical knowledge, would be fatal to the higher efforts of imagination, and diminish the territories of the poet. This seems a groundless fear. It did not damp the ardour of Scott or Byron, and it has not prevented the poetry of Wordsworth from gradually working its way into public favour. If we have not the chivalry and romance of the Elizabethan age, we have the ever-living passions of human nature, and the wide theatre of the world, now accurately known and discriminated, as a field for the exercise of genius. We have the benefit of all past knowledge and literature to exalt our standard of imitation and taste, and a more sure reward in the encouragement and applause of a populous and enlightened nation. 'The literature of England,' says Shelley, 'has arisen, as it were, from a new birth. In spite of the low-thoughted envy which would undervalue contemporary merit, our own will be a memorable age in intellectual achievements, and we live among such philosophers and poets as surpass, beyond comparison, any who have appeared since the last national struggle for civil and religious liberty. The most unfailing herald, companion, and follower of the awakening of a great people to work a beneficial change in opinion or institution, is poetry. At such periods there is an accumulation of the power of communicating and receiving intense and impassioned conceptions respecting man and nature. The persons in whom this power resides, may often, as far as regards many portions of their nature, have little apparent correspondence with that spirit of good of which they are the ministers. But even whilst they deny and abjure, they are yet compelled to serve the power which is seated on the throne of their own soul. It is impossible to read the compositions of the most celebrated writers of the present day, without being startled with the electric life which burns within their words. They measure the circumference and sound the depths of human nature with a comprehensive and all-penetrating spirit, and they are themselves perhaps the most sincerely astonished at its manifestations, for it is less their spirit than the spirit of the age. Poets are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present; the words which express what they understand not; the trumpets which sing to battle, and feel not what they inspire; the influence which is moved not, but moves. Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world.'

WILLIAM COWPER.

WILLIAM COWPER, 'the most popular poet of his generation, and the best of English letter-writers,' as Mr Southey has designated him, belonged empha-



William Cowper.

tically to the aristocracy of England. His father, the Rev. Dr Cowper, chaplain to George II., was the son of Spencer Cowper, one of the judges of the court of common pleas, and a younger brother of the first Earl Cowper, lord chancellor. His mother was allied to some of the noblest families in England, descended by four different lines from King Henry III. This lofty lineage cannot add to the lustre of the poet's fame, but it sheds additional grace on his piety and humility. Dr Cowper, besides his royal chaplaincy, held the rectory of Great Berkhamstead, in the county of Hertford, and there the poet was born, November 15, 1731. In his sixth year he lost his mother (whom he tenderly and affectionately remembered through all his life), and was placed at a boarding-school, where he continued two years. The tyranny of one of his school-fellows, who held in complete subjection and abject fear the timid and home-sick boy, led to his removal from this seminary, and undoubtedly prejudiced him against the whole system of public education. He was next placed at Westminster school, where, as he says, he served a seven years' apprenticeship to the classics; and at the age of eighteen was removed, in order to be articled to an attorney. Having passed through this training (with the future Lord Chancellor Thurlow for his fellow-clerk), Cowper, in 1754, was called to the bar. He never, however, made the law a study: in the solicitor's office he and Thurlow were 'constantly employed from morning to night in giggling and making giggle,' and in his chambers in the Temple he wrote gay verses, and associated with Bonnel Thornton, Colman, Lloyd, and other wits. He contributed a few papers to the Connoisseur and to the St James's Chronicle, both conducted by his friends. Darker days were at hand. Cowper's father was now dead, his patrimony was small, and he was in his thirty-second year, almost 'unprovided with an aim,' for the law was with him a mere nominal profession. In this crisis of his fortunes his kinsman, Major Cowper, presented him to the office of clerk of the journals to the House of Lords—a desirable and lucrative appointment. Cowper accepted it; but the labour of studying the forms of procedure, and the dread of qualifying himself by appearing at the bar of the House of Lords, plunged him in the deepest misery and distress. The seeds of insanity were then in his frame; and after brooding over his fancied ills till reason had fled, he attempted to commit suicide. Happily this desperate effort failed; the appointment was given up, and Cowper was removed to a private madhouse at St Albans, kept by Dr Cotton. The cloud of horror gradually passed away, and on his recovery, he resolved to withdraw entirely from the society and business of the world. He had still a small portion of his funds left, and his friends subscribed a further sum, to enable him to live frugally in retirement. The bright hopes of Cowper's youth seemed thus to have all vanished: his prospects of advancement in the world were gone; and in the new-born zeal of his religious fervour, his friends might well doubt whether his reason had been completely restored. He retired to the town of Huntingdon, near Cambridge, where his brother resided, and there formed an intimacy with the family of the Rev. Morley Unwin, a clergyman resident in the place. He was adopted as one of the family; and when Mr Unwin himself was suddenly removed, the same connexion was continued with his widow. Death only could sever a tie so strongly knit—cemented by mutual faith and friendship, and by sorrows of which the world knew nothing. To the latest generation the name of Mary Unwin will be united with that of Cowper, partaker of his fame as of his sad decline—

By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light.

After the death of Mr Unwin in 1767, the family were advised by the Rev. John Newton—a remarkable man in many respects—to fix their abode at Olney, in the northern division of Buckinghamshire, where Mr Newton himself officiated as curate. This



Olney Church.

was accordingly done, and Cowper removed with them to a spot which he has consecrated by his genius. He had still the river Ouse with him, as at Huntingdon, but the scenery is more varied and attractive, and abounds in fine retired walks. His life was that of a religious recluse; he ceased corresponding with his friends, and associated only with Mrs Unwin and Newton. The latter engaged

his assistance in writing a volume of hymns, but his morbid melancholy gained ground, and in 1773 it became a case of decided insanity. About two years were passed in this unhappy state. On his recovery, Cowper took to gardening, rearing hares, drawing landscapes, and composing poetry. The latter was fortunately the most permanent enjoyment; and its fruits appeared in a volume of poems published in 1782. The sale of the work was slow; but his friends were eager in its praise, and it received the approbation of Johnson and Franklin. His correspondence was resumed, and cheerfulness again became an inmate of his retreat at Olney. This happy change was augmented by the presence of a third party. Lady Austen, a widow, who came to reside in the immediate neighbourhood of Olney, and whose conversation for a time charmed away the melancholy spirit of Cowper. She told him the story of John Gilpin, and 'the famous horseman and his feats were an inexhaustible source of merriment.' Lady Austen also prevailed upon the poet to try his powers in blank verse, and from her suggestion sprung the noble poem of *The Task*. This memorable friendship was at length dissolved. The lady exacted too much of the time and attention of the poet—perhaps a shade of jealousy on the part of Mrs Unwin, with respect to the superior charms and attractions of her rival, intervened to increase the alienation—and before the Task was finished, its fair inspirer had left Olney without any intention of returning to it. In 1785 the new volume was published. Its success was instant and decided. The public were glad to hear the true voice of poetry and of nature, and in the rural descriptions and fireside scenes of the Task, they saw the features of English scenery and domestic life faithfully delineated. 'The Task,' says Southey, 'was at once descriptive, moral, and satirical. The descriptive parts everywhere bore evidence of a thoughtful mind and a gentle spirit, as well as of an observant eye; and the moral sentiment which pervaded them gave a charm in which descriptive poetry is often found wanting. The best didactic poems, when compared with the Task, are like formal gardens in comparison with woodland scenery.' As soon as he had completed his labours for the publication of his second volume, Cowper entered upon an undertaking of a still more arduous nature—a translation of Homer. He had gone through the great Grecian at Westminster school, and afterwards read him critically in the Temple, and he was impressed with but a poor opinion of the translation of Pope. Setting himself to a daily task of forty lines, he at length accomplished the forty thousand verses. He published by subscription, in which his friends were generously active. The work appeared in 1791, in two volumes quarto. In the interval the poet and Mrs Unwin had removed to Weston, a beautiful village about a mile from Olney. His cousin, Lady Hesketh, a woman of refined and fascinating manners, had visited him; he had also formed a friendly intimacy with the family of the Throckmortons, to whom Weston belonged, and his circumstances were comparatively easy. His malady, however, returned upon him with full force, and Mrs Unwin being rendered helpless by palsy, the task of nursing her fell upon the sensitive and dejected poet. A careful revision of his Homer, and an engagement to edit a new edition of Milton, were the last literary undertakings of Cowper. The former he completed, but without improving the first edition: his second task was never finished. A deepening gloom settled on his mind, with occasionally bright intervals. A visit to his friend Hayley, at Eartham, produced a short cessation of his mental suffering, and in 1794 a pension of £300 was granted to him from the crown. He was induced, in 1795, to remove with Mrs Unwin to Norfolk, on a visit to some relations, and there Mrs Unwin died on the 17th December 1796. The unhappy poet would not believe that his long tried friend was actually dead; he went to see the body, and on witnessing the unaltered placidity of death, flung himself to the other side of the room with a passionate expression of feeling, and from that time he never mentioned her name nor spoke of her again. He lingered on for more than three years, still under the same dark shadow of religious despondency and terror, but occasionally writing, and listening attentively to works read to him by his friends. His last poem was the *Castaway*, a strain of touching and beautiful verse, which showed no decay of his poetical powers: at length death came to his release on the 25th of April 1800. So sad and strange a



Cowper's Monument.

destiny has never before or since been that of a man of genius. With wit and humour at will, he was nearly all his life plunged in the darkest melancholy. Innocent, pious, and confiding, he lived in perpetual dread of everlasting punishment: he could only see between him and heaven a high wall which he despaired of ever being able to scale; yet his intellectual vigour was not subdued by affliction. What he wrote for amusement or relief in the midst of 'supreme distress,' surpasses the elaborate efforts of others made under the most favourable circumstances; and in the very winter of his days, his fancy was as fresh and blooming as in the spring and morning of existence. That he was constitutionally prone to melancholy and insanity, seems undoubted; but the predisposing causes were as surely aggravated by his strict and secluded mode of life. Lady Hesketh was a better guide and companion than John Newton; and no one can read his letters without observing that cheerfulness was inspired by the one, and terror by the other. The iron frame of Newton could stand unmoved amidst shocks that destroyed the shrinking and apprehensive mind of Cowper. All, however, have now gone to their account—the stern yet kind minister, the faithful Mary Unwin, the gentle high-born relations

who forsook ease, and luxury, and society to soothe the misery of one wretched being, and that immortal being himself has passed away, scarce conscious that he had bequeathed an imperishable treasure to mankind. We have greater and loftier poets than Cowper, but none so entirely incorporated, as it were, with our daily existence—none so completely a friend—our companion in woodland wanderings, and in moments of serious thought—ever gentle and affectionate, even in his transient fits of ascetic gloom—a pure mirror of affections, regrets, feelings, and desires which we have all felt or would wish to cherish. Shakspeare, Spenser, and Milton, are spirits of ethereal kind: Cowper is a steady and valuable friend, whose society we may sometimes neglect for that of more splendid and attractive associates, but whose unwavering principle and purity of character, joined to rich intellectual powers, overflow upon us in secret, and bind us to him for ever.

It is scarcely to be wondered at that Cowper's first volume was coldly received. The subjects of his poems (Table Talk, the Progress of Error, Truth, Expostulation, Hope, Charity, &c.) did not promise much, and his manner of handling them was not calculated to conciliate a fastidious public. He was both too harsh and too spiritual for general readers. Johnson had written moral poems in the same form of verse, but they possessed a rich declamatory grandeur and brilliancy of illustration which Cowper did not attempt, and probably would, from principle, have rejected. There are passages, however, in these evangelical works of Cowper of masterly execution and lively fancy. His character of Chatham has rarely been surpassed, even by Pope or Dryden:—

A. Patriots, alas! the few that have been found
Where most they flourish, upon English ground,
The country's need have scantily supplied;
And the last left the scene when Chatham died.
B. Not so; the virtue still adorns our age,
Though the chief actor died upon the stage.
In him Demosthenes was heard again;
Liberty taught him her Athenian strain;
She clothed him with authority and awe,
Spoke from his lips, and in his looks gave law.
His speech, his form, his action full of grace,
And all his country beaming in his face,
He stood as some inimitable hand
Would strive to make a Paul or Tully stand.
No sycophant or slave that dared oppose
Her sacred cause, but trembled when he rose;
And every venal stickler for the yoke,
Felt himself crushed at the first word he spoke.

Neither has the fine simile with which the following retrospect closes:—

Ages elapsed ere Homer's lamp appeared,
And ages ere the Mantuan swan was heard;
To carry nature lengths unknown before,
To give a Milton birth asked ages more.
Thus genius rose and set at ordered times,
And shot a day-spring into distant climes,
Ennobling every region that he chose.
He sunk in Greece, in Italy he rose;
And, tedious years of Gothic darkness past,
Emerged all splendour in our isle at last.
Thus lovely halcyons dive into the main,
Then show far off their shining plumes again.

The poem of Conversation in this volume is rich in Addisonian humour and satire, and formed no unworthy prelude to the Task. In Hope and Retirement, we see traces of the descriptive powers and natural pleasantry afterwards so finely developed. The highest flight in the whole, and the one most characteristic of Cowper, is his sketch of

[*The Greenland Missionaries.*]

That sound bespeaks salvation on her way,
The trumpet of a life-restoring day;
'Tis heard where England's eastern glory shines,
And in the gulfs of her Cornubian mines.
And still it spreads. See Germany send forth
Her sons to pour it on the farthest north;
Fired with a zeal peculiar, they defy
The rage and rigour of a polar sky,
And plant successfully sweet Sharon's rose
On icy plains and in eternal snows.
Oh blessed within the enclosure of your rocks,
Nor herds have ye to boast, nor bleating flocks;
No fertilising streams your fields divide,
That show reversed the villas on their side;
No groves have ye; no cheerful sound of bird,
Or voice of turtle in your land is heard;
Nor grateful eglantine regales the smell
Of those that walk at evening where ye dwell;
But Winter, armed with terrors here unknown,
Sits absolute on his unshaken throne,
Piles up his stores amidst the frozen waste,
And bids the mountains he has built stand fast;
Beckons the legions of his storms away
From happier scenes to make your lands a prey;
Proclaims the soil a conquest he has won,
And scorns to share it with the distant sun.
Yet Truth is yours, remote unenvied isle!
And Peace, the genuine offspring of her smile;
The pride of lettered ignorance, that binds
In chains of error our accomplished minds,
That decks with all the splendour of the true,
A false religion, is unknown to you.
Nature indeed vouchsafes for our delight
The sweet vicissitudes of day and night;
Soft airs and genial moisture feed and cheer
Field, fruit, and flower, and every creature here;
But brighter beams than his who fires the skies
Have risen at length on your admiring eyes,
That shoot into your darkest caves the day
From which our nicer optics turn away.

In this mixture of argument and piety, poetry and plain sense, we have the distinctive traits of Cowper's genius. The freedom acquired by composition, and especially the presence of Lady Austen, led to more valuable results; and when he entered upon the Task, he was far more disposed to look at the sunny side of things, and to launch into general description. His versification underwent a similar improvement. His former poems were often rugged in style and expression, and were made so on purpose, to avoid the polished uniformity of Pope and his imitators. He was now sensible that he had erred on the opposite side, and accordingly the Task was made to unite strength and freedom with elegance and harmony. No poet has introduced so much idiomatic expression into a grave poem of blank verse; but the higher passages are all carefully finished, and rise or fall, according to the nature of the subject, with inimitable grace and melody. In this respect Cowper, as already mentioned, has greatly the advantage of Thomson, whose stately march is never relaxed, however trivial be the theme. The variety of the Task in style and manner, no less than in subject, is one of its greatest charms. The mock-heroic opening is a fine specimen of his humour, and from this he slides into rural description and moral reflection so naturally and easily, that the reader is carried along apparently without an effort. The scenery of the Ouse—its level plains and spacious meads—is described with the vividness of painting, and the

poet then elevates the character of his picture by a rapid sketch of still nobler features:—

[*Rural Sounds.*]

Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid nature. Mighty winds
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind,
Unnumbered branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves fast fluttering all at once.
Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of neighbouring fountain, or of rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
In matted grass, that with a livelier green
Betrays the secret of their silent course.
Nature inanimate displays sweet sounds,
But animated nature sweeter still,
To soothe and satisfy the human ear.
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The livelong night; nor these alone whose notes
Nice-fingered art must emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
In still-repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and even the boding owl
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,
And only there, please highly for their sake.

The freedom of this versification, and the admirable variety of pause and cadence, must strike the most uncritical reader. With the same playful strength and equal power of landscape painting, he describes

[*The Diversified Character of Creation.*]

The earth was made so various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, might be indulged.
Prospects, however lovely, may be seen
Till half their beauties fade; the weary sight,
Too well acquainted with their smiles, slides off
Fastidious, seeking less familiar scenes.
Then snug enclosures in the sheltered vale,
Where frequent hedges intercept the eye,
Delight us, happy to renounce a while,
Not senseless of its charms, what still we love,
That such short absence may endear it more.
Then forests, or the savage rock may please
That hides the sea-mew in his hollow clefts
Above the reach of man; his hoary head
Conspicuous many a league, the mariner
Bound homeward, and in hope already there,
Greets with three cheers exulting. At his waist
A girdle of half-withered shrubs he shows,
And at his feet the baffled billows die.
The common overgrown with fern, and rough
With prickly goss, that, shapeless and deform,
And dangerous to the touch, has yet its bloom,
And decks itself with ornaments of gold,
Yields no unpleasing ramble; there the turf
Smells fresh, and rich in odoriferous herbs
And fungous fruits of earth, regales the sense
With luxury of unexpected sweets.

From the beginning to the end of the Task we never lose sight of the author. His love of country rambles, when a boy,

O'er hills, through valleys, and by river's brink;

his walks with Mrs Unwin, when he had exchanged the Thames for the Ouse, and had 'grown sober in the vale of years;' his playful satire and tender admonition, his denunciation of slavery, his noble patriotism, his devotional earnestness and sublimity, his warm sympathy with his fellow-men, and his exquisite paintings of domestic peace and happiness, are all so much self-portraiture, drawn with the ripe skill and taste of the master, yet with a modesty that shrinks from the least obtrusiveness and display. The very rapidity of his transitions, where things light and sportive are drawn up with the most solemn truths, and satire, pathos, and reproof alternately mingle or repel each other, are characteristic of his mind and temperament in ordinary life. His inimitable ease and colloquial freedom, which lends such a charm to his letters, is never long absent from his poetry; and his peculiar tastes, as seen in that somewhat grandiloquent line,

Who loves a garden, loves a greenhouse too,

are all pictured in the pure and lucid pages of the Task. It cannot be said that Cowper ever abandoned his sectarian religious tenets, yet they are little seen in his great work. His piety is that which all should feel and venerate; and if his sad experience of the world had tinged the prospect of life, 'its fluctuations and its vast concerns,' with a deeper shade than seems consonant with the general welfare and happiness, it also imparted a higher authority and more impressive wisdom to his earnest and solemn appeals. He was 'a stricken deer that left the herd,' conscious of the follies and wants of those he left behind, and inspired with power to minister to the delight and instruction of the whole human race.

[*From 'Conversation.'*]

The emphatic speaker dearly loves to oppose,
In contact inconvenient, nose to nose,
As if the gnomon on his neighbour's phiz,
Touched with a magnet, had attracted his.
His whispered theme, dilated and at large,
Proves after all a wind-gun's airy charge—
An extract of his diary—no more
A tasteless journal of the day before.
He walked abroad, o'ertaken in the rain,
Called on a friend, drank tea, stept home again;
Resumed his purpose, had a world of talk
With one he stumbled on, and lost his walk;
I interrupt him with a sudden bow,
Adieu, dear sir, lest you should lose it now.
  A graver coxcomb we may sometimes see,
Quite as absurd, though not so light as he:
A shallow brain behind a serious mask,
An oracle within an empty cask,
The solemn fop, significant and budge;
A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge;
He says but little, and that little said,
Owes all its weight, like loaded dice, to lead.
His wit invites you by his looks to come,
But when you knock, it never is at home:
'Tis like a parcel sent you by the stage,
Some handsome present, as your hopes presage;
'Tis heavy, bulky, and bids fair to prove
An absent friend's fidelity of love;
But when unpacked, your disappointment groans
To find it stuffed with brickbats, earth, and stones.
  Some men employ their health—an ugly trick—
In making known how oft they have been sick,
And give us in recitals of disease
A doctor's trouble, but without the fees;
Relate how many weeks they kept their bed,
How an emetic or cathartic sped;
Nothing is slightly touched, much less forgot;
Nose, ears, and eyes seem present on the spot.

Now the distemper, spite of draught or pill,
Victorious seemed, and now the doctor's skill;
And now—alas! for unforeseen mishaps!
They put on a damp nightcap, and relapse;
They thought they must have died, they were so bad,
Their peevish hearers almost wish they had.
Some fretful tempers wince at every touch,
You always do too little or too much:
You speak with life, in hopes to entertain,
Your elevated voice goes through the brain;
You fall at once into a lower key,
That's worse, the drone-pipe of a humble bee.
The southern sash admits too strong a light;
You rise and drop the curtain—now 'tis night.
He shakes with cold—you stir the fire, and strive
To make a blaze—that's roasting him alive.
Serve him with venison, and he chooses fish;
With sole—that's just the sort he would not wish.
He takes what he at first professed to loathe,
And in due time feeds heartily on both;
Yet still o'erclouded with a constant frown,
He does not swallow, but he gulps it down.
Your hope to please him vain on every plan,
Himself should work that wonder, if he can.
Alas! his efforts double his distress.
He likes yours little and his own still less;
Thus always teasing others, always teased,
His only pleasure is to be displeased.
I pity bashful men, who feel the pain
Of fancied scorn and undeserved disdain,
And bear the marks upon a blushing face
Of needless shame and self-imposed disgrace.
Our sensibilities are so acute,
The fear of being silent makes us mute.
We sometimes think we could a speech produce
Much to the purpose, if our tongues were loose;
But being tried, it dies upon the lip,
Faint as a chicken's note that has the pip;
Our wasted oil unprofitably burns,
Like hidden lamps in old sepulchral urns.

On the Receipt of his Mother's Picture

Oh that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smiles I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else, how distinct they say,
'Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!'
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalise,
The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidd'st me honour, with an artless song
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief;
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.
My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unseen, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such? It was. Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting sound shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of a quick return:
What ardently I wished I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived;
By disappointment every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.
Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet-capt,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession! but the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit or confectionary plum:
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed:
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks,
That humour interposed too often makes;
All this, still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.
Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Would softly speak, and stroke my head and smile),
Could those few pleasant hours again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.
Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed),
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore
'Where tempests never beat nor billows roar;'
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life, long since, has anchored at thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed—
Me howling winds drive devious, tempest-tossed,
Sails ript, seams opening wide, and compass lost;
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
But oh the thought, that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;

But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies.
And now, farewell—Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again:
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;
And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

[Voltaire and the Lace-worker.]

Yon cottager, who weaves at her own door,
Pillow and bobbins all her little store;
Content though mean, and cheerful if not gay,
Shuffling her threads about the live-long day,
Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light;
She, for her humble sphere by nature fit,
Has little understanding, and no wit;
Receives no praise; but though her lot be such
(Toilsome and indigent), she renders much;
Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true—
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew;
And in that charter reads, with sparkling eyes,
Her title to a treasure in the skies.
O happy peasant! O unhappy bard!
His the mere tinsel, hers the rich reward;
He praised, perhaps, for ages yet to come,
She never heard of half a mile from home;
He lost in errors his vain heart prefers,
She safe in the simplicity of hers.

To Mary (Mrs Unwin).

Autumn, 1793.

The twentieth year is well nigh past
Since first our sky was overcast;
Ah, would that this might be our last!
My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow;
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more,
My Mary!

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary!

But well thou play'dst the housewife's part,
And all thy threads, with magic art,
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary!

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language uttered in a dream;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

For, could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign;
Yet gently pressed, press gently mine,
My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou prov'st,
That now at every step thou mov'st
Upheld by two; yet still thou lov'st,
My Mary!

And still to love, though pressed with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed I know,
How oft the sadness that I show,
Transforms thy smiles to looks of wo,
My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,
My Mary!

[Winter Evening in the Country.]

[From 'The Task.']

Hark! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,
That with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright;
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spattered boots, strapped waist, and frozen locks:
News from all nations lumbering at his back.
True to his charge, the close-packed load behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destined inn;
And, having dropped the expected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch!
Cold and yet cheerful: messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;
To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
With tears, that trickled down the writer's cheeks
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swains,
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
But O the important budget! ushered in
With such heart-shaking music, who can say
What are its tidings? have our troops awaked?
Or do they still, as if with opium drugged,
Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic wave?
Is India free? and does she wear her plumed
And jewelled turban with a smile of peace,
Or do we grind her still? The grand debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh—I long to know them all;
I burn to set the imprisoned wranglers free,
And give them voice and utterance once again.
Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.
Not such his evening who, with shining face,
Sweats in the crowded theatre, and squeezed
And bored with elbow-points through both his sides,
Out-scolds the ranting actor on the stage:
Nor his who patient stands till his feet throb,
And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath
Of patriots, bursting with heroic rage,

Or placemen, all tranquillity and smiles.
This folio of four pages, happy work!
Which not even critics criticise; that holds
Inquisitive attention, while I read,
Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break;
What is it but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns?
Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge
That tempts ambition. On the summit see
The seals of office glitter in his eyes;
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them! At his heels,
Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
And with a dexterous jerk soon twists him down,
And wins them but to lose them in his turn.
Here rills of oily eloquence in soft
Meanders lubricate the course they take;
The modest speaker is ashamed and grieved
To engross a moment's notice, and yet begs,
Begs a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,
However trivial all that he conceives.
Sweet bashfulness! it claims at least this praise.
The dearth of information and good sense
That it foretells us, always comes to pass.
Cataracts of declamation thunder here;
There forests of no meaning spread the page,
In which all comprehension wanders lost;
While fields of pleasantry amuse us there,
With merry descants on a nation's woes.
The rest appears a wilderness of strange
But gay confusion; roses for the cheeks,
And lilies for the brows of faded age,
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald.
Heaven, earth, and ocean, plundered of their sweets;
Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,
Sermons, and city feasts, and favourite airs,
Æthereal journeys, submarine exploits,
And Katterfelto,* with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wondering for his bread.
'Tis pleasant through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured ear.
Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
The globe and its concerns, I seem advanced
To some secure and more than mortal height,
That liberates and exempts me from them all.
O Winter! ruler of the inverted year,
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art! Thou hold'st the sun
A prisoner in the yet undawning east,
Shortening his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west; but kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gathering, at short notice, in one group
The family dispersed, and fixing thought,
Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening, know.
No rattling wheels stop short before these gates;
No powdered pert proficient in the art
Of sounding an alarm assaults these doors
Till the street rings; no stationary steeds
Cough their own knell, while, heedless of the sound,
The silent circle fan themselves, and quake:
But here the needle plies its busy task,
The pattern grows, the well-depicted flower,

* A noted conjuror of the day.

Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
Unfolds its bosom: buds, and leaves, and sprigs,
And curling tendrils, gracefully disposed,
Follow the nimble finger of the fair;
A wreath, that cannot fade, of flowers, that blow
With most success when all besides decay.
The poet's or historian's page by one
Made vocal for the amusement of the rest;
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds
The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out;
And the clear voice symphonious, yet distinct,
And in the charming strife triumphant still,
Beguile the night, and set a keener edge
On female industry: the threaded steel
Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.
The volume closed, the customary rites
Of the last meal commence. A Roman meal;
Such as the mistress of the world once found
Delicious, when her patriots of high note,
Perhaps by moonlight, at their humble doors,
And under an old oak's domestic shade,
Enjoyed, spare feast! a radish and an egg.
Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,
Nor such as with a frown forbids the play
Of fancy, or proscribes the sound of mirth:
Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
Who deem religion frenzy, and the God
That made them an intruder on their joys,
Start at his awful name, or deem his praise
A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone,
Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
While we retrace with memory's pointing wand,
That calls the past to our exact review,
The dangers we have 'scaped, the broken snare,
The disappointed foe, deliverance found
Unlooked for, life preserved and peace restored,
Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.
O evenings worthy of the gods! exclaimed
The Sabine bard. O evenings, I reply,
More to be prized and coveted than yours!
As more illumined, and with nobler truths,
That I, and mine, and those we love, enjoy. * *
Come Evening, once again, season of peace;
Return sweet Evening, and continue long!
Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,
With matron-step slow-moving, while the night
Treads on thy sweeping train; one hand employed
In letting fall the curtain of repose
On bird and beast, the other charged for man
With sweet oblivion of the cares of day:
Not sumptuously adorned, nor needing aid,
Like homely-featured night, of clustering gems;
A star or two, just twinkling on thy brow,
Suffices thee; save that the moon is thine
No less than hers: not worn indeed on high
With ostentatious pageantry, but set
With modest grandeur in thy purple zone,
Resplendent less, but of an ampler round.
Come then, and thou shalt find thy votary calm,
Or make me so. Composure is thy gift;
And whether I devote thy gentle hours
To books, to music, or the poet's toil;
To weaving nets for bird-alluring fruit;
Or twining silken threads round ivory reels,
When they command whom man was born to please,
I slight thee not, but make thee welcome still.
Just when our drawing-rooms begin to blaze
With lights, by clear reflection multiplied
From many a mirror, in which he of Gath,
Goliah, might have seen his giant bulk
Whole without stooping, towering crest and all,
My pleasures too begin. But me perhaps
The glowing hearth may satisfy a while
With faint illumination, that uplifts
The shadows to the ceiling, there by fits
Dancing uncouthly to the quivering flame.

Not undelightful is an hour to me
So spent in parlour twilight: such a gloom
Suits well the thoughtful or unthinking mind,
The mind contemplative, with some new theme
Pregnant, or indisposed alike to all.
Laugh ye who boast your more mercurial powers,
That never felt a stupor, know no pause,
Nor need one; I am conscious, and confess
Fearless a soul that does not always think.
Me oft has fancy, ludicrous and wild,
Soothed with a waking dream of houses, towers,
Trees, churches, and strange visages, expressed
In the red cinders, while with poring eye
I gazed, myself creating what I saw.
Nor less amused have I quiescent watched
The sooty films that play upon the bars
Pendulous, and foreboding in the view
Of superstition, prophesying still,
Though still deceived, some stranger's near approach.
'Tis thus the understanding takes repose
In indolent vacuity of thought,
And sleeps and is refreshed. Meanwhile the face
Conceals the mood lethargic with a mask
Of deep deliberation, as the man
Were tasked to his full strength, absorbed and lost.
Thus oft, reclined at ease, I lose an hour
At evening, till at length the freezing blast,
That sweeps the bolted shutter, summons home
The recollected powers; and snapping short
The glassy threads with which the fancy weaves
Her brittle toils, restores me to myself.
How calm is my recess; and how the frost,
Raging abroad, and the rough wind, endear
The silence and the warmth enjoyed within!
I saw the woods and fields at close of day,
A variegated show; the meadows green,
Though faded; and the lands, where lately waved
The golden harvest, of a mellow brown,
Upturned so lately by the forceful share.
I saw far off the weedy fallows smile
With verdure not unprofitable, grazed
By flocks, fast feeding, and selecting each
His favourite herb; while all the leafless groves
That skirt the horizon wore a sable hue,
Scarce noticed in the kindred dusk of eve.
To-morrow brings a change, a total change!
Which even now, though silently performed,
And slowly, and by most unfelt, the face
Of universal nature undergoes.
Fast falls a fleecy shower: the downy flakes
Descending, and with never-ceasing lapse
Softly alighting upon all below,
Assimilate all objects. Earth receives
Gladly the thickening mantle; and the green
And tender blade, that feared the chilling blast,
Escapes unhurt beneath so warm a veil.
  In such a world, so thorny, and where none
Finds happiness unblighted; or, if found,
Without some thistly sorrow at its side,
It seems the part of wisdom, and no sin
Against the law of love, to measure lots
With less distinguished than ourselves; that thus
We may with patience bear our moderate ills,
And sympathise with others suffering more.
Ill fares the traveller now, and he that stalks
In ponderous boots beside his reeking team.
The wain goes heavily, impeded sore
By congregated loads adhering close
To the clogged wheels; and in its sluggish pace
Noiseless appears a moving hill of snow.
The toiling steeds expand the nostril wide,
While every breath, by respiration strong
Forced downward, is consolidated soon
Upon their jutting chests. He, formed to bear
The pelting brunt of the tempestuous night,
With half-shut eyes, and puckered cheeks, and teeth
Presented bare against the storm, plods on.
One hand secures his hat, save when with both
He brandishes his pliant length of whip,
Resounding oft, and never heard in vain.
O happy—and in my account denied
That sensibility of pain with which
Refinement is endued—thrice happy thou!
Thy frame, robust and hardy, feels indeed
The piercing cold, but feels it unimpaired.
The learned finger never need explore
Thy vigorous pulse; and the unhealthful east,
That breathes the spleen, and searches every bone
Of the infirm, is wholesome air to thee.
Thy days roll on exempt from household care;
Thy wagon is thy wife; and the poor beasts
That drag the dull companion to and fro,
Thine helpless charge, dependent on thy care.
Ah, treat them kindly; rude as thou appearest,
Yet show that thou hast mercy! which the great
With needless hurry whirled from place to place,
Humane as they would seem, not always show.
  Poor, yet industrious, modest, quiet, neat,
Such claim compassion in a night like this,
And have a friend in every feeling heart.
Warmed, while it lasts, by labour, all day long
They brave the season, and yet find at eve,
Ill clad, and fed but sparely, time to cool.
The frugal housewife trembles while she lights
Her scanty stock of brushwood, blazing clear,
But dying soon, like all terrestrial joys.
The few small embers left she nurses well;
And, while her infant race, with outspread hands
And crowded knees, sit cowering o'er the sparks,
Retires, content to quake, so they be warmed.
The man feels least, as more inured than she
To winter, and the current in his veins
More briskly moved by his severer toil;
Yet he, too, finds his own distress in theirs.
The taper soon extinguished, which I saw
Dangled along at the cold finger's end
Just when the day declined, and the brown loaf
Lodged on the shelf, half eaten without sauce
Of savoury cheese, or butter, costlier still.
Sleep seems their only refuge: for, alas,
Where penury is felt the thought is chained,
And sweet colloquial pleasures are but few!
With all this thrift they thrive not. All the care
Ingenious parsimony takes, but just
Saves the small inventory, bed and stool,
Skillet and old carved chest, from public sale.
They live, and live without extorted alms
From grudging hands; but other boast have none
To soothe their honest pride, that scorns to beg,
Nor comfort else, but in their mutual love.
I praise you much, ye meek and patient pair,
For ye are worthy; choosing rather far
A dry but independent crust, hard earned,
And eaten with a sigh, than to endure
The rugged frowns and insolent rebuffs
Of knaves in office, partial in the work
Of distribution; liberal of their aid
To clamorous importunity in rags,
But ofttimes deaf to suppliants who would blush
To wear a tattered garb, however coarse,
Whom famine cannot reconcile to filth:
These ask with painful shyness, and, refused
Because deserving, silently retire!
But be ye of good courage! Time itself
Shall much befriend you. Time shall give increase;
And all your numerous progeny, well-trained,
But helpless, in few years shall find their hands,
And labour too. Meanwhile ye shall not want
What, conscious of your virtues, we can spare,
Nor what a wealthier than ourselves may send,
I mean the man who, when the distant poor
Need help, denies them nothing but his name.

[*Love of Nature.*]

[From the same.]

'Tis born with all: the love of Nature's works
Is an ingredient in the compound man,
Infused at the creation of the kind.
And, though the Almighty Maker has throughout
Discriminated each from each, by strokes
And touches of his hand, with so much art
Diversified, that two were never found
Twins at all points—yet this obtains in all,
That all discern a beauty in his works,
And all can taste them: minds, that have been formed
And tutored with a relish, more exact,
But none without some relish, none unmoved.
It is a flame that dies not even there,
Where nothing feeds it: neither business, crowds,
Nor habits of luxurious city-life,
Whatever else they smother of true worth
In human bosoms, quench it or abate.
The villas with which London stands begirt,
Like a swarth Indian with his belt of beads,
Prove it. A breath of unadulterate air,
The glimpse of a green pasture, how they cheer
The citizen, and brace his languid frame!
Even in the stifling bosom of the town,
A garden, in which nothing thrives, has charms
That soothe the rich possessor; much consoled
That here and there some sprigs of mournful mint,
Of nightshade or valerian, grace the wall
He cultivates. These serve him with a hint
That nature lives; that sight-refreshing green
Is still the livery she delights to wear,
Though sickly samples of the exuberant whole.
What are the casements lined with creeping herbs,
The prouder sashes fronted with a range
Of orange, myrtle, or the fragrant weed,
The Frenchman's darling? Are they not all proof
That man, immured in cities, still retains
His inborn inextinguishable thirst
Of rural scenes, compensating his loss
By supplemental shifts the best he may?
The most unfurnished with the means of life,
And they that never pass their brick-wall bounds
To range the fields and treat their lungs with air,
Yet feel the burning instinct; over-head
Suspend their crazy boxes, planted thick,
And watered duly. There the pitcher stands
A fragment, and the spoutless tea-pot there;
Sad witnesses how close-pent man regrets
The country, with what ardour he contrives
A peep at nature, when he can no more.
  Hail, therefore, patroness of health and ease,
And contemplation, heart-consoling joys
And harmless pleasures, in the thronged abode
Of multitudes unknown; hail, rural life!
Address himself who will to the pursuit
Of honours, or emolument, or fame,
I shall not add myself to such a chase,
Thwart his attempts, or envy his success.
Some must be great. Great offices will have
Great talents. And God gives to every man
The virtue, temper, understanding, taste,
That lifts him into life, and lets him fall
Just in the niche he was ordained to fill.
To the deliverer of an injured land
He gives a tongue to enlarge upon, a heart
To feel, and courage to redress her wrongs;
To monarchs dignity; to judges sense;
To artists ingenuity and skill;
To me an unambitious mind, content
In the low vale of life, that early felt
A wish for ease and leisure, and ere long
Found here that leisure and that ease I wished.

[*English Liberty.*]

We love
The king who loves the law, respects his bounds,
And reigns content within them; him we serve
Freely and with delight, who leaves us free:
But recollecting still that he is man,
We trust him not too far. King though he be,
And king in England too, he may be weak,
And vain enough to be ambitious still;
May exercise amiss his proper powers,
Or covet more than freemen choose to grant:
Beyond that mark is treason. He is ours
To administer, to guard, to adorn the state,
But not to warp or change it. We are his
To serve him nobly in the common cause,
True to the death, but not to be his slaves.
Mark now the difference, ye that boast your love
Of kings, between your loyalty and ours.
We love the man, the paltry pageant you;
We the chief patron of the commonwealth,
You the regardless author of its woes;
We for the sake of liberty, a king,
You chains and bondage for a tyrant's sake:
Our love is principle, and has its root
In reason, is judicious, manly, free;
Yours, a blind instinct, crouches to the rod,
And licks the foot that treads it in the dust.
Were kingship as true treasure as it seems,
Sterling, and worthy of a wise man's wish,
I would not be a king to be beloved
Causeless, and daubed with undiscerning praise,
Where love is mere attachment to the throne,
Not to the man who fills it as he ought.
  'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume;
And we are weeds without it. All constraint,
Except what wisdom lays on evil men,
Is evil; hurts the faculties, impedes
Their progress in the road of science, blinds
The eyesight of discovery, and begets
In those that suffer it a sordid mind,
Bestial, a meagre intellect, unfit
To be the tenant of man's noble form.
Thee therefore still, blameworthy as thou art,
With all thy loss of empire, and though squeezed
By public exigence, till annual food
Fails for the craving hunger of the state,
Thee I account still happy, and the chief
Among the nations, seeing thou art free.
My native nook of earth! thy clime is rude,
Replete with vapours, and disposes much
All hearts to sadness, and none more than mine:
Thine unadulterate manners are less soft
And plausible than social life requires,
And thou hast need of discipline and art
To give thee what politer France receives
From nature's bounty—that humane address
And sweetness, without which no pleasure is
In converse, either starved by cold reserve,
Or flushed with fierce dispute, a senseless brawl.
Yet being free, I love thee: for the sake
Of that one feature can be well content,
Disgraced as thou hast been, poor as thou art,
To seek no sublunary rest beside.
But once enslaved, farewell! I could endure
Chains nowhere patiently; and chains at home,
Where I am free by birthright, not at all.
Then what were left of roughness in the grain
Of British natures, wanting its excuse
That it belongs to freemen, would disgust
And shock me. I should then with double pain
Feel all the rigour of thy fickle clime;
And, if I must bewail the blessing lost,
For which our Hampdens and our Sidneys bled,

I would at least bewail it under skies
Milder, among a people less austere;
In scenes which, having never known me free,
Would not reproach me with the loss I felt.
Do I forebode impossible events,
And tremble at vain dreams? Heaven grant I may!
But the age of virtuous politics is past,
And we are deep in that of cold pretence.
Patriots are grown too shrewd to be sincere,
And we too wise to trust them. He that takes
Deep in his soft credulity the stamp
Designed by loud declaimers on the part
Of liberty, themselves the slaves of lust,
Incurs derision for his easy faith,
And lack of knowledge, and with cause enough:
For when was public virtue to be found
Where private was not? Can he love the whole
Who loves no part? He be a nation's friend,
Who is in truth the friend of no man there?
Can he be strenuous in his country's cause
Who slights the charities, for whose dear sake
That country, if at all, must be beloved?
'Tis therefore sober and good men are sad
For England's glory, seeing it wax pale
And sickly, while her champions wear their hearts
So loose to private duty, that no brain,
Healthful and undisturbed by factious fumes,
Can dream them trusty to the general weal.
Such were they not of old, whose tempered blades
Dispersed the shackles of usurped control,
And hewed them link from link; then Albion's sons
Were sons indeed; they felt a filial heart
Beat high within them at a mother's wrongs;
And, shining each in his domestic sphere,
Shone brighter still, once called to public view.
'Tis therefore many, whose sequestered lot
Forbids their interference, looking on,
Anticipate perforce some dire event;
And, seeing the old castle of the state,
That promised once more firmness, so assailed
That all its tempest-beaten turrets shake,
Stand motionless expectants of its fall.
All has its date below; the fatal hour
Was registered in heaven ere time began.
We turn to dust, and all our mightiest works
Die too: the deep foundations that we lay,
Time ploughs them up, and not a trace remains.
We build with what we deem eternal rock:
A distant age asks where the fabric stood:
And in the dust, sifted and searched in vain,
The undiscoverable secret sleeps.

[*A Winter Walk.*]

The night was winter in his roughest mood,
The morning sharp and clear. But now at noon,
Upon the southern side of the slant hills,
And where the woods fence off the northern blast,
The season smiles, resigning all its rage,
And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue
Without a cloud, and white without a speck
The dazzling splendour of the scene below.
Again the harmony comes o'er the vale,
And through the trees I view the embattled tower,
Whence all the music. I again perceive
The soothing influence of the wafted strains,
And settle in soft musings as I tread
The walk, still verdant, under oaks and elms,
Whose outspread branches overarch the glade.
The roof, though movable through all its length
As the wind sways it, has yet well sufficed,
And, intercepting in their silent fall
The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me.
No noise is here, or none that hinders thought.
The redbreast warbles still, but is content
With slender notes, and more than half suppressed:
Pleased with his solitude, and flitting light
From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes
From many a twig the pendant drops of ice,
That tinkle in the withered leaves below.
Stillness, accompanied with sounds so soft,
Charms more than silence. Meditation here
May think down hours to moments. Here the heart
May give a useful lesson to the head,
And learning wiser grow without his books.
Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have ofttimes no connexion. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men,
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which wisdom builds,
Till smoothed and squared and fitted to its place,
Does but incumber whom it seems to enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much,
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.
Books are not seldom talismans and spells,
By which the magic art of shrewder wits
Holds an unthinking multitude enthralled.
Some to the fascination of a name
Surrender judgment, hoodwinked. Some the style
Infatuates, and through labyrinths and wilds
Of error leads them by a tune entranced;
While sloth seduces more, too weak to bear
The insupportable fatigue of thought,
And swallowing therefore without pause or choice
The total grist unsifted, husks and all.
But trees, and rivulets whose rapid course
Defies the check of winter, haunts of deer,
And sheep-walks populous with bleating lambs,
And lanes in which the primrose ere her time
Peeps through the moss that clothes the hawthorn root,
Deceive no student. Wisdom there and truth,
Not shy as in the world, and to be won
By slow solicitation, seize at once
The roving thought, and fix it on themselves.
What prodigies can power divine perform
More grand than it produces year by year,
And all in sight of inattentive man!
Familiar with the effect, we slight the cause,
And in the constancy of nature's course,
The regular return of genial months,
And renovation of a faded world,
See nought to wonder at. Should God again,
As once in Gibeon, interrupt the race
Of the undeviating and punctual sun,
How would the world admire? But speaks it less
An agency divine, to make him know
His moment when to sink and when to rise,
Age after age, than to arrest his course?
All we behold is miracle; but seen
So duly, all is miracle in vain.
Where now the vital energy that moved,
While summer was, the pure and subtle lymph
Through the imperceptible meandering veins
Of leaf and flower? It sleeps; and the icy touch
Of unprolific winter has impressed
A cold stagnation on the intestine tide.
But let the months go round, a few short months,
And all shall be restored. These naked shoots,
Barren as lances, among which the wind
Makes wintry music, sighing as it goes,
Shall put their graceful foliage on again,
And more aspiring, and with ampler spread,
Shall boast new charms, and more than they have lost.
Then, each in its peculiar honours clad,
Shall publish even to the distant eye
Its family and tribe. Laburnum, rich
In streaming gold; syringa, ivory pure;
The scentless and the scented rose; this red,
And of a humbler growth, the other tall,
And throwing up into the darkest gloom

Of neighbouring cypress, or more sable yew,
Her silver globes, light as the foamy surf
That the wind severs from the broken wave;
The lilac, various in array, now white,
Now sanguine, and her beauteous head now set
With purple spikes pyramidal, as if
Studious of ornament; yet unresolved
Which hue she most approved, she chose them all;
Copious of flowers the woodbine, pale and wan,
But well compensating her sickly looks
With never-cloying odours, early and late;
Hypericum all bloom, so thick a swarm
Of flowers, like flies clothing her slender rods,
That scarce a leaf appears; mezerion too,
Though leafless, well attired, and thick beset
With blushing wreaths, investing every spray;
Althæa with the purple eye; the broom,
Yellow and bright, as bullion unalloyed,
Her blossoms; and luxuriant above all
The jessamine, throwing wide her elegant sweets,
The deep dark green of whose unvarnished leaf
Makes more conspicuous, and illumines more
The bright profusion of her scattered stars.
These have been, and these shall be in their day;
And all this uniform and coloured scene
Shall be dismantled of its fleecy load,
And flush into variety again.
From dearth to plenty, and from death to life,
Is Nature's progress, when she lectures man
In heavenly truth; evincing, as she makes
The grand transition, that there lives and works
A soul in all things, and that soul is God.
The beauties of the wilderness are his,
That make so gay the solitary place
Where no eye sees them. And the fairer forms
That cultivation glories in are his.
He sets the bright procession on its way,
And marshals all the order of the year;
He marks the bounds which winter may not pass,
And blunts his pointed fury; in its case,
Russet and rude, folds up the tender germ
Uninjured, with inimitable art;
And, ere one flowery season fades and dies,
Designs the blooming wonders of the next.

The Diverting History of John Gilpin:

Showing how he went farther than he intended, and came safe home again.

John Gilpin was a citizen
  Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
  Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
  Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
  No holiday have seen.

To-morrow is our wedding day,
  And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
  All in a chaise and pair.

My sister, and my sister's child,
  Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
  On horseback after we.

He soon replied, I do admire
  Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear;
  Therefore it shall be done.

I am a linen-draper bold,
  As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
  Will lend his horse to go.

Quoth Mrs Gilpin, That's well said;
  And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
  Which is both bright and clear.

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
  O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
  She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
  But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
  Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
  Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
  To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
  Were never folk so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath,
  As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
  Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
  But soon came down again;

For saddle tree scarce reached had he,
  His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
  Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
  Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
  Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
  Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down stairs,
  'The wine is left behind!'

Good lack! quoth he—yet bring it me,
  My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
  When I do exercise.

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
  Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
  And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
  Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
  To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
  Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
  He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
  Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones
  With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
  Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
  Which galled him in his seat.

So, fair and softly, John he cried,
  But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
  In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
  Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
  And eke with all his might.

His horse, which never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt when he set out
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, Well done!
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around;
He carries weight! he rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound!

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house—
They all aloud did cry;
The dinner waits, and we are tired:
Said Gilpin—So am I!

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why? his owner had a house
Full ten miles off at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

What news? what news? your tidings tell—
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke:

I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here—
They are upon the road.

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in.

Whence straight he came with hat and wig;
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit,
My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case.

Said John, It is my wedding day,
And all the world would stare
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware.

So turning to his horse, he said,
I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine.

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig:
He lost them sooner than at first;
For why?—they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband safe and well.

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain!
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frighted steed he frighted more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
  Went post-boy at his heels,
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
  The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
  Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scampering in the rear,
  They raised the hue and cry:

Stop thief! stop thief! a highwayman!
  Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
  Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
  Flew open in short space;
The tollmen thinking as before
  That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
  For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
  He did again get down.

Now let us sing, long live the king,
  And Gilpin, long live he;
And, when he next doth ride abroad,
  May I be there to see!

WILLIAM HAYLEY.

William Hayley (1745-1820), the biographer of Cowper, wrote various poetical works which enjoyed great popularity in their day. His principal productions are the *Triumphs of Temper* (1781), a series of poetical epistles on history addressed to Gibbon, and *Essays on Painting, on Epic Poetry*, &c. He produced several unsuccessful tragedies, a novel, and an *Essay on Old Maids*. A gentleman by education and fortune, and fond of literary communication, Hayley enjoyed the acquaintance of most of the eminent men of his times. His [illegible] sensibility and romantic tastes exposed him to ridicule, yet he was an amiable and benevolent man. It was through his personal application to Pitt that Cowper received his pension. He had (what appears to have been to him a sort of melancholy pride and satisfaction) the task of writing epitaphs for most of his friends, including Mrs Unwin and Cowper. His Life of Cowper appeared in 1803, and three years afterwards it was enlarged by a supplement. Hayley prepared memoirs of his own life, which he disposed of to a publisher on condition of his receiving an annuity for the remainder of his life. This annuity he enjoyed for twelve years. The memoirs appeared in two fine quarto volumes, but they failed to attract attention. Hayley had outlived his popularity, and his smooth but often unmeaning lines had vanished like chaff before the vigorous and natural outpourings of the modern muse. As a specimen of this once much-praised poet, we subjoin some lines on the death of his mother, which had the merit of delighting Gibbon, and with which Mr Southey has remarked Cowper would sympathise deeply:—

[Tribute to a Mother, on her Death.]

[From the 'Essay on Epic Poetry.']

For me who feel, whene'er I touch the lyre,
My talents sink below my proud desire;
Who often doubt, and sometimes credit give,
When friends assure me that my verse will live;
Whom health, too tender for the bustling throng,
Led into pensive shade and soothing song;
Whatever fortune my unpolished rhymes
May meet in present or in future times,
Let the blest art my grateful thoughts employ,
Which soothes my sorrow and augments my joy;
Whence lonely peace and social pleasure springs,
And friendship dearer than the smile of kings.
While keener poets, querulously proud,
Lament the ill of poesy aloud,
And magnify with irritation's zeal,
Those common evils we too strongly feel,
The envious comment and the subtle style
Of specious slander, stabbing with a smile,
Frankly I wish to make her blessings known,
And think those blessings for her ills atone;
Nor would my honest pride that praise forego,
Which makes Malignity yet more my foe.
  If heartfelt pain e'er led me to accuse
The dangerous gift of the alluring Muse,
'Twas in the moment when my verse impressed
Some anxious feelings on a mother's breast.
O thou fond spirit, who with pride hast smiled,
And frowned with fear on thy poetic child,
Pleased, yet alarmed, when in his boyish time
He sighed in numbers, or he laughed in rhyme;
While thy kind cautions warned him to beware
Of Penury, the bard's perpetual snare;
Marking the early temper of his soul,
Careless of wealth, nor fit for base control!
Thou tender saint, to whom he owes much more
Than ever child to parent owed before;
In life's first season, when the fever's flame
Shrunk to deformity his shrivelled frame,
[illegible]
[illegible]
'Twas thine, with constant love, through lingering years,
To bathe thy idiot orphan in thy tears;
Day after day, and night succeeding night,
To turn incessant to the hideous sight,
And frequent watch, if haply at thy view
Departed reason might not dawn anew;
Though medicinal art, with pitying care,
Could lend no aid to save thee from despair,
Thy fond maternal heart adhered to hope and prayer:
Nor prayed in vain; thy child from powers above
Received the sense to feel and bless thy love.
O might he thence receive the happy skill,
And force proportioned to his ardent will,
With truth's unfading radiance to emblaze
Thy virtues, worthy of immortal praise!
  Nature, who decked thy form with beauty's flowers,
Exhausted on thy soul her finer powers;
Taught it with all her energy to feel
Love's melting softness, friendship's fervid zeal,
The generous purpose and the active thought,
With charity's diffusive spirit fraught.
There all the best of mental gifts she placed,
Vigour of judgment, purity of taste,
Superior parts without their spleenful leaven,
Kindness to earth, and confidence in heaven.
While my fond thoughts o'er all thy merits roll,
Thy praise thus gushes from my filial soul;
Nor will the public with harsh rigour blame
This my just homage to thy honoured name;
To please that public, if to please be mine,
Thy virtues trained me—let the praise be thine.

Inscription on the Tomb of Cowper.

Ye who with warmth the public triumph feel
Of talents dignified by sacred zeal,
Here, to devotion's bard devoutly just,
Pay your fond tribute due to Cowper's dust!
England, exulting in his spotless fame,
Ranks with her dearest sons his favourite name.
Sense, fancy, wit, suffice not all to raise
So clear a title to affection's praise.
His highest honours to the heart belong;
His virtues formed the magic of his song.

On the Tomb of Mrs Unwin.

Trusting in God with all her heart and mind,
This woman proved magnanimously kind;
Endured affliction's desolating hail,
And watched a poet through misfortune's vale.
Her spotless dust angelic guards defend!
It is the dust of Unwin, Cowper's friend.
That single title in itself is fame,
For all who read his verse revere her name.

DR ERASMUS DARWIN.

DR ERASMUS DARWIN, an ingenious philosophical, though fanciful poet, was born at Elston, near Newark, in 1731. Having passed with credit through a course of education at St John's college, Cambridge, he applied himself to the study of physic, and took his degree of bachelor in medicine at Edinburgh in 1755. He then commenced practice in Nottingham, but meeting with little encouragement, he removed to Lichfield, where he long continued a successful and distinguished physician. In 1757 Dr Darwin married an accomplished lady of Lichfield, Miss Mary Howard, by whom he had five children, two of whom died in infancy. The lady herself died in 1770; and after her decease, Darwin seems to have commenced his botanical and literary pursuits. He was at first afraid that the reputation of a poet would injure him in his profession, but being firmly established in the latter capacity, he at length ventured on publication. At this time he lived in a picturesque villa in the neighbourhood of Lichfield, furnished with a grotto and fountain, and here he began the formation of a botanic garden. The spot he has described as 'adapted to love-scenes, and as being thence a proper residence for the modern goddess of botany.' In 1781 appeared the first part of Darwin's *Botanic Garden*, a poem in glittering and polished heroic verse, designed to describe, adorn, and allegorise the Linnæan system of botany. The Rosicrucian doctrine of gnomes, sylphs, nymphs, and salamanders, was adopted by the poet, as 'affording a proper machinery for a botanic poem, as it is probable they were originally the names of hieroglyphic figures representing the elements.' The novelty and ingenuity of Darwin's attempt attracted much attention, and rendered him highly popular. In the same year the poet was called to attend an aged gentleman, Colonel Sachevell Pole of Radbourne-hall, near Derby. An intimacy was thus formed with Mrs Pole, and the colonel dying, the poetical physician in a few months afterwards, in 1781, married the fair widow, who possessed a jointure of L.600 per annum. Darwin was now released from all prudential fears and restraints as to the cultivation of his poetical talents, and he went on adding to his floral gallery. In 1789 appeared the second part of his poem, containing the *Loves of the Plants.* Ovid having, he said, transmuted men, women, and even gods and goddesses into trees and flowers, he had undertaken, by similar art, to restore some of them to their original animality, after having remained prisoners so long in their respective vegetable mansions:—

From giant oaks, that wave their branches dark,
To the dwarf moss that clings upon their bark,
What beaux and beauties crowd the gaudy groves,
And woo and win their vegetable loves.*

* Linnæus, the celebrated Swedish naturalist, has demonstrated, that all flowers contain families of males or females, or both; and on their marriage, has constructed his invaluable system of botany.—*Darwin.*

How snowdrops cold, and blue-eyed harebells blend
Their tender tears, as o'er the streams they bend;
The love-sick violet, and the primrose pale,
Bow their sweet heads, and whisper to the gale;
With secret sighs the virgin lily droops,
And jealous cowslips hang their tawny cups.
How the young rose, in beauty's damask pride,
Drinks the warm blushes of his bashful bride;
With honied lips enamoured woodbines meet,
Clasp with fond arms, and mix their kisses sweet!
Stay thy soft murmuring waters, gentle rill;
Hush, whispering winds; ye rustling leaves be still;
Rest, silver butterflies, your quivering wings;
Alight, ye beetles, from your airy rings;
Ye painted moths, your gold-eyed plumage furl,
Bow your wide horns, your spiral trunks uncurl;
Glitter, ye glow-worms, on your mossy beds;
Descend, ye spiders, on your lengthened threads;
Slide here, ye horned snails, with varnished shells;
Ye bee-nymphs, listen in your waxen cells!

This is exquisitely melodious verse, and ingenious subtle fancy. A few passages have moral sentiment and human interest united to the same powers of vivid painting and expression:—

Roll on, ye stars! exult in youthful prime,
Mark with bright curves the printless steps of Time;
Near and more near your beamy cars approach,
And lessening orbs on lessening orbs encroach;
Flowers of the sky! ye, too, to age must yield,
Frail as your silken sisters of the field!
Star after star from heaven's high arch shall rush,
Suns sink on suns, and systems systems crush,
Headlong, extinct, to one dark centre fall,
And death, and night, and chaos mingle all!
Till o'er the wreck, emerging from the storm,
Immortal nature lifts her changeful form,
Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame,
And soars and shines, another and the same!

In another part of the poem, after describing the cassia plant, 'cinctured with gold,' and borne on by the current to the coasts of Norway, with all its 'infant loves,' or seeds, the poet, in his usual strain of forced similitude, digresses in the following happy and vigorous lines, to *Moses concealed on the Nile*, and the slavery of the Africans:—

So the sad mother at the noon of night,
From bloody Memphis stole her silent flight;
Wrapped her dear babe beneath her folded vest,
And clasped the treasure to her throbbing breast;
With soothing whispers hushed its feeble cry,
Pressed the soft kiss, and breathed the secret sigh.
With dauntless step she seeks the winding shore,
Hears unappalled the glimmering torrents roar;
With paper-flags a floating cradle weaves,
And hides the smiling boy in lotus leaves;
Gives her white bosom to his eager lips,
The salt tears mingling with the milk he sips;
Waits on the reed-crowned brink with pious guile,
And trusts the scaly monsters of the Nile.
Erewhile majestic from his lone abode,
Ambassador of heaven, the prophet trod;
Wrenched the red scourge from proud oppression's hands,
And broke, cursed slavery! thy iron bands.
Hark! heard ye not that piercing cry,
Which shook the waves and rent the sky?
E'en now, e'en now, on yonder western shores
Weeps pale despair, and writhing anguish roars;
E'en now in Afric's groves with hideous yell,
Fierce slavery stalks, and slips the dogs of hell;
From vale to vale the gathering cries rebound,
And sable nations tremble at the sound!
Ye bands of senators! whose suffrage sways
Britannia's realms, whom either Ind obeys;

Who right the injured and reward the brave,
Stretch your strong arm, for ye have power to save!
Throned in the vaulted heart, his dread resort,
Inexorable conscience holds his court;
With still small voice the plots of guilt alarms,
Bares his masked brow, his lifted hand disarms;
But wrapped in night with terrors all his own,
He speaks in thunder when the deed is done.
Hear him, ye senates! hear this truth sublime,
'He who allows oppression shares the crime!'

The material images of Darwin are often less happy than the above, being both extravagant and gross, and grouped together without any visible connexion or dependence one on the other. He has such a throng of startling metaphors and descriptions, the latter drawn out to an excessive length and tiresome minuteness, that nothing is left to the reader's imagination, and the whole passes like a glittering pageant before the eye, exciting wonder, but without touching the heart or feelings. As the poet was then past fifty, the exuberance of his fancy, and his peculiar choice of subjects, are the more remarkable. A third part of the 'Botanic Garden' was added in 1792. Darwin next published his *Zoonomia, or the Laws of Organic Life*, part of which he had written many years previously. This is a curious and original physiological treatise, evincing an inquiring and attentive study of natural phenomena. Dr Thomas Brown, Professor Dugald Stewart, Paley, and others have, however, successfully combated the positions of Darwin, particularly his theory which refers instinct to sensation. In 1801 our author came forward with another philosophical disquisition, entitled *Phytologia, or the Philosophy of Agriculture and Gardening*. He also wrote a short treatise on Female Education, intended for the instruction and assistance of part of his own family. This was Darwin's last publication. He had always been a remarkably temperate man. Indeed he totally abstained from all fermented and spirituous liquors, and in his Botanic Garden he compares their effects to that of the Promethean fire. He was, however, subject to inflammation as well as gout, and a sudden attack carried him off in his seventy-first year, on the 18th of April 1802. Shortly after his death was published a poem, *The Temple of Nature*, which he had ready for the press, the preface to the work being dated only three months before his death. The Temple of Nature aimed, like the Botanic Garden, to amuse by bringing distinctly to the imagination the beautiful and sublime images of the operations of nature. It is more metaphysical than its predecessor, and more inverted in style and diction.

The poetical reputation of Darwin was as bright and transient as the plants and flowers which formed the subject of his verse. Cowper praised his *song* for its rich embellishments, and said it was as 'strong' as it was 'learned and sweet.' 'There is a fashion in poetry,' observes Sir Walter Scott, 'which, without increasing or diminishing the real value of the materials moulded upon it, does wonders in facilitating its currency while it has novelty, and is often found to impede its reception when the mode has passed away.' This has been the fate of Darwin. Besides his coterie at Lichfield, the poet of Flora had considerable influence on the poetical taste of his own day. He may be traced in the 'Pleasures of Hope' of Campbell, and in other young poets of that time. The attempt to unite science with the inspirations of the Muse, was in itself an attractive novelty, and he supported it with various and high powers. His command of fancy, of poetical language, dazzling metaphors, and sonorous versification, was well seconded by his curious and multifarious knowledge. The effect of the whole, however, was artificial, and destitute of any strong or continuous interest. The Rosicrucian machinery of Pope was united to the delineation of human passions and pursuits, and became the auxiliary of wit and satire; but who can sympathise with the loves and metamorphoses of the plants? Darwin had no sentiment or pathos, except in very brief episodical passages, and even his eloquent and splendid versification, for want of variety of cadence, becomes monotonous and fatiguing. There is no repose, no cessation from the glare of his bold images, his compound epithets, and high-toned melody. He had attained to rare perfection in the mechanism of poetry, but wanted those impulses of soul and sense, and that guiding taste which were required to give it vitality, and direct it to its true objects.

[Invocation to the Goddess of Botany.]

[From 'The Botanic Garden.']

'Stay your rude steps! whose throbbing breasts infold
The legion fiends of Glory and of Gold!
Stay! whose false lips seductive simpers part,
While cunning nestles in the harlot heart!
For you no dryads dress the roseate bower,
For you no nymphs their sparkling vases pour;
Unmarked by you, light graces swim the green,
And hovering Cupids aim their shafts unseen.
But thou! whose mind the well-attempered ray
Of taste and virtue lights with purer day;
Whose finer sense with soft vibration owns
With sweet responsive sympathy of tones;
So the fair flower expands its lucid form
To meet the sun, and shuts it to the storm;
For thee my borders nurse the fragrant wreath,
My fountains murmur, and my zephyrs breathe;
Slow slides the painted snail, the gilded fly
Smooths his fine down, to charm thy curious eye;
On twinkling fins my pearly pinions play,
Or win with sinuous train their trackless way;
My plumy pairs in gay embroidery dressed,
Form with ingenious bill the pensile nest,
To love's sweet notes attune the listening dell,
And Echo sounds her soft symphonious shell.
And if with thee some hapless maid should stray,
Disastrous love companion of her way,
Oh, lead her timid steps to yonder glade,
Whose arching cliffs depending alders shade;
Where, as meek evening wakes her temperate breeze,
And moonbeams glimmer through the trembling trees,
The rills that gurgle round shall soothe her ear,
The weeping rocks shall number tear for tear;
There, as sad Philomel, alike forlorn,
Sings to the night from her accustomed thorn;
While at sweet intervals each falling note
Sighs in the gale and whispers round the grot,
The sister woe shall calm her aching breast,
And softer slumbers steal her cares to rest.
Winds of the north! restrain your icy gales,
Nor chill the bosom of these happy vales!
Hence in dark heaps, ye gathering clouds, revolve!
Disperse, ye lightnings, and ye mists dissolve!
Hither, emerging from yon orient skies,
Botanic goddess, bend thy radiant eyes;
O'er these soft scenes assume thy gentle reign,
Pomona, Ceres, Flora in thy train;
O'er the still dawn thy placid smile effuse,
And with thy silver sandals print the dews;
In noon's bright blaze thy vermeil vest unfold,
And wave thy emerald banner starred with gold!'
Thus spoke the genius as he stept along,
And bade these lawns to peace and truth belong;
Down the steep slopes he led with modest skill
The willing pathway and the truant rill,

Stretched o'er the marshy vale yon willowy mound,
Where shines the lake amid the tufted ground,
Raised the young woodland, smoothed the wavy green,
And gave to beauty all the quiet scene.
She comes! the goddess! through the whispering air,
Bright as the morn descends her blushing car;
Each circling wheel a wreath of flowers entwines,
And, gemmed with flowers, the silken harness shines;
The golden bits with flowery studs are decked,
And knots of flowers the crimson reins connect.
And now on earth the silver axle rings,
And the shell sinks upon its slender springs;
Light from her airy seat the goddess bounds,
And steps celestial press the pansied grounds.
Fair Spring advancing calls her feathered quire,
And tunes to softer notes her laughing lyre;
Bids her gay hours on purple pinions move,
And arms her zephyrs with the shafts of love.

[Destruction of Sennacherib's Army by a Pestilential Wind.]

[From the 'Economy of Vegetation.']

From Ashur's vales when proud Sennacherib trod,
Poured his swoln heart, defied the living God,
Urged with incessant shouts his glittering powers,
And Judah shook through all her massy towers;
Round her sad altars press the prostrate crowd,
Hosts beat their breasts, and suppliant chieftains bowed;
Loud shrieks of matrons thrilled the troubled air,
And trembling virgins rent their scattered hair;
High in the midst the kneeling king adored,
Spread the blaspheming scroll before the Lord,
Raised his pale hands, and breathed his pausing sighs,
And fixed on heaven his dim imploring eyes.
'Oh! mighty God, amidst thy seraph throng
Who sit'st sublime, the judge of right and wrong;
Thine the wide earth, bright sun, and starry zone,
That twinkling journey round thy golden throne;
Thine is the crystal source of life and light,
And thine the realms of death's eternal night.
Oh! bend thine ear, thy gracious eye incline,
Lo! Ashur's king blasphemes thy holy name;
Insults our offerings, and derides our vows.
Oh! strike the diadem from his impious brows,
Tear from his murderous hand the bloody rod,
And teach the trembling nations "Thou art God!"'
Sylphs! in what dread array with pinions bright,
Onward ye floated o'er the ethereal plain!
Called each dank steam the reeking marsh exhales,
Contagious vapours and volcanic gales,
Gave the soft south with poisonous breath to blow,
And rolled the dreadful whirlwind on the foe!
Hark! o'er the camp the venomed tempest sings,
Man falls on man, on buckler buckler rings;
Groan answers groan, to anguish anguish yields,
And death's loud accents shake the tented fields!
High rears the fiend his grinning jaws, and wide
Spans the pale nations with colossal stride,
Waves his broad falchion with uplifted hand,
And his vast shadow darkens all the land.

[The Belgian Lovers and the Plague.]

[From the same.]

[When the plague raged in Holland in 1636, a young girl was seized with it, and was removed to a garden, where her lover, who was betrothed to her, attended her as a nurse. He remained uninfected, and she recovered, and was married to him.]

Thus when the plague, upborne on Belgian air,
Looked through the mist, and shook his clotted hair,
O'er shrinking nations steered malignant clouds,
And rained destruction on the gaping crowds;
The beauteous Ægle felt the envenomed dart,
Slow rolled her eye and feebly throbbed her heart;
Each fervid sigh seemed shorter than the last,
And starting friendship shunned her as she passed.
With weak unsteady step the fainting maid
Seeks the cold garden's solitary shade,
Sinks on the pillowy moss her drooping head,
And prints with lifeless limbs her leafy bed.
On wings of love her plighted swain pursues,
Shades her from winds and shelters her from dews,
Extends on tapering poles the canvass roof,
Spreads o'er the straw-wove mat the flaxen woof;
Sweet buds and blossoms on her bolster strows,
And binds his kerchief round her aching brows;
Soothes with soft kiss, with tender accents charms,
And clasps the bright infection in his arms.
With pale and languid smiles the grateful fair
Applauds his virtues and rewards his care;
Mourns with wet cheek her fair companions fled,
On timorous step, or numbered with the dead;
Calls to her lovers all its scattered rays,
And pours on Henry the collected blaze;
Braves the chill night, caressing and caressed,
And folds her hero-lover to her breast.
Less bold, Leander, at the dusky hour,
Eyed, as he swam, the far love-lighted tower;
Breasted with struggling arms the tossing wave,
And sunk benighted in the watery grave.
Less bold, Tobias claimed the nuptial bed,
Where seven fond lovers by a fiend had bled;
And drove, instructed by his angel guide,
The demon lover from the fatal bride.
Sylphs! while your winnowing pinions fanned the air,
And shed gay visions o'er the sleeping pair,
Love round their couch effused his rosy breath,
And with his keener arrows conquered death.

[Death of Eliza at the Battle of Minden.]

[From the 'Loves of the Plants.']

So stood Eliza on the wood-crowned height,
O'er Minden's plain, spectatress of the fight;
Sought with bold eye amid the bloody strife
Her dearer self, the partner of her life;
From hill to hill the rushing host pursued,
And viewed his banner, or believed she viewed.
Pleased with the distant roar, with quicker tread
Fast by his hand one lisping boy she led;
And one fair girl amid the loud alarm
Slept on her kerchief, cradled by her arm;
While round her brows bright beams of Honour dart,
And Love's warm eddies circle round her heart.
Near and more near the intrepid beauty pressed,
Saw through the driving smoke his dancing crest;
Saw on his helm, her virgin hands inwove,
Bright stars of gold, and mystic knots of love;
Heard the exulting shout, 'They run! they run!'
'Great God!' she cried, 'He's safe! the battle's won!'
A ball now hisses through the airy tides,
(Some fury winged it, and some demon guides!)
Parts the fine locks her graceful head that deck,
Wounds her fair ear, and sinks into her neck;
The red stream issuing from her azure veins,
Dyes her white veil, her ivory bosom stains.
'Ah me!' she cried, and sinking on the ground,
Kissed her dear babes, regardless of the wound;
'Oh, cease not yet to beat, thou vital urn!
Wait, gushing life, oh wait my love's return!'
Hoarse barks the wolf, the vulture screams from far!
The angel pity shuns the walks of war!
'Oh spare, ye war hounds, spare their tender age;
On me, on me,' she cried, 'exhaust your rage!'
Then with weak arms her weeping babes caressed,
And, sighing, hid them in her blood-stained vest.
From tent to tent the impatient warrior flies,
Fear in his heart and frenzy in his eyes;

Eliza's name along the camp he calls,
'Eliza' echoes through the canvass walls;
Quick through the murmuring gloom his footsteps tread,
O'er groaning heaps, the dying and the dead,
Vault o'er the plain, and in the tangled wood,
Lo! dead Eliza weltering in her blood!
Soon hears his listening son the welcome sounds,
With open arms and sparkling eye he bounds:
'Speak low,' he cries, and gives his little hand,
'Eliza sleeps upon the dew-cold sand;'
Poor weeping babe with bloody fingers pressed,
And tried with pouting lips her milkless breast;
'Alas! we both with cold and hunger quake—
Why do you weep?—Mamma will soon awake.'
'She'll wake no more!' the hapless mourner cried,
Upturned his eyes, and clasped his hands, and sighed;
Stretched on the ground, a while entranced he lay,
And pressed warm kisses on the lifeless clay;
And then upsprung with wild convulsive start,
And all the father kindled in his heart;
'Oh heavens! he cried, 'my first rash vow forgive;
These bind to earth, for these I pray to live!'
Round his chill babes he wrapped his crimson vest,
And clasped them sobbing to his aching breast.*

[Philanthropy—Mr Howard.]

[From the 'Loves of the Plants.']

And now, philanthropy! thy rays divine
Dart round the globe from Zembla to the line;
O'er each dark prison plays the cheering light,
Like northern lustres o'er the vault of night.
From realm to realm, with cross or crescent crowned,
Where'er mankind and misery are found.
O'er burning sands, deep waves, or wilds of snow,
Thy Howard journeying seeks the house of wo.
Down many a winding step to dungeons dank,
Where anguish wails aloud, and fetters clank;
To caves bestrewed with many a mouldering bone,
And cells whose echoes only learn to groan;
Where no kind bars a whispering friend disclose,
No sunbeam enters, and no zephyr blows,
He treads, inemulous of fame or wealth,
Profuse of toil, and prodigal of health.
With soft assuasive eloquence expands
Power's rigid heart, and opes his clenching hands;
Leads stern-eyed Justice to the dark domains,
If not to sever, to relax the chains;
Or guides awakened mercy through the gloom,
And shows the prison, sister to the tomb!
Gives to her babes the self-devoted wife,
To her fond husband liberty and life!
The spirits of the good, who bend from high
Wide o'er these earthly scenes their partial eye,
When first arrayed in Virtue's purest robe,
They saw her Howard traversing the globe;
Saw round his brows her sun-like glory blaze
In arrowy circles of unwearied rays;
Mistook a mortal for an angel guest,
And asked what seraph foot the earth impressed.
Onward he moves! Disease and Death retire,
And murmuring demons hate him and admire!

Song to May.

[From the same.]

Born in yon blaze of orient sky,
Sweet May! thy radiant form unfold;
Unclose thy blue voluptuous eye,
And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.

For thee the fragrant zephyrs blow,
For thee descends the sunny shower;
The rills in softer murmurs flow,
And brighter blossoms gem the bower.

Light graces decked in flowery wreaths
And tiptoe joys their hands combine;
And Love his sweet contagion breathes,
And, laughing, dances round thy shrine.

Warm with new life, the glittering throng
On quivering fin and rustling wing,
Delighted join their votive song,
And hail thee Goddess of the Spring!

Song to Echo.

[From the same.]

I.

Sweet Echo! sleeps thy vocal shell,
Where this high arch o'erhangs the dell;
While Tweed, with sun-reflecting streams,
Chequers thy rocks with dancing beams!

II.

Here may no clamours harsh intrude,
No brawling hound or clarion rude;
Here no fell beast of midnight prowl,
And teach thy tortured cliffs to howl.

III.

Be thine to pour these vales along
Some artless shepherd's evening song;
While night's sweet bird from yon high spray
Responsive listens to his lay.

IV.

And if, like me, some love-lorn maid
Should sing her sorrows to thy shade,
Oh! sooth her breast, ye rocks around,
With softest sympathy of sound.

MRS CHARLOTTE SMITH.

This lady (whose admirable prose fictions will afterwards be noticed) was the daughter of Mr Turner of Stoke House, in Surrey, and was born on the 4th of May 1749. She was remarkable for precocity of talents, and for a lively playful humour that showed itself in conversation, and in compositions both in prose and verse. Being early deprived of her mother, she was carelessly though expensively educated, and introduced into society at a very early age. Her father having decided on a second marriage, the friends of the young and admired poetess endeavoured to establish her in life, and she was induced to accept the hand of Mr Smith, the son and partner of a rich West India merchant. The husband was twenty-one years of age, and his wife fifteen! This rash union was productive of mutual discontent and misery. Mr Smith was careless and extravagant, business was neglected, and his father dying, left a will so complicated and voluminous that no two lawyers understood it in the same sense. Lawsuits and embarrassments were therefore the portion of this ill-starred pair for all their after-lives. Mr Smith was ultimately forced to sell the greater

* Those who have the opportunity may compare this death scene (much to the advantage of the living author) with that of Gertrude of Wyoming, which may have been suggested, very remotely and quite unconsciously, by Darwin's Eliza. Sir Walter Scott excels in painting battle-pieces, as overseen by some interested spectator. Eliza at Minden is circumstanced so much like Clara at Flodden, that the mighty Minstrel of the North may possibly have caught the idea of the latter from the Lichfield botanist; but oh, how has he triumphed!—Montgomery's Lectures on Poetry.

part of his property, after he had been thrown into prison, and his faithful wife had shared with him the misery and discomfort of his confinement A numerous family also gathered around them, to add to their solicitude and difficulties In 1782 Mrs Smith published a volume of sonnets, irregular in structure, but marked by poetical feeling and expression. They were favourably received by the public, and at length passed through no less than eleven editions, besides being translated into French and Italian After an unhappy union of twenty three years, Mrs Smith separated from her husband, and, taking a cottage near Chichester, applied herself to her literary occupations with cheerful assiduity, supplying to her children the duties of both parents In eight months she completed her novel of *Emmeline*, published in 1788 In the following year appeared another novel from her pen, entitled *Ethelinde*, and in 1791 a third under the name of *Celestina* She imbibed the opinions of the French Revolution, and embodied them in a romance entitled *Desmond* This work arrayed against her many of her friends and readers, but she regained the public favour by her tale the *Old Manor House* which is the best of her novels Part of this work was written at Eartham the residence of Hayley during the period of Cowper's visit to that poetical retreat 'It was delightful,' says Hayley, 'to hear her read what she had just written, for she read as she wrote with simplicity and grace' Cowper was also astonished at the rapidity and excellence of her composition Mrs Smith continued her literary labours amidst private and family distress She wrote a valuable little compendium for children, under the title of *Conversations*, *A History of British Birds*, a descriptive poem on *Beachy Head*, &c The delays in the settlement of her property, which had been an endless source of vexation and anxiety to one possessing all the susceptibility and ardour of the poetical temperament were adjusted by a compromise but Mrs Smith had sunk into ill health She died at Tilford, near Farnham, on the 28th of October 1806 The poetry of Mrs Smith is elegant and sentimental, and generally of a pathetic cast She wrote as if 'melancholy had marked her for her own' The keen satire and observation evinced in her novels do not appear in her verse, but the same powers of description are displayed. Her sketches of English scenery are true and pleasing 'But while we allow,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'high praise to the sweet and sad effusions of Mrs Smith's muse, we cannot admit that by these alone she could ever have risen to the height of eminence which we are disposed to claim for her as authoress of her prose narratives'

Flora's Horologe

In every copse and sheltered dell,
  Unveiled to the observant eye,
Are faithful monitors who tell
  How pass the hours and seasons by

The green robed children of the spring
  Will mark the periods as they pass,
Mingle with leaves Time's feathered wing,
  And bind with flowers his silent glass

Mark where transparent waters glide,
  Soft flowing o'er their tranquil bed;
There, cradled on the dimpling tide,
  Nymphæa rests her lovely head

But conscious of the earliest beam,
  She rises from her humid nest,
And sees, reflected in the stream,
  The virgin whiteness of her breast.

Till the bright day-star to the west
  Declines, in ocean's surge to lave;
Then, folded in her modest vest,
  She slumbers on the rocking wave.

See Hieracium's various tribe,
  Of plumy seed and radiate flowers,
The course of Time their blooms describe,
  And wake or sleep appointed hours.

Broad o'er its imbricated cup
  The goatsbeard spreads its golden rays,
But shuts its cautious petals up,
  Retreating from the noontide blaze.

Pale as a pensive cloistered nun,
  The Bethlem star her face unveils,
When o'er the mountain peers the sun,
  But shades it from the vesper gales.

Among the loose and arid sands
  The humble arenaria creeps,
Slowly the purple star expands,
  But soon within its calyx sleeps.

And those small bells so lightly rayed
  With young Aurora's rosy hue,
Are to the noontide sun displayed,
  But shut their plaits against the dew.

On upland slopes the shepherds mark
  The hour, when, as the dial true,
Cichorium to the towering lark
  Lifts her soft eyes serenely blue.

And thou, 'Wee crimson tipped flower,'
  Gatherest thy fringed mantle round
Thy bosom at the closing hour,
  When night drops bathe the turfy ground.

Unlike silene, who declines
  The garish noontide's blazing light;
But when the evening crescent shines,
  Gives all her sweetness to the night.

Thus in each flower and simple bell,
  That in our path betrodden lie,
Are sweet remembrancers who tell
  How fast their winged moments fly.

Sonnets

On the Departure of the Nightingale.

Sweet poet of the woods, a long adieu!
  Farewell soft minstrel of the early year!
Ah! 'twill be long ere thou shalt sing anew,
  And pour thy music on the night's dull ear.
Whether on spring thy wandering flights await,
  Or whether silent in our groves you dwell,
The pensive muse shall own thee for her mate,
  And still protect the song she loves so well
With cautious step the love-lorn youth shall glide
  Through the lone brake that shades thy mossy nest;
And shepherd girls from eyes profane shall hide
  The gentle bird who sings of pity best:
For still thy voice shall soft affections move,
And still be dear to sorrow and to love!

Written at the Close of Spring

The garlands fade that Spring so lately wove;
  Each simple flower, which she had nursed in dew,
Anemonies that spangled every grove,
  The primrose wan, and harebell mildly blue.
No more shall violets linger in the dell,
  Or purple orchis variegate the plain,
Till Spring again shall call forth every bell,
  And dress with humid hands her wreaths again.
Ah, poor humanity! so frail, so fair,
  Are the fond visions of thy early day,
Till tyrant passion and corrosive care
  Bid all thy fairy colours fade away!
Another May new buds and flowers shall bring;
Ah! why has happiness no second Spring?

Should the lone wanderer, fainting on his way,
Rest for a moment of the sultry hours,
And, though his path through thorns and roughness lay,
Pluck the wild rose or woodbine's gadding flowers,
Weaving gay wreaths beneath some sheltering tree,
The sense of sorrow he a while may lose;
So have I sought thy flowers, fair Poesy!
So charmed my way with friendship and the Muse.
But darker now grows life's unhappy day,
Dark with new clouds of evil yet to come;
Her pencil sickening Fancy throws away,
And weary Hope reclines upon the tomb,
And points my wishes to that tranquil shore
Where the pale spectre Care pursues no more!

[Recollections of English Scenery.]

[From 'Beachy Head,' a Poem.]

Haunts of my youth!
Scenes of fond day-dreams, I behold ye yet!
Where 'twas so pleasant by thy northern slopes
To climb the winding sheep-path, aided oft
By scattered thorns, whose spiny branches bore
Small woolly tufts, spoils of the vagrant lamb,
There seeking shelter from the noonday sun;
And pleasant, seated on the short soft turf,
To look beneath upon the hollow way,
While heavily upward moved the labouring wain,
And stalking slowly by, the sturdy hind
To ease his panting team, stopped with a stone
The grating wheel.
Advancing higher still,
The prospect widens, and the village church
But little o'er the lowly roofs around
Rears its gray belfry and its simple vane;
Those lowly roofs of thatch are half concealed
By the rude arms of trees, lovely in spring,
When on each bough the rosy-tinctured bloom
Sits thick, and promises autumnal plenty.
For even those orchards round the Norman farms,
Which, as their owners marked the promised fruit,
Console them for the vineyards of the south,
Surpass not these.
Where woods of ash, and beech,
And partial copses, fringe the green hill foot,
The upland shepherd rears his modest home;
There wanders by a little nameless stream
That from the hill wells forth, bright now, and clear,
Or after rain with chalky mixture gray,
But still refreshing in its shallow course
The cottage garden; most for use designed,
Yet not of beauty destitute. The vine
Mantles the little casement; yet the briar
Drops fragrant dew among the July flowers;
And pansies rayed, and freaked, and mottled pinks
Grow among balm and rosemary and rue;
There honeysuckles flaunt, and roses blow
Almost uncultured; some with dark green leaves
Contrast their flowers of pure unsullied white;
Others like velvet robes of regal state
Of richest crimson, while, in thorny moss
Enshrined and cradled, the most lovely wear
The hues of youthful beauty's glowing cheek.
With fond regret I recollect e'en now
In spring and summer, what delight I felt
Among these cottage gardens, and how much
Such artless nosegays, knotted with a rush
By village housewife or her ruddy maid,
Were welcome to me; soon and simply pleased.
An early worshipper at nature's shrine,
I loved her rudest scenes—warrens, and heaths,
And yellow commons, and birch-shaded hollows,
And hedgerows bordering unfrequented lanes,
Bowered with wild roses and the clasping woodbine.

MISS BLAMIRE

Miss Susanna Blamire (1747-1794), a Cumberland lady, was distinguished for the excellence of her Scottish poetry, which has all the idiomatic ease and grace of a native minstrel. Miss Blamire was born of a respectable family in Cumberland, at Cardew Hall, near Carlisle, where she resided till her twentieth year, beloved by a circle of friends and acquaintances, with whom she associated in what were called *merry neets*, or merry evening parties, in her native district. Her sister becoming the wife of Colonel Graham of Duchray, Perthshire, Susanna accompanied them to Scotland, where she remained some years, and imbibed that taste for Scottish melody and music which prompted her beautiful lyrics, *The Nabob*, *The Siller Crown*, &c. She also wrote some pieces in the Cumbrian dialect, and a descriptive poem of some length, entitled *Stoklewath, or the Cumbrian Village*. Miss Blamire died unmarried at Carlisle in her forty-seventh year, and her name had almost faded from remembrance, when in 1842 her poetical works were collected and published in one volume, with a preface, memoir, and notes by Patrick Maxwell.

The Nabob.

When silent time, wi' lightly foot,
Had trod on thirty years,
I sought again my native land
Wi' mony hopes and fears.
Wha kens gin the dear friends I left
May still continue mine?
Or gin I e'er again shall taste
The joys I left langsyne?

As I drew near my ancient pile,
My heart beat a' the way;
Ilk place I passed seemed yet to speak
O' some dear former day;
Those days that followed me afar,
Those happy days o' mine,
Whilk made me think the present joys
A' naething to langsyne!

The ivied tower now met my eye,
Where minstrels used to blaw;
Nae friend stepped forth wi' open hand,
Nae weel-kenned face I saw;
Till Donald tottered to the door,
Wham I left in his prime,
And grat to see the lad return
He bore about langsyne.

I ran to ilka dear friend's room,
As if to find them there,
I knew where ilk ane used to sit,
And hang o'er mony a chair;
Till soft remembrance threw a veil
Across these een o' mine,
I closed the door, and sobbed aloud,
To think on auld langsyne!

Some pensy chiels, a new-sprung race,
Wad next their welcome pay,
Wha shuddered at my Gothic wa's,
And wished my groves away.
'Cut, cut,' they cried, 'those aged elms,
Lay low yon mournfu' pine.'
Na! na! our fathers' names grow there,
Memorials o' langsyne.

To wean me frae these waefu' thoughts,
They took me to the town;
But sair on ilka weel-kenned face
I missed the youthfu' bloom.

At balls they pointed to a nymph
Wham a' declared divine;
But sure her mother's blushing cheeks
Were fairer far langsyne!

In vain I sought in music's sound
To find that magic art,
Which oft in Scotland's ancient lays
Has thrilled through a' my heart.
The sang had mony an artfu' turn,
My ear confessed 'twas fine,
But missed the simple melody
I listened to langsyne.

Ye sons to comrades o' my youth,
Forgie an auld man's spleen,
Wha 'midst your gayest scenes still mourns
The days he ance has seen;
When time has passed and seasons fled,
Your hearts will feel like mine;
And aye the sang will maist delight
That minds ye o' langsyne!

What Ails this Heart o' Mine?

['This song seems to have been a favourite with the authoress, for I have met with it in various forms among her papers, and the labour bestowed upon it has been repaid by its popularity. It has all along passed as Miss Blamire's.'—*Memoir of Miss Blamire.*]

What ails this heart o' mine?
What ails this watery ee?
What gars me a' turn pale as death
When I take leave o' thee?
When thou art far awa',
Thou'lt dearer grow to me;
But change o' place and change o' folk
May gar thy fancy jee.

When I gae out at e'en,
Or walk at morning air,
Ilk rustling bush will seem to say
I used to meet thee there.
Then I'll sit down and cry,
And live aneath the tree,
And when a leaf fa's i' my lap,
I'll ca't a word frae thee.

I'll hie me to the bower
That thou wi' roses tied,
And where wi' mony a blushing bud
I strove myself to hide.
I'll doat on ilka spot
Where I hae been wi' thee;
And ca' to mind some kindly word
By ilka burn and tree.

As an example of the Cumberland dialect:

Auld Robin Forbes.

And auld Robin Forbes hes gien tem a dance,
I pat on my speckets to see them aw prance;
I thout o' the days when I was but fifteen,
And skipp'd wi' the best upon Forbes's green.
Of aw things that is I think thout is meast queer,
It brings that that's by-past and sets it down here;
I see Willy as plain as I dui this bit leace,
When he tuik his cwoat lappet and deeghted his feace.

The lasses aw wondered what Willy cud see
In yen that was dark and hard featured leyke me;
And they wondered ay mair when they talked o' my wit,
And slily telt Willy that cudn't be it.
But Willy he laughed, and he meade me his wife,
And whea was mair happy thro' aw his lang life?
It's e'en my great comfort, now Willy is geane,
That he often said—nea pleace was leyke his awn heame!

I mind when I carried my wark to yon steyle,
Where Willy was dyken, the time to beguile,
He wad fling me a daisy to put i' my breast,
And I hammered my noddle to mek out a jest.
But merry or grave, Willy often wad tell
There was nin o' the leave that was leyke my awn sel;
And he spak what he thout, for I'd hardly a plack
When we married, and nobbet ae gown to my back.

When the clock had struck eight I expected him heame,
And wheyles went to meet him as far as Dumleane;
Of aw hours it telt, eight was dearest to me,
But now when it streykes there's a tear i' my ee.
O Willy! dear Willy! it never can be
That age, time, or death, can divide thee and me!
For that spot on earth that's aye dearest to me,
Is the turf that has covered my Willie frae me!

MRS BARBAULD.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD, the daughter of Dr John Aikin, was born at Kibworth Harcourt, in Leicestershire, in 1743. Her father at this time kept a seminary for the education of boys, and Anna received the same instruction, being early initiated into a knowledge of classical literature. In 1758 Dr Aikin undertaking the office of classical tutor in a dissenting academy at Warrington, his daughter accompanied him, and resided there fifteen years. In 1773 she published a volume of miscellaneous poems, of which four editions were called for in one year; and also a collection of pieces in prose, some of which were written by her brother. In May 1774 she was married to the Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, a French Protestant, who was minister of a dissenting congregation at Palgrave, near Diss, and who had just opened a boarding school at the neighbouring village of Palgrave in Suffolk. The poetess participated with her husband in the task of instruction, and to her talents and exertions the seminary was mainly indebted for its success. In 1775 she came forward with a volume of devotional pieces compiled from the Psalms, and another volume of *Hymns in Prose* for children. In 1786, after a tour to the continent, Mr and Mrs Barbauld established themselves at Hampstead, and there several tracts proceeded from the pen of our authoress on the topics of the day, in all which she espoused the principles of the Whigs. She also assisted her father in preparing a series of tales for children, entitled *Evenings at Home*; and she wrote critical essays on Akenside and Collins, prefixed to editions of their works. In 1802 Mr Barbauld became pastor of the congregation (formerly Dr Price's) at Newington Green, also in the vicinity of London; and quitting Hampstead, they took up their abode in the village of Stoke Newington. In 1803 Mrs Barbauld compiled a selection of essays from the 'Spectator,' 'Tatler,' and 'Guardian,' to which she prefixed a preliminary essay; and in the following year she edited the correspondence of Richardson, and wrote an interesting and elegant life of the novelist. Her husband died in 1808, and Mrs Barbauld has recorded her feelings on this melancholy event in a poetical dirge to his memory, and also in her poem of *Eighteen Hundred and Eleven*. Seeking relief in literary occupation, she also edited a collection of the British novelists, published in 1810, with an introductory essay, and biographical and critical notices. After a gradual decay, this accomplished and excellent woman died on the 9th of March 1825. Some of the lyrical pieces of Mrs Barbauld are flowing and harmonious, and her 'Ode to Spring' is a happy imitation of Collins. She wrote also several poems in blank verse, characterised by a serious tenderness and

elevation of thought 'Her earliest pieces,' says her niece, Mrs Lucy Aikin, 'as well as her more recent ones, exhibit in their imagery and allusions the fruits of extensive and varied reading In youth the power of her imagination was counterbalanced by the activity of her intellect, which exercised itself in rapid but not unprofitable excursions over almost every field of knowledge In age, when this activity abated, imagination appeared to exert over her an undiminished sway' Charles James Fox is said to have been a great admirer of Mrs Barbauld's songs, but they are by no means the best of her compositions, being generally artificial, and unimpassioned in their character

Ode to Spring

Sweet daughter of a rough and stormy sire,
Hoar Winter's blooming child, delightful Spring!
Whose unshorn locks with leaves
And swelling buds are crowned;

From the green islands of eternal youth
(Crowned with fresh blooms and ever-springing shade),
Turn, hither turn thy step,
O thou, whose powerful voice

More sweet than softest touch of Doric reed
Or Lydian flute, can soothe the madding winds,
And through the stormy deep
Breathe thy own tender calm

Thee, best beloved! the virgin train await
With songs and festal rites, and joy to rove
Thy blooming wilds among,
And vales and dewy lawns,

With untired feet, and cull thy earliest sweets
To weave fresh garlands for the glowing brow
Of him, the favoured youth
That prompts their whispered sigh

Unlock thy copious stores; those tender showers
That drop their sweetness on the infant buds,
And silent dews that swell
The milky ear's green stem,

And feed the flowering osier's early shoots,
And call those winds, which through the whispering boughs
With warm and pleasant breath
Salute the blowing flowers

Now let me sit beneath the whitening thorn,
And mark thy spreading tints steal o'er the dale,
And watch with patient eye
Thy fair unfolding charms,

O nymph, approach! while yet the temperate sun
With bashful forehead, through the cooling clouds
Throws his young maiden beams,
And with chaste kisses woos

The earth's fair bosom, while the streaming veil
Of lucid clouds, with kind and frequent shade,
Protects thy modest blooms
From his severer blaze

Sweet is thy reign, but short the red dog-star
Shall scorch thy tresses, and the mower's scythe
Thy greens, thy flowerets all,
Remorseless shall destroy

Reluctant shall I bid thee then farewell
For O! not all that Autumn's lap contains,
Nor Summer's ruddiest fruits,
Can aught for thee atone,

Fair Spring! whose simplest promise more delights
Than all their largest wealth, and through the heart
Each joy and new-born hope
With softest influence breathes

To a Lady, with some Painted Flowers.

Flowers to the fair to you these flowers I bring,
And strive to greet you with an earlier spring.
Flowers sweet, and gay, and delicate like you;
Emblems of innocence, and beauty too
With flowers the Graces bind their yellow hair,
And flowery wreaths consenting lovers wear
Flowers, the sole luxury which nature knew,
In Eden's pure and guiltless garden grew
To loftier forms are rougher tasks assigned;
The sheltering oak resists the stormy wind,
The tougher yew repels invading foes,
And the tall pine for future navies grows
But this soft family, to cares unknown,
Were born for pleasure and delight alone
Gay without toil, and lovely without art,
They spring to cheer the sense and glad the heart
Nor blush, my fair, to own you copy these,
Your best, your sweetest empire is—to please

Hymn to Content

Natura beatis
Omnibus esse dedit, si quis cognoverit uti.—*Claudian*

O thou, the nymph with placid eye!
O seldom found, yet ever nigh!
Receive my temperate vow
Not all the storms that shake the pole
Can e'er disturb thy halcyon soul,
And smooth unaltered brow

O come, in simplest vest arrayed,
With all thy sober cheer displayed,
To bless my longing sight,
Thy mien composed, thy even pace,
Thy meek regard, thy matron grace,
And chaste subdued delight

No more by varying passions beat,
O gently guide my pilgrim feet
To find thy hermit cell;
Where in some pure and equal sky,
Beneath thy soft indulgent eye,
The modest virtues dwell

Simplicity in Attic vest,
And Innocence with candid breast,
And clear undaunted eye,
And Hope, who points to distant years,
Fair opening through this vale of tears
A vista to the sky

There Health, through whose calm bosom glide
The temperate joys in even tide,
That rarely ebb or flow,
And Patience there, thy sister meek,
Presents her mild unvarying cheek
To meet the offered blow

Her influence taught the Phrygian sage
A tyrant master's wanton rage
With settled smiles to meet,
Inured to toil and bitter bread,
He bowed his meek submissive head,
And kissed thy sainted feet

But thou, O nymph retired and coy!
In what brown hamlet dost thou joy
To tell thy tender tale?
The lowliest children of the ground,
Moss-rose and violet, blossom round,
And lily of the vale

O say what soft propitious hour
I best may choose to hail thy power,
And court thy gentle sway?
When autumn, friendly to the Muse,
Shall thy own modest tints diffuse,
And shed thy milder day

When eve, her dewy star beneath,
Thy balmy spirit loves to breathe,
And every storm is laid;
If such an hour was e'er thy choice,
Oft let me hear thy soothing voice
Low whispering through the shade.

Washing-Day.

The Muses are turned gossips; they have lost
The buskined step, and clear high-sounding phrase,
Language of gods. Come, then, domestic Muse,
In slip-shod measure loosely prattling on,
Of farm or orchard, pleasant curds and cream,
Or droning flies, or shoes lost in the mire
By little whimpering boy, with rueful face—
Come, Muse, and sing the dreaded washing-day.

Ye who beneath the yoke of wedlock bend,
With bowed soul, full well ye ken the day
Which week, smooth sliding after week, brings on
Too soon, for to that day nor peace belongs,
Nor comfort; ere the first gray streak of dawn,
The red-armed washers come and chase repose.

Nor pleasant smile, nor quaint device of mirth,
E'er visited that day; the very cat,
From the wet kitchen scared, and reeking hearth,
Visits the parlour, an unwonted guest.
The silent breakfast-meal is soon despatched,
Uninterrupted, save by anxious looks
Cast at the lowering sky, if sky should lour.

From that last evil, oh preserve us, heavens!
For should the skies pour down, adieu to all
Remains of quiet; then expect to hear
Of sad disasters—dirt and gravel stains
Hard to efface, and loaded lines at once
Snapped short, and linen-horse by dog thrown down,
And all the petty miseries of life.

Saints have been calm while stretched upon the rack,
And Montezuma smiled on burning coals;
But never yet did housewife notable
Greet with a smile a rainy washing-day.
But grant the welkin fair, require not thou
Who call'st thyself, perchance, the master there,
Or study swept, or nicely dusted coat,
Or usual 'tendance; ask not, indiscreet,
Thy stockings mended, though the yawning rents
Gape wide as Erebus; nor hope to find
Some snug recess impervious; shouldst thou try
The 'customed garden walks, thine eye shall rue
The budding fragrance of thy tender shrubs,
Myrtle or rose, all crushed beneath the weight
Of coarse checked apron, with impatient hand
Twitched off when showers impend; or crossing lines
Shall mar thy musings, as the wet cold sheet
Flaps in thy face abrupt. Woe to the friend
Whose evil stars have urged him forth to claim
On such a day the hospitable rites,
Looks blank at best, and stinted courtesy
Shall he receive, vainly he feeds his hopes
With dinner of roast chicken, savoury pie,
Or tart or pudding; pudding he nor tart
That day shall eat; nor, though the husband try,
Mending what can't be helped, to kindle mirth
From cheer deficient, shall his consort's brow
Clear up propitious; the unlucky guest
In silence dines, and early slinks away.

I well remember, when a child, the awe
This day struck into me; for then the maids,
I scarce knew why, looked cross, and drove me from them;
Nor soft caress could I obtain, nor hope
Usual indulgences; jelly or creams,
Relique of costly suppers, and set by
For me their petted one; or buttered toast,
When butter was forbid; or thrilling tale
Of ghost, or witch, or murder. So I went
And sheltered me beside the parlour fire;
There my dear grandmother, eldest of all forms,
Tended the little ones, and watched from harm;
Anxiously fond, though oft her spectacles
With elfin cunning hid, and oft the pins
Drawn from her ravelled stocking might have soured
One less indulgent.

At intervals my mother's voice was heard
Urging despatch; briskly the work went on,
All hands employed to wash, to rinse, to wring,
Or fold, and starch, and clap, and iron, and plait.

Then would I sit me down, and ponder much
Why washings were. Sometimes through hollow hole
Of pipe amused we blew, and sent aloft
The floating bubbles, little dreaming then
To see, Montgolfier, thy silken ball
Ride buoyant through the clouds, so near approach
The sports of children and the toils of men.

Earth, air, and sky, and ocean hath its bubbles,
And verse is one of them—this most of all.

MISS SEWARD—MRS HUNTER—MRS OPIE—MRS GRANT—MRS TIGHE.

Several other poetesses of this period are deserving of notice, though their works are now almost faded from remembrance. With much that is delicate in sentiment and feeling, and with considerable powers of poetical fancy and expression, their leading defect is a want of energy or of genuine passion, and of that originality which can alone forcibly arrest the public attention. One of the most conspicuous of these was MISS ANNA SEWARD (1747–1809), the daughter of the Rev. Mr Seward, canon-residentiary of Lichfield, himself a poet, and one of the editors of Beaumont and Fletcher. This lady was early trained to a taste for poetry, and, before she was three years of age, she could repeat the three first books of Paradise Lost. Even at this time, she says, she was charmed with the numbers of Milton. Miss Seward wrote several elegiac poems—an *Elegy on the Memory of Captain Cook*, a *Monody on the Death of Major André*, &c.—which, from the popular nature of the subjects, and the animated though inflated style of the composition, enjoyed great celebrity. Darwin complimented her as 'the inventress of epic elegy;' and she was known by the name of the Swan of Lichfield. A poetical novel, entitled *Louisa*, was published by Miss Seward in 1782, and passed through several editions. After bandying compliments with the poets of one generation, Miss Seward engaged Sir Walter Scott in a literary correspondence, and bequeathed to him for publication three volumes of her poetry, which he pronounced execrable. At the same time, she left her correspondence to Constable, and that publisher gave to the world six volumes of her letters. Both collections were unsuccessful. The applauses of Miss Seward's early admirers were only calculated to excite ridicule, and the vanity and affectation which were her besetting sins destroyed equally her poetry and prose. Some of her letters, however, are written with spirit and discrimination. In contrast to Miss Seward was MRS JOHN HUNTER (1742–1821), a retired but highly accomplished lady, sister of Sir Everard Home, and wife of John Hunter, the celebrated surgeon. Having written several copies of verses, which were extensively circulated, and some songs that even Haydn had married to immortal music, Mrs Hunter was induced, in 1806, to collect her pieces and commit them to the press. In 1802, MRS AMELIA OPIE, whose pathetic and interesting Tales

are so justly distinguished, published a volume of miscellaneous poems, characterised by a simple and placid tenderness. Her *Orphan Boy* is one of those touching domestic effusions which at once finds its way to the hearts of all. In the following year a volume of miscellaneous poems was published by MRS ANNE GRANT, widow of the minister of Laggan, in Inverness-shire. Mrs Grant (1754–1838) was author of several able and interesting prose works. She wrote *Letters from the Mountains*, giving a description of Highland scenery and manners, with which she was conversant from her residence in the country; also *Memoirs of an American Lady* (1810); and *Essays on the Superstitions of the Highlanders*, which appeared in 1811. The writings of this lady display a lively and observant fancy, and considerable powers of landscape painting. They first drew attention to the more striking and romantic features of the Scottish Highlands, afterwards so fertile a theme for the genius of Scott. An Irish poetess, MRS MARY TIGHE (1773–1810), evinced a more passionate and refined imagination than any of her tuneful sisterhood. Her poem of *Psyche*, founded on the classic fable related by Apuleius, of the loves of Cupid and Psyche, or the allegory of Love and the Soul, is characterised by a graceful voluptuousness and brilliancy of colouring rarely excelled. It is in six cantos, and wants only a little more concentration of style and description to be one of the best poems of the period. Mrs Tighe was daughter of the Rev. W. Blachford, county of Wicklow. Her history seems to be little known, unless to private friends; but her early death after six years of protracted suffering, has been commemorated by Moore, in his beautiful lyric—

'I saw thy form in youthful prime.'

We subjoin some selections from the works of each of the above ladies:—

The Anniversary.

[By Miss Seward.]

Ah, lovely Lichfield! that so long hast [illegible]
In blended charms peculiarly thine own,
Stately, yet rural; through thy choral day,
Though shady, cheerful, and though quiet, gay;
How interesting, how loved, from year to year,
How more than beauteous did thy scenes appear!
Still as the mild Spring chased the wintry gloom,
Devolved her leaves, and waked her rich perfume,
Thou, with thy fields and groves around thee spread,
Lift'st, in unlessened grace, thy spiry head;
But many a loved inhabitant of thine
Sleeps where no vernal sun will ever shine.
Why fled ye all so fast, ye happy hours,
That saw Honora's[1] eyes adorn these bowers?
These darling bowers, that much she loved to hail,
The spires she called 'the Ladies of the Vale!'
Fairest and best!—Oh! can I e'er forget
To thy dear kindness my eternal debt?
Life's opening paths how tenderly it smoothed,
The joys it heightened, and the pains it soothed!
No, no! my heart its sacred memory bears,
Bright mid the shadows of o'erwhelming years,
When mists of deprivation round me roll,
'Tis the soft sunbeam of my clouded soul.
Ah, dear Honora! that remembered day,
First on these eyes when shone thy early ray!
Scarce o'er my head twice seven gay springs had gone,
Scarce five o'er thy unconscious childhood flown,
When, fair as their young flowers, thy infant frame
To our glad walls a happy inmate came.
O summer morning of unrivalled light!
Fate wrapt thy rising in prophetic white!
June, the bright month, when nature joys to wear
The livery of the gay, consummate year,
Gave that envermiled day-spring all her powers,
Gemmed the light leaves, and glowed upon the flowers;
Bade her plumed nations hail the rosy ray
With warbled orisons from every spray.
Purpureal Tempe! not to thee belong
More poignant fragrance or more jocund song.
Thrice happy day! thy clear auspicious light
Gave 'future years a tincture of thy white,'
Well may her strains thy votive hymn decree,
Whose sweetest pleasures found their source in thee;
The purest, best that memory explores,
Safe in the past's inviolable stores.
The ardent progress of thy shining hours
Beheld me rove through Lichfield's verdant bowers,
Thoughtless and gay, and volatile and vain,
Circled by nymphs and youths, a frolic train;
The [illegible] that a little orphan child
Had to my parents' guidance, kind and mild,
Recent been summoned, when disease and death
Shed [illegible] on her mother's breath,
While eight sweet infants' wailful cries deplore
What not the tears [illegible] restore;
And while the husband mourned his widowed doom,
And hung despondent o'er the closing tomb,
[illegible] consigned,
Its beauty [illegible] opening mind
His heartfelt loss had drawn my April tears,
But childish, [illegible] years
Find all their griefs as vanishing as keen,
Youth's [illegible] sun soon gilds the showery scene.
On the [illegible] I lent,
[illegible] unheeded the event
[illegible] free,
[illegible] with me,
[illegible] shared;
And when with [illegible] thoughts they closed,
On [illegible] limbs reposed.
Amply in friend [illegible] blest,
[illegible] the rest,
Considering not how near the period drew,
When that transplanted branch should meet our view,
When [illegible] were destined to rise,
[illegible] joy
[illegible] console me when by Fate severe,
The Much Beloved[2] should press a timeless bier,
My friend, my sister from my arms be torn,
Sickening and sinking on her bridal morn;
While Hymen, speeding from this mournful dome,
Should drop his darkened torch upon her tomb.
'Twas eve: the sun, in setting glory drest,
Spread his gold skirts along the crimson west;
A Sunday's eve! Honora, bringing thee,
Friendship's soft Sabbath long it rose to me,
When on the wing of circling seasons borne,
Annual I hailed its consecrated morn.
In the kind interchange of mutual thought,
Our home myself, and gentle sister sought;
Our pleasant home, round which the ascending gale
Breathes all the freshness of the sloping vale;
On her green verge the spacious walls arise,
View her fair fields, and catch her balmy sighs;
See her near hills the bounded prospect close,
And her blue lake in glassy breadth repose.
With arms entwined, and smiling as we talked,
To the maternal room we careless walked,

[1] Honora Sneyd, the object of Major André's attachment, afterwards Mrs Edgeworth, and mother of the distinguished [illegible], Maria Edgeworth.

[1] Miss Sarah Seward, who died in her nineteenth year, and on the eve of marriage.

[2] The bishop's palace at Lichfield.

Where sat its honoured mistress, and with smile
Of love indulgent, from a floral pile
The gayest glory of the summer bower
Culled for the new-arrived—the human flower,
A lovely infant-girl, who pensive stood
Close to her knees, and charmed us as we viewed
O! hast thou marked the summer's budded rose,
When 'mid the veiling moss its crimson glows?
So bloomed the beauty of that fairy form,
So her dark locks, with golden tin[illegible] warm,
Played round the timid curve of that white neck,
And sweetly shaded half her blushing cheek
O! hast thou seen the star of eve on high,
Through the soft dusk of summer's balmy sky
Shed its green light,[1] and in the glassy stream
Eye the mild reflex of its trembling beam?
So looked on us with tender, bashful gaze,
The destined charmer of our youthful days
Whose soul its native elevation joined
To the gay wildness of the infant mind,
Esteem and sacred confidence impressed
While our fond arms the beauteous child caressed

[illegible]

[From Mrs Hunter's [illegible]]

The se[illegible] wh[illegible] w[illegible],
But you [illegible] no m[illegible],
Why cannot I the[illegible] days forget
Which [illegible]?
O days [illegible] sweet [illegible]
Are you indeed [illegible] ever [illegible]?
The fleeting shadows of [illegible],
In memory I trace,
In fancy st[illegible] p the r[illegible] flight,
And all the past replace
But, ah! [illegible] wake to endless w[illegible],
And tears the [illegible]

[illegible]

[From the same]

O tuneful voice! I st[illegible] d[illegible]
Those accents which, th[illegible] h[illegible]
Still vibrate on my heart
In echo's cave I long to dwell,
And still would hear the sad farewell,
When we were doomed to part
Bright eyes, O that the t[illegible] k[illegible] were mine
To guard the liquid fires that shine,
And round your orbits play,
To watch them with [illegible],
And feed with smiles [illegible] light so fair,
That it may ne'er decay!

The Death Song, Written for, and Adapted to, an Original Indian Air

[From the same]

The sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day,
But glory remains when their lights fade away
Begin, you tormentors! your threats are in vain,
For the son of Alknomook will never complain
Remember the arrows he shot from his bow,
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low
Why so slow? Do you wait till I shrink from the pain?
No; the son of Alknomook shall never complain
Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,
And the scalps which we bore from your nation away
Now the flame rises fast; you exult in my pain,
But the son of Alknomook can never complain

I go to the land where my father is gone,
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son;
Death comes, like a friend, to relieve me from pain;
And thy son, O Alknomook! has scorned to complain.

To my Daughter, on being Separated from her on her Marriage.

[From the same]

Dear to my heart as life's warm stream
Which animates this mortal clay,
For thee I court the waking dream,
And deck with smiles the future day;
And thus beguile the present pain
With hopes that we shall meet again.

Yet, will it be as when the past
Twined every joy, and care, and thought,
And o'er our minds one mantle cast
Of kind affections finely wrought?
Ah no! the groundless hope were vain,
For so we ne'er can meet again!

May he who [illegible] thy tender heart
Deserve its love, as I have done!
For, kind and gentle as thou art,
If so beloved, thou'rt fairly won
[illegible] the sacred [illegible],
And bless thee till we meet again!

[illegible] Th[illegible]

[From the same]

W[illegible] hid within the heart,
[illegible] concealed,
W[illegible] words impart
W[illegible] revealed.

[illegible] smile when one would weep;
[illegible] speak when one would silent be;
[illegible] should wish to sleep,
And [illegible]

Yet [illegible] by th[illegible] cast
Wh[illegible] wander in this world of care,
[illegible] the bitter blast,
[illegible] them in despair

But [illegible] her guests to greet,
When [illegible] appointment cannot come;
And time [illegible] with unerring feet
The weary wanderers home

The Orphan Boy's Tale

[From Mrs Opie's Poems]

Stay, lady, stay, for mercy's sake,
And hear a helpless orphan's tale,
Ah! sure my looks must pity wake,
'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale.
Yet I was once a mother's pride,
And my brave father's hope and joy;
But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
And I am now an orphan boy.

Poor foolish child! how pleased was I
When news of Nelson's victory came,
Along the crowded streets to fly,
And see the lighted windows flame!
To force me home my mother sought,
She could not bear to see my joy;
For with my father's life 'twas bought,
And made me a poor orphan boy.

The people's shouts were long and loud,
My mother, shuddering, closed her ears;
'Rejoice! rejoice!' still cried the crowd;
My mother answered with her tears.
'Why are you crying thus,' said I,
'While others laugh and shout with joy?'
She kissed me and with such a sigh!
She called me her poor orphan boy.

[1] The lustre of the brightest of the stars (says Miss Seward, in a note on her ninety third sonnet) always appeared to me of a green hue, and they are so described by Ossian

'What is an orphan boy?' I cried,
As in her face I looked, and smiled;
My mother through her tears replied,
'You'll know too soon, ill fated child!'
And now they've tolled my mother's knell,
And I'm no more a parent's joy;
O lady, I have learned too well
What 'tis to be an orphan boy!

Oh! were I by your bounty fed!
Nay, gentle lady, do not chide
Trust me, I mean to earn my bread,
The sailor's orphan boy has pride
Lady, you weep! ha? – this to me?
You'll give me clothing, food, employ?
Look down, dear parents! look, and see
Your happy, happy orphan boy!

Song[*]

[From the same]

Go, youth beloved, in distant glades
New friends, new hopes, new joys to find!
Yet sometimes deign, 'midst fairer maids,
To think on her thou leavest behind.
Thy love, thy fate, dear youth, to share,
Must never be my happy lot;
But thou mayst grant this humble prayer,
Forget me not! forget me not!

Yet, should the thought of my distress
Too painful to thy feelings be,
Heed not the wish I now express,
Nor ever deign to think on me:
But oh! if grief thy steps attend,
If want, if sickness be thy lot,
And thou require a soothing friend,
Forget me not! forget me not!

[*On a Sprig of Heath*]

[From Mrs Grant]

Flower of the waste! the heath fowl shuns
For thee the brake and tufted [illegible]
To thy protecting shade she runs,
Thy tender buds supply her food,
Her young forsake her [illegible]
To rest upon thy [illegible]

Flower of the desert though thou art!
The deer that range the mountain free,
The graceful doe, the stately hart,
Their food and shelter seek from thee
The bee thy earliest blossom greets,
And draws from thee her choicest sweets

Gem of the heath! whose modest bloom
Sheds beauty o'er the lonely moor
Though thou dispense no rich perfume,
Nor yet with splendid tints allure,
Both valour's crest and beauty's bower
Oft hast thou decked, a favourite flower

Flower of the wild! whose purple glow
Adorns the dusky mountain's side,
Not the gay hues of Iris' bow,
Nor garden's artful varied pride,
With all its wealth of sweets could cheer,
Like thee, the hardy mountaineer.

Flower of his heart! thy fragrance mild
Of peace and freedom seem to breathe,
To pluck thy blossoms in the wild,
And deck his bonnet with the wreath,
Where dwelt of old his rustic sires,
Is all his simple wish requires.

Flower of his dear loved native land!
Alas, when distant far more dear!
When he from some cold foreign strand,
Looks homeward through the blinding tear,
How must his aching heart deplore,
That home and thee he sees no more!

[*The Highland Poor*]

[From Mrs Grant's poem of 'The Highlanders']

Where yonder ridgy mountains bound the scene,
The narrow opening glens that intervene
Still shelter, in some lowly nook obscure,
One poorer than the rest – where all are poor,
Some widowed matron, hopeless of relief,
Who to her secret breast confines her grief;
Dejected sighs the wintry night away,
And lonely muses all the summer day
Her gallant sons, who, smit with honour's charms,
Pursued the phantom fame through war's alarms,
Return no more; stretched on Hindostan's plain,
Or sunk beneath the unfathomed main,
In vain her eyes the [illegible] explore
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] dreams the delusive dream
That, in the [illegible] contest,
[illegible] her breast,
And [illegible] love,
[illegible]
[illegible] the intrusive day,
And [illegible]
[illegible] restore,
[illegible] more
[illegible]
[illegible] sympathy,
[illegible]
[illegible]
Yet what [illegible] store,
[illegible] or,
[illegible] deals,
[illegible] heart reveals
And still [illegible] with gold,
[illegible] told
[illegible] bring,
[illegible] the spring
[illegible] train,
[illegible] in vain.
Yet [illegible] two,
[illegible]
[illegible] born,
[illegible]
[illegible] grieve
[illegible] relieve
[illegible] heart
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Heaven
And the [illegible] spring,
[illegible] bring

[*From Mrs Tighe's 'Psyche'*]

[The marriage of Cupid and Psyche in the Palace of Love. Psyche after [illegible] while asleep and is [illegible] from the [illegible]]

– — She rose, and all enchanted gazed
On the rare beauties of the pleasant scene:
Conspicuous far, a lofty palace blazed
Upon a sloping bank of softest green;
A fairer edifice was never seen;
The high ranged columns own no mortal hand,
But seem a temple meet for Beauty's queen,
Like polished snow the marble pillars stand,
In grace attempered majesty, sublimely grand.

* A writer in the Edinburgh Review styles this production of Mrs Opie's one of the finest songs in our language

Gently ascending from a silvery flood,
Above the palace rose the shaded hill,
The lofty eminence was crowned with wood,
And the rich lawns, adorned by nature's skill,
The passing breezes with their odours fill;
Here ever-blooming groves of orange glow,
And here all flowers, which from their leaves distil
Ambrosial dew, in sweet succession blow,
And trees of matchless size a fragrant shade bestow.

The sun looks glorious 'mid a sky serene,
And bids bright lustre sparkle o'er the tide;
The clear blue ocean at a distance seen,
Bounds the gay landscape on the western side,
While closing round it with majestic pride,
The lofty rocks mid citron groves arise;
'Sure some divinity must here reside,'
As tranced in some bright vision, Psyche cries,
And scarce believes the bliss, or trusts her charmed eyes.

When lo! a voice divinely sweet she hears,
From unseen lips proceeds the heavenly sound,
'Psyche approach, dismiss thy timid fears,
At length his bride thy longing spouse has found,
And bids for thee immortal joys abound,
For thee the palace rose at his command,
For thee his love a bridal banquet crowned;
He bids attendant nymphs around thee stand,
Prompt every wish to serve, a fond obedient band.'

Increasing wonder filled her ravished soul,
For now the pompous portals opened wide,
There, pausing oft, with timid foot she stole
Through halls high domed, enriched with sculptured pride,
While gay saloons appeared on either side,
In splendid vista opening to her sight,
And all with precious gems so beautified,
And furnished with such exquisite delight,
That scarce the beams of heaven emit such lustre bright.

The amethyst was there of violet hue,
And there the topaz shed its golden ray,
The chrysoberyl, and the sapphire blue
As the clear azure of a sunny day,
Or the mild eyes where amorous glances play,
The snow-white jasper, and the opal's flame,
The blushing ruby, and the agate grey,
And there the gem which bears his luckless name
Whose death, by Phœbus mourned, ensured him deathless fame.

There the green emerald, there cornelians glow,
And rich carbuncles pour eternal light,
With all that India and Peru can show,
Or Labrador can give so flaming bright
To the charmed mariner's half dazzled sight
The coral-paved baths with diamonds blaze,
And all that can the female heart delight
Of fair attire, the last recess displays,
And all that luxury can ask, her eye surveys.

Now through the hall melodious music stole,
And self-prepared the splendid banquet stands,
Self-poured the nectar sparkles in the bowl,
The lute and viol, touched by unseen hands,
Aid the soft voices of the choral bands,
O'er the full board a brighter lustre beams
Than Persia's monarch at his feast commands
For sweet refreshment all inviting seems
To taste celestial food, and pure ambrosial streams.

But when meek eve hung out her dewy star,
And gently veiled with gradual hand the sky,
Lo! the bright folding doors retiring far,
Display to Psyche's captivated eye
All that voluptuous ease could e'er supply
To soothe the spirits in serene repose
Beneath the velvet's purple canopy,
Divinely formed, a downy couch arose,
While alabaster lamps a milky light disclose.

Once more she hears the hymeneal strain;
Far other voices now attune the lay;
The swelling sounds approach, awhile remain,
And then retiring, faint dissolved away;
The expiring lamps emit a feebler ray,
And soon in fragrant death extinguished lie;
Then virgin terrors Psyche's soul dismay,
When through the obscuring gloom she nought can spy,
But softly rustling sounds declare some being nigh.

Oh, you for whom I write! whose hearts can melt
At the soft thrilling voice whose power you prove,
You know what charm, unutterably felt,
Attends the unexpected voice of love.
Above the lyre, the lute's soft notes above,
With sweet enchantment to the soul it steals,
And bears it to Elysium's happy grove;
You best can tell the rapture Psyche feels,
When Love's ambrosial lip the vows of Hymen seals.

''Tis he, 'tis my deliverer! deep imprest
Upon my heart those sounds I well recall,'
The blushing maid exclaimed, and on his breast
A tear of trembling ecstasy let fall.
But, ere the breezes of the morning call
Aurora from her purple, humid bed,
Psyche in vain explores the vacant hall;
Her tender lover from her arms is fled,
While sleep his downy wings had o'er her eyelids spread.

* * *

Illumined bright now shines the splendid dome,
Melodious accents her arrival hail
But not the torch's blaze can chase the gloom,
And all the soothing powers of music fail;
Trembling she seeks her couch with horror pale,
But first a lamp conceals in secret shade,
While unknown terrors all her soul assail.
Thus half their treacherous counsel is obeyed,
For still her gentle soul abhors the murderous blade.

And now with softest whispers of delight,
Love welcomes Psyche still more fondly dear;
Not unobserved, though hid in deepest night,
The silent anguish of her secret fear.
He thinks that tenderness excites the tear,
By the late image of her parent's grief,
And half offended seeks in vain to cheer;
Yet, while he speaks, her sorrows feel relief,
Too soon more keen to sting from this suspension brief!

Allowed to settle on celestial eyes,
Soft sleep, exulting, now exerts his sway,
From Psyche's anxious pillow gladly flies
To veil those orbs, whose pure and lambent ray
The powers of heaven submissively obey.
Trembling and breathless then she softly rose,
And seized the lamp, where it obscurely lay,
With hand too rashly daring to disclose
The sacred veil which hung mysterious o'er her woes.

Twice, as with agitated step she went,
The lamp expiring shone with doubtful gleam,
As though it warned her from her rash intent:
And twice she paused, and on its trembling beam
Gazed with suspended breath, while voices seem
With murmuring sound along the roof to sigh;
As one just waking from a troublous dream,
With palpitating heart and straining eye,
Still fixed with fear remains, still thinks the danger nigh.

Oh, daring Muse! wilt thou indeed essay
To paint the wonders which that lamp could show!
And canst thou hope in living words to say
The dazzling glories of that heavenly view!
Ah! well I ween, that if with pencil true
That splendid vision could be well expressed,
The fearful awe imprudent Psyche knew
Would seize with rapture every wondering breast,
When Love's all-potent charms divinely stood confessed.

All imperceptible to human touch,
His wings display celestial essence light;
The clear effulgence of the blaze is such,
The brilliant plumage shines so heavenly bright,
That mortal eyes turn dazzled from the sight;
A youth he seems in manhood's freshest years;
Round his fair neck, as clinging with delight,
Each golden curl resplendently appears,
Or shades his darker brow, which grace majestic wears

Or o'er his guileless front the ringlets bright
Their rays of sunny lustre seem to throw
That front than polished ivory more white!
His blooming cheeks with deeper blushes glow
Than roses scattered o'er a bed of snow
While on his lips, distilled in balmy dews,
(Those lips divine, that even in silence know
The heart to touch), persuasion to infuse
Still hangs a rosy charm that never vainly [illegible]

The friendly curtain of indulgent sleep
Disclosed not yet his eyes' [illegible],
But from their silky veil there seemed to peep
Some brilliant glances with a softened ray,
Which o'er his features exquisitely play,
And all his polished limbs suffuse with light
Thus through some narrow space the azure [illegible]
Sudden its cheerful ray diffusing bright,
Wide darts its lucid beam [illegible]

His fatal arrows and celestial bow
Beside the couch were [illegible] thrown,
Nor needs the god his dazzling [illegible]
His glorious birth, such beauty [illegible]
As sure could spring from Beauty's [illegible]
The bloom which glowed [illegible]
Could well proclaim him Beauty's [illegible]
And Beauty's self [illegible],
And steal his witching smile, his [illegible]

Speechless with awe, [illegible],
Long Psyche stood with fixed [illegible] eyes,
Her limbs immoveable, her [illegible]
Between amazement, fear, and [illegible]
She hangs enamoured o'er the deity
Till from her trembling hand [illegible]
The fatal lamp—he starts—and suddenly
Tremendous thunders [illegible]
While ruin's hideous crash [illegible] o'er the [illegible] walls

Dread horror seizes on her [illegible],
A mortal chillness shudders at her breast,
Her soul shrinks fainting from death's [illegible],
The groan scarce uttered dies but not expressed,
And down she sinks in deadly [illegible]
But when at length, awaking from her trance,
The terrors of her fate stand all confessed,
In vain she casts around her timid glance
The rudely frowning scenes her [illegible]

No traces of those joys, alas, remain!
A desert solitude alone appears,
No verdant shade relieves the sandy plain,
The wide-spread waste no gentle fountain cheers,
One barren face the dreary prospect wears,
Nought through the vast horizon meets her eye
To calm the dismal tumult of her fears,
No trace of human habitation nigh,
A sandy wild beneath, above a threatening sky.

The Lily.

[By Mrs Tighe.]

How withered, perished seems the form
Of yon obscure unsightly root!
Yet from the blight of wintry storm,
It hides secure the precious fruit.

The careless eye can find no grace,
No beauty in the scaly folds,
Nor see within the dark embrace
What latent loveliness it holds

Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales,
The lily wraps her silver vest,
Till vernal suns and vernal gales
Shall kiss once more her fragrant breast

Yes, hide beneath the mouldering heap
The undelighting slighted thing,
There in the cold earth buried deep,
In silence let it wait the spring

Oh! many a stormy night shall close
In gloom upon the barren earth,
While still, in undisturbed repose,
Uninjured lies the future birth

And Ignorance with sceptic eye,
Hope's patient smile shall wondering view
Or mock her fond credulity,
As her soft tears the spot bedew

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

And thou, O virgin queen of spring!
Shalt, from thy dark and lowly bed,
Bursting thy green sheath's silken string,
Unveil thy charms, and perfume shed;

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible], cheerful eye,

[illegible] night,
[illegible],
[illegible] light,
[illegible] the gloom

[illegible]

Robert Bloomfield, [illegible] *The Farmer's Boy*, [illegible] poems illustrative of English rural life and customs, was born at Honington, near Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk, in the year 17[illegible]. His father, a tailor, died whilst the poet was a child, and he was placed under his uncle, a farmer. Here he remained only two years, being too weak and diminutive for field labour, and he was taken to London by an elder brother and brought up to the trade of a shoemaker. His two years of country service, and occasional visits to his friends in Suffolk, were of inestimable importance to him as a poet, for they afforded him materials for his 'Farmer's Boy,' and gave a freshness and reality to his descriptions. It was in the shoemaker's garret, however, that his poetry was chiefly composed, and the merit of introducing it to the world belongs to Mr Capel Lofft, a literary gentleman residing at Troston, near Bury, to whom the manuscript was shown, after being rejected by several London booksellers. Mr Lofft warmly befriended the poet, and had the satisfaction of seeing his prognostications of success fully verified. At this time Bloomfield was thirty-two years of age, was married, and had three children. The 'Farmer's Boy' immediately became popular, the Duke of Grafton patronised the poet, settling on him a

small annuity, and through the influence of this nobleman he was appointed to a situation in the Seal office. In 1810 Bloomfield published a collection of Rural Tales, which fully supported his reputation; and to these were afterwards added *Wild Flowers*, *Hazlewood Hall*, a village [illegible], and *May*



[illegible]

day with the Muses. The last was published in the year of his death, and opens with a fine burst of poetical, though [illegible] feeling:

O f[illegible] the stre[illegible] th to paint [illegible]
That joy I feel when [illegible]
When the [illegible]
And [illegible]
Though bleak [illegible]
Shake every nerve, [illegible]
Though time [illegible] with [illegible]
And frost [illegible]

The worldly circumstances of the [illegible] have been such as to confirm the common [illegible] as to the infelicity of poets. His situation in the Seal office was irksome, and his [illegible] was forced to resign it from ill health. He engaged in the bookselling business, but was unsuccessful. In his latter years he resorted to making [illegible] harps, which he sold among his friends. We have been informed by the poet's son (a modest and intelligent man, a printer), that Mr Rogers exerted himself to procure a pension for Bloomfield, and Mr Southey also took much interest in his welfare; but his last days were embittered by ill health and poverty. So severe were the sufferings of Bloomfield from continual headache and nervous irritability, that fears were entertained for his reason, when happily, death stepped in, and released him from 'the world's poor strife.' He died at Shefford, in Bedfordshire, on the 19th of August 1823. The first remarkable feature in the poetry of this humble bard is the easy smoothness and correctness of his versification. His ear was attuned to harmony, and his taste to the beauties of expression, before he had learned anything of criticism, or had enjoyed opportunities for study. This may be seen from the opening of his principal poem:—

O come, blest Spirit! whatsoe'er thou art,
Thou kindling warmth that hover'st round my heart;
Sweet inmate, hail! thou source of sterling joy,
That poverty itself can not destroy,
Be thou my Muse, and faithful still to me,
[illegible] the steps of wild obscurity.
No deeds of arms my humble lines rehearse;
No Alpine wonders thunder through my verse,
The [illegible] cataract, the snow-topt hill,
Inspiring awe till breath itself stands still:
Nature's sublimer scenes ne'er charmed mine eyes,
Nor science led me through the boundless skies,
From meaner objects far my raptures flow:
O point these raptures! bid my bosom glow,
And lead my soul to ecstasies of praise
For all the blessings of my infant days!
Bear me through regions where gay Fancy dwells,
But [illegible] truth's fair form what memory tells.

Live, trifling [illegible], and grace my song,
[illegible] humble [illegible]
[illegible] unheeded [illegible],
His [illegible] his cares or woes
[illegible] in every path are sown,
[illegible] have feelings of their own,
[illegible] transient as the dew,
[illegible] ever new.
'Twas [illegible] fatherless, and poor,
[illegible] felt no more,
[illegible] steps pursued,
[illegible] cheerful servitude,
[illegible] bashful look,
[illegible] his book;
[illegible] the scene
[illegible] serene,
[illegible] varied his employ,
[illegible] of joy.

It is interesting to contrast the cheerful tone of Bloomfield's descriptions of rural life in its hardest [illegible] forms with those of Crabbe, also a native of Suffolk. Both are true, but coloured with the respective peculiarities in their style of [illegible] and feeling of the two poets. Bloomfield describes the various occupations of a farm boy [illegible] harvest, tending cattle and sheep, [illegible]. In his tales, he embodies [illegible] and painting, and his incidents [illegible] well arranged. His want of vigour and passion, joined to the humility of his themes, is perhaps the cause of his being now little read; but he is one of the most characteristic and faithful of our national poets.

[*[illegible] Spring — Wheat [illegible] — Sparrows — Insects — [illegible] Reaping, &c. — Harvest Field.*]

The farmer's life displays in every part
A moral lesson to the sensual heart.
Though in the lap of plenty, thoughtful still,
He looks beyond the present good or ill;
Nor estimates alone one blessing's worth,
From changeful seasons, or capricious earth;
But views the future with the present hours,
And looks for failures as he looks for showers;
For casual as for certain want prepares,
And round his yard the reeking haystack rears;
Or clover, blossomed lovely to the sight,
His team's rich store through many a wintry night.
What though abundance round his dwelling spreads,
Though ever moist his self-improving meads
Supply his dairy with a copious flood,
And seem to promise unexhausted food;

That promise fails when buried deep in snow,
And vegetative juices cease to flow.
For this his plough turns up the destined lands,
Whence stormy winter draws its full demands;
For this the seed minutely small he sows,
Whence, sound and sweet, the hardy turnip grows.
But how unlike to April's closing days!
High climbs the sun and darts his powerful rays;
Whitens the fresh drawn mould, and pierces through
The cumbrous clods that tumble round the plough.
O'er heaven's bright azure, hence with joyful eyes
The farmer sees dark clouds assembling rise,
Borne o'er his fields a heavy torrent falls,
And strikes the earth in hasty driving squalls.
'Right welcome down, ye precious drops,' he cries,
But soon, too soon, the partial blessing flies.
'Boy, bring the harrows, try how deep the rain
Has forced its way.' He comes, but comes in vain;
Dry dust beneath the bubbling surface lurks,
And mocks his pains the more the more he works:
Still, 'midst huge clods, he plunges on forlorn,
That laugh his harrows and the shower to scorn.
E'en thus the living clod, the stubborn fool,
Resists the stormy lectures of the school,
Till tried with gentler means, the dunce to please,
His head imbibes right reason by degrees;
As when from eve till morning's wakeful hour,
Light constant rain evinces secret power,
And, ere the day resume its wonted smile,
Presents a cheerful easy task for Giles.
Down with a touch the mellow soil is laid,
And yon tall crop next claims his timely aid;
Thither well pleased he hies, assured to find
Wild trackless haunts, and objects to his mind.
Shut up from broad rank blades that droop below,
The nodding wheat ear forms a graceful bow,
With milky kernels starting full weighed down,
Ere yet the sun hath tinged its head with brown;
There thousands in a flock, for ever gay,
Loud chirping sparrows welcome on the day,
And from the mazes of the leafy thorn
Drop one by one upon the bending corn.
Giles with a pole assails their close retreats,
And round the grass grown dewy border beats,
On either side completely overspread,
Here branches bend, there corn o'ertops his head.
Green covert hail! for through the varying year
No hours so sweet, no scene to him so dear.
Here Wisdom's placid eye delighted sees
His frequent intervals of lonely ease,
And with one ray his infant soul inspire,
Just kindling there her never dying fire,
Whence solitude derives peculiar charms,
And heaven-directed thought his bosom warms.
Just where the parting bough's light shadows play,
Scarce in the shade nor in the scorching day,
Stretched on the turf he lies, a peopled bed,
Where swarming insects creep around his head.
The small dust coloured beetle climbs with pain
O'er the smooth plantain leaf, a spacious plain!
Thence higher still, by countless steps conveyed,
He gains the summit of a shivering blade,
And flirts his filmy wings, and looks around,
Exulting in his distance from the ground.
The tender speckled moth here dancing seen,
The vaulting grasshopper of glossy green,
And all prolific Summer's sporting train,
Their little lives by various powers sustain.
But what can unassisted vision do?
What but recoil where most it would pursue;
His patient gaze but finish with a sigh,
When Music waking speaks the skylark nigh!
Just starting from the corn, he cheerily sings,
And trusts with conscious pride his downy wings;
Still louder breathes, and in the face of day
Mounts up, and calls on Giles to mark his way.
Close to his eyes his hat he instant bends,
And forms a friendly telescope, that lends
Just aid enough to dull the glaring light,
And place the wandering bird before his sight,
That oft beneath a light cloud sweeps along,
Lost for a while, yet pours the varied song;
The eye still follows, and the cloud moves by,
Again he stretches up the clear blue sky;
His form, his motion, undistinguished quite,
Save when he wheels direct from shade to light:
E'en then the songster a mere speck became,
Gliding like fancy's bubbles in a dream,
The gazer sees; but yielding to repose,
Unwittingly his jaded eyelids close.
Delicious sleep! From sleep who could forbear,
With guilt no more than Giles, and no more care?
Peace o'er his slumbers waves her guardian wing,
Nor Conscience once disturbs him with a sting;
He wakes refreshed from every trivial pain,
And takes his pole, and brushes round again.
Its dark green hue, its sickly tints all fail,
And ripening harvest rustles in the gale.
A glorious sight, if glory dwells below,
Where heaven's munificence makes all things show,
O'er every field and golden prospect found,
That glads the ploughman's Sunday morning's round;
When on some eminence he takes his stand,
To judge the smiling produce of the land.
Here Vanity slinks back, her head to hide;
What is there here to flatter human pride?
The towering fabric, or the dome's loud roar,
And steadfast columns may astonish more,
Where the charmed gazer long delighted stays,
Yet traced but to the architect the praise;
Whilst here, the veriest clown that treads the sod,
Without one scruple gives the praise to God;
And twofold joys possess his raptured mind,
From gratitude and admiration joined.
Here, midst the boldest triumphs of her worth,
Nature herself invites the reapers forth;
Dares the keen sickle from its twelvemonth's rest,
And gives that ardour which in every breast
From infancy to age alike appears,
When the first sheaf its plumy top uprears.
No rake takes here what Heaven to all bestows—
Children of want, for you the bounty flows!
And every cottage from the plenteous store
Receives a burden nightly at its door.
Hark! where the sweeping scythe now rips along;
Each sturdy mower, emulous and strong,
Whose writhing form meridian heat defies,
Bends o'er his work, and every sinew tries;
Prostrates the waving treasure at his feet,
But spares the rising clover, short and sweet.
Come, Health! come, Jollity! light-footed come;
Here hold your revels, and make this your home.
Each heart awaits and hails you as its own;
Each moistened brow, that scorns to wear a frown:
The unpeopled dwelling mourns its tenants strayed;
E'en the domestic laughing dairy-maid
Hies to the field, the general toil to share.
Meanwhile the farmer quits his elbow chair,
His cool brick floor, his pitcher, and his ease,
And braves the sultry beams, and gladly sees
His gates thrown open, and his team abroad,
The ready group attendant on his word,
To turn the swath, the quivering load to rear,
Or ply the busy rake the land to clear.
Summer's light garb itself now cumbrous grown,
Each his thin doublet in the shade throws down;
Where oft the mastiff skulks with half shut eye,
And rouses at the stranger passing by;
While unrestrained the social converse flows,
And every breast Love's powerful impulse knows,
And rival wits with more than rustic grace
Confess the presence of a pretty face.

Rosy Hannah.

A spring, o'erhung with many a flower,
  The gray sand dancing in its bed,
Embanked beneath a hawthorn bower,
  Sent forth its waters near my head
A rosy lass approached my view,
  I caught her blue eye's modest beam,
The stranger nodded 'How d'ye do!'
  And leaped across the infant stream

The water heedless passed away
  With me her glowing image stayed,
I strove, from that auspicious day,
  To meet and bless the lovely maid
I met her where beneath our feet
  Through downy moss the wild thyme grew,
Nor moss elastic, flowers though sweet,
  Matched Hannah's cheek of rosy hue

I met her where the dark woods wave,
  And shaded verdure skirts the plain
And when the pale moon rising gave
  New glories to her rising train
From her sweet cot upon the moor,
  Our plighted vows to heaven are flown,
Truth made me welcome at her door,
  And rosy Hannah is my own

Lines addressed to my Children.

[Occasioned by a visit to Whittlebury Forest, Northamptonshire, in August 1800.]

Genius of the forest shades,
  Lend thy power, and lend thine ear,
A stranger trod thy lonely glades,
  Amidst thy dark and bounding deer
Inquiring childhood claims the verse
  O let them not inquire in vain
Be with me while I thus rehearse
  The glories of thy sylvan reign

Thy dells by wintry currents worn
  Secluded haunts, how dear to me!
From all but nature's converse borne,
  No ear to hear, no eye to see
Their honoured leaves the green oaks reared,
  And crowned the upland's graceful swell
While answering through the vale was heard
  Each distant heifer's tinkling bell

Hail, greenwood shades, that stretching far,
  Defy e'en summer's noontide power,
When August in his burning car
  Withholds the clouds, withholds the shower
The deep toned low from either hill,
  Down hazel aisles and arches green
(The herd's rude tracks from rill to rill),
  Roared echoing through the solemn scene

From my charmed heart the numbers sprung,
  Though birds had ceased the choral lay,
I poured wild raptures from my tongue,
  And gave delicious tears their way
Then, darker shadows seeking still,
  Where human foot had seldom strayed,
I read aloud to every hill
  Sweet Emma's love, 'the Nut-brown Maid'

Shaking his matted mane on high,
  The gazing colt would raise his head,
Or timorous doe would rushing fly,
  And leave to me her grassy bed;
Where, as the azure sky appeared
  Through bowers of ever varying form,
'Midst the deep gloom methought I heard
  The daring progress of the storm.

How would each sweeping ponderous bough
  Resist, when straight the whirlwind cleaves,
Dashing in strengthening eddies through
  A roaring wilderness of leaves!
How would the prone descending shower
  From the green canopy rebound!
How would the lowland torrents pour!
  How deep the pealing thunder sound!

But peace was there: no lightnings blazed;
  No clouds obscured the face of heaven;
Down each green opening while I gazed,
  My thoughts to home and you were given.
O, tender minds! in life's gay morn,
  Some clouds must dim your coming day;
Yet bootless pride and falsehood scorn,
  And peace like this shall cheer your way.

Now, at the dark wood's stately side,
  Well pleased I met the sun again;
Here fleeting fancy travelled wide,
  My seat was destined to the main.
For many an oak lay stretched at length,
  Whose trunks (with bark no longer sheathed)
Had reached their full meridian strength
  Before your father's father breathed!

Perhaps they'll many a conflict brave,
  And many a dreadful storm defy;
Then, groaning o'er the adverse wave,
  Bring home the flag of victory.
Go, then, proud oaks; we meet no more!
  Go, grace the scenes to me denied,
The white cliffs round my native shore,
  And the loud ocean's swelling tide.

'Genius of the forest shades,'
  Sweet from the heights of thy domain,
When the gray evening shadow fades,
  To view the country's golden grain;
To view the gleaming village spire
  'Midst distant groves unknown to me—
Groves that, grown bright in borrowed fire,
  Bow o'er the peopled vales to thee

Where was thy elfin train, that play
  Round Wakefield's huge oak, their favourite tree,
Dancing the twilight hours away?
  Why were they not revealed to me?
Yet, smiling fancies left behind,
  Affection brought you all to view,
To love and tenderness resigned,
  My heart heaved many a sigh for you.

When morning still unclouded rose,
  Refreshed with sleep and joyous dreams,
Where fruitful fields with woodlands close,
  I traced the births of various streams.
From beds of clay, here creeping rills,
  Unseen to parent Ouse, would steal,
Or, gushing from the northward hills,
  Would glitter through Tove's winding dale.

But ah! ye cooling springs, farewell!
  Herds, I no more your freedom share;
But long my grateful tongue shall tell
  What brought your gazing stranger there.
'Genius of the forest shades,'
  Lend thy power, and lend thine ear;
But dreams still lengthen thy long glades,
  And bring thy peace and silence here.

[Description of a Blind Youth.]

For from his cradle he had never seen
Soul-cheering sunbeams, or wild nature's green.
But all life's blessings centre not in sight;
For Providence, that dealt him one long night,
Had given, in pity, to the blooming boy
Feelings more exquisitely tuned to joy.

Fond to excess was he of all that grew,
The morning blossom sprinkled o'er with dew,
Across his path, as if in playful freak,
Would dash his brow and weep upon his cheek;
Each varying leaf that brushed where'er he came,
Pressed to his rosy lip he called by name,
He grasped the saplings, measured every bough,
Inhaled the fragrance that the spring's months threw
Profusely round, till his young heart confessed
That all was beauty, and himself was blessed
Yet when he traced the wide extended plain,
Or clear brook side, he felt a transient pain,
The keen regret of goodness, void of pride,
To think he could not roam with a guide

May Day with the Muses

[*Banquet of an English Squire.*]

Then came the jovial day, no streamers rared
O'er the broad portal of the mansion were spread,
But one high sailing mist of dazzling white
A screen of gossamer, a magic light,
Doomed instantly, by simplest shepherd's ken,
To reign awhile, and be exhaled again
O'er leaves, o'er blossoms, by his power ...
Forth came the conquering sun ...
Millions of dew drops fell, yet ...
Like words of transport ...
Too strong for utterance ...
With rosebud cheeks ...
Weeps while he struggles with ...
But change the scene, ...
His heart enkindles, and his ...
A thousand times more lovely than ...
From the first glimpse of day, a busy scene
Was that high swelling lawn, that destined green
Which shadowless expanded far and wide,
The mansion's ornament, the ...
To cheer, to order, to direct, contrive,
Even old Sir Ambrose ...
There his whole household ...
But light is labour where ...
Some wheeled the turf to build ...
Round a huge thorn that spread his ...
Rough rined and bold, as master of the place,
Five generations of the ... race
Had plucked his flowers, and still he held ...
Waved his white head, and felt the breath of May
Some from the greenhouse ranged ...
To bask in open day on English ground
And 'midst them ... of splendour ...
Long wreaths and garlands gathered in the dew
Some spread the snowy canvass, propped on high
O'er sheltering tables with their whole supply
Some swung the biting scythe with merry face
And cropped the daisies for a dancing space
Some rolled the mouldy barrel in his might,
From prison darkness into cheerful light,
And fenced him round with cans, and ...
The creaking hamper with its costly store
Well corked, well flavoured, and well taxed, that came
From Lusitanian mountains dear to fame,
Whence Gama steered, and led the conquering way
To eastern triumphs and the realms of day
A thousand minor tasks filled every hour,
Till the sun gained the zenith of his power,
When every path was thronged with old and young,
And many a skylark in his strength upsprung
To bid them welcome Not a face was there
But, for May-day at least, had banished care,
No cringing looks, no pauper tales to tell,
No timid glance—they knew their host too well
Freedom was there, and joy in every eye.
Such scenes were England's boast in days gone by
Beneath the thorn was good Sir Ambrose found,
His guests an ample crescent formed around.
Nature's own carpet spread the space between,
Where blithe domestics plied in gold and green.
The venerable chaplain waved his wand,
And silence followed as he stretched his hand.
The deep carouse can never boast the bliss,
The animation of a scene like this
At length the damasked cloths were whisked away
Like fluttering sails upon a summer's day,
The hey day of enjoyment found repose,
The worthy baronet majestic rose
They viewed him, while his ale was filling round,
The monarch of his own paternal ground
His cup was full, and where the blossoms bowed
Over his head, Sir Ambrose spoke aloud,
Nor stopped ... to cull
His heart elated, like his cup, was full
'Full be your hopes ... that fail,
Health to ... happiness to all'
... seat,
Who ... feet
And ... place,
'Sir Ambrose ... race'

May Day with the Muses

[*The ... H...*]

... almost ... *R...*,

...
...
... power,
...
But what ... when ... the main
...
...
... light,
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'Twas ... frame,
... home,
...
...
...
... sweet ... that ...
... my little ...
...
... name,
... old clock
... my heart a ...
... sprung,
And ... trembling on my tongue,
... behind,
... in the wind,
... down they went,
... I had spent
... That instant came
... threshold, though so tame,
... distrustful, almost shy,
And cast on me his ... black steadfast eye,
And seemed to say (past friendship to renew)
'Ah ha! old worn out soldier, is it you?'
Through the room ranged the imprisoned humble bee,
And bombed, and bounced, and struggled to be free,
Dashing against the panes with sullen roar,
That threw their diamond sunlight on the floor,
That floor, clean sanded, where my fancy strayed,
O'er undulating waves the broom had made,
Reminding me of those of hideous forms
That met us as we passed the Cape of Storms,
Where high and loud they break, and peace comes never,
They roll and foam, and roll and foam for ever.

But here was peace, that peace which home can yield;
The grasshopper, the partridge in the field,
And ticking clock, were all at once become
The substitute for clarion, fife, and drum.
While thus I mused, still gazing, gazing still,
On beds of moss that spread the window sill,
I deemed no moss my eyes had ever seen
Had been so lovely, brilliant, fresh, and green,
And guessed some infant hand had placed it there,
And prized its hue, so exquisite, so rare.
Feelings on feelings mingling, doubling rose;
My heart felt everything but calm repose:
I could not reckon minutes, hours, nor years,
But rose at once, and bursted into tears:
Then, like a fool, confused, sat down again,
And thought upon the past with shame and pain;
I raved at war and all its horrid cost,
And glory's quagmire, where the brave are lost.
On carnage, fire, and plunder long I mused,
And cursed the murdering weapons I had used.
Two shadows then I saw, two voices heard,
One bespoke age, and one a child's appeared.
In stepped my father with convulsive start,
And in an instant clasped me to his heart.
Close by him stood a little blue-eyed maid;
And stooping to the child, the old man said,
'Come hither, Nancy, kiss me once again.
This is your uncle Charles, come home from Spain.'
The child approached, and with her fingers light,
Stroked my old eyes, almost deprived of sight
But why thus spin my tale—thus tedious be?
Happy old soldier! what's the world to me?"

[*To his Wife.*]

I rise, dear Mary, from the soul of rest,
A wandering, way-worn, musing, singing guest;
I claim the privilege of hill and plain,
Mine are the woods, and all that they contain,
The unpolluted gale, which sweeps the glade,
All the cool blessings of the solemn shade;
Health, and the flow of happiness sincere;
Yet there's one wish—I wish that thou wert here;
Free from the trammels of domestic care,
With me these dear autumnal sweets to share;
To share my heart's ungovernable joy,
And keep the birthday of our poor lame boy.
Ah! that's a tender string! Yet since I find
That scenes like these can soothe the harassed mind,
Trust me, 'twould set thy jaded spirits free,
To wander thus through vales and woods with me.
Thou know'st how much I love to steal away
From noise, from uproar, and the blaze of day;
With double transport would my heart rebound
To lead thee where the clustering nuts are found;
No toilsome efforts would our task demand,
For the brown treasure stoops to meet the hand.
Round the tall hazel beds of moss appear
In green swards nibbled by the forest deer,
Sun, and alternate shade; while o'er our heads
The cawing rook his glossy pinions spreads;
The noisy jay, his wild woods dashing through;
The ring-dove's chorus, and the rustling bough;
The far resounding gate; the kite's shrill scream;
The distant ploughman's halloo to his team.
This is the chorus to my soul so dear;
It would delight thee too, wert thou but here:
For we might talk of home, and muse o'er days
Of sad distress, and Heaven's mysterious ways;
Our chequered fortunes with a smile retrace,
And build new hopes upon our infant race;
Pour our thanksgivings forth, and weep the while,
Or pray for blessings on our native isle.
But vain the wish! Mary, thy sighs forbear,
Nor grudge the pleasure which thou canst not share;
Make home delightful, kindly wish for me,
And I'll leave hills, and dales, and woods for thee.

JOHN LEYDEN.

JOHN LEYDEN, a distinguished oriental scholar as well as a poet, was a native of Denholm, Roxburghshire. He was the son of humble parents, but the ardent borderer fought his way to learning and celebrity. His parents, seeing his desire for instruction, determined to educate him for the church, and he was entered of Edinburgh college in 1790, in the fifteenth year of his age. He made rapid progress; was an excellent Latin and Greek scholar, and acquired also the French, Spanish, Italian, and German, besides studying the Hebrew, Arabic, and Persian. He became no mean proficient in mathematics and various branches of science. Indeed, every difficulty seemed to vanish before his commanding talents, his retentive memory, and robust application. His college vacations were spent at home; and as his father's cottage afforded him little opportunity for quiet and seclusion, he looked out for accommodations abroad. 'In a wild recess,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'in the den or glen which gives name to the village of Denholm, he contrived a sort of furnace for the purpose of such chemical experiments as he was adequate to performing. But his chief place of retirement was the small parish church, a gloomy and ancient building, generally believed in the neighbourhood to be haunted. To this chosen place of study, usually locked during week days, Leyden made entrance by means of a window, read there for many hours in the day, and deposited his books and specimens in a retired pew. It was a well-chosen spot of seclusion, for the kirk (excepting during divine service) is rather a place of terror to the Scottish rustic, and that of Cavers was rendered more so by many a tale of ghosts and witchcraft, of which it was the supposed scene, and to which Leyden, partly to indulge his humour, and partly to secure his retirement, contrived to make some modern additions. The nature of his abstruse studies, some specimens of natural history, as toads and adders, left exposed in their spirit-vials, and one or two practical jests played off upon the more curious of the peasantry, rendered his gloomy haunt not only venerated by the wise, but feared by the simple of the parish.' From this singular and romantic study, Leyden sallied forth, with his curious and various stores, to astonish his college associates. He already numbered among his friends the most distinguished literary and scientific men of Edinburgh. On the expiration of his college studies, Leyden accepted the situation of tutor to the sons of Mr Campbell of Fairfield, whom he accompanied to the university of St Andrews. There he pursued his own researches connected with oriental learning, and in 1799 published a sketch of the *Discoveries and Settlements of the Europeans in Northern and Western Africa*. He wrote also various copies of verses and translations from the northern and oriental languages, which he published in the Edinburgh Magazine. In 1800 Leyden was ordained for the church. He continued, however, to study and compose, and contributed to Lewis's Tales of Wonder and Scott's Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. So ardent was he in assisting the editor of the Minstrelsy, that he on one occasion walked between forty and fifty miles, and back again, for the sole purpose of visiting an old person who possessed an ancient historical ballad. His next publication was a new edition of *The Complaynt of Scotland*, an ancient work written about 1548, which Leyden enriched with a preliminary dissertation, notes, and a glossary. He also undertook the management, for one year, of the Scots' Magazine. His strong desire to visit foreign countries

induced his friends to apply to government for some appointment for him connected with the learning and languages of the East. The only situation which they could procure was that of surgeon's assistant, and in five or six months, by incredible labour, Leyden qualified himself, and obtained his diploma. 'The sudden change of his profession,' says Scott, 'gave great amusement to some of his friends.' In December 1802, Leyden was summoned to join the Christmas fleet of Indiamen, in consequence of his appointment as assistant-surgeon on the Madras establishment. He finished his poem, *The Scenes of Infancy*, descriptive of his native vale, and left Scotland for ever. After his arrival at Madras, the health of Leyden gave way, and he was obliged to remove to Prince of Wales Island. He resided there for some time, visiting Sumatra and the Malay peninsula, and amassing the curious information concerning the language, literature, and descent of the Indo-Chinese tribes, which afterwards enabled him to lay a most valuable dissertation before the Asiatic Society at Calcutta. Leyden quitted Prince of Wales Island, and was appointed a professor in the Bengal college. This was soon exchanged for a more lucrative appointment—namely, that of a judge in Calcutta. His spare time was as usual devoted to oriental manuscripts and antiquities. 'I may die in the attempt,' he wrote to a friend; 'but if I die without surpassing Sir William Jones a hundredfold in oriental learning, let never a tear for me profane the eye of a borderer.' The possibility of an early death in a distant land often crossed the mind of the ambitious student. In his 'Scenes of Infancy,' he expresses his anticipation of such an event in a passage of great melody and pathos:

The silver moon at midnight cold and still,
Looks, sad and silent, o'er yon western hill;
While large and pale the ghostly structures grow,
Reared on the confines of the world below.
Is that dull sound the hum of Teviot's stream?
Is that blue light the moon's, or tomb-fire's gleam,
By which a mouldering pile is faintly seen,
The old deserted church of Hazeldean,
Where slept my fathers in their natal clay,
Till Teviot's waters rolled their bones away?
Their feeble voices from the stream they raise—
'Rash youth! unmindful of thy early days,
Why didst thou quit the peasant's simple lot?
Why didst thou leave the peasant's turf-built cot,
The ancient graves where all thy fathers lie,
And Teviot's stream that long has murmured by?
And we—when death so long has closed our eyes,
How wilt thou bid us from the dust arise,
And bear our mouldering bones across the main,
From vales that knew our lives devoid of stain?
Rash youth! beware, thy home-bred virtues save,
And sweetly sleep in thy paternal grave.'

In 1811 Leyden accompanied the governor-general to Java. 'His spirit of romantic adventure,' says Scott, 'led him literally to rush upon death; for, with another volunteer who attended the expedition, he threw himself into the surf, in order to be the first Briton of the expedition who should set foot upon Java. When the success of the well-concerted movements of the invaders had given them possession of the town of Batavia, Leyden displayed the same ill-omened precipitation, in his haste to examine a library, or rather a warehouse of books, in which many Indian manuscripts of value were said to be deposited. A library in a Dutch settlement was not, as might have been expected, in the best order; the apartment had not been regularly ventilated, and, either from this circumstance, or already affected by the fatal sickness peculiar to Batavia, Leyden, when he left the place, had a fit of shivering, and declared the atmosphere was enough to give any mortal a fever. The presage was too just: he took his bed, and died in three days (August 28, 1811), on the eve of the battle which gave Java to the British empire.' The Poetical Remains of Leyden were published in 1819, with a Memoir of his Life, by the Rev. James Morton. Sir John Malcolm and Sir Walter Scott both honoured his memory with notices of his life and genius. The Great Minstrel has also alluded to his untimely death in his 'Lord of the Isles:'

Scarba's Isle, whose tortured shore
Still rings to Corrievreckin's roar,
And lonely Colonsay;
Scenes sung by him who sings no more,
His bright and brief career is o'er,
And mute his tuneful strains;
Quenched is his lamp of varied lore,
That loved the light of song to pour;
A distant and a deadly shore
Has Leyden's cold remains!

The allusion here is to a ballad by Leyden, entitled *The Mermaid*, the scene of which is laid at Corrievreckin, and which was published with another, *The Cout of Keeldar*, in the Border Minstrelsy. His longest poem is his 'Scenes of Infancy,' descriptive of his native vale of Teviot. His versification is soft and musical; he is an elegant rather than a forcible poet. His ballad strains are greatly superior to his Scenes of Infancy. Sir Walter Scott has praised the opening of 'The Mermaid' as exhibiting a power of numbers which, for mere melody of sound, has seldom been excelled in English poetry.

Sonnet on Sabbath Morn.

With silent awe I hail the sacred morn,
That slowly wakes while all the fields are still;
A soothing calm on every breeze is borne,
A graver murmur echoes from the hill,
And softer sings the linnet from the thorn,
The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill.
Hail, light serene! hail, sacred Sabbath morn!
The sky a placid yellow lustre throws;
The gales that lately sighed along the grove,
Have hushed their downy wings in dead repose;
The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move—
So soft the day when the first morn arose!*

Ode to an Indian Gold Coin.

[Written in Cherical, Malabar.]

Slave of the dark and dirty mine!
What vanity has brought thee here?
How can I love to see thee shine
So bright, whom I have bought so dear?
The tent-ropes flapping lone I hear
For twilight converse, arm in arm;
The jackal's shriek bursts on mine ear
When mirth and music wont to cheer.

By Cherical's dark wandering streams,
Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,
Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams
Of Teviot loved while still a child,
Of castled rocks stupendous piled
By Esk or Eden's classic wave,
Where loves of youth and friendships smiled,
Uncursed by thee, vile yellow slave!

* A writer in the Edinburgh Review (1805) considers that Grahame borrowed the opening description in his 'Sabbath' from the above sonnet by Leyden. The images are common to poetry, besides being congenial to Scottish habits and feelings.

Fade, day-dreams sweet, from memory fade!
The perished bliss of youth's first prime,
That once so bright on fancy played,
Revives no more in after time.
Far from my sacred natal clime,
I haste to an untimely grave;
The daring thoughts that soared sublime
Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.

Slave of the mine! thy yellow light
Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire drear.
A gentle vision comes by night
My lonely widowed heart to cheer;
Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
That once were guiding stars to mine;
Her fond heart throbs with many a fear!
I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
I left a heart that loved me true!
I crossed the tedious ocean wave,
To roam in climes unkind and new.
The cold wind of the stranger blew
Chill on my withered heart; the grave
Dark and untimely met my view —
And all for thee, vile yellow slave!

Ha! com'st thou now so late to mock
A wanderer's banished heart forlorn,
Now that his frame the lightning shock
Of sun rays tipt with death has borne?
From love, from friendship, country, torn,
To memory's fond regrets the prey,
Vile slave, thy yellow dross I scorn!
Go mix thee with thy kindred clay!

The Mermaid.

On Jura's heath how sweetly swell
The murmurs of the mountain bee!
How softly mourns the writhed shell
Of Jura's shore, its parent sea!

But softer floating o'er the deep,
The Mermaid's sweet sea-soothing lay,
That charmed the dancing waves to sleep,
Before the bark of Colonsay.

Aloft the purple pennons wave,
As parting gay from Crinan's shore,
From Morven's wars, the seamen brave
Their gallant chieftain homeward bore.

In youth's gay bloom, the brave Macphail
Still blamed the lingering bark's delay;
For her he chid the flagging sail,
The lovely maid of Colonsay.

'And raise,' he cried, 'the song of love,
The maiden sung with tearful smile,
When first, o'er Jura's hills to rove,
We left afar the lonely isle!

"When on this ring of ruby red
Shall die," she said, "the crimson hue,
Know that thy favourite fair is dead,
Or proves to thee and love untrue."'

Now, lightly poised, the rising oar
Disperses wide the foamy spray,
And echoing far o'er Crinan's shore,
Resounds the song of Colonsay.

'Softly blow, thou western breeze,
Softly rustle through the sail!
Soothe to rest the furrowy seas,
Before my love, sweet western gale!

Where the wave is tinged with red,
And the russet sea-leaves grow,
Mariners, with prudent dread,
Shun the shelving reefs below.

As you pass through Jura's sound,
Bend your course by Scarba's shore;
Shun, O shun, the gulf profound,
Where Corrievreckin's surges roar!

If from that unbottomed deep,
With wrinkled form and wreathed train,
O'er the verge of Scarba's steep,
The sea-snake heave his snowy mane,

Unwarp, unwind his oozy coils,
Sea-green sisters of the main,
And in the gulf where ocean boils,
The unwieldy wallowing monster chain.

Softly blow, thou western breeze,
Softly rustle through the sail!
Soothe to rest the furrowed seas,
Before my love, sweet western gale!'

Thus all to soothe the chieftain's woe,
Far from the maid he loved so dear,
The song arose, so soft and slow,
He seemed her parting sigh to hear.

The lonely deck he paces o'er,
Impatient for the rising day,
And still from Crinan's moonlight shore,
He turns his eyes to Colonsay.

The moonbeams crisp the curling surge,
That streaks with foam the ocean green;
While forward still the rowers urge
Their course, a female form was seen.

That sea-maid's form, of pearly light,
Was whiter than the downy spray,
And round her bosom, heaving bright,
Her glossy yellow ringlets play.

Borne on a foamy crested wave,
She reached amain the bounding prow,
Then clasping fast the chieftain brave,
She, plunging, sought the deep below.

Ah! long beside thy feigned bier,
The monks the prayer of death shall say,
And long for thee, the fruitless tear,
Shall weep the maid of Colonsay!

But downward like a powerless corse,
The eddying waves the chieftain bear;
He only heard the moaning hoarse
Of waters murmuring in his ear.

The murmurs sink by slow degrees,
No more the waters round him rave;
Lulled by the music of the seas,
He lies within a coral cave.

In dreamy mood reclines he long,
Nor dares his tranced eyes unclose,
Till, warbling wild, the sea-maid's song
Far in the crystal cavern rose.

Soft as that harp's unseen control,
In morning dreams which lovers hear,
Whose strains steal sweetly o'er the soul,
But never reach the waking ear.

As sunbeams through the tepid air,
When clouds dissolve the dews unseen,
Smile on the flowers that bloom more fair,
And fields that glow with livelier green—

So melting soft the music fell;
It seemed to soothe the fluttering spray—
'Say, heard'st thou not these wild notes swell?
Ah! 'tis the song of Colonsay.'

Like one that from a fearful dream
Awakes, the morning light to view,
And joys to see the purple beam,
Yet fears to find the vision true,

He heard that strain, so wildly sweet,
  Which bade his torpid languor fly;
He feared some spell had bound his feet,
  And hardly dared his limbs to try.

'This yellow sand, this sparry cave,
  Shall bend thy soul to beauty's sway,
Can'st thou the maiden of the wave
  Compare to her of Colonsay?'

Roused by that voice of silver sound,
  From the paved floor he lightly sprung,
And glancing wild his eyes around
  Where the fair nymph her tresses wrung,

No form he saw of mortal mould,
  It shone like ocean's snowy foam,
Her ringlets waved in living gold,
  Her mirror crystal, pearl the comb

Her pearly comb the siren took,
  And careless bound her tresses wild
Still o'er the mirror stole her look,
  As on the wondering youth she smiled

Like music from the greenwood tree,
  Again she raised the melting lay,
'Fair warrior, wilt thou dwell with me,
  And leave the maid of Colonsay?

Fair is the crystal hall for me
  With rubies and with emeralds set,
And sweet the music of the sea
  Shall sing, when we for love are met

How sweet to dance with gliding feet
  Along the level tide so green,
Responsive to the cadence sweet
  That breathes along the moonlit [illegible]!

And soft the music of the main
  Rings from the motley tortoise shell,
While moonbeams o'er the watery plain
  Seem trembling in its fitful swell

How sweet, when billows heave their head,
  And shake their snowy crests on high
Serene in Ocean's sapphire bed
  Beneath the tumbling surge to lie,

To trace, with tranquil step, the deep,
  Where pearly drops of frozen dew
In concave shells unconscious sleep,
  Or shine with lustre, silvery blue!

Then all the summer sun, from far,
  Pour through the wave a softer ray,
While diamonds in a bower of spar
  At eve shall shed a brighter day

Nor stormy wind, nor wintry gale,
  That o'er the angry ocean sweep
Shall e'er our coral groves assail,
  Calm in the bosom of the deep

Through the green meads beneath the sea,
  Enamoured we shall fondly stray —
Then, gentle warrior, dwell with me,
  And leave the maid of Colonsay!'

'Though bright thy locks of glistening gold,
  Fair maiden of the foamy main!
Thy life-blood is the water cold,
  While mine beats high in every vein

If I, beneath thy sparry cave,
  Should in thy snowy arms recline,
Inconstant as the restless wave,
  My heart would grow as cold as thine'

As cygnet down, proud swelled her breast,
  Her eye confessed the pearly tear.
His hand she to her bosom pressed,
  'Is there no heart for rapture here?

These limbs, sprung from the lucid sea,
  Does no warm blood their currents fill,
No heart pulse riot, wild and free,
  To joy, to love's delicious thrill?'

'Though all the splendour of the sea
  Around thy faultless beauty shine,
That heart, that riots wild and free,
  Can hold no sympathy with mine

These sparkling eyes, so wild and gay,
  They swim not in the light of love;
The beauteous maid of Colonsay,
  Her eyes are milder than the dove!

Even now, within the lonely isle,
  Her eyes are dim with tears for me;
And canst thou think that siren smile
  Can lure my soul to dwell with thee?'

An oozy film her limbs o'erspread,
  Unfolds in length her scaly train;
She tossed in [illegible] her head,
  And [illegible] with [illegible] the main.

'Dwell here [illegible]!' the Mermaid cried,
  'And view [illegible] the sea nymphs play;
The [illegible] will, the [illegible]
  Shall [illegible] thy steps from Colonsay

[illegible] scaly brood,
  [illegible] with [illegible] the wave,
[illegible] the [illegible] the flood,
  [illegible] thee in this coral cave

[illegible] return,
  It kindles [illegible] thy [illegible] disdain,
And has a mortal [illegible] to spurn
  A [illegible] of the [illegible] main!'

She fled, around the crystal cave
  [illegible] waves [illegible] their road;
On the [illegible],
  [illegible] the nymphs abode

[illegible] went by,
  [illegible] he lay
[illegible] through the sky,
  [illegible] Colonsay

And [illegible] the [illegible] noon,
  He [illegible] the Mermaid sing,
[illegible],
  The shell [illegible] ocean ring

And when the [illegible] the sky,
  Still [illegible] dreams, his native plain,
And [illegible] his love was by,
  And charmed him with some tender strain:

And [illegible] to weep,
  When [illegible] that voice of silver sound,
And [illegible] to plunge him in the deep
  [illegible] cavern round

But still the ring, of ruby red,
  Retained its vivid crimson hue,
And each desponding accent fled,
  To find his gentle love so true

When seven long lonely months were gone,
  The Mermaid to his cavern came,
No more misshapen from the zone,
  But like a maid of mortal frame.

'O give to me that ruby ring,
  That on thy finger glances gay,
And thou shalt hear the Mermaid sing
  The song thou lov'st of Colonsay'

'This ruby ring, of crimson grain,
  Shall on thy finger glitter gay,
If thou wilt bear me through the main
  Again to visit Colonsay'

'Except thou quit thy former love,
Content to dwell for aye with me,
Thy scorn my finny frame might move
To tear thy limbs amid the sea.'

'Then bear me swift along the main,
The lonely isle again to see,
And when I here return again,
I plight my faith to dwell with thee.'

An oozy film her limbs o'erspread,
While slow unfolds her scaly train;
With gluey fangs her hands were clad,
She lashed with webbed fin the main.

He grasps the Mermaid's scaly sides,
As with broad fin she oars her way;
Beneath the silent moon she glides,
That sweetly sleeps on Colonsay.

Proud swells her heart! she deems at last
To lure him with her silver tongue,
And, as the shelving rocks she passed,
She raised her voice, and sweetly sung.

In softer, sweeter strains she sung,
Slow gliding o'er the moonlight bay,
When light to land the chieftain sprung,
To hail the maid of Colonsay.

O sad the Mermaid's gay notes fell,
And sadly sink remote at sea!
So sadly mourns the writhed shell
Of Jura's shore, its parent sea.

And ever as the year returns,
The charm-bound sailors know the day;
For sadly still the Mermaid mourns
The lovely chief of Colonsay.

WILLIAM GIFFORD.

WILLIAM GIFFORD, a poet, translator, and critic, afforded a remarkable example of successful application to science and literature under the most unfavourable circumstances. He was born at Ashburton, in Devonshire, in April 1756. His father had been a painter and glazier, but both the parents of the poet died when he was young, and after some little education, he was, at the age of thirteen, placed on board a coasting vessel by his godfather, a man who was supposed to have benefited himself at the expense of Gifford's parents. 'It will be easily conceived,' he says, 'that my life was a life of hardship. I was not only "a ship boy on the high and giddy mast," but also in the cabin, where every menial office fell to my lot; yet if I was restless and discontented, I can safely say it was not so much on account of this, as of my being precluded from all possibility of reading; as my master did not possess, nor do I recollect seeing during the whole time of my abode with him, a single book of any description, except the Coasting Pilot.' Whilst thus pursuing his life of a cabin boy, Gifford was often seen by the fishwomen of his native town running about the beach in a ragged jacket and trousers. They mentioned this to the people of Ashburton, and never without commiserating his change of condition. This tale, often repeated, awakened at length the pity of the auditors, and, as the next step, their resentment against the man who had reduced him to such a state of wretchedness. His godfather was, on this account, induced to recall him from the sea, and put him again to school. He made rapid progress, and even hoped to succeed his old and infirm schoolmaster. In his fifteenth year, however, his godfather, conceiving that he had got learning enough, and that his own duty towards him was fairly discharged, put him apprentice to a shoemaker. Gifford hated his new profession with a perfect hatred. At this time he possessed but one book in the world, and that was a treatise on algebra, of which he had no knowledge, but meeting with Fenning's Introduction, he mastered both works. 'This was not done,' he states, 'without difficulty. I had not a farthing on earth, nor a friend to give me one: pen, ink, and paper, therefore (in despite of the flippant remark of Lord Orford), were, for the most part, as completely out of my reach as a crown and sceptre. There was indeed a resource, but the utmost caution and secrecy were necessary in applying it. I beat out pieces of leather as smooth as possible, and wrought my problems on them with a blunted awl: for the rest, my memory was tenacious, and I could multiply and divide by it to a great extent.' He next tried poetry, and some of his 'lamentable doggerel' falling into the hands of Mr Cookesley, a benevolent surgeon of Ashburton, that gentleman set about a subscription for purchasing the remainder of the time of his apprenticeship, and enabling him to procure a better education. The scheme was successful; and in little more than two years, Gifford had made such extraordinary application, that he was pronounced fit for the university. The place of Biblical Lecturer was procured for him at Exeter college; and this, with such occasional assistance from the country as Mr Cookesley undertook to provide, was thought sufficient to enable him to live, at least, till he had taken a degree. An accidental circumstance led to Gifford's advancement. He had been accustomed to correspond, on literary subjects, with a person in London, his letters being enclosed in covers, and sent, to save postage, to Lord Grosvenor. One day he inadvertently omitted the direction, and his lordship necessarily supposing the letter to be meant for himself, opened and read it. He was struck with the contents, and after seeing the writer, and hearing him relate the circumstances of his life, undertook the charge of his present support and future establishment; and, till this last could be effected to his wish, invited him to come and reside with him. 'These,' says the grateful scholar, 'were not words of course: they were more than fulfilled in every point. I did go and reside with him, and I experienced a warm and cordial reception, and a kind and affectionate esteem, that has known neither diminution nor interruption from that hour to this, a period of twenty years.' Part of these, it may be remarked, were spent in attending the earl's eldest son, Lord Belgrave, on a tour of Europe, which must have tended greatly to inform and expand the mind of the scholar. Gifford appeared as an author in 1794. His first production was a satirical poem entitled *The Baviad*, which was directed against a class of sentimental poetasters of that day, usually passing under the collective appellation of the Della Crusca School, (Mrs Piozzi, Mrs Robinson, Mr Greathead, Mr Merry, Weston, Parsons, &c.), conspicuous for their affectation and bad taste, and their high-flown compliments on one another. 'There was a specious brilliancy in these exotics,' he remarks, 'which dazzled the native grubs who had scarce ever ventured beyond a sheep, and a crook, and a rose-tree grove, with an ostentatious display of "blue hills," and "crashing torrents," and "petrifying suns."' Gifford's vigorous exposure completely demolished this set of rhymesters, who were probably the spawn of Darwin and Lichfield. Anna Matilda, Laura Maria, Edwin, Orlando, &c., sunk into instant and irretrievable contempt; and the worst of the number (a man Williams, who assumed the name of Pasquin for his 'ribald strains') was nonsuited in an action against Gifford's publisher. The satire was universally read.

and admired. In the present day it seems unnecessarily merciless and severe, yet lines like the following still possess interest. The allusion to Pope is peculiarly appropriate and beautiful:—

Oh for the good old times! when all was new,
And every hour brought prodigies to view,
Our sires in unaffected language told
Of streams of amber and of rocks of gold:
Full of their theme, they spurned all idle art,
And the plain tale was trusted to the heart.
Now all is changed! We fume and fret, poor elves,
Less to display our subject than ourselves:
Whate'er we paint—a grot, a flower, a bird,
Heavens, how we sweat! laboriously absurd!
Words of gigantic bulk and uncouth sound,
In rattling triads the long sentence bound;
While points with points, with periods periods jar,
And the whole work seems one continued war!
Is not this sad?
F. 'Tis pitiful, heaven knows,
'Tis wondrous pitiful. E'en take the prose:
But for the poetry—oh, that, my friend,
I still aspire—nay, smile not—to defend.
You praise our sires, but, though they wrote with force,
Their rhymes were vicious, and their diction coarse;
We want their strength, agreed; but we atone
For that, and more, by sweetness all our own.
For instance—'Hasten to the lawny vale,
Where yellow morning breathes her saffron gale,
And bathes the landscape—'
P. Pshaw, I have it here.
'A voice seraphic grasps my listening ear:
Wondering I gaze, when lo! methought afar,
More bright than dauntless day's imperious star,
A godlike form advances.'
F. You suppose
These lines perhaps too turgid; what of these?
'The mighty mother—'
P. Now, 'tis plain you sneer,
For Weston's self could find no semblance here:
Weston! who slunk from truth's imperious light,
Swells like a filthy toad with secret spite,
And, envying the fame he cannot hope,
Spits his black venom at the dust of Pope.
Reptile accursed!—O 'memorable long,'
If there be force in virtue or in song,
O injured bard! accept the grateful strain,
Which I, the humblest of the tuneful train,
With glowing heart, yet trembling hand, repay,
For many a pensive, many a sprightly lay!
So may thy varied verse, from age to age,
Inform the simple, and delight the sage.

The contributions of Mrs Piozzi to this fantastic garland of exotic verse are characterised in one felicitous couplet:—

See Thrale's gray widow with a satchel roam,
And bring, in pomp, her laboured nothings home!

The tasteless bibliomaniac is also finely sketched:—

Others, like Kemble, on black letter pore,
And what they do not understand, adore;
Buy at vast sums the trash of ancient days,
And draw on prodigality for praise.
These, when some lucky hit, or lucky price,
Has blessed them with '*The Boke of Gode Advice*,'
For *ekes* and *algates* only deign to seek,
And live upon a *whilome* for a week.

The 'Baviad' was a paraphrase of the first satire of Persius. In the year following, encouraged by its success, Gifford produced *The Maeviad*, an imitation of Horace, levelled at the corruptors of dramatic poetry. Here also the Della Crusca authors (who attempted dramas as well as odes and elegies) are gibbeted in satiric verse; but Gifford was more critical than just in including O'Keefe, the amusing farce writer, among the objects of his condemnation. The plays of Kotzebue and Schiller, then first translated and much in vogue, he also characterises as 'heavy, lumbering, monotonous stupidity,' a sentence too unqualified and severe. In the 'Maeviad' are some touching and affectionate allusions to the author's history and friends. Dr Ireland, dean of Westminster, is thus mentioned:—

Chief thou, my friend! who from my earliest years
Hast shared my joys, and more than shared my cares,
Sure, if our fates hang on some hidden power,
And take their colour from the natal hour,
Then, Ireland, the same planet on us rose,
Such the strong sympathies our lives disclose!
Thou know'st how soon we felt this influence bland,
And sought the brook and coppice, hand in hand,
And shaped rude bows, and uncouth whistles blew,
And paper kites (a last great effort) flew;
And when the day was done, retired to rest,
Sleep on our eyes, and sunshine in our breast.
In riper years, again together thrown,
Our studies, as our sports before, were one.
Together we [illegible] the [illegible] page
Of the [illegible]
Or [illegible]
And [illegible]
Together, too, when Greece [illegible] her stores,
We [illegible] shores,
Or followed, while he sought his native soil,
'That [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Gifford's other satirical works are an *Epistle to Peter Pindar* (Dr Wolcot), which, being founded on personal animosity, is more remarkable for its passionate vehemence and abuse than for its felicity or correctness. Wolcot replied with 'A Cut at a Cobbler,' equally unworthy of his fame. These satirical labours of our author pointed him out as a fit person to edit The Anti-Jacobin, a weekly paper set up by Canning and others for the purpose of ridiculing and exposing the political agitators of the times. It was established in November 1797, and continued only till the July following. The connection thus formed with politicians and men of rank was afterwards serviceable to Gifford. He obtained the situation of paymaster of the gentlemen pensioners, and was made a commissioner of the lottery; the emoluments of the two offices being about £900 per annum. In 1802 he published a translation of Juvenal, to which was prefixed his sketch of his own life, one of the most interesting and unaffected of autobiographies. He also translated Persius, and edited the plays of Massinger, Ford, and Shirley, and the works of Ben Jonson. In 1808, when Sir Walter Scott and others resolved on starting a review in opposition to the celebrated one established in Edinburgh, Mr Gifford was selected as editor. In his hands the *Quarterly Review* became a powerful political and literary journal, to which leading statesmen and authors equally contributed. He continued to discharge his duties as editor until within two years of his death, which took place on the 31st of December 1826. Gifford claimed for himself

— a soul
That spurned the crowd's malign control—
A fixed contempt of wrong.

He was high spirited, courageous, and sincere. In most of his writings, however, there was a strong tinge of personal acerbity and even virulence. He was a good hater, and as he was opposed to all political visionaries and reformers, he had seldom time to cool. His literary criticism, also, where no such

prejudices could interfere, was frequently disfigured by the same severity of style or temper, and whoever, dead or living, ventured to say aught against Ben Jonson, or write what he deemed wrong comments on his favourite dramatists, were assailed with a vehemence that was ludicrously disproportioned to the offence. His attacks on Hazlitt, Lamb, Hunt, Keats, and others, in the Quarterly Review, have no pretensions to fair or candid criticism. His object was to crush such authors as were opposed to the government of the day, or who departed from his canons of literary propriety and good taste. Even the best of his criticisms, though acute and spirited, want candour and comprehensiveness of design. As a politician, he looked with distrust and suspicion on the growing importance of America, and kept alive among the English aristocracy a feeling of dislike or hostility towards that country, which was as unwise as it was ungenerous. His best service to literature was his edition of Ben Jonson, in which he successfully vindicated that great English classic from the unjust aspersions of his countrymen. His satirical poetry is pungent, and often happy in expression, but without rising into moral grandeur or pathos. His small but sinewy intellect, as some one has said, was well employed in bruising the butterflies of the Della Cruscan Muse. Some of his short copies of verses possess a quiet plaintive melancholy and tenderness; but his fame must rest on his influence and talents as a critic and annotator, or more properly on the story of his life and early struggles—honourable to himself and ultimately to his country—which will be read and remembered when his other writings are forgotten.

The Grave of Anna.

I wish I was where Anna lies,
For I am sick of lingering here;
And every hour affection cries,
Go and partake her humble bier.

I wish I could! For when she died
I lost my all; and life has proved
Since that sad hour a dreary void,
A waste unlovely and unloved.

But who, when I am turned to clay,
Shall duly to her grave repair,
And pluck the ragged moss away,
And weeds that have 'no business there?'

And who with pious hand shall bring
The flowers she cherished, snow-drops cold,
And violets that unheeded spring,
To scatter o'er her hallowed mould?

And who, while memory loves to dwell
Upon her name for ever dear,
Shall feel his heart with passion swell,
And pour the bitter, bitter tear?

I did it, and would fate allow,
Should visit still, should still deplore;
But health and strength have left me now,
And I, alas! can weep no more.

Take then, sweet maid! this simple strain,
The last I offer at thy shrine;
Thy grave must then undecked remain,
And all thy memory fade with mine.

And can thy soft persuasive look,
Thy voice that might with music vie,
Thy air that every gazer took,
Thy matchless eloquence of eye,

Thy spirits frolicsome as good,
Thy courage by no ills dismayed,
Thy patience by no wrongs subdued,
Thy gay good humour, can they fade?

Perhaps—but sorrow dims my eye;
Cold turf which I no more must view,
Dear name which I no more must sigh,
A long, a last, a sad adieu!

The above affecting elegiac stanzas were written by Gifford on a faithful attendant who died in his service. He erected a tombstone to her memory in the burying-ground of Grosvenor chapel, South Audley Street, with the following inscription and epitaph:—

'Here lies the body of Ann Davies, (for more than twenty years) servant to William Gifford. She died February 6th, 1815, in the forty-third year of her age, of a tedious and painful malady, which she bore with exemplary patience and resignation. Her deeply afflicted master erected this stone to her memory, as a painful testimony of her uncommon worth, and of his perpetual gratitude, respect, and affection for her long and meritorious services.

Though here unknown, dear Ann, thy ashes rest,
Still lives thy memory in one grateful breast,
That traced thy course through many a painful year,
And marked thy humble hope, thy pious fear.
O! when this frame, which yet, while life remained,
Thy duteous love with trembling hand sustained,
Dissolves (as soon it must), may that blessed Power
Who beamed on thine, illume my parting hour!
So shall I greet thee where no ills annoy,
And what was sown in grief is reaped in joy:
Where worth, obscured below, bursts into day,
And those are paid whom earth could never pay.'

Greenwich Hill.

FIRST OF MAY.

Though clouds obscured the morning hour,
And keen and eager blew the blast,
And drizzling fell the cheerless shower,
As, doubtful, to the skiff we passed;

All soon, propitious to our prayer,
Gave promise of a brighter day;
The clouds dispersed in purer air,
The blasts in zephyrs died away.

So have we, love, a day enjoyed,
On which we both—and yet, who knows?—
May dwell with pleasure unalloyed,
And dread no thorn beneath the rose.

How pleasant, from that tree-crowned hill,
To view the varied scene below,
Woods, ships, and spires, and, lovelier still,
The circling Thames' majestic flow!

How sweet, as indolently laid,
We overhung that long-drawn dale,
To watch the chequered light and shade
That glanced upon the shifting sail!

And when the shadow's rapid growth
Proclaimed the noontide hour expired,
And, though unwearied, 'nothing loath,'
We to our simple meal retired;

The sportive wile, the blameless jest,
The careless mind's spontaneous flow,
Gave to that simple meal a zest
Which richer tables may not know.

The babe that on the mother's breast
Has toyed and wantoned for a while,
And sinking in unconscious rest,
Looks up to catch a parting smile;

Feels less assured than thou, dear maid,
When, ere thy ruby lips could part
(As close to mine thy cheek was laid),
Thine eyes had opened all thy heart.

Then, then I marked the chastened joy
  That lightly o'er thy features stole,
From vows repaid (my sweet employ),
  From truth, from innocence of soul

While every word dropt on my ear
  So soft (and yet it seemed to thrill),
So sweet that 'twas a heaven to hear,
  And e'en thy pause had music still

And O! how like a fairy dream
  To gaze in silence on the tide,
While soft and warm the sunny gleam
  Slept on the glassy surface wide!

And many a thought of fancy bred,
  Wild, soothing, tender, undefined,
Played lightly round the heart, and shed
  Delicious languor o'er the mind

So hours like moments winged their flight,
  Till now the boatmen on the shore,
Impatient of the waning light,
  Recalled us by the dashing oar

Well, Anna, many days like this
  I cannot, must not hope to share,
For I have found an hour of bliss
  Still followed by an age of care

Yet oft when memory intervenes
  But you, dear maid, be happy still,
Nor e'er regret, midst fairer scenes,
  The day we passed on Greenwich Hill

To a Tuft of Early Violets

Sweet flowers! that from your humble beds
  Thus prematurely dare to rise,
And trust your unprotected heads
  To cold Aquarius' watery skies,

Retire, retire! these tepid airs
  Are not the genial brood of May,
That Sun with light malignant glares,
  And flatters only to betray

Stern winter's reign is not yet past
  Lo! while your buds prepare to blow,
On icy pinions comes the blast,
  And nips your root, and lays you low

Alas, for such ungentle doom!
  But I will shield you, and supply
A kindlier soil on which to bloom,
  A nobler bed on which to die

Come then, ere yet the morning ray
  Has drunk the dew that gems your crest,
And drawn your balmiest sweets away,
  O come, and grace my Anna's breast

Ye droop, fond flowers! but, did ye know
  What worth, what goodness there reside,
Your cups with liveliest tints would glow,
  And spread their leaves with conscious pride,

For there has liberal nature joined
  Her riches to the stores of art,
And added to the vigorous mind
  The soft, the sympathising heart

Come then, ere yet the morning ray
  Has drunk the dew that gems your crest,
And drawn your balmiest sweets away,
  O come, and grace my Anna's breast.

O! I should think—that fragrant bed
  Might I but hope with you to share—
Years of anxiety repaid
  By one short hour of transport there.

More blessed your lot, ye there shall live
  Your little day; and when ye die,
Sweet flowers! the grateful Muse shall give
  A verse—the sorrowing maid a sigh.

While I, alas! no distant date,
  Mix with the dust from whence I came,
Without a friend to weep my fate,
  Without a stone to tell my name.

We have alluded to the Anti Jacobin weekly paper, of which Mr Gifford was editor In this publication various copies of verses were inserted, chiefly of a satirical nature The poetry, like the prose, of the Anti-Jacobin was designed to ridicule and discountenance the doctrines of the French Revolution, and as party spirit ran high, those effusions were marked occasionally by fierce personality and declamatory violence Others, however, written in travesty, or contempt of the bad taste and affectation of some of the works of the day, contained well directed and witty satire, aimed by no common hand, and pointed with irresistible keenness Among those who mixed in this loyal warfare was the late English minister, the Right Honourable GEORGE CANNING (1770-1827), whose fame as an orator and statesman fills so large a space in the modern history of Britain Canning was then young and ardent full of hope and ambition Without family distinction or influence, he relied on his talents for future advancement, and from interest no less than feeling and principle, he exerted them in support of the existing administration Previous to this he had distinguished himself at Eton school for his classical acquirements and literary talents Entering parliament in 1793, he was in 1796 appointed under secretary of state, and it was at the close of the following year that the Anti Jacobin was commenced. The contributions of Mr Canning consist of parodies on Southey and Darwin the greater part of *The Rovers* (a burlesque on the sentimental German drama), and *New Morality*, a spirited and caustic satire, directed against French principles and their supporters in England As party effusions these pieces were highly popular and effective and that they are still read with pleasure on account of their wit and humour is instanced by the fact that the *Poetry of the Anti Jacobin* collected and published in a separate form, has attained to a sixth edition The genius of Canning found afterwards a more appropriate field in parliament As a statesman, 'just alike to freedom and the throne,' and as an orator, eloquent, witty and of consummate taste his reputation is established He had, however, a strong bias in favour of elegant literature, and would have become no mean poet and author, had he not embarked so early on public life, and been so incessantly occupied with its cares and duties

The Friend of Humanity and the Knife Grinder.

In this piece Canning ridicules the youthful Jacobin effusions of Southey in which he says it was sedulously inculcated that there was a natural and eternal warfare between the poor and the rich The Sapphic rhymes of Southey afforded a tempting subject for ludicrous parody, and Canning quotes the following stanza lest he should be suspected of painting from fancy and not from life —

Cold was the night wind drifting fast the snows fell,
White were the downs, and shelterless and naked,
When a poor wanderer struggled on her journey,
  Weary and way sore]

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

Needy Knife grinder! whither are you going?
Rough is your road, your wheel is out of order;
Bleak blows the blast—your hat has got a hole in't,
  So have your breeches!

Weary Knife-grinder! little think the proud ones,
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-
Road, what hard work 'tis crying all day, 'Knives and
Scissors to grind O!'

Tell me, Knife-grinder, how came you to grind knives?
Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
Was it the squire, or parson of the parish,
Or the attorney?

Was it the squire, for killing of his game? or
Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining?
Or roguish lawyer, made you lose your little
All in a lawsuit?

(Have you not read the Rights of Man, by Tom
Paine?)
Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story.

KNIFE-GRINDER.

Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir;
Only last night a-drinking at the Chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.

Constables came up for to take me into
Custody; they took me before the justice;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish
Stocks for a vagrant.

I should be glad to drink your honour's health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;
But for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, sir.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

I give thee sixpence! I will see thee d—d first—
Wretch whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance—
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded
Spiritless outcast!

[*Kicks the Knife-Grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit in a transport of republican enthusiasm and universal philanthropy.*]

[Song by Rogero in 'The Rovers.']

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view
This dungeon that I'm rotting in,
I think of those companions true
Who studied with me at the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

[*Weeps and pulls out a blue kerchief, with which he wipes his eyes; gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds—*]

Sweet kerchief, checked with heavenly blue,
Which once my love sat knotting in—
Alas, Matilda *then* was true!
At least I thought so at the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

[*At the repetition of this line Rogero clanks his chains in cadence.*]

Barbs! barbs! alas! how swift you flew
Her neat post-wagon trotting in!
Ye bore Matilda from my view;
Forlorn I languished at the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

This faded form! this pallid hue!
This blood my veins is clotting in,
My years are many—they were few
When first I entered at the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

There first for thee my passion grew,
Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingen!
Thou wast the daughter of my Tu-
tor, law professor at the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

Sun, moon, and thou vain world, adieu,
That kings and priests are plotting in:
Here doomed to starve on water gru-
el, never shall I see the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

[*During the last stanza Rogero dashes his head repeatedly against the walls of his prison; and finally so hard as to produce a visible contusion. He then throws himself on the floor in an agony. The curtain drops, the music still continuing to play till it is wholly fallen.*]

Lines on the Death of his Eldest Son.

[By the Right Hon. George Canning.]

Though short thy span, God's unimpeached decrees,
Which made that shortened span one long disease;
Yet, merciful in chastening, gave thee scope
For mild redeeming virtues, faith and hope,
Meek resignation, pious charity;
And, since this world was not the world for thee,
Far from thy path removed, with partial care,
Strife, glory, gain, and pleasure's flowery snare;
Bade earth's temptations pass thee harmless by,
And fixed on Heaven thine unreverted eye!
Oh! marked from birth, and nurtured for the skies!
In youth, with more than learning's wisdom wise!
As sainted martyrs, patient to endure!
Simple as unweaned infancy, and pure!
Pure from all stain (save that of human clay,
Which Christ's atoning blood hath washed away!)
By mortal sufferings now no more oppressed,
Mount, sinless spirit, to thy destined rest!
While I—reversed our nature's kindlier doom—
Pour forth a father's sorrows on thy tomb.

Another satirical poem, which attracted much attention in literary circles at the time of its publication, was *The Pursuits of Literature*, in four parts, the first of which appeared in 1794. Though published anonymously, this work was written by Mr THOMAS JAMES MATHIAS, a distinguished scholar, who died at Naples in 1835. Mr Mathias was sometime treasurer of the household to her majesty Queen Charlotte. He took his degree of B. A. in Trinity college, Cambridge, in 1774. Besides the 'Pursuits of Literature,' Mr Mathias was author of some *Runic Odes, imitated from the Norse Tongue*, *The Imperial Epistle from Kien Long to George III.* (1794), *The Shade of Alexander Pope*, a satirical poem (1798), and various other light evanescent pieces on the topics of the day. Mr Mathias also wrote some Latin odes, and translated into Italian several English poems. He wrote Italian with elegance and purity, and it has been said that no Englishman, since the days of Milton, has cultivated that language with so much success. The 'Pursuits of Literature' contains some pointed satire on the author's poetical contemporaries, and is enriched with a vast variety of notes, in which there is a

great display of learning. George Steevens said the poem was merely 'a peg to hang the notes on.' The want of true poetical genius to vivify this mass of erudition has been fatal to Mr Mathias. His works appear to be utterly forgotten.

DR JOHN WOLCOT.

DR JOHN WOLCOT was a coarse but lively satirist, who, under the name of 'Peter Pindar,' published a variety of effusions on the topics and public men of his times, which were eagerly read and widely circulated. Many of them were in ridicule of the reigning sovereign, George III., who was a good subject for the poet; though the latter, as he himself acknowledged, was a bad subject to the king. Wolcot was born at Dodbrooke, a village in Devonshire, in the year 1738. His uncle, a respectable surgeon and apothecary at Fowey, took the charge of his education, intending that he should become his own assistant and successor in business. Wolcot was instructed in medicine and 'walked the hospitals' in London, after which he proceeded to Jamaica with Sir William Trelawney, governor of that island, who had engaged him as his medical attendant. The social habits of the doctor rendered him a favourite in Jamaica; but his time being only partly employed by his professional avocations, he solicited and obtained from his patron the gift of a living in the church which happened to be then vacant. The bishop of London ordained the graceless neophyte, and Wolcot entered upon his sacred duties. His congregation consisted mostly of negroes, and Sunday being their principal holiday and market, the attendance at the church was very limited. Sometimes not a single person came, and Wolcot and his clerk (the latter being an excellent shot) used at such times, after waiting for ten minutes, to proceed to the sea-side, to enjoy the sport of shooting ring-tailed pigeons! The death of Sir William Trelawney cut off all further hopes of preferment and every inducement to a longer residence in the island. Bidding adieu to Jamaica and the church, Wolcot accompanied Lady Trelawney to England, and established himself as a physician at Truro in Cornwall. He inherited about £2000 by the death of his uncle. While resident at Truro, Wolcot discovered the talents of Opie—

The Cornish boy in tin mines bred—

whose genius as an artist afterwards became so distinguished. He also materially assisted to form his taste and procure him patronage; and when Opie's name was well established, the poet and his protégé, forsaking the country, repaired to London, as affording a wider field for the exertions of both. Wolcot had already acquired some distinction by his satirical efforts, and he now poured forth a series of odes and epistles, commencing with the royal academicians, whom he ridiculed with great success and some justice. In 1785 he produced no less than twenty-three odes. In 1786 he published *The Lousiad, a Heroi-comic Poem*, in five cantos, which had its foundation in the fact, that an obnoxious insect (either of the garden or the body) had been discovered on the king's plate among some green peas, which produced a solemn decree that all the servants in the royal kitchen were to have their heads shaved. In the hands of an unscrupulous satirist like Wolcot, this ridiculous incident was an admirable theme. The publication of Boswell's Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides afforded another tempting opportunity, and he indited a humorous poetical epistle to the biographer, commencing—

O Boswell, Bozzy, Bruce, whate'er thy name,
Thou mighty shark for anecdote and fame;
Thou jackal, leading lion Johnson forth
To eat Macpherson 'midst his native north;
To frighten grave professors with his roar,
And shake the Hebrides from shore to shore,
All hail!
Triumphant thou through Time's vast gulf shalt sail,
The pilot of our literary whale;
Close to the classic Rambler shalt thou cling,
Close as a supple courtier to a king;
Fate shall not shake thee off with all its power;
Stuck like a bat to some old ivied tower.
Nay, though thy Johnson ne'er had blessed thy eyes,
Paoli's deeds had raised thee to the skies:
Yes, his broad wing had raised thee (no bad hack),
A tom-tit twittering on an eagle's back.

In addition to this effusion, Wolcot levelled another attack on Boswell, entitled *Bozzy and Piozzi, or the British Biographers*. The personal habits of the king were ridiculed in *Peeps at St James's*, *Royal Visits*, *Lyric Odes*, &c. Sir Joseph Banks was another subject of his satire:—

A president, in butterflies profound,
Of whom all insect-mongers sing the praises,
Went on a day to catch the game profound
On violets, dunghills, violet tops, and daisies, &c.

He had also *Instructions to a Celebrated Laureate*; *Peter's Pension*; *Peter's Prophecy*; *Epistle to a Fallen Minister*; *Epistle to James Bruce, Esq., the Abyssinian Traveller*; *Odes to Mr Paine*; *Odes to Kien Long, Emperor of China*; *Ode to the Livery of London*, and *[illegible]* of a kindred description on most of the celebrated events of the day. From 1778 to 1808 above sixty of these poetical pamphlets were issued by Wolcot. So formidable was he considered, that the ministry, it is alleged, endeavoured to bribe him to silence. He also boasted that his writings had been translated into six different languages. In 1795 he obtained from his booksellers an annuity of £250, payable half-yearly, for the copyright of his works. This handsome allowance he enjoyed, to the heavy loss of the other parties, for upwards of twenty years. Neither old age nor blindness could repress his witty vituperative attacks. He had recourse to an amanuensis, in whose absence, however, he continued to write himself, till within a short period of his death. 'His method was to tear a sheet of paper into quarters, on each of which he wrote a stanza of four or six lines, according to the nature of the poem; the paper he placed on a book held in the left hand; and in this manner not only wrote legibly, but with great ease and celerity.' In 1796 his poetical effusions were collected and published in four volumes 8vo, and subsequent editions have been issued; but most of the poems have sunk into oblivion. Few satirists can reckon on permanent popularity, and the poems of Wolcot were in their nature of an ephemeral description, while the recklessness of his censure and ridicule, and the want of decency, of principle, and moral feeling, that characterises nearly the whole, precipitated their downfall. He died at his house in Somers' Town on the 14th January 1819, and was buried in a vault in the churchyard of St Paul's, Covent Garden, close to the grave of Butler. Wolcot was equal to Churchill as a satirist, as ready and versatile in his powers, and possessed of a quick sense of the ludicrous, as well as a rich vein of fancy and humour. Some of his songs and serious effusions are tender and pleasing, but he could not write long without sliding into the ludicrous and burlesque. His critical acuteness is evinced in his Odes to the Royal Acade-

micians, and in various passages scattered throughout his works; while his ease and felicity, both of expression and illustration, are remarkable. In the following terse and lively lines, we have a good caricature portrait of Dr Johnson's style:—

I own I like not Johnson's turgid style,
That gives an inch the importance of a mile,
Casts of manure a wagon-load around,
To raise a simple daisy from the ground;
Uplifts the club of Hercules—for what?
To crush a butterfly or brain a gnat;
Creates a whirlwind from the earth, to draw
A goose's feather or exalt a straw;
Sets wheels on wheels in motion—such a clatter
To force up one poor nipperkin of water;
Bids ocean labour with tremendous roar,
To heave a cockle-shell upon the shore;
Alike in every theme his pompous art,
Heaven's awful thunder or a rumbling cart!

[Advice to Landscape Painters.]

Whate'er you wish in landscape to excel,
London's the very place to mar it;
Believe the oracles I tell,
There's very little landscape in a garret.
Whate'er the flocks of fleas you keep,
'Tis badly copying *them* for goats and sheep;
And if you'll take the poet's honest word,
A bug must make a miserable bird.

A rushlight in a bottle's neck, or stick,
Ill represents the glorious orb of morn;
Nay, though it were a candle with a wick,
'Twould be a representative forlorn.

I think, too, that a man would be a fool,
For trees, to copy legs of a joint-stool,
Or even by them to represent a stump;
Also by broomsticks—which, though well he rig
Each with an old fox-coloured wig,
Must make a very poor autumnal clump.

You'll say, 'Yet such ones oft a person sees
In many an artist's trees,
And in some paintings we have all beheld
Green baize hath surely sat for a green field;
Bolsters for mountains, hills, and wheaten mows;
Cats for ram-goats, and curs for bulls and cows.'

All this, my lads, I freely grant;
But better things from you I want.
As Shakspeare says (a bard I much approve),
'List, list! oh list! if thou dost painting love.'

Claude painted in the open air!
Therefore to Wales at once repair,
Where scenes of true magnificence you'll find;
Besides this great advantage—if in debt,
You'll have with creditors no tete-a-tete,
So leave the bull-dog bailiffs all behind;
Who, hunt you with what noise they may,
Must hunt for needles in a stack of hay.

The Pilgrims and the Peas.

A brace of sinners, for no good,
Were ordered to the Virgin Mary's shrine,
Who at Loretto dwelt in wax, stone, wood,
And in a curled white wig looked wondrous fine.

Fifty long miles had these sad rogues to travel,
With something in their shoes much worse than gravel.
In short, their toes so gentle to amuse,
The priest had ordered peas into their shoes.

A nostrum famous in old popish times
For purifying souls that stunk with crimes,
A sort of apostolic salt,
That popish parsons for its powers exalt,
For keeping souls of sinners sweet,
Just as our kitchen salt keeps meat.

The knaves set off on the same day,
Peas in their shoes, to go and pray;
But very different was their speed, I wot:
One of the sinners galloped on,
Light as a bullet from a gun;
The other limped as if he had been shot.

One saw the Virgin, soon *peccavi* cried;
Had his soul whitewashed all so clever,
When home again he nimbly hied,
Made fit with saints above to live for ever.

In coming back, however, let me say,
He met his brother rogue about half way,
Hobbling with outstretched hams and bending knees,
Cursing the souls and bodies of the peas;
His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brow in sweat,
Deep sympathising with his groaning feet.

'How now!' the light-toed whitewashed pilgrim broke,
'You lazy lubber!'
'Confound it!' cried the t'other, 'tis no joke;
My feet, once hard as any rock,
Are now as soft as blubber.

Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear:
As for Loretto, I shall not get there;
No! to the devil my sinful soul must go,
For hang me if I ha'n't lost every toe!

But, brother sinner, do explain
How 'tis that you are not in pain—
What power hath worked a wonder for your toes—
Whilst I, just like a snail, am crawling,
Now swearing, now on saints devoutly bawling,
Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes?

How is't that you can like a greyhound go,
Merry as if nought had happened, burn ye?'
'Why,' cried the other, grinning, 'you must know,
That just before I ventured on my journey,
To walk a little more at ease,
I took the liberty to boil my peas.'

The Apple Dumplings and a King.

Once on a time, a monarch, tired with whooping,
Whipping and spurring,
Happy in worrying
A poor defenceless harmless buck
(The horse and rider wet as muck),
From his high consequence and wisdom stooping,
Entered through curiosity a cot,
Where sat a poor old woman and her pot.

The wrinkled, blear-eyed, good old granny,
In this same cot, illumed by many a cranny,
Had finished apple dumplings for her pot:
In tempting row the naked dumplings lay,
When lo! the monarch, in his usual way,
Like lightning spoke, 'What's this? what's this? what, what?'

Then taking up a dumpling in his hand,
His eyes with admiration did expand;
And oft did majesty the dumpling grapple: he cried,
''Tis monstrous, monstrous hard, indeed!
What makes it, pray, so hard?' The dame replied,
Low curtsying, 'Please your majesty, the apple.'

'Very astonishing indeed! strange thing!'
(Turning the dumpling round) rejoined the king.
'Tis most extraordinary, then, all this is—
It beats Pinette's conjuring all to pieces:
Strange I should never of a dumpling dream!
But, goody, tell me where, where, where's the seam?'

'Sir, there's no seam,' quoth she; 'I never knew
That folks did apple dumplings *sew*;'
'No!' cried the staring monarch with a grin;
'How, how the devil got the apple in?'

On which the dame the curious scheme revealed
By which the apple lay so sly concealed,
Which made the Solomon of Britain start;
Who to the palace with full speed repaired,
And queen and princesses so beauteous scared
All with the wonders of the dumpling art.
There did he labour one whole week to show
The wisdom of an apple-dumpling maker;
And, lo! so deep was majesty in dough,
The palace seemed the lodging of a baker!

Whitbread's Brewery visited by their Majesties.

Full of the art of brewing beer,
The monarch heard of Whitbread's fame;
Quoth he unto the queen, 'My dear, my dear,
Whitbread hath got a marvellous great name.
Charly, we must, must, must see Whitbread brew—
Rich as us, Charly, richer than a Jew.
Shame, shame we have not yet his brewhouse seen!'
Thus sweetly said the king unto the queen!

Red hot with novelty's delightful rage,
To Mister Whitbread forth he sent a page,
To say that majesty proposed to view,
With thirst of wondrous knowledge deep inflamed,
His vats, and tubs, and hops, and hogsheads famed,
And learn the noble secret how to brew.

Of such undreamt-of honour proud,
Most rev'rently the brewer bowed;
So humbly (so the humble story goes),
He touched e'en *terra firma* with his nose;

Then said unto the page, *hight* Billy Ramus,
'Happy are we that our great king should name us
As worthy unto majesty to show
How we poor Chiswell people brew.'

Away sprung Billy Ramus quick as thought:
To majesty the welcome tidings brought,
How Whitbread, staring stood like any stake,
And trembled; then the civil things he said;
On which the king did smile and nod his head;
For monarchs like to see their subjects quake;

Such horrors unto kings most pleasant are,
Proclaiming reverence and humility:
High thoughts, too, all these shaking fits declare
Of kingly grandeur and great capability!

People of worship, wealth, and birth,
Look on the humbler sorts of earth,
Indeed in a most humble light, God knows!
High stations are like Dover's towering cliffs,
Where ships below appear like little skiffs,
The people walking on the strand like crows.

Muse, sing the stir that happy Whitbread made:
Poor gentleman! most terribly afraid
He should not charm enough his guests divine,
He gave his maids new aprons, gowns, and smocks;
And lo! two hundred pounds were spent in frocks,
To make the apprentices and draymen fine:
Busy as horses in a field of clover,
Dogs, cats, and chairs, and stools, were tumbled over,
Amidst the Whitbread rout of preparation,
To treat the lofty ruler of the nation.

Now moved king, queen, and princesses so grand,
To visit the first brewer in the land;
Who sometimes swills his beer and grinds his meat
In a snug corner, christened Chiswell Street;
But oftener, charmed with fashionable air,
Amidst the gaudy great of Portman Square.

Lord Aylesbury, and Denbigh's lord also,
His Grace the Duke of Montague likewise,
With Lady Harcourt joined the raree show,
And fixed all Smithfield's wond'ring eyes:
For lo! a greater show ne'er graced those quarters,
Since Mary roasted, just like crabs, the martyrs.

Thus was the brewhouse filled with gabbling noise,
Whilst draymen, and the brewer's boys,
Devoured the questions that the king did ask;
In different parties were they staring seen,
Wond'ring to think they saw a king and queen!
Behind a tub were some, and some behind a cask.

Some draymen forced themselves (a pretty luncheon)
Into the mouth of many a gaping puncheon:
And through the bung-hole winked with curious eye,
To view and be assured what sort of things
Were princesses, and queens, and kings,
For whose most lofty station thousands sigh!
And lo! of all the gaping puncheon clan,
Few were the mouths that had not got a man;

Now majesty into a pump so deep
Did with an opera-glass so curious peep:
Examining with care each wond'rous matter
That brought up water!

Thus have I seen a magpie in the street,
A chattering bird we often meet,
A bird for curiosity well known,
With head awry,
And cunning eye,
Peep knowingly into a marrow-bone.

And now his curious majesty did stoop
To count the nails on every hoop:
And lo! no single thing came in his way,
That, full of deep research, he did not say,
'What's this? hae hae? What's that? What's this?
What's that?'
So quick the words too, when he deigned to speak,
As if each syllable would break its neck.

Thus, to the world of great whilst others crawl,
Our sov'reign peeps into the world of *small*:
Thus microscopic geniuses explore
Things that too oft the public scorn;
Yet swell of useful knowledges the store,
By finding systems in a peppercorn.

Now boasting Whitbread serious did declare,
To make the majesty of England stare,
That he had butts enough, he knew,
Placed side by side, to reach to Kew;
On which the king with wonder swiftly cried,
'What, if they reach to Kew, then, side by side,
What would they do, what, what, placed end to end?'
To whom, with knitted calculating brow,
The man of beer most solemnly did vow,
Almost to Windsor that they would extend:
On which the king, with wondering mien,
Repeated it unto the wondering queen;
On which, quick turning round his haltered head,
The brewer's horse, with face astonished, neighed;
The brewer's dog, too, poured a note of thunder,
Rattled his chain, and wagged his tail for wonder.

Now did the king for other beers inquire,
For Calvert's, Jordan's, Thrale's entire;
And after talking of these different beers,
Asked Whitbread if his porter equalled theirs.

This was a puzzling disagreeing question,
Grating like arsenic on his host's digestion,
A kind of question to the Man of Cask
That even Solomon himself would ask

Now majesty, alive to knowledge, took
A very pretty memorandum book,
With gilded leaves of asses'-skin so white,
And in it legibly began to write—

Memorandum

A charming place beneath the grates
For roasting chestnuts or potatoes

Mem

'Tis hops that give a bitterness to beer,
Hops grow in Kent, says Whitbread, and elsewhere

Quære

Is there no cheaper stuff? where doth it dwell?
Would not horse-aloes bitter it as well?

Mem

To try it soon on our small beer—
'Twill save us several pounds a year

Mem

To remember to forget to ask
Old Whitbread to my house one day

Mem

Not to forget to take of beer the cask,
The brewer offered me, away

Now, having pencilled his remarks so shrewd,
Sharp as the point indeed of a new pin,
His majesty his watch most sagely viewed,
And then put up his asses'-skin

To Whitbread now deigned majesty to say,
'Whitbread, are all your horses fond of hay?'
'Yes, please your majesty,' in humble notes
The brewer answered. 'Also, sire, of oats,
Another thing my horses, too, maintain,
And that, an't please your majesty, are grains'

'Grains, grains!' said majesty, 'to fill their crops?
Grains, grains!—that comes from hops—yes, hops, hops, hops?'
Here was the king, like hounds sometimes at fault—
'Sire,' cried the humble brewer, 'give me leave
Your sacred majesty to undeceive,
Grains, sire, are never made from hops, but malt'

'True,' said the cautious monarch with a smile,
'From malt, malt, malt—I meant malt all the while'
'Yes,' with the sweetest bow, rejoined the brewer,
'An't please your majesty, you did, I'm sure'
'Yes,' answered majesty, with quick reply,
'I did, I did, I did, I, I, I, I'

Now did the king admire the bell so fine,
That daily asks the draymen all to dine,
On which the bell rung out (how very proper!)
To show it was a bell, and had a clapper
And now before their sovereign's curious eye—
Parents and children, fine fat hopeful sprigs,
All snuffling, squinting, grunting in their sty—
Appeared the brewer's tribe of handsome pigs,
On which the observant man who fills a throne,
Declared the pigs were vastly like his own,
On which the brewer, swallowed up in joys,
Fear and astonishment in both his eyes,
His soul brimful of sentiments so loyal,
Exclaimed, 'O heavens! and can *my* swine
Be deemed by majesty so fine?
Heavens! can my pigs compare, sire, with pigs royal?"
To which the king assented with a nod,
On which the brewer bowed, and said, 'Good God!'
Then winked significant on Miss,
Significant of wonder and of bliss,
Who, bridling in her chin divine,
Crossed her fair hands, a dear old maid,
And then her lowest curtsy made
For such high honour done her father's swine.

Now did his majesty, so gracious, say
To Mister Whitbread in his flying way,
'Whitbread, d'ye nick the excisemen now and then?
Hae? what? Miss Whitbread's still a maid, a maid?
What, what's the matter with the men?

D'ye hunt?—hae, hunt? No no, you are too old;
You'll be lord mayor—lord mayor one day;
Yes, yes, I've heard so, yes, yes, so I'm told;
Don't, don't the fine for sheriff pay;
I'll prick you every year, man, I declare;
Yes, Whitbread, yes, yes, you shall be lord-mayor.

Whitbread, d'ye keep a coach, or job one, pray?
Job, job, that's cheapest, yes, that's best, that's best
You put your liveries on the draymen—hae?
Hae, Whitbread? you have feathered well your nest.
What, what's the price now, hae, of all your stock?
But, Whitbread, what's o'clock, pray, what's o'clock?'
Now Whitbread inward said, 'May I be curst
If I know what to answer first'
Then searched his brains with ruminating eye;
But e'er the man of malt an answer found,
Quick on his heel, lo, majesty turned round,
Skipped off, and balked the honour of reply.

Lord Gregory

[Burns admired this ballad of Wolcot's, and wrote another on the same subject]

'Ah ope, Lord Gregory, thy door,
A midnight wanderer sighs,
Hard rush the rains, the tempests roar,
And lightnings cleave the skies'

'Who comes with wo at this drear night,
A pilgrim of the gloom?
If she whose love did once delight,
My cot shall yield her room.'

'Alas! thou heard'st a pilgrim mourn
That once was prized by thee
Think of the ring by yonder burn
Thou gav'st to love and me

But should'st thou not poor Marion know,
I'll turn my feet and part;
And think the storms that round me blow,
Far kinder than thy heart.'

May Day

The daisies peep from every field,
And violets sweet their odour yield;
The purple blossom paints the thorn,
And streams reflect the blush of morn.
Then lads and lasses all, be gay,
For this is nature's holiday.

Let lusty Labour drop his flail,
Nor woodman's hook a tree assail;
The ox shall cease his neck to bow,
And Clodden yield to rest the plough.
Then lads, &c

Behold the lark in ether float,
While rapture swells the liquid note!
What warbles he, with merry cheer?
'Let Love and Pleasure rule the year!'
Then lads, &c.

Lo! Sol looks down with radiant eye,
And throws a smile around his sky;
Embracing hill, and vale, and stream,
And warming nature with his beam.
Then lads, &c.

The insect tribes in myriads pour,
And kiss with zephyr every flower;
Shall these our icy hearts reprove,
And tell us we are foes to Love?
Then lads, &c.

Epigram on Sleep.

[Thomas Warton wrote the following Latin epigram to be placed under the statue of Somnus, in the garden of Harris the philologist, and Wolcot translated it with a beauty and felicity worthy of the original.]

Somne levis, quanquam certissima mortis imago,
Consortem cupio te tamen esse tori;
Alma quies, optata, veni, nam sic sine vita
Vivere quam suave est, sic sine morte mori.

Come, gentle sleep! attend thy votary's prayer,
And, though death's image, to my couch repair;
How sweet, though lifeless, yet with life to lie,
And, without dying, O how sweet to die!

To my Candle.

Thou lone companion of the spectred night!
I wake amid thy friendly watchful light,
To steal a precious hour from lifeless sleep.
Hark, the wild uproar of the winds! and hark,
Hell's genius roams the regions of the dark,
And swells the thundering horrors of the deep.

From cloud to cloud the pale moon hurrying flies,
Now blackened, and now flashing through the skies,
But all is silence here beneath thy beam.
I own I labour for the voice of praise—
For who would sink in dull oblivion's stream?
Who would not live in songs of distant days?

Thus while I wondering pause o'er Shakspeare's page,
I mark in visions of delight the sage,
High o'er the wrecks of man, who stands sublime,
A column in the melancholy waste
(Its cities humbled and its glories past),
Majestic 'mid the solitude of time.
Yet now to sadness let me yield the hour—
Yes, let the tears of purest friendship shower!

I view, alas! what ne'er should die—
A form that wakes my deepest sigh—
A form that feels of death the leaden sleep—
Descending to the realms of shade,
I view a pale-eyed panting maid;
I see the Virtues o'er their favourite weep.

Ah! could the Muse's simple prayer
Command the envied trump of fame,
Oblivion should Eliza spare:
A world should echo with her name.
Art thou departing, too, my trembling friend?
Ah, draws thy little lustre to its end?
Yes, on thy frame Fate too shall fix her seal.
O let me pensive watch thy pale decay;
How fast that frame, so tender, wears away,
How fast thy life the restless minutes steal!

How slender now, alas! thy thread of fire!
Ah! falling—falling—ready to expire!
In vain thy struggles, all will soon be o'er.
At life thou snatchest with an eager leap;
Now round I see thy flame so feeble creep,
Faint, lessening, quivering, glimmering, now no more!
Thus shall the sons of science sink away,
And thus of beauty fade the fairest flower—
For where's the giant who to Time shall say
'Destructive tyrant, I arrest thy power!'

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Henry Kirke White, a young poet, who has accomplished more by the example of his life than by his writings, was a native of Nottingham, where he was born on the 21st of August, 1785. His father was a butcher—an 'ungentle craft,' which, however, has had the honour of giving to England one of its most distinguished churchmen, Cardinal Wolsey, and the two poets, Akenside and White.



Birth-place of H. K. White, Nottingham.

Henry was a rhymer and a student from his earliest years. He assisted at his father's business for some time, but in his fourteenth year was put apprentice to a stocking-weaver. Disliking, as he said, 'the thought of spending seven years of his life in shining and folding up stockings, he wanted something to occupy his brain, and he felt that he should be wretched if he continued longer at this trade, or indeed in anything except one of the learned professions.' He was at length placed in an attorney's office, and applying his leisure hours to the study of languages, he was able, in the course of ten months, to read Horace with tolerable facility, and had made some progress in Greek. At the same time he acquired a knowledge of Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, and even applied himself to the acquisition of some of the sciences. His habits of study and application were unremitting. A London magazine, called the Monthly Preceptor, having proposed prize themes for the youth of both sexes, Henry became a candidate, and while only in his fifteenth year, obtained a silver medal for a translation from Horace, and the following year a pair of twelve-inch globes for an imaginary tour from London to Edinburgh. He next became a correspondent in the Monthly Mirror, and was introduced to the acquaintance of Mr Capel Lofft and of Mr Hill, the proprietor of the above periodical. Their encouragement induced him to prepare a volume of poems for the press, which appeared in 1803. The longest piece in the collection is a descriptive poem in the style of Goldsmith, entitled *Clifton Grove*, which shows a remarkable proficiency in smooth and elegant versification and language. In his preface to the volume, Henry

had stated that the poems were the production of a youth of seventeen, published for the purpose of facilitating his future studies, and enabling him 'to pursue those inclinations which might one day place him in an honourable station in the scale of society.' Such a declaration should have disarmed the severity of criticism; but the volume was contemptuously noticed in the Monthly Review, and Henry felt the most exquisite pain from the unjust and ungenerous critique. Fortunately the volume fell into the hands of Mr Southey, who wrote to the young poet to encourage him, and other friends sprung up to succour his genius and procure for him what was the darling object of his ambition, admission to the university of Cambridge. His opinions for some time inclined to deism, without any taint of immorality; but a fellow-student put into his hands Scott's 'Force of Truth,' and he soon became a decided convert to the spirit and doctrines of Christianity. He resolved upon devoting his life to the promulgation of them, and the Rev. Mr Simeon, Cambridge, procured for him a sizarship at St John's college. This benevolent clergyman further promised, with the aid of a friend, to supply him with £30 annually, and his own family were to furnish the remainder necessary for him to go through college. Poetry was now abandoned for severer studies. He competed for one of the university scholarships, and at the end of the term was pronounced the first man of his year. 'Twice he distinguished himself in the following year, being again pronounced first at the great college examination, and also one of the three best theme writers, between whom the examiners could not decide. The college offered him, at their expense, a private tutor in mathematics during the long vacation, and Mr Catton (his tutor), by procuring for him exhibitions to the amount of £66 per annum, enabled him to give up the pecuniary assistance which he had received from Mr Simeon and other friends.'* This distinction was purchased at the sacrifice of health and life. 'Were I,' he said, 'to paint Fame crowning an under graduate after the senate-house examination, I would represent him as concealing a death's head under the mask of beauty.' He went to London to recruit his shattered nerves and spirits; but on his return to college, he was so completely ill that no power of medicine could save him. He died on the 19th of October 1806. Mr Southey continued his regard for White after his untimely death. He wrote a sketch of his life and edited his *Remains*, which proved to be highly popular, passing through a great number of editions. A tablet to Henry's memory, with a medallion by Chantrey, was placed in All Saints church, Cambridge, by a young American gentleman, Mr Francis Boot of Boston, and bearing the following inscription—so expressive of the tenderness and regret universally felt towards the poet—by Professor Smyth.—

Warm with fond hope and learning's sacred flame,
To Granta's bowers the youthful poet came;
Unconquered powers the immortal mind displayed,
But worn with anxious thought, the frame decayed.
Pale o'er his lamp, and in his cell retired,
The martyr student faded and expired.
Oh! genius, taste, and piety sincere,
Too early lost midst studies too severe!
Foremost to mourn was generous Southey seen,
He told the tale, and showed what White had been;
Nor told in vain. Far o'er the Atlantic wave
A wanderer came, and sought the poet's grave:
On yon low stone he saw his lonely name,
And raised this fond memorial to his fame.

* Southey's Memoir prefixed to Remains of H. K. White.

Byron has also consecrated some beautiful lines to the memory of White. Mr Southey considers that the death of the young poet is to be lamented as a loss to English literature. To society, and particularly to the church, it was a greater misfortune. The poetry of Henry was all written before his twentieth year, and hence should not be severely judged. If compared, however, with the strains of Cowley or Chatterton at an earlier age, it will be seen to be inferior in this, that no indications are given of great future genius. There are no seeds or traces of grand conceptions and designs, no fragments of wild original imagination, as in the 'marvellous boy' of Bristol. His poetry is fluent and correct, distinguished by a plaintive tenderness and reflection, and pleasing powers of fancy and description. Whether force and originality would have come with manhood and learning, is a point which, notwithstanding the example of Byron (a very different mind), may fairly be doubted. It is enough, however, for Henry Kirke White to have afforded one of the finest examples on record of youthful talent and perseverance devoted to the purest and noblest objects.

To an Early Primrose.

Mild offspring of a dark and sullen sire!
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,
Was nursed in whirling storms,
And cradled in the winds.

Thee, when young Spring first questioned Winter's sway,
And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight,
Thee on this bank he threw
To mark his victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,
Serene, thou openest to the nipping gale,
Unnoticed and alone,
Thy tender elegance.

So virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms
Of chill adversity; in some lone walk
Of life she rears her head,
Obscure and unobserved;

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows,
Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
And hardens her to bear
Serene the ills of life.

Sonnet.

What art thou, Mighty One! and where thy seat?
Thou broodest on the calm that cheers the lands,
And thou dost bear within thine awful hands
The rolling thunders and the lightnings fleet;
Stern on thy dark-wrought car of cloud and wind,
Thou guid'st the northern storm at night's dead noon,
Or, on the red wing of the fierce monsoon,
Disturb'st the sleeping giant of the Ind.
In the drear silence of the polar span
Dost thou repose? or in the solitude
Of sultry tracts, where the lone caravan
Hears nightly howl the tiger's hungry brood?
Vain thought! the confines of his throne to trace
Who glows through all the fields of boundless space.

The Star of Bethlehem.

When marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud—the night was dark;
The ocean yawned—and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and dangers' thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moored—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

A Hymn for Family Worship.

O Lord! another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fostering hand.

And wilt thou bend a listening ear
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt! for thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

And, Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign,
As we before thee pray;
For thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are less than they.

O let thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting peace!

Thus chastened, cleansed, entirely thine,
A flock by Jesus led;
The Sun of Holiness shall shine
In glory on our head.

And thou wilt turn our wandering feet,
And thou wilt bless our way;
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
The dawn of lasting day.

The Christiad.

[Concluding stanzas, written shortly before his death.]

Thus far have I pursued my solemn theme,
With self-rewarding toil; thus far have sung
Of godlike deeds, far loftier than beseem
The lyre which I in early days have strung;
And now my spirits faint, and I have hung
The shell, that solaced me in saddest hour,
On the dark cypress; and the strings which rung
With Jesus' praise, their harpings now are o'er,
Or, when the breeze comes by, moan, and are heard no more.

And must the harp of Judah sleep again?
Shall I no more reanimate the lay?
Oh! Thou who visitest the sons of men,
Thou who dost listen when the humble pray,
One little space prolong my mournful day;
One little lapse suspend thy last decree!
I am a youthful traveller in the way,
And this slight boon would consecrate to thee,
Ere I with Death shake hands, and smile that I am free.

The Shipwrecked Solitary's Song.—To the Night.

Thou, spirit of the spangled night!
I woo thee from the watch-tower high,
Where thou dost sit to guide the bark
Of lonely mariner.

The winds are whistling o'er the wolds,
The distant main is moaning low;
Come, let us sit and weave a song—
A melancholy song!

Sweet is the scented gale of morn,
And sweet the noontide's fervid beam,
But sweeter far the solemn calm
That marks thy mournful reign.

I've passed here many a lonely year,
And never human voice have heard;
I've passed here many a lonely year
A solitary man.

And I have lingered in the shade,
From sultry noon's hot beam; and I
Have knelt before my wicker door,
To sing my evening song.

And I have hailed the gray morn high
On the blue mountain's misty brow,
And tried to tune my little reed
To hymns of harmony.

But never could I tune my reed,
At morn, or noon, or eve, so sweet
As when upon the ocean shore
I hailed thy star-beam mild.

The day-spring brings not joy to me,
The moon it whispers not of peace!
But oh! when darkness robes the heavens,
My woes are mixed with joy.

And then I talk, and often think
Aërial voices answer me;
And oh! I am not then alone—
A solitary man.

And when the blustering winter winds
Howl in the woods that clothe my cave,
I lay me on my lonely mat,
And pleasant are my dreams.

And Fancy gives me back my wife;
And Fancy gives me back my child;
She gives me back my little home,
And all its placid joys.

Then hateful is the morning hour
That calls me from the dream of bliss,
To find myself still lone, and hear
The same dull sounds again.

JAMES GRAHAME.

The REV. JAMES GRAHAME was born in Glasgow in the year 1765. He studied the law, and practised at the Scottish bar for several years, but afterwards took orders in the Church of England, and was successively curate of Shipton, in Gloucestershire, and of Sedgefield, in the county of Durham. Ill health compelled him to abandon his curacy when his virtues and talents had attracted notice and rendered him a popular and useful preacher; and on revisiting Scotland, he died on the 14th of September 1811. The works of Grahame consist of *Mary Queen of Scotland*, a dramatic poem published in 1801; *The Sabbath, Sabbath Walks, Biblical Pictures, The Birds*

of Scotland, and *British Georgics*, all in blank verse. The 'Sabbath' is the best of his productions, and the 'Georgics' the least interesting; for though the latter contains some fine descriptions, the poet is too minute and too practical in his rural lessons. The amiable personal feelings of the author constantly appear. He thus warmly and tenderly apostrophises his native country:—

How pleasant came thy rushing, silver Tweed!
Upon my ear, when, after roaming long
In southern plains, I've reached thy lovely bank!
How bright, renowned Sark! thy little stream,
Like ray of columned light chasing a shower,
Would cross my homeward path; how sweet the sound,
When I, to hear the Doric tongue's reply,
Would ask thy well-known name!
And must I leave,
Dear land, thy bonny braes, thy dales,
Each haunted by its wizard stream, o'erhung
With all the varied charms of bush and tree?
And must I leave the friends of youthful years,
And mould my heart anew, to take the stamp
Of foreign friendships in a foreign land,
And learn to love the music of strange tongues?
Yes, I may love the music of strange tongues,
And mould my heart anew to take the stamp
Of foreign friendships in a foreign land:
But to my parched mouth's roof cleave this tongue,
My fancy fade into the yellow leaf,
And this oft pausing heart forget to throb,
If, Scotland! thee and thine I e'er forget.

An anecdote is related of the modest poet connected with the publication of the 'Sabbath,' which affords an interesting illustration of his character. He had not prefixed his name to the work, nor acquainted his family with the secret of its composition, and taking a copy of the volume home with him one day, he left it on the table. His wife began reading it while the sensitive author walked up and down the room; and at length she broke out into praise of the poem, adding, 'Ah, James, if you could but produce a poem like this!' The joyful acknowledgment of his being the author was then made, no doubt with the most exquisite pleasure on both sides. Grahame in some respects resembles Cowper. He has no humour or satire, it is true, but the same powers of close and happy observation which the poet of Olney applied to English scenery, were directed by Grahame to that of Scotland, and both were strictly devout and *national* poets. There is no author, excepting Burns, whom an intelligent Scotsman, resident abroad, would read with more delight than Grahame. The ordinary features of the Scottish landscape he portrays truly and distinctly, without exaggeration, and often imparting to his descriptions a feeling of tenderness or solemnity. He has, however, many poor prosaic lines, and his versification generally wants ease and variety. He was content with humble things; but he paints the charms of a retired cottage life, the sacred calm of a Sabbath morning, a walk in the fields, or even a bird's nest, with such unfeigned delight and accurate observation, that the reader is constrained to see and feel with his author, to rejoice in the elements of poetry and meditation that are scattered around him, existing in the humblest objects, and in those humane and pious sentiments which impart to external nature a moral interest and beauty. The religion of Grahame was not sectarian; he was equally impressed with the lofty ritual of the English church, and the simple hill worship of the Covenanters. He is sometimes gloomy in his seriousness, from intense religious anxiety or sympathy with his fellow-men suffering under oppression or misfortune, but he has less of this harsh fruit,

Picked from the thorns and briers of reproof,

than his brother poet Cowper. His prevailing tone is that of implicit trust in the goodness of God, and enjoyment in his creation.

[*From the Sabbath.*]

How still the morning of the hallowed day!
Mute is the voice of rural labour, hushed
The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,
That yester morn bloomed waving in the breeze.
Sounds the most faint attract the ear—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating midway up the hill.
Calmness seems throned on yon unmoving cloud.
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
The blackbird's note comes mellower from the dale;
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heaven-tuned song; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-sunk glen;
While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O'ermounts the mist, is heard at intervals
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.
With dove-like wings Peace o'er yon village broods:
The dizzying mill-wheel rests; the anvil's din
Hath ceased; all, all around is quietness.
Less fearful on this day, the limping hare
Stops, and looks back, and stops, and looks on man,
Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse, set free,
Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large;
And, as his stiff unwieldy bulk he rolls,
His iron-armed hoofs gleam in the morning ray.
But chiefly man the day of rest enjoys.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day.
On other days, the man of toil is doomed
To eat his joyless bread, lonely, the ground
Both seat and board, screened from the winter's cold
And summer's heat by neighbouring hedge or tree;
But on this day, embosomed in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves;
With those he loves he shares the heartfelt joy
Of giving thanks to God—not thanks of form,
A word and a grimace, but reverently,
With covered face and upward earnest eye.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day:
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
The morning air pure from the city's smoke;
While wandering slowly up the river side,
He meditates on Him whose power he marks
In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,
As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
Around the roots; and while he thus surveys
With elevated joy each rural charm,
He hopes (yet fears presumption in the hope)
To reach those realms where Sabbath never ends.
But now his steps a welcome sound recalls:
Solemn the knell, from yonder ancient pile,
Fills all the air, inspiring joyful awe:
Slowly the throng moves o'er the tomb-paved ground;
The aged man, the bowed down, the blind
Led by the thoughtless boy, and he who breathes
With pain, and eyes the new-made grave, well-pleased;
These, mingled with the young, the gay, approach
The house of God—these, spite of all their ills,
A glow of gladness feel; with silent praise
They enter in; a placid stillness reigns,
Until the man of God, worthy the name,
Opens the book, and reverentially
The stated portion reads. A pause ensues.
The organ breathes its distant thunder-notes,
Then swells into a diapason full:

The people rising sing, 'with harp, with harp,
And voice of psalms;' harmoniously attuned
The various voices blend; the long-drawn aisles,
At every close, the lingering strain prolong.
And now the tubes a softened stop controls;
In softer harmony the people join,
While liquid whispers from yon orphan band,
Recall the soul from adoration's trance,
And fill the eye with pity's gentle tears.
Again the organ-peal, loud, rolling, meets
The hallelujahs of the quire. Sublime
A thousand notes symphoniously ascend,
As if the whole were one, suspended high
In air, soaring heavenward: afar they float,
Wafting glad tidings to the sick man's couch:
Raised on his arm, he lists the cadence close,
Yet thinks he hears it still: his heart is cheered;
He smiles on death; but oh! a wish will rise –
'Would I were now beneath that echoing roof!
No lukewarm accents from my lips should flow;
My heart would sing; and many a Sabbath-day
My steps should thither turn; or, wandering far
In solitary paths, where wild flowers blow,
There would I bless His name who led me forth
From death's dark vale, to walk amid these sweets–
Who gives the bloom of health once more to glow
Upon this cheek, and lights this languid eye.'
  It is not only in the sacred fane
That homage should be paid to the Most High;
There is a temple, one not made with hands,
The vaulted firmament. Far in the woods,
Almost beyond the sound of city chime,
At intervals heard through the breezeless air;
When not the limberest leaf is seen to move,
Save where the linnet lights upon the spray;
Where not a flow'ret bends its little stalk,
Save when the bee alights upon the bloom—
There, rapt in gratitude, in joy, and love,
The man of God will pass the Sabbath-noon;
Silence his praise: his disembodied thoughts,
Loosed from the load of words, will high ascend
Beyond the empyreal.
Nor yet less pleasing at the heavenly throne,
The Sabbath service of the shepherd boy!
In some lone glen, where every sound is lulled
To slumber, save the tinkling of the rill,
Or bleat of lamb, or hovering falcon's cry,
Stretched on the sward, he reads of Jesse's son;
Or sheds a tear o'er him to Egypt sold,
And wonders why he weeps: the volume closed,
With thyme-sprig laid between the leaves, he sings
The sacred lays, his weekly lesson conned
With meikle care beneath the lowly roof,
Where humble lore is learnt, where humble worth
Pines unrewarded by a thankless state.
Thus reading, hymning, all alone, unseen,
The shepherd-boy the Sabbath holy keeps,
Till on the heights he marks the straggling bands
Returning homeward from the house of prayer.
In peace they home resort. Oh, blissful days!
When all men worship God as conscience wills.
Far other times our fathers' grandsires knew,
A virtuous race to godliness devote.
What though the sceptic's scorn hath dared to soil
The record of their fame! What though the men
Of worldly minds have dared to stigmatise
The sister-cause, Religion and the Law,
With Superstition's name!—yet, yet their deeds,
Their constancy in torture and in death–
These on tradition's tongue still live, these shall
On history's honest page be pictured bright
To latest times. Perhaps some bard, whose muse
Disdains the servile strain of fashion's quire,
May celebrate their unambitious names.
With them each day was holy, every hour
They stood prepared to die, a people doomed
To death—old men, and youths, and simple maids.
With them each day was holy; but *that* morn
On which the angel said, 'See where the Lord
Was laid,' joyous arose—to die that day
Was bliss. Long ere the dawn, by devious ways,
O'er hills, through woods, o'er dreary wastes, they sought
The upland moors, where rivers, there but brooks,
Dispart to different seas. Fast by such brooks
A little glen is sometimes scooped, a plat
With green sward gay, and flowers that strangers seem
Amid the heathery wild, that all around
Fatigues the eye: in solitudes like these
Thy persecuted children, Scotia, foiled
A tyrant's and a bigot's bloody laws;
There, leaning on his spear (one of the array
That in the times of old had scathed the rose
On England's banner, and had powerless struck
The infatuate monarch and his wavering host,
Yet ranged itself to aid his son dethroned),
The lyart veteran heard the word of God
By Cameron thundered, or by Renwick poured
In gentle stream: then rose the song, the loud
Acclaim of praise; the wheeling plover ceased
Her plaint; the solitary place was glad.
And on the distant cairns, the watcher's ear
Caught doubtfully at times the breeze-borne note.
But years more gloomy followed, and no more
The assembled people dared, in face of day,
To worship God, or even at the dead
Of night, save when the wintry storm raved fierce,
And thunder peals compelled the men of blood
To couch within their dens; then dauntlessly
The scattered few would meet, in some deep dell
By rocks o'er-canopied, to hear the voice,
Their faithful pastor's voice: he by the gleam
Of sheeted lightning oped the sacred book,
And words of comfort spake: over their souls
His accents soothing came– as to her young
The heath-fowl's plumes, when at the close of eve
She gathers in mournful her brood dispersed
By murderous sport, and o'er the remnant spreads
Fondly her wings, close nestling 'neath her breast
They cherished cower amid the purple blooms.
  But wood and wild, the mountain and the dale,
The house of prayer itself, no place inspires
Emotions more accordant with the day,
Than does the field of graves, the land of rest.
Oft at the close of evening-prayer, the toll,
The funeral-toll, announces solemnly
The service of the tomb; the homeward crowds
Divide on either hand; the pomp draws near;
The choir to meet the dead go forth, and sing,
'I am the resurrection and the life.'
Ah me! these youthful bearers robed in white,
They tell a mournful tale; some blooming friend
Is gone, dead in her prime of years—'twas she,
The poor man's friend, who, when she could not give,
With angel tongue pleaded to those who could;
With angel-tongue and mild beseeching eye,
That ne'er besought in vain, save when she prayed
For longer life, with heart resigned to die—
Rejoiced to die, for happy visions blessed
Her voyage's last days, and hovering round,
Alighted on her soul, giving presage
That heaven was nigh. Oh what a burst
Of rapture from her lips! what tears of joy
Her heavenward eyes suffused! Those eyes are closed;
Yet all her loveliness is not yet flown:
She smiled in death, and still her cold pale face
Retains that smile; as when a waveless lake,
In which the wintry stars all bright appear,
Is sheeted by a nightly frost with ice,
Still it reflects the face of heaven unchanged,
Unruffled by the breeze or sweeping blast.
* * *

Oh Scotland! much I love thy tranquil dales;
But most on Sabbath eve, when low the sun
Slants through the upland copse, 'tis my delight,
Wandering and stopping oft, to hear the song
Of kindred praise arise from humble roofs;
Or when the simple service ends, to hear
The lifted latch, and mark the gray-haired man,
The father and the priest, walk forth alone
Into his garden-plat or little field,
To commune with his God in secret prayer—,
To bless the Lord, that in his downward years
His children are about him: sweet, meantime,
The thrush that sings upon the aged thorn,
Brings to his view the days of youthful years,
When that same aged thorn was but a bush.
Nor is the contrast between youth and age
To him a painful thought; he joys to think
His journey near a close; heaven is his home.
* * *

And he who cried to Lazarus 'Come forth!'
Will, when the Sabbath of the tomb is past,
Call forth the dead, and reunite the dust
(Transformed and purified) to angel souls.
Ecstatic hope! belief! conviction firm!
How grateful 'tis to recollect the time
When hope arose to faith! Faintly at first
The heavenly voice is heard. Then by degrees
Its music sounds perpetual in the heart.
Thus he, who all the gloomy winter long
Has dwelt in city crowds, wandering afield
Betimes on Sabbath morn, ere yet the spring
Unfold the daisy's bud, delighted hears
The first lark's note, faint yet, and short the song,
Checked by the chill ungenial northern breeze;
But, as the sun ascends, another springs,
And still another soars on loftier wing,
Till all o'erhead, the joyous choir unseen,
Poised welkin-high, harmonious fills the air,
As if it were a link 'tween earth and heaven.

[*A Spring Sabbath Walk.*]

Most earnest was his voice! most mild his look,
As with raised hands he blessed his parting flock.
He is a faithful pastor of the poor;
He thinks not of himself; his Master's words,
'Feed, feed my sheep,' are ever at his heart,
The cross of Christ is aye before his eyes.
Oh how I love with melted soul to leave
The house of prayer, and wander in the fields
Alone! What though the opening spring be chill!
What though the lark, checked in his airy path,
Eke out his song, perched on the fallow clod,
That still o'ertops the blade! What though no branch
Have spread its foliage, save the willow wand,
That dips its pale leaves in the swollen stream!
What though the clouds oft lower! their threats but end
In sunny showers, that scarcely fill the folds
Of moss-couched violet, or interrupt
The merle's dulcet pipe—melodious bird!
He, hid behind the milk-white sloe-thorn spray
(Whose early flowers anticipate the leaf),
Welcomes the time of buds, the infant year.
Sweet is the sunny nook to which my steps
Have brought me, hardly conscious where I roamed,
Unheeding where—so lovely, all around,
The works of God, arrayed in vernal smile!
Oft at this season, musing I prolong
My devious range, till, sunk from view, the sun
Emblaze, with upward-slanting ray, the breast
And wing unquivering of the wheeling lark,
Descending vocal from her latest flight,
While, disregardful of yon lonely star—
The harbinger of chill night's glittering host—
Sweet redbreast, Scotia's Philomela, chants
In desultory strains his evening hymn.

[*A Summer Sabbath Walk.*]

Delightful is this loneliness; it calms
My heart: pleasant the cool beneath these elms
That throw across the stream a moveless shade.
Here nature in her midnoon whisper speaks;
How peaceful every sound!—the ring-dove's plaint,
Moaned from the forest's gloomiest retreat,
While every other woodland lay is mute,
Save when the wren flits from her down-coved nest,
And from the root-sprigs trills her ditty clear—
The grasshopper's oft-pausing chirp—the buzz,
Angrily shrill, of moss-entangled bee,
That soon as loosed booms with full twang away—
The sudden rushing of the minnow shoal
Scared from the shallows by my passing tread.
Dimpling the water glides, with here and there
A glossy fly, skimming in circlets gay
The treacherous surface, while the quick-eyed trout
Watches his time to spring; or from above,
Some feathered dam, purveying 'mong the boughs,
Darts from her perch, and to her plumeless brood
Bears off the prize. Sad emblem of man's lot!
He, giddy insect, from his native leaf
(Where safe and happily he might have lurked)
Elate upon ambition's gaudy wings,
Forgetful of his origin, and worse,
Unthinking of his end, flies to the stream,
And if from hostile vigilance he 'scape,
Buoyant he flutters but a little while,
Mistakes the inverted image of the sky
For heaven itself, and, sinking, meets his fate.
Now, let me trace the stream up to its source
Among the hills, its runnel by degrees
Diminishing, the murmur turns a tinkle.
Closer and closer still the banks approach,
Tangled so thick with pleaching bramble shoots,
With brier and hazel branch, and hawthorn spray,
That, fain to quit the dingle, glad I mount
Into the open air: grateful the breeze
That fans my throbbing temples! smiles the plain
Spread wide below: how sweet the placid view!
But, oh! more sweet the thought, heart-soothing thought,
That thousands and ten thousands of the sons
Of toil partake this day the common joy
Of rest, of peace, of viewing hill and dale,
Of breathing in the silence of the woods,
And blessing him who gave the Sabbath-day.
Yes! my heart flutters with a freer throb,
To think that now the townsman wanders forth
Among the fields and meadows, to enjoy
The coolness of the day's decline, to see
His children sport around, and simply pull
The flower and weed promiscuous, as a boon
Which proudly in his breast they smiling fix.
Again I turn me to the hill, and trace
The wizard stream, now scarce to be discerned,
Woodless its banks, but green with ferny leaves,
And thinly strewed with heath-bells up and down.
Now, when the downward sun has left the glens,
Each mountain's rugged lineaments are traced
Upon the adverse slope, where stalks gigantic
The shepherd's shadow thrown athwart the chasm,
As on the topmost ridge he homeward hies.
How deep the hush! the torrent's channel dry,
Presents a stony steep, the echo's haunt.
But hark a plaintive sound floating along!
'Tis from yon heath-roofed shieling; now it dies
Away, now rises full; it is the song
Which He, who listens to the hallelujahs
Of choiring seraphim, delights to hear;
It is the music of the heart, the voice
Of venerable age, of guileless youth,
In kindly circle seated on the ground
Before their wicker door. Behold the man!

The grandsire and the saint, his silvery locks
Beam in the parting ray, before him lies,
Upon the smooth cropt sward, the open book,
His comfort, stay, and ever new delight,
While heedless at a side, the lisping boy
Fondles the lamb that nightly shares his couch

[*An Autumn Sabbath Walk*]

When homeward bands their several ways disperse
I love to linger in the narrow field
Of rest, to wander round from tomb to tomb,
And think of some who silent sleep below
Sad sighs the wind that from these ancient [illegible]
Shakes showers of leaves upon the wither[illegible]
The sere and yellow wr[illegible]h, with [illegible]
Fill up the furrows 'twee[illegible] the hill[illegible]
But list that moan! 'tis [illegible]
His [illegible]
The [illegible]
A man, indeed, he w[illegible]
Though bred to have the [illegible]
Had dimmed, [illegible]
He was a welc[illegible]
(It was [illegible]
Children [illegible]
And led him [illegible]
H[illegible]
Then would he [illegible]
The [illegible]
And [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
And [illegible]
As yet the [illegible]
This copse the [illegible]
A second blow [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
That [illegible] Autumn [illegible]
Now [illegible]
[illegible]
With auburn [illegible]
That sweep [illegible]
The leaf [illegible]
In [illegible]
And chase, with [illegible]
Or rowan's clust[illegible]
Borne rapidly ad[illegible]

[*A [illegible] Sabbath [illegible]*]

How dazzling white the snowy scene! [illegible]
The stillness of the winter Sabbath day —
Not even a foot [illegible] the field
Each hollow pathway level with the plain
Hid are the bushes, save that here [illegible]
Are seen the topm[illegible]
High ridged the whirled drift ha[illegible]
The powdered key [illegible]
Mute hangs the hooded bell, the tomb [illegible]
No step approaches to the house of prayer
The flickering fall is o'er: the clouds [illegible]
And show the sun, hung o'er the welkin [illegible]
Shooting a bright but ineffectual beam
On all the sparkling waste. Now is the time
To visit nature in her grand attire
Though perilous the mountainous ascent,
A noble recompense the danger brings
How beautiful the plain stretched far below
Unvaried though it be, save by yon stream
With azure windings, or the leafless wood!
But what the beauty of the plain, compared
To that sublimity which reigns enthroned,
Holding joint rule with solitude divine,
Among yon rocky fells that bid defiance
To steps the most adventurously bold!
There silence dwells profound, [illegible] the cry
Of [illegible] break at times the hush,
The [illegible] response [illegible]
[illegible] now explore the deep [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Still [illegible]
Beware, ye shepherds, [illegible] haunts,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] spot,
[illegible]
[illegible] away
[illegible] flock
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] green
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] blooms
[illegible]
[illegible] till now re-

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] in the barn,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] awhile,
[illegible]
[illegible] joy
[illegible]
(Is simply played, though not with master hand),
[illegible]
[illegible] through the breast
[illegible] strain the still lament
[illegible]
And [illegible] hand [illegible]
The [illegible], till, with [illegible]
The blithe strathspey springs up, reminding some
Of nights when Gow's old arm (nor old the tale),
Unceasing, save when reeking cans went round,
Made heart and heel leap light as [illegible].
Alas! no more shall we behold that look
So venerable, yet so blent with mirth,

And festive joy sedate; that ancient garb
Unvaried—tartan hose and bonnet blue!
No more shall beauty's partial eye draw forth
The full intoxication of his strain,
Mellifluous, strong, exuberantly rich!
No more amid the pauses of the dance
Shall he repeat those measures, that in days
Of other years could soothe a falling prince,
And light his visage with a transient smile
Of melancholy joy—like autumn sun
Gilding a sere tree with a passing beam!
Or play to sportive children on the green
Dancing at gloaming hour; or willing cheer,
With strains unbought, the shepherd's bridal day!
But light now failing, glimmering candles shine
In ready chandeliers of moulded clay
Stuck round the walls, displaying to the view
The ceiling rich with cobweb-drapery hung.
Meanwhile, from mill and smiddy, field and barn,
Fresh groups come hastening in; but of them all,
The miller bears the *gree*, as rafter high
He leaps, and, lighting, shakes a dusty cloud all round.
In harmless merriment, protracted long,
The hours glide by. At last, the stocking thrown,
And duly every gossip rite performed,
Youths, maids, and matrons, take their several ways;
While drouthy carles, waiting for the moon,
Sit down again, and quaff till daylight dawn.

The Impressed Sailor Boy.

[From the 'Birds of Scotland.']

Low in a glen,
Down which a little stream had furrowed deep,
'Tween meeting birchen boughs, a shelvy channel,
And brawling mingled with the western tide;
Far up that stream, almost beyond the rear
Of storm-bulged breakers, foaming o'er the rocks
With furious dash, a lowly dwelling lurked,
Surrounded by a circlet of the stream.
Before the wattled door, a greensward plat,
With daisies gay, pastured a playful lamb;
A pebbly path, deep worn, led up the hill,
Winding among the trees, by wheel untouched,
Save when the winter fuel was brought home—
One of the poor man's yearly festivals.
On every side it was a sheltered spot,
So high and suddenly the woody steeps
Arose. One only way, downward the stream,
Just o'er the hollow, 'tween the meeting boughs,
The distant wave was seen, with now and then
The glimpse of passing sail; but when the breeze
Crested the distant wave, this little nook
Was all so calm, that, on the limberest spray,
The sweet bird chanted motionless, the leaves
At times scarce fluttering. Here dwelt a pair,
Poor, humble, and content; one son alone,
Their William, happy lived at home to bless
Their downward years; he, simple youth,
With boyish fondness, fancied he could love
A seaman's life, and with the fishers sailed,
To try their ways far 'mong the western isles,
Far as St Kilda's rock-walled shore abrupt,
O'er which he saw ten thousand pinions wheel
Confused, dimming the sky: these dreary shores
Gladly he left—he had a homeward heart:
No more his wishes wander to the waves.
But still he loves to cast a backward look,
And tell of all he saw, of all he learned;
Of pillared Staffa, lone Iona's isle,
Where Scotland's kings are laid; of Lewis, Skye,
And of the mainland mountain-circled lochs;
And he would sing the rowers timing chant
And chorus wild. Once on a summer's eve,
When low the sun behind the Highland hills
Was almost set, he sung that song to cheer
The aged folks; upon the inverted quern
The father sat; the mother's spindle hung
Forgot, and backward twirled the half-spun thread;
Listening with partial, well-pleased look, she gazed
Upon her son, and inly blessed the Lord,
That he was safe returned. Sudden a noise
Bursts rushing through the trees; a glance of steel
Dazzles the eye, and fierce the savage band
Glare all around, then single out their prey.
In vain the mother clasps her darling boy;
In vain the sire offers their little all:
William is bound; they follow to the shore,
Implore, and weep, and pray; knee-deep they stand,
And view in mute despair the boat recede.

To My Son.

Twice has the sun commenced his annual round,
Since first thy footsteps tottered o'er the ground;
Since first thy tongue was tuned to bless mine ear,
By faltering out the name to fathers dear.
Oh! nature's language, with her looks combined,
More precious far than periods thrice refined!
Oh! sportive looks of love, devoid of guile,
I prize you more than beauty's magic smile;
Yes, in that face, unconscious of its charm,
I gaze with bliss unmingled with alarm.
Ah, no! full oft a boding horror flies
Athwart my fancy, uttering fateful cries.
Almighty Power! his harmless life defend,
And, if we part, 'gainst me the mandate send.
And yet a wish will rise—would I might live,
Till added years his memory firmness give!
For, oh! it would a joy in death impart
To think I still survived within his heart;
To think he'll cast, midway the vale of years,
A retrospective look bedimmed with tears,
And tell, regretful, how I looked and spoke;
What walks I loved, where grew my favourite oak;
How gently I would lead him by the hand;
How gently use the accent of command;
What lore I taught him, roaming wood and wild,
And how the man descended to the child;
How well I loved with him, on Sabbath morn,
To hear the anthem of the vocal thorn,
To teach religion, unallied to strife,
And trace to him the way, the truth, the life.
But far and farther still my view I bend,
And now I see a child thy steps attend;
To yonder churchyard-wall thou tak'st thy way,
While round thee, pleased, thou see'st the infant play;
Then lifting him, while tears suffuse thine eyes,
Pointing, thou tell'st him, There thy grandsire lies.

The Thanksgiving off Cape Trafalgar.

Upon the high, yet gently rolling wave,
The floating tomb that heaves above the brave,
Soft sighs the gale that late tremendous roared,
Whelming the wretched remnants of the sword.
And now the cannon's peaceful thunder calls
The victor bands to mount their wooden walls,
And from the ramparts, where their comrades fell,
The mingled strain of joy and grief to swell:
Fast they ascend, from stem to stern they spread,
And crowd the engines whence the lightnings sped:
The white-robed priest his upraised hands extends;
Hushed is each voice, attention leaning bends;
Then from each prow the grand hosannas rise,
Float o'er the deep, and hover to the skies.
Heaven fills each heart; yet home will oft intrude,
And tears of love celestial joys exclude.
The wounded man, who hears the soaring strain,
Lifts his pale visage, and forgets his pain;
While parting spirits, mingling with the lay,
On hallelujahs wing their heavenward way.

GEORGE CRABBE.

The Rev. George Crabbe, whom Byron has characterised as 'Nature's sternest painter, yet the best,' was of humble origin, and born at Aldborough, in Suffolk, on the Christmas eve of 1754. His father was collector of the salt duties, or salt-master, as he was termed, and though of poor circumstances and violent temper, he exerted himself to give George a superior education. It is pleasing to know that the old man lived to reap his reward, in



Geo: Crabbe.

witnessing the celebrity of his son, and to transcribe, with parental fondness, in his own handwriting, his poem of *The Library*. Crabbe has described the unpromising scene of his nativity with his usual force and correctness:—

Lo! where the heath, with withering brake grown o'er,
Lends the light turf that warms the neighbouring poor;
From thence a length of burning sand appears,
Where the thin harvest waves its withered ears;
Rank weeds, that every art and care defy,
Reign o'er the land, and rob the blighted rye:
There thistles stretch their prickly arms afar,
And to the ragged infant threaten war;
There poppies nodding, mock the hope of toil;
There the blue bugloss paints the sterile soil;
Hardy and high, above the slender sheaf,
The slimy mallow waves her silky leaf;
O'er the young shoot the charlock throws a shade,
And clasping tares cling round the sickly blade;
With mingled tints the rocky coasts abound,
And a sad splendour vainly shines around.
So looks the nymph whom wretched arts adorn,
Betrayed by man, then left for man to scorn;
Whose cheek in vain assumes the mimic rose,
While her sad eyes the troubled breast disclose;
Whose outward splendour is but folly's dress,
Exposing most, when most it gilds distress.

The poet was put apprentice in his fourteenth year to a surgeon, and afterwards practised in Aldborough; but his prospects were so gloomy, that he abandoned his profession, and proceeded to London as a literary adventurer. His whole stock of money amounted



Birthplace of Crabbe.

to only three pounds. Having completed some poetical pieces, he offered them for publication, but they were rejected. In the course of the year, however, he issued a poetical epistle, *The Candidate*, addressed to the authors of the Monthly Review. It was coldly received, and his publisher failing at the same time, the young poet was plunged into great perplexity and want. He wrote to the premier, Lord North, to the lord-chancellor Thurlow, and to other noblemen, requesting assistance; but in no case was an answer returned. At length, when his affairs were desperate, he applied to Edmund Burke, and in a modest yet manly statement, disclosed to him the situation in which he stood. Burke received him into his own house, and exercised towards him the most generous hospitality. While under his happy roof, the poet met Mr Fox, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and others of the statesman's distinguished friends. In the same year (1781) he published his poem, 'The Library,' which was favourably noticed by the critics. Lord Thurlow (who now, as in the case of Cowper, came with tardy notice and ungraceful generosity) invited him to breakfast, and at parting, presented him with a bank-note for a hundred pounds. Crabbe entered into sacred orders, and was licensed as curate to the rector of his native parish of Aldborough. In a short time, Burke procured for him the situation of chaplain to the Duke of Rutland at Belvoir castle. This was a great advancement for the poor poet, and he never afterwards was in fear of want. He seems, however, to have felt all the ills of dependence on the great, and in his poem of *The Patron*, and other parts of his writings, has strongly depicted the evils of such a situation. In 1783 appeared his poem, *The Village*, which had been seen and corrected by Johnson and Burke. Its success was instant and complete. Some of the descriptions in the poem (as that of the parish workhouse) were copied into all the periodicals, and took that place in our national literature which they still retain. Thurlow presented him with two small

livings then in his gift, telling him at the same time, with an oath, that he was as like Parson Adams as twelve to a dozen. The poet now married a young lady of Suffolk, the object of an early attachment, and taking the curacy of Stathern, adjoining Belvoir castle, he bade adieu to the ducal mansion, and transferred himself to the humble parsonage in the village. Four happy years were spent in this retirement, when the poet obtained the exchange of his two small livings in Dorsetshire for two of superior value in the vale of Belvoir. Crabbe remained silent as a poet for many years. 'Out of doors,' says his son, 'he had always some object in view—a flower, or a pebble, or his note-book in his hand: and in the house, if he was not writing, he was reading. He read aloud very often, even when walking, or seated by the side of his wife in the huge old-fashioned one-horse chaise, heavier than a modern chariot, in which they usually were conveyed in their little excursions, and the conduct of which he, from awkwardness and absence of mind, prudently relinquished to my mother on all occasions.' In 1807 he published his *Parish Register*, which had been previously submitted to Mr Fox, and parts of this poem (especially the story of Phœbe Dawson) were the last compositions of their kind that 'engaged and amused the capacious, the candid, the benevolent mind of this great man.' The success of this work was not only decided, but nearly unprecedented. In 1810 he came forward with *The Borough*, a poem of the same class, and more connected and complete; and two years afterwards he produced his *Tales in Verse*, containing perhaps the finest of all his humble but happy delineations of life and character. 'The public voice,' says his biographer, 'was again highly favourable, and some of these relations were spoken of with the utmost warmth of commendation, as, the Parting Hour, the Patron, Edward Shore, and the Confidant.' In 1814 the Duke of Rutland appointed him to the living of Trowbridge, in Wiltshire, and he went thither to reside. His income amounted to about £800 per annum, a large portion of which he spent in charity. He still continued his attachment to literature, and in 1817 and 1818, was engaged on his last great work, the *Tales of the Hall*. 'He fancied that autumn was, on the whole, the most favourable season for him in the composition of poetry; but there was something in the effect of a sudden fall of snow that appeared to stimulate him in a very extraordinary manner.' In 1819 the Tales were published by Mr Murray, who, for them and the remaining copyright of all Crabbe's previous poems, gave the munificent sum of £3000. In an account of the negotiation for the sale of these copyrights, written by Mr Moore for the life of his brother poet, we have the following amusing illustration of Crabbe's simplicity of manner:—'When he received the bills for £3000, we (Moore and Rogers) earnestly advised that he should, without delay, deposit them in some safe hands; but no—he must "take them with him to Trowbridge, and show them to his son John. They would hardly believe in his good luck at home if they did not see the bills." On his way down to Trowbridge, a friend at Salisbury, at whose house he rested (Mr Everett, the banker), seeing that he carried these bills loosely in his waistcoat pocket, requested to be allowed to take charge of them for him; but with equal ill success. "There was no fear," he said, "of his losing them, and he must show them to his son John."' Another poetical friend, Mr Campbell, who met him at this time in London, remarks of him—'His mildness in literary argument struck me with surprise in so stern a poet of nature, and I could not but contrast the unassumingness of his manners with the originality of his powers. In what may be called the ready-money small-talk of conversation, his facility might not perhaps seem equal to the known calibre of his talents; but in the progress of conversation, I recollect remarking that there was a vigilant shrewdness that almost eluded you, by keeping its watch so quietly.' This fine remark is characteristic of Crabbe's genius, as well as of his manners. It gathered its materials slowly and silently with intent but unobtrusive observation. The 'Tales of the Hall' were received with that pleasure and approbation due to an old and established favourite, but with less enthusiasm than some of his previous works. In 1822, the now venerable poet paid a visit to Sir Walter Scott in Edinburgh; and it is worthy of remark, that, as to the city itself, he soon got wearied of the New Town, but could amuse himself for ever in the Old. His latter years were spent in the discharge of his clerical duties, and in the enjoyment of social intercourse. His attachment to botany and geology seemed to increase with age; and at threescore and ten, he was busy, cheerful, and affectionate. His death took place at Trowbridge on the 3d of February 1832, and his parishioners erected a monument to his memory in the church of that place, where he had officiated for nineteen years. A complete collection of his works, with some new pieces and an admirable memoir, was published in 1834 by his son, the Rev. G. Crabbe.

The 'Village,' 'Parish Register,' and shorter tales of Crabbe are his most popular productions. The 'Tales of the Hall' are less interesting. They relate principally to the higher classes of society, and the poet was not so happy in describing their peculiarities as when supporting his character of the poet of the poor. Some of the episodes, however, are in his best style—Sir Owen Dale, Ruth, Ellen, and other stories, are all marked with the peculiar genius of Crabbe. The redeeming and distinguishing feature of that genius was its fidelity to nature, even when it was dull and unprepossessing. His power of observation and description might be limited, but his pictures have all the force of dramatic representation, and may be compared to those actual and existing models which the sculptor or painter works from, instead of vague and general conceptions. They are often *too true*, and human nature being exhibited in its naked reality, with all its defects, and not through the bright and alluring medium of romance or imagination, our vanity is shocked and our pride mortified. His anatomy of character and passion harrows up our feelings, and leaves us in the end sad and ashamed of our common nature. The personal circumstances and experience of the poet affected the bent of his genius. He knew how untrue and absurd were the pictures of rural life which figured in poetry. His own youth was dark and painful—spent in low society, amidst want and misery, irascible gloom and passion. Latterly, he had more of the comforts and elegances of social life at his command than Cowper, his rival as a domestic painter. He not only could have 'wheeled his sofa round,' 'let fall the curtains, and, with the bubbling and loud hissing urn' on the table 'welcome peaceful evening in,' but the amenities of refined and intellectual society were constantly present with him, or at his call. Yet he did not, like Cowper, attempt to describe them, or to paint their manifold charms. When he took up his pen, his mind turned to Aldborough and its wild amphibious race—to the parish workhouse, where the wheel hummed doleful through the day—to erring damsels and luckless swains, the prey of overseers or justices—or to the haunts of desperate poachers and smugglers, gipsies and

gamblers, where vice and misery stalked undisguised in their darkest forms. He stirred up the dregs of human society, and exhibited their blackness and deformity, yet worked them into poetry. Like his own Sir Richard Monday, he never forgot *the parish.* It is true that village life in England in its worst form, with the old poor and game laws and non-resident clergy, was composed of various materials, some bright and some gloomy, and Crabbe drew them all. His Isaac Ashford is as honourable to the lowly English poor as the Jeanie Deans or Dandie Dinmont of Scott are to the Scottish character. His story of the real mourner, the faithful maid who watched over her dying sailor, is a beautiful tribute to the force and purity of humble affection. In the 'Parting Hour' and the 'Patron' are also passages equally honourable to the poor and middle classes, and full of pathetic and graceful composition. It must be confessed, however, that Crabbe was in general a gloomy painter of life—that he was fond of depicting the unlovely and unamiable—and that, either for poetic effect or from painful experience, he makes the bad of life predominate over the good. His pathos and tenderness are generally linked to something coarse, startling, or humiliating—to disappointed hopes or unavailing sorrow—

> Still we tread the same coarse way,
> The present's still a cloudy day.

The minuteness with which he dwells on such subjects sometimes makes his descriptions tedious, and apparently unfeeling. He drags forward every defect, every vice and failing, not for the purpose of educing something good out of evil, but, as it would seem, merely for the purpose of completing the picture. In his higher flights, where scenes of strong passion, vice or remorse, are depicted, Crabbe is a moral poet, purifying the heart, as the object of tragedy has been defined, by terror and pity, and by fearful delineations of the misery and desolation caused by unbridled passion. His story of Sir Eustace Grey is a domestic tragedy of this kind, related with almost terrific power, and with lyrical energy of versification. His general style of versification is the couplet of Pope (he has been wittily called 'Pope in worsted stockings'), but less flowing and melodious, and often ending in points and quibbles. Thus, in describing his cottage furniture, he says—

> No wheels are here for either wool or flax,
> But packs of cards made up of sundry packs.

His thrifty housewife, Widow Goe, falls down in sickness—

> Heaven in her eye, and in her hand her keys.

This jingling style heightens the effect of his humorous and homely descriptions; but it is too much of a manner, and mars the finer passages. Crabbe has high merit as a painter of English scenery. He is here as original and forcible as in delineating character. His marine landscapes are peculiarly fresh and striking; and he invests even the sterile fens and barren sands with interest. His objects are seldom picturesque; but he noted every weed and plant—the purple bloom of the heath, the dwarfish flowers among the wild gorse, the slender grass of the sheep walk, and even the pebbles, sea-weed, and shells amid

> The glittering waters on the shingles rolled.

He was a great lover of the sea, and once, as his son relates, after being some time absent from it, mounted his horse and rode alone sixty miles from his house, that he might inhale its freshness and gaze upon its waters.

[*The Parish Workhouse and Apothecary.*]

[From 'The Village.']

> Theirs is yon house that holds the parish poor,
> Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door;
> There, where the putrid vapours flagging, play,
> And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day;
> There children dwell who know no parents' care;
> Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there;
> Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
> Forsaken wives and mothers never wed,
> Dejected widows with unheeded tears,
> And crippled age with more than childhood-fears;
> The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they!
> The moping idiot and the madman gay.
> Here too the sick their final doom receive,
> Here brought amid the scenes of grief, to grieve,
> Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,
> Mixed with the clamours of the crowd below;
> Here sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,
> And the cold charities of man to man:
> Whose laws indeed for ruined age provide,
> And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride;
> But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
> And pride imbitters what it can't deny.
> Say ye, oppressed by some fantastic woes,
> Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose;
> Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance
> With timid eye, to read the distant glance;
> Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease,
> To name the nameless ever-new disease;
> Who with mock patience dire complaints endure,
> Which real pain and that alone can cure;
> How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
> Despised, neglected, left alone to die?
> How would ye bear to draw your latest breath
> Where all that's wretched pave the way for death?
> Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
> And naked rafters form the sloping sides;
> Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,
> And lath and mud are all that lie between;
> Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patched, gives way
> To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day:
> Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
> The drooping wretch reclines his languid head;
> For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
> Or wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes;
> No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,
> Or promise hope till sickness wears a smile.
> But soon a loud and hasty summons calls,
> Shakes the thin roof, and echoes round the walls;
> Anon, a figure enters, quaintly neat,
> All pride and business, bustle and conceit,
> With looks unaltered by these scenes of wo,
> With speed that, entering, speaks his haste to go;
> He bids the gazing throng around him fly,
> And carries fate and physic in his eye;
> A potent quack, long versed in human ills,
> Who first insults the victim whom he kills;
> Whose murderous hand a drowsy bench protect,
> And whose most tender mercy is neglect.
> Paid by the parish for attendance here,
> He wears contempt upon his sapient sneer;
> In haste he seeks the bed where misery lies,
> Impatience marked in his averted eyes;
> And, some habitual queries hurried o'er,
> Without reply, he rushes on the door;
> His drooping patient, long inured to pain,
> And long unheeded, knows remonstrance vain;
> He ceases now the feeble help to crave
> Of man; and silent sinks into the grave.

[Isaac Ashford, a Noble Peasant.]

[From the 'Parish Register.']

Next to these ladies, but in nought allied,
A noble peasant, Isaac Ashford, died.
Noble he was, contemning all things mean,
His truth unquestioned and his soul serene:
Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid;
At no man's question Isaac looked dismayed:
Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace;
Truth, simple truth, was written in his face;
Yet while the serious thought his soul approved,
Cheerful he seemed, and gentleness he loved;
To bliss domestic he his heart resigned,
And with the firmest, had the fondest mind:
Were others joyful, he looked smiling on,
And gave allowance where he needed none;
Good he refused with future ill to buy,
Nor knew a joy that caused reflection's sigh;
A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast
No envy stung, no jealousy distressed;
(Bane of the poor! it wounds their weaker mind
To miss one favour which their neighbours find)
Yet far was he from stoic-pride removed;
He felt humanely, and he warmly loved:
I marked his action when his infant died,
And his old neighbour for offence was tried;
The still tears, stealing down that furrowed cheek,
Spoke pity plainer than the tongue can speak.
If pride were his, 'twas not their vulgar pride,
Who, in their base contempt, the great deride;
Nor pride in learning, though my clerk agreed,
If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed;
Nor pride in rustic skill, although we knew
None his superior, and his equals few:
But if that spirit in his soul had place,
It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace;
A pride in honest fame, by virtue gained,
In sturdy boys to virtuous labours trained;
Pride in the power that guards his country's coast,
And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast;
Pride in a life that slander's tongue defied,
In fact, a noble passion, misnamed pride.
He had no party's rage, no sect'ry's whim;
Christian and countryman was all with him;
True to his church he came; no Sunday-shower
Kept him at home in that important hour;
Nor his firm feet could one persuading sect
By the strong glare of their new light direct;
'On hope, in mine own sober light, I gaze,
But should be blind and lose it in your blaze.'
In times severe, when many a sturdy swain
Felt it his pride, his comfort to complain,
Isaac their wants would soothe, his own would hide,
And feel in that his comfort and his pride.
At length he found, when seventy years were run,
His strength departed and his labour done;
When, save his honest fame, he kept no more;
But lost his wife and saw his children poor;
'Twas then a spark of—say not discontent—
Struck on his mind, and thus he gave it vent:
'Kind are your laws ('tis not to be denied),
That in yon house for ruined age provide,
And they are just; when young, we give you all,
And then for comforts in our weakness call.
Why then this proud reluctance to be fed,
To join your poor and eat the parish-bread?
But yet I linger, loath with him to feed
Who gains his plenty by the sons of need:
He who, by contract, all your paupers took,
And gauges stomachs with an anxious look:
On some old master I could well depend;
See him with joy and thank him as a friend;
But ill on him who doles the day's supply,
And counts our chances who at night may die:
Yet help me, Heaven! and let me not complain
Of what befalls me, but the fate sustain.'
Such were his thoughts, and so resigned he grew;
Daily he placed the workhouse in his view!
But came not there, for sudden was his fate,
He dropt expiring at his cottage-gate.
I feel his absence in the hours of prayer,
And view his seat, and sigh for Isaac there;
I see no more those white locks thinly spread
Round the bald polish of that honoured head;
No more that awful glance on playful wight
Compelled to kneel and tremble at the sight;
To fold his fingers all in dread the while,
Till Mister Ashford softened to a smile;
No more that meek and suppliant look in prayer,
Nor the pure faith (to give it force) are there:....
But he is blest, and I lament no more,
A wise good man contented to be poor.

[Phœbe Dawson.]

[From the 'Parish Register.']

Two summers since, I saw at Lammas fair,
The sweetest flower that ever blossomed there;
When Phœbe Dawson gaily crossed the green,
In haste to see and happy to be seen;
Her air, her manners, all who saw, admired,
Courteous though coy, and gentle though retired;
The joy of youth and health her eyes displayed,
And ease of heart her every look conveyed;
A native skill her simple robes expressed,
As with untutored elegance she dressed;
The lads around admired so fair a sight,
And Phœbe felt, and felt she gave, delight.
Admirers soon of every age she gained,
Her beauty won them and her worth retained;
Envy itself could no contempt display,
They wished her well, whom yet they wished away;
Correct in thought, she judged a servant's place
Preserved a rustic beauty from disgrace;
But yet on Sunday-eve, in freedom's hour,
With secret joy she felt that beauty's power;
When some proud bliss upon the heart would steal,
That, poor or rich, a beauty still must feel.
At length, the youth ordained to move her breast,
Before the swains with bolder spirit pressed;
With looks less timid made his passion known,
And pleased by manners, most unlike her own;
Loud though in love, and confident though young;
Fierce in his air, and voluble of tongue;
By trade a tailor, though, in scorn of trade,
He served the squire, and brushed the coat he made;
Yet now, would Phœbe her consent afford,
Her slave alone, again he'd mount the board;
With her should years of growing love be spent,
And growing wealth:—she sighed and looked consent.
Now, through the lane, up hill, and cross the green,
(Seen by but few and blushing to be seen—
Dejected, thoughtful, anxious, and afraid)
Led by the lover, walked the silent maid:
Slow through the meadows roved they many a mile,
Toyed by each bank and trifled at each stile;
Where, as he painted every blissful view,
And highly coloured what he strongly drew,
The pensive damsel, prone to tender fears,
Dimmed the false prospect with prophetic tears:
Thus passed the allotted hours, till, lingering late,
The lover loitered at the master's gate;
There he pronounced adieu! and yet would stay,
Till chidden—soothed—intreated—forced away!
He would of coldness, though indulged, complain,
And oft retire and oft return again;
When, if his teasing vexed her gentle mind,
The grief assumed compelled her to be kind!
For he would proof of plighted kindness crave,
That she resented first, and then forgave,

And to his grief and penance yielded more
Than his presumption had required before:—
Ah! fly temptation, youth; refrain! refrain!
Each yielding maid and each presuming swain!
Lo! now with red rent cloak and bonnet black,
And torn green gown loose hanging at her back,
One who an infant in her arms sustains,
And seems in patience striving with her pains;
Pinched are her looks, as one who pines for bread,
Whose cares are growing and whose hopes are fled;
Pale her parched lips, her heavy eyes sunk low,
And tears unnoticed from their channels flow;
Serene her manner, till some sudden pain
Frets the meek soul, and then she's calm again;
Her broken pitcher to the pool she takes,
And every step with cautious terror makes;
For not alone that infant in her arms,
But nearer cause her anxious soul alarms;
With water burdened then she picks her way,
Slowly and cautious, in the clinging clay;
Till, in mid-green, she trusts a place unsound,
And deeply plunges in the adhesive ground;
Thence, but with pain, her slender foot she takes,
While hope the mind as strength the frame forsakes;
For when so full the cup of sorrow grows,
Add but a drop, it instantly o'erflows.
And now her path but not her peace she gains,
Safe from her task, but shivering with her pains;
Her home she reaches, open leaves the door,
And placing first her infant on the floor,
She bares her bosom to the wind, and sits,
And sobbing struggles with the rising fits;
In vain, they come, she feels the inflating grief,
That shuts the swelling bosom from relief;
That speaks in feeble cries a soul distressed,
Or the sad laugh that cannot be repressed;
The neighbour-matron leaves her wheel, and flies
With all the aid her poverty supplies;
Unfee'd, the calls of nature she obeys,
Not led by profit, not allured by praise;
And waiting long, till these contentions cease,
She speaks of comfort, and departs in peace.
Friend of distress! the mourner feels thy aid,
She cannot pay thee, but thou wilt be paid.
But who this child of weakness, want, and care?
'Tis Phœbe Dawson, pride of Lammas fair;
Who took her lover for his sparkling eyes,
Expressions warm, and love-inspiring lies:
Compassion first assailed her gentle heart
For all his suffering, all his bosom's smart:
'And then his prayers! they would a savage move,
And win the coldest of the sex to love:'
But ah! too soon his looks success declared,
Too late her loss the marriage-rite repaired;
The faithless flatterer then his vows forgot,
A captious tyrant or a noisy sot:
If present, railing till he saw her pained;
If absent, spending what their labours gained;
Till that fair form in want and sickness pined,
And hope and comfort fled that gentle mind.
Then fly temptation, youth; resist! refrain!
Nor let me preach for ever and in vain!

[Dream of the Condemned Felon.]

[From 'The Borough.']

Yes! e'en in sleep the impressions all remain,
He hears the sentence and he feels the chain;
He sees the judge and jury when he shakes,
And loudly cries, 'not guilty,' and awakes:
Then chilling tremblings o'er his body creep,
Till worn-out nature is compelled to sleep.
Now comes the dream again: it shows each scene,
With each small circumstance that comes between—
The call to suffering, and the very deed—
There crowds go with him, follow, and precede;
Some heartless shout, some pity, all condemn,
While he in fancied envy looks at them;
He seems the place for that sad act to see,
And dreams the very thirst which then will be;
A priest attends—it seems the one he knew
In his best days, beneath whose care he grew.
At this his terrors take a sudden flight;
He sees his native village with delight;
The house, the chamber, where he once arrayed
His youthful person, where he knelt and prayed;
Then, too, the comforts he enjoyed at home,
The days of joy; the joys themselves are come;
The hours of innocence, the timid look
Of his loved maid, when first her hand he took
And told his hope; her trembling joy appears,
Her forced reserve, and his retreating fears.
All now are present—'tis a moment's gleam
Of former sunshine—stay, delightful dream!
Let him within his pleasant garden walk,
Give him her arm, of blessings let them talk.
Yes! all are with him now, and all the while
Life's early prospects and his Fanny's smile;
Then come his sister and his village friend,
And he will now the sweetest moments spend
Life has to yield: no, never will he find
Again on earth such pleasure in his mind:
He goes through shrubby walks these friends among,
Love in their looks and honour on the tongue;
Nay, there's a charm beyond what nature shows,
The bloom is softer, and more sweetly glows;
Pierced by no crime, and urged by no desire
For more than true and honest hearts require,
They feel the calm delight, and thus proceed
Through the green lane, then linger in the mead,
Stray o'er the heath in all its purple bloom,
And pluck the blossom where the wild bees hum;
Then through the broomy bound with ease they pass,
And press the sandy sheep-walk's slender grass,
Where dwarfish flowers among the gorse are spread,
And the lamb browses by the linnet's bed;
Then 'cross the bounding brook they make their way
O'er its rough bridge, and there behold the bay;
The ocean smiling to the fervid sun,
The waves that faintly fall, and slowly run,
The ships at distance, and the boats at hand;
And now they walk upon the sea-side sand,
Counting the number, and what kind they be,
Ships softly sinking in the sleepy sea;
Now arm in arm, now parted, they behold
The glittering waters on the shingles rolled:
The timid girls, half dreading their design,
Dip the small foot in the retarded brine,
And search for crimson weeds, which spreading flow,
Or lie like pictures on the sand below;
With all those bright red pebbles that the sun
Through the small waves so softly shines upon;
And those live lucid jellies which the eye
Delights to trace as they swim glittering by;
Pearl shells and rubied star-fish they admire,
And will arrange above the parlour fire.
Tokens of bliss! 'Oh, horrible! a wave
Roars as it rises—save me, Edward, save!'
She cries. Alas! the watchman on his way
Calls, and lets in—truth, terror, and the day!

[Story of a Betrothed Pair in Humble Life.]

[From 'The Borough.']

Yes, there are real mourners; I have seen
A fair sad girl, mild, suffering, and serene;
Attention through the day her duties claimed,
And to be useful as resigned she aimed;
Neatly she dressed, nor vainly seemed to expect
Pity for grief, or pardon for neglect;
But when her wearied parents sunk to sleep,
She sought her place to meditate and weep:

Then to her mind was all the past displayed,
That faithful memory brings to sorrow's aid;
For then she thought on one regretted youth,
Her tender trust, and his unquestioned truth;
In every place she wandered where they'd been,
And sadly-sacred held the parting scene
Where last for sea he took his leave—that place
With double interest would she nightly trace;
For long the courtship was, and he would say
Each time he sailed, 'This once, and then the day;'
Yet prudence tarried, but when last he went,
He drew from pitying love a full consent.
Happy he sailed, and great the care she took
That he should softly sleep, and smartly look;
White was his better linen, and his check
Was made more trim than any on the deck:
And every comfort men at sea can know,
Was hers to buy, to make, and to bestow;
For he to Greenland sailed, and much she told
How he should guard against the climate's cold,
Yet saw not danger, dangers he'd withstood,
Nor could she trace the fever in his blood.
His messmates smiled at flushings in his cheek,
And he, too, smiled, but seldom would he speak;
For now he found the danger, felt the pain,
With grievous symptoms he could not explain.
He called his friend, and prefaced with a sigh
A lover's message—'Thomas, I must die:
Would I could see my Sally, and could rest
My throbbing temples on her faithful breast,
And gazing go! if not, this trifle take,
And say, till death I wore it for her sake.
Yes, I must die—blow on, sweet breeze, blow on!
Give me one look before my life be gone;
Oh, give me that! and let me not despair—
One last fond look—and now repeat the prayer.'
He had his wish, and more. I will not paint
The lovers' meeting: she beheld him faint—
With tender fears she took a nearer view,
Her terrors doubling as her hopes withdrew;
He tried to smile, and half-succeeding, said,
'Yes, I must die'—and hope for ever fled.
Still long she nursed him; tender thoughts meantime
Were interchanged, and hopes and views sublime
To her he came to die, and every day
She took some portion of the dread away;
With him she prayed, to him his Bible read,
Soothed the faint heart, and held the aching head;
She came with smiles the hour of pain to cheer,
Apart she sighed, alone she shed the tear;
Then, as if breaking from a cloud, she gave
Fresh light, and gilt the prospect of the grave.
One day he lighter seemed, and they forgot
The care, the dread, the anguish of their lot;
They spoke with cheerfulness, and seemed to think,
Yet said not so—'Perhaps he will not sink.'
A sudden brightness in his look appeared,
A sudden vigour in his voice was heard;
She had been reading in the Book of Prayer,
And led him forth, and placed him in his chair;
Lively he seemed, and spoke of all he knew,
The friendly many, and the favourite few;
Nor one that day did he to mind recall,
But she has treasured, and she loves them all.
When in her way she meets them, they appear
Peculiar people—death has made them dear.
He named his friend, but then his hand she pressed,
And fondly whispered, 'Thou must go to rest.'
'I go,' he said, but as he spoke she found
His hand more cold, and fluttering was the sound:
Then gazed affrightened, but she caught a last,
A dying look of love, and all was past.
She placed a decent stone his grave above,
Neatly engraved, an offering of her love:
For that she wrought, for that forsook her bed,
Awake alike to duty and the dead.
She would have grieved had they presumed to spare
The least assistance—'twas her proper care.
Here will she come, and on the grave will sit,
Folding her arms, in long abstracted fit;
But if observer pass, will take her round,
And careless seem, for she would not be found;
Then go again, and thus her hour employ,
While visions please her, and while woes destroy.

[*An English Fen—Gipsies.*]

[From 'Tales'—Lover's Journey.]

On either side
Is level fen, a prospect wild and wide,
With dikes on either hand by ocean's self supplied:
Far on the right the distant sea is seen,
And salt the springs that feed the marsh between:
Beneath an ancient bridge, the straitened flood
Rolls through its sloping banks of slimy mud;
Near it a sunken boat resists the tide,
That frets and hurries to the opposing side;
The rushes sharp that on the borders grow,
Bend their brown flowerets to the stream below,
Impure in all its course, in all its progress slow:
Here a grave Flora scarcely deigns to bloom,
Nor wears a rosy blush, nor sheds perfume;
The few dull flowers that o'er the place are spread,
Partake the nature of their fenny bed.
Here on its wiry stem, in rigid bloom,
Grows the salt lavender that lacks perfume;
Here the dwarf sallows creep, the septfoil harsh,
And the soft slimy mallow of the marsh;
Low on the ear the distant billows sound,
And just in view appears their stony bound;
Nor hedge nor tree conceals the glowing sun;
Birds, save a watery tribe, the district shun,
Nor chirp among the reeds where bitter waters run.
Again, the country was inclosed, a wide
And sandy road has banks on either side;
Where, lo! a hollow on the left appeared,
And there a gipsy tribe their tent had reared;
'Twas open spread to catch the morning sun,
And they had now their early meal begun,
When two brown boys just left their grassy seat,
The early traveller with their prayers to greet;
While yet Orlando held his pence in hand,
He saw their sister on her duty stand;
Some twelve years old, demure, affected, sly,
Prepared the force of early powers to try;
Sudden a look of languor he descries,
And well-feigned apprehension in her eyes;
Trained, but yet savage, in her speaking face
He marked the features of her vagrant race,
When a light laugh and roguish leer expressed
The vice implanted in her youthful breast;
Forth from the tent her elder brother came,
Who seemed offended, yet forbore to blame
The young designer, but could only trace
The looks of pity in the traveller's face.
Within the father, who from fences nigh,
Had brought the fuel for the fire's supply,
Watched now the feeble blaze, and stood dejected by;
On ragged rug, just borrowed from the bed,
And by the hand of coarse indulgence fed,
In dirty patchwork negligently dressed,
Reclined the wife, an infant at her breast;
In her wild face some touch of grace remained,
Of vigour palsied, and of beauty stained;
Her bloodshot eyes on her unheeding mate
Were wrathful turned, and seemed her wants to state,
Cursing his tardy aid. Her mother there
With gipsy state engrossed the only chair;
Solemn and dull her look; with such she stands,
And reads the milkmaid's fortune in her hands,

Tracing the lines of life; assumed through years,
Each feature now the steady falsehood wears;
With hard and savage eye she views the food,
And grudging pinches their intruding brood.
Last in the group, the worn-out grandsire sits
Neglected, lost, and living but by fits;
Useless, despised, his worthless labours done,
And half-protected by the vicious son,
Who half-supports him, he with heavy glance
Views the young ruffians who around him dance,
And, by the sadness in his face, appears
To trace the progress of their future years;
Through what strange course of misery, vice, deceit,
Must wildly wander each unpractised cheat;
What shame and grief, what punishment and pain,
Sport of fierce passions, must each child sustain,
Ere they like him approach their latter end,
Without a hope, a comfort, or a friend!

[*Gradual Approaches of Age.*]

[From 'Tales of the Hall.']

Six years had passed, and forty ere the six,
When time began to play his usual tricks;
The locks once comely in a virgin's sight,
Locks of pure brown, displayed the encroaching white;
The blood, once fervid, now to cool began,
And Time's strong pressure to subdue the man.
I rode or walked as I was wont before,
But now the bounding spirit was no more;
A moderate pace would now my body heat;
A walk of moderate length distress my feet.
I showed my stranger guest those hills sublime,
But said, 'The view is poor; we need not climb.'
At a friend's mansion I began to dread
The cold neat parlour and the gay glazed bed:
At home I felt a more decided taste,
And must have all things in my order placed.
I ceased to hunt; my horses pleased me less—
My dinner more; I learned to play at chess.
I took my dog and gun, but saw the brute
Was disappointed that I did not shoot.
My morning walks I now could bear to lose,
And blessed the shower that gave me not to choose:
In fact, I felt a languor stealing on;
The active arm, the agile hand, were gone;
Small daily actions into habits grew,
And new dislike to forms and fashions new.
I loved my trees in order to dispose;
I numbered peaches, looked how stocks arose;
Told the same story oft—in short, began to prose.

[*Song of the Crazed Maiden.*]

[From the same.]

Let me not have this gloomy view
About my room, about my bed;
But morning roses, wet with dew,
To cool my burning brow instead;
As flowers that once in Eden grew,
Let them their fragrant spirits shed,
And every day their sweets renew,
Till I, a fading flower, am dead.

O let the herbs I loved to rear
Give to my sense their perfumed breath!
Let them be placed about my bier,
And grace the gloomy house of death.
I'll have my grave beneath a hill,
Where only Lucy's self shall know,
Where runs the pure pellucid rill
Upon its gravelly bed below:
There violets on the borders blow,
And insects their soft light display,
Till, as the morning sunbeams glow,
The cold phosphoric fires decay.

That is the grave to Lucy shown;
The soil a pure and silver sand;
The green cold moss above it grown,
Unplucked of all but maiden hand.
In virgin earth, till then unturned,
There let my maiden form be laid;
Nor let my changed clay be spurned,
Nor for new guest that bed be made.

There will the lark, the lamb, in sport,
In air, on earth, securely play:
And Lucy to my grave resort,
As innocent, but not so gay.
I will not have the churchyard ground
With bones all black and ugly grown,
To press my shivering body round,
Or on my wasted limbs be thrown.

With ribs and skulls I will not sleep,
In clammy beds of cold blue clay,
Through which the ringed earth-worms creep,
And on the shrouded bosom prey.
I will not have the bell proclaim
When those sad marriage rites begin,
And boys, without regard or shame,
Press the vile mouldering masses in.

Say not, it is beneath my care—
I cannot these cold truths allow;
These thoughts may not afflict me there,
But oh! they vex and tease me now!
Raise not a turf, nor set a stone,
That man a maiden's grave may trace
But thou, my Lucy, come alone,
And let affection find the place!

[*Sketches of Autumn.*]

[From the same.]

It was a fair and mild autumnal sky,
And earth's ripe treasures met the admiring eye,
As a rich beauty when her bloom is lost,
Appears with more magnificence and cost:
The wet and heavy grass, where feet had strayed,
Not yet erect, the wanderer's way betrayed;
Showers of the night had swelled the deepening rill,
The morning breeze had urged the quickening mill;
Assembled rooks had winged their seaward flight,
By the same passage to return at night,
While proudly o'er them hung the steady kite,
Then turned them back, and left the noisy throng,
Nor deigned to know them as he sailed along.
Long yellow leaves, from osiers, strewed around,
Choked the dull stream, and hushed its feeble sound,
While the dead foliage dropt from loftier trees,
Our squire beheld not with his wonted ease;
But to his own reflections made reply,
And said aloud, 'Yes; doubtless we must die.'
'We must,' said Richard; 'and we would not live
To feel what dotage and decay will give;
But we yet taste whatever we behold;
The morn is lovely, though the air is cold:
There is delicious quiet in this scene,
At once so rich, so varied, so serene;
Sounds, too, delight us—each discordant tone
Thus mingled please, that fail to please alone:
This hollow wind, this rustling of the brook,
The farm-yard noise, the woodman at yon oak—
See, the axe falls!—now listen to the stroke:
That gun itself, that murders all this peace,
Adds to the charm, because it soon must cease.

Cold grew the foggy morn, the day was brief,
Loose on the cherry hung the crimson leaf:
The dew dwelt ever on the herb; the woods
Roared with strong blasts, with mighty showers the floods:

All green was vanished save of pine and yew,
That still displayed their melancholy hue;
Save the green holly with its berries red,
And the green moss that o'er the gravel spread.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

There is a poetry of taste as well as of the passions, which can only be relished by the intellectual classes, but is capable of imparting exquisite pleasure to those who have the key to its hidden mysteries. It is somewhat akin to that delicate appreciation of the fine arts, or of music, which in some men amounts to almost a new sense. MR SAMUEL ROGERS, author of the *Pleasures of Memory*, may be considered a votary of this school of refinement. We have everywhere in his works a classic and graceful beauty; no slovenly or obscure lines; fine cabinet pictures of soft and mellow lustre; and occasionally trains of thought and association that awaken or recall tender and heroic feelings. His diction is clear and polished—finished with great care and scrupulous nicety. On the other hand, it must be admitted that he has no forcible or original invention, no deep pathos that thrills the soul, and no kindling energy that fires the imagination. In his shadowy poem of *Columbus*, he seems often to verge on the sublime, but does not attain it. His late works are his best. Parts of *Human Life* possess deeper feeling than are to be found in the 'Pleasures of Memory;' and in the easy half conversational sketches of his *Italy*, there are delightful glimpses of Italian life, and scenery, and old traditions. The poet was an accomplished traveller, a lover of the fair and good, and a worshipper of the classic glories of the past. The life of Mr Rogers has been as calm and felicitous as his poetry: he has for more than half a century maintained his place in our national literature. He was born at Newington Green, a village now included in the growing vastness of London, in the year 1762. His father (well-known and respected among the dissenters) was a banker by profession; and the poet, after a careful private education, was introduced into the banking establishment, of which he is still a partner. He was fixed in his determination of becoming a poet by the perusal of Beattie's Minstrel, when he was only nine years of age. His boyish enthusiasm led him also to sigh for an interview with Dr Johnson, and to attain this, he twice presented himself at the door of Johnson's well-known house in Bolt Court, Fleet Street. On the first occasion the great moralist was not at home; and the second time, after he had rung the bell, the heart of the young aspirant misgave him, and he retreated without waiting for the servant. Rogers

Saml Rogers

was then in his fourteenth year. Notwithstanding the proverbial roughness of Johnson's manner, we have no doubt he would have been flattered by this instance of youthful admiration, and would have received his intended visitor with fatherly kindness and affection. Mr Rogers appeared as an author in 1786, the same year that witnessed the glorious advent of Burns. The production of Rogers was a thin quarto of a few pages, an *Ode to Superstition*, and other poems. In 1792 he produced the 'Pleasures of Memory;' in 1812 the 'Voyage of Columbus' (a fragment); and in 1814 *Jacqueline*, a tale, published in conjunction with Byron's Lara—

Like morning brought by night.

In 1819 appeared 'Human Life,' and in 1822 'Italy,' a descriptive poem in blank verse. The collected works of Mr Rogers have been published in various forms—one of them containing vignette engravings from designs by Stothard, and forming no inconsiderable trophy of British art. The poet has been enabled to cultivate his favourite tastes, to enrich his house in St James's Place with some of the



House of Mr Rogers in St James's Place.

finest and rarest pictures, busts, books, and gems, and to entertain his friends with a generous and unostentatious hospitality. His conversation is rich and various, abounding in wit, eloquence, shrewd observation, and interesting personal anecdote. He has been familiar with almost every distinguished author, orator, and artist for the last forty years. Perhaps no single individual has had so many works dedicated to him as memorials of friendship or admiration. It is gratifying to mention, that his benevolence is equal to his taste: his bounty soothed and relieved the deathbed of Sheridan, and is now exerted to a large extent, annually, in behalf of suffering or unfriended talent.

Nature denied him much,
But gave him at his birth what most he values:
A passionate love for music, sculpture, painting,
For poetry, the language of the gods,
For all things here, or grand or beautiful,
A setting sun, a lake among the mountains,
The light of an ingenuous countenance,
And, what transcends them all, a noble action.
Italy.

[*From the 'Pleasures of Memory.'*]

Twilight's soft dews steal o'er the village green,
With magic tints to harmonise the scene.
Stilled is the hum that through the hamlet broke,
When round the ruins of their ancient oak

The peasants flocked to hear the minstrel play,
And games and carols closed the busy day.
Her wheel at rest, the matron thrills no more
With treasured tales and legendary lore.
All, all are fled; nor mirth nor music flows
To chase the dreams of innocent repose.
All, all are fled; yet still I linger here!
What secret charms this silent spot endear?
Mark yon old mansion frowning through the trees,
Whose hollow turret woos the whistling breeze.
That casement, arched with ivy's brownest shade,
First to these eyes the light of heaven conveyed.
The mouldering gateway strews the grass-grown court,
Once the calm scene of many a simple sport;
When nature pleased, for life itself was new,
And the heart promised what the fancy drew.
See, through the fractured pediment revealed,
Where moss inlays the rudely sculptured shield,
The martin's old hereditary nest.
Long may the ruin spare its hallowed guest!
* * *
Childhood's loved group revisits every scene,
The tangled wood-walk and the tufted green!
Indulgent Memory wakes, and lo, they live!
Clothed with far softer hues than light can give.
Thou first, best friend that Heaven assigns below,
To soothe and sweeten all the cares we know;
Whose glad suggestions still each vain alarm,
When nature fades and life forgets to charm;
Thee would the Muse invoke!—to thee belong
The sage's precept and the poet's song.
What softened views thy magic glass reveals,
When o'er the landscape Time's meek twilight steals!
As when in ocean sinks the orb of day,
Long on the wave reflected lustres play;
Thy tempered gleams of happiness resigned,
Glance on the darkened mirror of the mind.
The school's lone porch, with reverend mosses gray,
Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.
Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,
Quickening my truant feet across the lawn:
Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air,
When the slow dial gave a pause to care.
Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,
Some little friendship formed and cherished here;
And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teems
With golden visions and romantic dreams.
Down by yon hazel copse, at evening, blazed
The gipsy's fagot—there we stood and gazed;
Gazed on her sun-burnt face with silent awe,
Her tattered mantle and her hood of straw;
Her moving lips, her cauldron brimming o'er;
The drowsy brood that on her back she bore,
Imps in the barn with mousing owlets bred,
From rifled roost at nightly revel fed;
Whose dark eyes flashed through locks of blackest shade,
When in the breeze the distant watch-dog bayed:
And heroes fled the sibyl's muttered call,
Whose elfin prowess scaled the orchard wall.
As o'er my palm the silver piece she drew,
And traced the line of life with searching view,
How throbbed my fluttering pulse with hopes and fears,
To learn the colour of my future years!
Ah, then, what honest triumph flushed my breast;
This truth once known—to bless is to be blest!
We led the bending beggar on his way
(Bare were his feet, his tresses silver-gray),
Soothed the keen pangs his aged spirit felt,
And on his tale with mute attention dwelt:
As in his scrip we dropt our little store,
And sighed to think that little was no more,
He breathed his prayer, 'Long may such goodness live!'
'Twas all he gave—'twas all he had to give.
* * *
Survey the globe, each ruder realm explore;
From Reason's faintest ray to Newton soar.
What different spheres to human bliss assigned!
What slow gradations in the scale of mind!
Yet mark in each these mystic wonders wrought;
Oh mark the sleepless energies of thought!
The adventurous boy that asks his little share,
And hies from home with many a gossip's prayer,
Turns on the neighbouring hill, once more to see
The dear abode of peace and privacy;
And as he turns, the thatch among the trees,
The smoke's blue wreaths ascending with the breeze,
The village-common spotted white with sheep,
The churchyard yews round which his fathers sleep;
All rouse Reflection's sadly pleasing train,
And oft he looks and weeps, and looks again.
So, when the mild Tupia dared explore
Arts yet untaught, and worlds unknown before,
And, with the sons of Science, wooed the gale
That, rising, swelled their strange expanse of sail;
So, when he breathed his firm yet fond adieu,
Borne from his leafy hut, his carved canoe,
And all his soul best loved—such tears he shed,
While each soft scene of summer-beauty fled.
Long o'er the wave a wistful look he cast,
Long watched the streaming signal from the mast;
Till twilight's dewy tints deceived his eye,
And fairy forests fringed the evening sky.
So Scotia's queen, as slowly dawned the day,
Rose on her couch, and gazed her soul away.
Her eyes had blessed the beacon's glimmering height,
That faintly tipped the feathery surge with light;
But now the morn with orient hues portrayed
Each castled cliff and brown monastic shade:
All touched the talisman's resistless spring,
And lo, what busy tribes were instant on the wing!
Thus kindred objects kindred thoughts inspire,
As summer-clouds flash forth electric fire.
And hence this spot gives back the joys of youth,
Warm as the life, and with the mirror's truth.
Hence home-felt pleasure prompts the patriot's sigh;
This makes him wish to live, and dare to die.
For this young Foscari, whose hapless fate
Venice should blush to hear the Muse relate,
When exile wore his blooming years away,
To sorrow's long soliloquies a prey,
When reason, justice, vainly urged his cause,
For this he roused her sanguinary laws;
Glad to return, though Hope could grant no more,
And chains and torture hailed him to the shore.
And hence the charm historic scenes impart;
Hence Tiber awes, and Avon melts the heart.
Aerial forms in Tempe's classic vale
Glance through the gloom and whisper in the gale;
In wild Vaucluse with love and Laura dwell,
And watch and weep in Eloisa's cell.
'Twas ever thus. Young Ammon, when he sought
Where Ilium stood, and where Pelides fought,
Sat at the helm himself. No meaner hand
Steered through the waves, and when he struck the land,
Such in his soul the ardour to explore,
Pelides-like, he leaped the first ashore.
'Twas ever thus. As now at Virgil's tomb
We bless the shade, and bid the verdure bloom:
So Tully paused, amid the wrecks of Time,
On the rude stone to trace the truth sublime;
When at his feet in honoured dust disclosed,
The immortal sage of Syracuse reposed.
And as he long in sweet delusion hung
Where once a Plato taught, a Pindar sung;
Who now but meets him musing, when he roves
His ruined Tusculan's romantic groves?
In Rome's great forum, who but hears him roll
His moral thunders o'er the subject soul?
And hence that calm delight the portrait gives:
We gaze on every feature till it lives!

Still the fond lover sees the absent maid;
And the lost friend still lingers in his shade!
Say why the pensive widow loves to weep,
When on her knee she rocks her babe to sleep:
Tremblingly still, she lifts his veil to trace
The father's features in his infant face.
The hoary grandsire smiles the hour away,
Won by the raptures of a game at play;
He bends to meet each artless burst of joy,
Forgets his age, and acts again the boy.
What though the iron school of war erase
Each milder virtue, and each softer grace;
What though the fiend's torpedo-touch arrest
Each gentler, finer impulse of the breast;
Still shall this active principle preside,
And wake the tear to Pity's self denied.
The intrepid Swiss, who guards a foreign shore,
Condemned to climb his mountain-cliffs no more,
If chance he hears the song so sweetly wild
Which on those cliffs his infant hours beguiled,
Melts at the long-lost scenes that round him rise,
And sinks a martyr to repentant sighs.
Ask not if courts or camps dissolve the charm:
Say why Vespasian loved his Sabine farm?
Why great Navarre, when France and freedom bled,
Sought the lone limits of a forest-shed?
When Diocletian's self-corrected mind
The imperial fasces of a world resigned,
Say why we trace the labours of his spade
In calm Salona's philosophic shade?
Say, when contentious Charles renounced a throne,
To muse with monks unlettered and unknown,
What from his soul the parting tribute drew?
What claimed the sorrows of a last adieu?
The still retreats that soothed his tranquil breast
Ere grandeur dazzled, and its cares oppressed.
Undamped by time, the generous Instinct glows
Far as Angola's sands, as Zembla's snows;
Glows in the tiger's den, the serpent's nest,
On every form of varied life impressed.
The social tribes its choicest influence hail:
And when the drum beats briskly in the gale,
The war-worn courser charges at the sound,
And with young vigour wheels the pasture round.
Oft has the aged tenant of the vale
Leaned on his staff to lengthen out the tale;
Oft have his lips the grateful tribute breathed,
From sire to son with pious zeal bequeathed.
When o'er the blasted heath the day declined,
And on the scathed oak warred the winter-wind;
When not a distant taper's twinkling ray
Gleamed o'er the furze to light him on his way;
When not a sheep-bell soothed his listening ear,
And the big rain-drops told the tempest near;
Then did his horse the homeward track descry,
The track that shunned his sad inquiring eye;
And win each wavering purpose to relent,
With warmth so mild, so gently violent,
That his charmed hand the careless rein resigned,
And doubts and terrors vanished from his mind.
Recall the traveller, whose altered form
Has borne the buffet of the mountain-storm;
And who will first his fond impatience meet?
His faithful dog's already at his feet!
Yes, though the porter spurn him from the door,
Though all that knew him know his face no more,
His faithful dog shall tell his joy to each,
With that mute eloquence which passes speech.
And see, the master but returns to die!
Yet who shall bid the watchful servant fly?
The blasts of heaven, the drenching dews of earth,
The wanton insults of unfeeling mirth,
These, when to guard Misfortune's sacred grave,
Will firm Fidelity exult to brave.
Led by what chart, transports the timid dove
The wreaths of conquest or the vows of love?
Say, through the clouds what compass points her flight?
Monarchs have gazed, and nations blessed the sight.
Pile rocks on rocks, bid woods and mountains rise,
Eclipse her native shades, her native skies:
'Tis vain! through ether's pathless wild she goes,
And lights at last where all her cares repose.
Sweet bird! thy truth shall Harlem's walls attest,
And unborn ages consecrate thy nest.
When, with the silent energy of grief,
With looks that asked, yet dared not hope relief,
Want with her babes round generous Valour clung,
To wring the slow surrender from his tongue,
'Twas thine to animate her closing eye;
Alas! 'twas thine perchance the first to die,
Crushed by her meagre hand when welcomed from the sky.
Hark! the bee winds her small but mellow horn,
Blithe to salute the sunny smile of morn.
O'er thymy downs she bends her busy course,
And many a stream allures her to its source.
'Tis noon—'tis night. That eye so finely wrought,
Beyond the search of sense, the soar of thought,
Now vainly asks the scenes she left behind;
Its orb so full, its vision so confined!
Who guides the patient pilgrim to her cell?
Who bids her soul with conscious triumph swell?
With conscious truth retrace the mazy clue
Of summer-scents, that charmed her as she flew?
Hail, Memory, hail! thy universal reign
Guards the least link of Being's glorious chain.

* * *

As the stern grandeur of a Gothic tower
Awes us less deeply in its morning-hour,
Than when the shades of Time serenely fall
On every broken arch and ivied wall;
The tender images we love to trace
Steal from each year a melancholy grace!
And as the sparks of social love expand,
As the heart opens in a foreign land;
And, with a brother's warmth, a brother's smile,
The stranger greets each native of his isle;
So scenes of life, when present and confest,
Stamp but their bolder features on the breast;
Yet not an image, when remotely viewed,
However trivial, and however rude,
But wins the heart, and wakes the social sigh,
With every claim of close affinity!

* * *

Hail, Memory, hail! in thy exhaustless mine
From age to age unnumbered treasures shine!
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And Place and Time are subject to thy sway!
Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone;
The only pleasures we can call our own.
Lighter than air, Hope's summer-visions die,
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;
If but a beam of sober Reason play,
Lo, Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away!
But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power,
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?
These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
Pour round her path a stream of living light;
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest!

[*From 'Human Life.'*]

The lark has sung his carol in the sky,
The bees have hummed their noontide lullaby;
Still in the vale the village bells ring round,
Still in Llewellyn hall the jests resound;
For now the caudle-cup is circling there,
Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their prayer,
And, crowding, stop the cradle to admire
The babe, the sleeping image of his sire.

A few short years, and then these sounds shall hail
The day again, and gladness fill the vale;
So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,
Eager to run the race his fathers ran.
Then the huge ox shall yield the broad sirloin;
The ale, now brewed, in floods of amber shine;
And, basking in the chimney's ample blaze,
'Mid many a tale told of his boyish days,
The nurse shall cry, of all her ills beguiled,
''Twas on her knees he sat so oft and smiled.'
And soon again shall music swell the breeze;
Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees
Vestures of nuptial white; and hymns be sung,
And violets scattered round; and old and young,
In every cottage-porch with garlands green,
Stand still to gaze, and, gazing, bless the scene,
While, her dark eyes declining, by his side,
Moves in her virgin veil the gentle bride.
And once, alas! nor in a distant hour,
Another voice shall come from yonder tower;
When in dim chambers long black weeds are seen,
And weeping heard where only joy has been;
When, by his children borne, and from his door,
Slowly departing to return no more,
He rests in holy earth with them that went before.
And such is human life; so gliding on,
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!
Yet is the tale, brief though it be, as strange,
As full, methinks, of wild and wonderous change,
As any that the wandering tribes require,
Stretched in the desert round their evening fire;
As any sung of old, in hall or bower,
To minstrel-harps at midnight's witching hour!

* * *

The day arrives, the moment wished and feared;
The child is born, by many a pang endeared,
And now the mother's ear has caught his cry;
Oh grant the cherub to her asking eye!
He comes—she clasps him. To her bosom pressed,
He drinks the balm of life, and drops to rest.
Her by her smile how soon the stranger knows!
How soon by his the glad discovery shows!
As to her lips she lifts the lovely boy,
What answering looks of sympathy and joy!
He walks, he speaks. In many a broken word
His wants, his wishes, and his griefs are heard.
And ever, ever to her lap he flies,
When rosy Sleep comes on with sweet surprise.
Locked in her arms, his arms across her flung
(That name most dear for ever on his tongue),
As with soft accents round her neck he clings,
And, cheek to cheek, her lulling song she sings,
How blest to feel the beatings of his heart,
Breathe his sweet breath, and kiss for kiss impart;
Watch o'er his slumbers like the brooding dove,
And, if she can, exhaust a mother's love!
But soon a nobler task demands her care.
Apart she joins his little hands in prayer,
Telling of Him who sees in secret there!—
And now the volume on her knee has caught
His wandering eye—now many a written thought
Never to die, with many a lisping sweet,
His moving, murmuring lips endeavour to repeat.

[*From 'The Voyage of Columbus.'*]

The sails were furled; with many a melting close,
Solemn and slow the evening anthem rose,
Rose to the Virgin. 'Twas the hour of day,
When setting suns o'er summer seas display
A path of glory, opening in the west
To golden climes and islands of the blest;
And human voices, on the silent air,
Went o'er the waves in songs of gladness there!
Chosen of men! 'Twas thine, at noon of night,
First from the prow to hail the glimmering light:
(Emblem of Truth divine, whose secret ray
Enters the soul and makes the darkness day!)
'Pedro! Rodrigo! there methought it shone!
There—in the west! and now, alas! 'tis gone!—
'Twas all a dream! we gaze and gaze in vain!
But mark and speak not, there it comes again!
It moves!—what form unseen, what being there
With torch-like lustre fires the murky air?
His instincts, passions, say, how like our own?
Oh! when will day reveal a world unknown?'
Long on the deep the mists of morning lay,
Then rose, revealing as they rolled away
Half-circling hills, whose everlasting woods
Sweep with their sable skirts the shadowy floods:
And say, when all, to holy transport given,
Embraced and wept as at the gates of Heaven,
When one and all of us, repentant, ran,
And, on our faces, blessed the wondrous man;
Say, was I then deceived, or from the skies
Burst on my ear seraphic harmonies?
'Glory to God!' unnumbered voices sung,
'Glory to God!' the vales and mountains rung,
Voices that hailed creation's primal morn,
And to the shepherds sung a Saviour born.
Slowly, bareheaded, through the surf we bore
The sacred cross, and, kneeling, kissed the shore.
But what a scene was there! Nymphs of romance,
Youths graceful as the fawn, with eager glance,
Spring from the glades, and down the alleys peep,
Then headlong rush, bounding from steep to steep,
And clap their hands, exclaiming as they run,
'Come and behold the Children of the Sun!'
When hark, a signal shot! The voice, it came
Over the sea in darkness and in flame!
They saw, they heard; and up the highest hill,
As in a picture, all at once were still!
Creatures so fair, in garments strangely wrought,
From citadels, with Heaven's own thunder fraught,
Checked their light footsteps—statue-like they stood
As worshipped forms, the Genii of the Wood!
At length the spell dissolves! The warrior's lance
Rings on the tortoise with wild dissonance!
And see, the regal plumes, the couch of state!
Still where it moves the wise in council wait!
See now borne forth the monstrous mask of gold,
And ebon chair of many a serpent-fold;
These now exchanged for gifts that thrice surpass
The wondrous ring, and lamp, and horse of brass.
What long-drawn tube transports the gazer home,
Kindling with stars at noon the ethereal dome!
'Tis here: and here circles of solid light
Charm with another self the cheated sight;
As man to man another self disclose,
That now with terror starts, with triumph glows!
Then Cora came, the youngest of her race,
And in her hands she hid her lovely face;
Yet oft by stealth a timid glance she cast,
And now with playful step the mirror passed,
Each bright reflection brighter than the last!
And oft behind it flew, and oft before;
The more she searched, pleased and perplexed the more!
And looked and laughed, and blushed with quick surprise!
Her lips all mirth, all ecstacy her eyes!
But soon the telescope attracts her view;
And lo, her lover in his light canoe
Rocking, at noontide, on the silent sea,
Before her lies! It cannot, cannot be.
Late as he left the shore, she lingered there,
Till, less and less, he melted into air!
Sigh after sigh steals from her gentle frame,
And say—that murmur—was it not his name!
She turns, and thinks, and, lost in wild amaze,
Gazes again, and could for ever gaze!

[*Ginevra.*]

[From 'Italy.']

If thou shouldst ever come by choice or chance
To Modena, where still religiously
Among her ancient trophies is preserved
Bologna's bucket (in its chain it hangs
Within that reverend tower, the Guirlandine),
Stop at a palace near the Reggio-gate,
Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain thee; through their arched walks,
Dim, at noonday, discovering many a glimpse
Of knights and dames, such as in old romance,
And lovers, such as in heroic song,
Perhaps the two, for groves were their delight,
That in the spring-time, as alone they sat,
Venturing together on a tale of love,
Read only part that day. A summer sun
Sets ere one half is seen; but, ere thou go,
Enter the house—prithee, forget it not—
And look awhile upon a picture there.
'Tis of a lady in her earliest youth,
The very last of that illustrious race,
Done by Zampieri—but by whom I care not.
He who observes it, ere he passes on,
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
That he may call it up, when far away.
She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half-open, and her finger up,
As though she said 'Beware!' Her vest of gold
'Broidered with flowers, and clasped from head to foot,
An emerald-stone in every golden clasp;
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls. But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart—
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody!
Alone it hangs
Over a mouldering heir-loom, its companion,
An oaken-chest, half eaten by the worm,
But richly carved by Antony of Trent
With Scripture-stories from the life of Christ;
A chest that came from Venice, and had held
The ducal robes of some old ancestor.
That by the way—it may be true or false—
But don't forget the picture; and thou wilt not,
When thou hast heard the tale they told me there.
She was an only child; from infancy
The joy, the pride of an indulgent sire.
Her mother dying of the gift she gave,
That precious gift, what else remained to him?
The young Ginevra was his all in life,
Still as she grew, for ever in his sight;
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.
Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
She was all gentleness, all gaiety,
Her pranks the favourite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come, the day, the hour;
Now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum;
And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.
Great was the joy; but at the bridal feast,
When all sat down, the bride was wanting there.
Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,
''Tis but to make a trial of our love!'
And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back, and flying still,
Her ivory-tooth imprinted on his finger.
But now, alas! she was not to be found;
Nor from that hour could anything be guessed
But that she was not! Weary of his life,
Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Orsini lived; and long mightst thou have seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something,
Something he could not find—he knew not what.
When he was gone, the house remained awhile
Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.
Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,
When on an idle day, a day of search
'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
That mouldering chest was noticed; and 'twas said
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
'Why not remove it from its lurking place?'
'Twas done as soon as said; but on the way
It burst, it fell; and lo, a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald-stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold!
All else had perished—save a nuptial ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both,
'Ginevra.' There then had she found a grave!
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy the happiest of the happy;
When a spring-lock that lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down for ever!

An Italian Song.

Dear is my little native vale,
The ring-dove builds and murmurs there;
Close by my cot she tells her tale
To every passing villager.
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves and myrtle bowers,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours
With my loved lute's romantic sound;
Or crowns of living laurel weave
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballet danced in twilight glade,
The canzonet and roundelay
Sung in the silent greenwood shade;
These simple joys that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

To the Butterfly.

Child of the sun! pursue thy rapturous flight,
Mingling with her thou lov'st in fields of light;
And, where the flowers of paradise unfold,
Quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of gold.
There shall thy wings, rich as an evening sky,
Expand and shut with silent ecstacy!
Yet wert thou once a worm, a thing that crept
On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb and slept.
And such is man; soon from his cell of clay
To burst a seraph in the blaze of day.

Written in the Highlands of Scotland—1812.

Blue was the loch, the clouds were gone,
Ben-Lomond in his glory shone,
When, Luss, I left thee; when the breeze
Bore me from thy silver sands,
Thy kirkyard wall among the trees,
Where, gray with age, the dial stands;
That dial so well-known to me!
Though many a shadow it had shed,
Beloved sister, since with thee
The legend on the stone was read.

The fairy isles fled far away;
That with its woods and uplands green,
Where shepherd-huts are dimly seen,
And songs are heard at close of day;
That, too, the deer's wild covert fled,
And that, the asylum of the dead:
While, as the boat went merrily,
Much of Rob Roy the boatman told;
His arm that fell below his knee,
His cattle ford and mountain hold.
Tarbat,[1] thy shore I climbed at last;
And, thy shady region passed,
Upon another shore I stood,
And looked upon another flood;[2]
Great Ocean's self! ('Tis he who fills
That vast and awful depth of hills);
Where many an elf was playing round,
Who treads unshod his classic ground;
And speaks, his native rocks among,
As Fingal spoke, and Ossian sung.
Night fell, and dark and darker grew
That narrow sea, that narrow sky,
As o'er the glimmering waves we flew,
The sea-bird rustling, wailing by.
And now the grampus, half-descried,
Black and huge above the tide;
The cliffs and promontories there,
Front to front, and broad and bare;
Each beyond each, with giant feet
Advancing as in haste to meet;
The shattered fortress, whence the Dane
Blew his shrill blast, nor rushed in vain,
Tyrant of the drear domain;
All into midnight shadow sweep,
When day springs upward from the deep!
Kindling the waters in its flight,
The prow wakes splendour, and the oar,
That rose and fell unseen before,
Flashes in a sea of light;
Glad sign and sure, for now we hail
Thy flowers, Glenfinnart, in the gale;
And bright indeed the path should be,
That leads to Friendship and to Thee!
Oh blest retreat, and sacred too!
Sacred as when the bell of prayer
Tolled duly on the desert air,
And crosses decked thy summits blue.
Oft like some loved romantic tale,
Oft shall my weary mind recall,
Amid the hum and stir of men,
Thy beechen grove and waterfall,
Thy ferry with its gliding sail,
And her—the Lady of the Glen!

Pæstum.

[From 'Italy.']

They stand between the mountains and the sea;[3]
Awful memorials, but of whom we know not.
The seaman passing, gazes from the deck,
The buffalo-driver, in his shaggy cloak,
Points to the work of magic, and moves on.
Time was they stood along the crowded street,
Temples of gods, and on their ample steps
What various habits, various tongues beset
The brazen gates for prayer and sacrifice!
Time was perhaps the third was sought for justice;
And here the accuser stood, and there the accused,
And here the judges sat, and heard, and judged.
All silent now, as in the ages past,
Trodden under foot, and mingled dust with dust.
How many centuries did the sun go round
From Mount Alburnus to the Tyrrhene sea,
While, by some spell rendered invisible,
Or, if approached, approached by him alone
Who saw as though he saw not, they remained
As in the darkness of a sepulchre,
Waiting the appointed time! All, all within
Proclaims that nature had resumed her right,
And taken to herself what man renounced;
No cornice, triglyph, or worn abacus,
But with thick ivy hung, or branching fern,
Their iron-brown o'erspread with brightest verdure!
From my youth upward have I longed to tread
This classic ground; and am I here at last?
Wandering at will through the long porticos,
And catching, as through some majestic grove,
Now the blue ocean, and now, chaos-like,
Mountains and mountain-gulfs, and, half-way up,
Towns like the living rock from which they grew?
A cloudy region, black and desolate,
Where once a slave withstood a world in arms.
The air is sweet with violets, running wild
'Mid broken friezes and fallen capitals;
Sweet as when Tully, writing down his thoughts,
Those thoughts so precious and so lately lost
(Turning to thee, divine philosophy,
Ever at hand to calm his troubled soul),
Sailed slowly by, two thousand years ago,
For Athens; when a ship, if north-east winds
Blew from the Pæstan gardens, slacked her course.
On as he moved along the level shore,
These temples, in their splendour eminent
'Mid arcs and obelisks, and domes and towers,
Reflecting back the radiance of the west,
Well might he dream of glory! Now, coiled up,
The serpent sleeps within them; the she-wolf
Suckles her young; and as alone I stand
In this, the nobler pile, the elements
Of earth and air its only floor and covering,
How solemn is the stillness! Nothing stirs
Save the shrill-voiced cicala flitting round
On the rough pediment to sit and sing;
Or the green lizard rustling through the grass,
And up the fluted shaft with short quick spring,
To vanish in the chinks that time has made.
In such an hour as this, the sun's broad disk
Seen at his setting, and a flood of light
Filling the courts of these old sanctuaries
(Gigantic shadows, broken and confused,
Athwart the innumerable columns flung),
In such an hour he came, who saw and told,
Led by the mighty genius of the place.[1]
Walls of some capital city first appeared,
Half razed, half sunk, or scattered as in scorn;
And what within them? What but in the midst
These three in more than their original grandeur,
And, round about, no stone upon another?
As if the spoiler had fallen back in fear,
And, turning, left them to the elements.

[1] Signifying in the Gaelic language an isthmus.

[2] Loch Long.

[3] The temples of Pæstum are three in number, and have survived, nearly nine centuries, the total destruction of the city. Tradition is silent concerning them, but they must have existed now between two and three thousand years.

[1] They are said to have been discovered by accident about the middle of the last century.

To ——.

Go—you may call it madness, folly;
You shall not chase my gloom away!
There's such a charm in melancholy,
I would not, if I could, be gay.

Oh, if you knew the pensive pleasure
That fills my bosom when I sigh,
You would not rob me of a treasure
Monarchs are too poor to buy.

A Wish.

Mine be a cot beside the hill;
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall, shall linger near.

The swallow oft beneath my thatch
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church, among the trees,
Where first our marriage vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heaven.

On a Tear.

Oh that the chemist's magic art
Could crystallise this sacred treasure!
Long should it glitter near my heart,
A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,
Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye;
Then, trembling, left its coral cell—
The spring of Sensibility!

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light,
In thee the rays of Virtue shine;
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul!
Who ever fliest to bring relief,
When first we feel the rude control
Of Love or Pity, Joy or Grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme,
In every clime, in every age;
Thou charm'st in Fancy's idle dream,
In Reason's philosophic page.

That very law which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, the greatest of metaphysical poets, is a native of Cockermouth, in the county of Cumberland, where he was born on the 7th of April 1770. His parents were enabled to bestow upon their children the advantages of a complete education (his father was law-agent to Lord Lonsdale), and the poet and his brother (now Dr Christopher Wordsworth, long master of Trinity college), after being some years at Hawkesworth school, in Lancashire, were sent to the university of Cambridge. William was entered of St John's in 1787. Poetry has been with him the early and almost the sole business of his life. Having finished his academical course, and taken his degree, he travelled for a short time; and marrying an amiable lady, his cousin, settled down among the lakes and mountains of Westmoreland. A gentleman dying in his neighbourhood left him a handsome legacy; other bequests followed; and about 1814, the patronage of the noble family of Lowther procured for the poet the easy and lucrative situation of Distributor of Stamps, which left the greater part of his time at his own disposal. In 1842 he resigned this situation in favour of his son, and government rewarded the venerable poet with a pension of L.300 per annum. In April 1843 he was appointed poet-



laureate, in the room of his deceased and illustrious friend Southey. His residence at Rydal Mount has been truly a poetical retirement.

Long have I loved what I behold,
The night that calms, the day that cheers;
The common growth of mother earth
Suffices me—her tears, her mirth,
Her humblest mirth and tears.

The dragon's wing, the magic ring,
I shall not covet for my dower,
If I along that lowly way
With sympathetic heart may stray,
And with a soul of power.

Wordsworth appeared as a poet in his twenty-third year, 1793. The title of his first work was *The Evening Walk, and Descriptive Sketches.* The walk is among the mountains of Westmoreland; the sketches refer to a tour made in Switzerland by the poet and his friend, the Rev. R. Jones, fellow of St John's college. The poetry is of the style of Goldsmith, but description predominates over reflection. The enthusiastic dreams of liberty which then buoyed up the young poet, and his associates Coleridge and Southey, appear in such lines as the following:—

Oh give, great God, to freedom's waves to ride
Sublime o'er conquest, avarice, and pride;
To sweep where pleasure decks her guilty bowers,
And dark oppression builds her thick-ribbed towers;
Give them, beneath their breast, while gladness springs,
To brood the nations o'er with Nile-like wings;
And grant that every sceptred child of clay
Who cries, presumptuous, 'Here their tides shall stay,
Swept in their anger from the affrighted shore
With all his creatures sink to rise no more!

In 1798 was published a collection of *Lyrical Ballads*, some by Coleridge, but the greater part by

Wordsworth, and designed by him as an experiment how far a simpler kind of poetry than that in use would afford permanent interest to readers. The humblest subjects, he contended, were fit for poetry, and the language should be that 'really used by men.' The fine fabric of poetic diction which generations of the tuneful tribe had been laboriously rearing, he proposed to destroy altogether. The language of humble and rustic life, arising out of repeated experience and regular feelings, he considered to be a more permanent and far more philosophical language than that which is frequently substituted for it by poets. The attempt of Wordsworth was either totally neglected or assailed with ridicule. The transition from the refined and sentimental school of verse, with select and polished diction, to such themes as 'The Idiot Boy,' and a style of composition disfigured by colloquial plainness, and by the mixture of ludicrous images and associations with passages of tenderness and pathos, was too violent to escape ridicule or insure general success. It was often impossible to tell whether the poet meant to be comic or tender, serious or ludicrous; while the choice of his subjects and illustrations, instead of being regarded as genuine simplicity, had an appearance of silliness or affectation. The faults of his worst ballads were so glaring, that they overpowered, at least for a time, the simple natural beauties, the spirit of gentleness and humanity, with which they were accompanied. It was a first experiment, and it was made without any regard for existing prejudices or feelings, or any



Rydal Lake and Wordsworth's House.

wish to conciliate. The poems, however, were read by some. Two more volumes were added in 1807; and it was seen that, whatever might be the theory of the poet, he possessed a vein of pure and exalted description and meditation which it was impossible not to feel and admire. The influence of nature upon man was his favourite theme; and though sometimes unintelligible from his idealism, he was also, on other occasions, just and profound. His worship of nature was ennobling and impressive. In real simplicity, however, Wordsworth is inferior to Cowper, Goldsmith, and many others. He has triumphed as a poet, in spite of his own theory. As the circle of his admirers was gradually extending, he continued to supply it with fresh materials of a higher order. In 1814 appeared *The Excursion*, a philosophical poem in blank verse, by far the noblest production of the author, and containing passages of sentiment, description, and pure eloquence, not excelled by any living poet, while its spirit of enlightened humanity and Christian benevolence—extending over all ranks of sentient and animated being—imparts to the poem a peculiarly sacred and elevated character. The influence of Wordsworth on the poetry of his age has thus been as beneficial as extensive. He has turned the public taste from pompous inanity to the study of man and nature; he has banished the false and exaggerated style of character and emotion which even the genius of Byron stooped to imitate; and he has enlisted the sensibilities and sympathies of his intellectual brethren in favour of the most expansive and kindly philanthropy. The pleasures and graces of his muse are all simple, pure, and lasting. In working out the plan of his 'Excursion,' the poet has not, however, escaped from the errors of his early poems. The incongruity or want of keeping in most of Wordsworth's productions is observable in this work. The principal character is a poor Scotch pedlar, who traverses the mountains in company with the poet, and is made to discourse, with clerk-like fluency,

Of truth, of grandeur, beauty, love, and hope.

It is thus that the poet violates the conventional rules of poetry and the realities of life; for surely it

is inconsistent with truth and probability, that a profound moralist and dialectician should be found in such a situation. In his travels with the 'Wanderer,' the poet is introduced to a 'Solitary,' who lives secluded from the world, after a life of busy adventures and high hope, ending in disappointment and disgust. They all proceed to the house of the pastor, who (in the style of Crabbe's Parish Register) recounts some of the deaths and mutations that had taken place in his sequestered valley; and with a description of a visit made by the three to a neighbouring lake, the poem concludes. The 'Excursion' is an unfinished work, part of a larger poem, *The Recluse*, 'having for its principal object the sensations and opinions of a poet living in retirement.' Whether the remainder of the work will ever be given to the world, or completed by the poet, is uncertain. The want of incident would, we fear, be fatal to its success. The narrative part of the 'Excursion' is a mere framework, rude and unskilful, for a series of pictures of mountain scenery and philosophical dissertations, tending to show how the external world is adapted to the mind of man, and good educed out of evil and suffering—

Within the soul a faculty abides,
That with interpositions, which would hide
And darken, so can deal, that they become
Contingencies of pomp, and serve to exalt
Her native brightness. As the ample moon
In the deep stillness of a summer even
Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,
Burns like an unconsuming fire of light
In the green trees; and, kindling on all sides,
Their leafy umbrage turns the dusky veil
Into a substance glorious as her own,
Yea, with her own incorporated, by power
Capacious and serene; like power abides
In man's celestial spirit; virtue thus
Sets forth and magnifies herself—thus feeds
A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire,
From the encumbrances of mortal life;
From error, disappointment—nay, from guilt;
And sometimes, so relenting justice wills,
From palpable oppressions of despair.

Book IV.

In a still loftier style of moral observation on the changes of life, the 'gray-haired wanderer' exclaims—

So fails, so languishes, grows dim, and dies,
All that this world is proud of. From their spheres
The stars of human glory are cast down;
Perish the roses and the flowers of kings,
Princes, and emperors, and the crowns and palms
Of all the mighty, withered and consumed!
Nor is power given to lowliest innocence
Long to protect her own. The man himself
Departs; and soon is spent the line of those
Who, in the bodily image, in the mind,
In heart or soul, in station or pursuit,
Did most resemble him. Degrees and ranks,
Fraternities and orders—heaping high
New wealth upon the burthen of the old,
And placing trust in privilege confirmed
And re-confirmed—are scoffed at with a smile
Of greedy foretaste, from the secret stand
Of desolation aimed; to slow decline
These yield, and these to sudden overthrow;
Their virtue, service, happiness, and state
Expire; and Nature's pleasant robe of green,
Humanity's appointed shroud, enwraps
Their monuments and their memory.

Book VII.

The picturesque parts of the 'Excursion' are full of a quiet and tender beauty characteristic of the author. We subjoin two passages, the first descriptive of a peasant youth, the hero of his native vale:—

The mountain ash
No eye can overlook, when 'mid a grove
Of yet unfaded trees she lifts her head
Decked with autumnal berries, that outshine
Spring's richest blossoms; and ye may have marked
By a brook side or solitary tarn,
How she her station doth adorn. The pool
Glows at her feet, and all the gloomy rocks
Are brightened round her. In his native vale,
Such and so glorious did this youth appear;
A sight that kindled pleasure in all hearts
By his ingenuous beauty, by the gleam
Of his fair eyes, by his capacious brow,
By all the graces with which nature's hand
Had lavishly arrayed him. As old bards
Tell in their idle songs of wandering gods,
Pan or Apollo, veiled in human form;
Yet, like the sweet-breathed violet of the shade,
Discovered in their own despite to sense
Of mortals (if such fables without blame
May find chance mention on this sacred ground),
So, through a simple rustic garb's disguise,
And through the impediment of rural cares,
In him revealed a scholar's genius shone;
And so, not wholly hidden from men's sight,
In him the spirit of a hero walked
Our unpretending valley. How the quoit
Whizzed from the stripling's arm! If touched by him,
The inglorious football mounted to the pitch
Of the lark's flight, or shaped a rainbow curve
Aloft in prospect of the shouting field!
The indefatigable fox had learned
To dread his perseverance in the chase.
With admiration would he lift his eyes
To the wide-ruling eagle, and his hand
Was loath to assault the majesty he loved,
Else had the strongest fastnesses proved weak
To guard the royal brood. The sailing glede,
The wheeling swallow, and the darting snipe,
The sporting sea-gull dancing with the waves,
And cautious waterfowl from distant climes,
Fixed at their seat, the centre of the mere,
Were subject to young Oswald's steady aim.

Book VII.

The peasant youth, with others in the vale, roused by the cry to arms, studies the rudiments of war, but dies suddenly:—

To him, thus snatched away, his comrade paid
A soldier's honours. At his funeral hour
Bright was the sun, the sky a cloudless blue—
A golden lustre slept upon the hills;
And if by chance a stranger, wandering there,
From some commanding eminence had looked
Down on this spot, well pleased would he have seen
A glittering spectacle; but every face
Was pallid—seldom hath that eye been moist
With tears that wept not then; nor were the few
Who from their dwellings came not forth to join
In this sad service, less disturbed than we.
They started at the tributary peal
Of instantaneous thunder which announced
Through the still air the closing of the grave;
And distant mountains echoed with a sound
Of lamentation never heard before.

A description of deafness in a peasant would seem to be a subject hardly susceptible of poetical ornament; yet, by contrasting it with the surrounding objects—the pleasant sounds and stir of nature—and by his vein of pensive and graceful reflection, Wordsworth has made this one of his finest pictures:—

Almost at the root
Of that tall pine, the shadow of whose bare
And slender stem, while here I sit at eve,
Oft stretches towards me, like a strong straight path
Traced faintly in the greensward, there, beneath
A plain blue stone, a gentle dalesman lies,
From whom in early childhood was withdrawn
The precious gift of hearing. He grew up
From year to year in loneliness of soul;
And this deep mountain valley was to him
Soundless, with all its streams. The bird of dawn
Did never rouse this cottager from sleep
With startling summons; not for his delight
The vernal cuckoo shouted; not for him
Murmured the labouring bee. When stormy winds
Were working the broad bosom of the lake
Into a thousand thousand sparkling waves,
Rocking the trees, or driving cloud on cloud
Along the sharp edge of yon lofty crags,
The agitated scene before his eye
Was silent as a picture: evermore
Were all things silent, wheresoe'er he moved.
Yet, by the solace of his own pure thoughts
Upheld, he duteously pursued the round
Of rural labours; the steep mountain side
Ascended with his staff and faithful dog;
The plough he guided, and the scythe he swayed;
And the ripe corn before his sickle fell
Among the jocund reapers.

Book VII.

By viewing man in connection with external nature, the poet blends his metaphysics with pictures of life and scenery. To build up and strengthen the powers of the mind, in contrast to the operations of sense, is ever his object. Like Bacon, Wordsworth would rather believe all the fables in the Talmud and Alcoran than that this universal frame is without a mind—or that that mind does not, by its external symbols, speak to the human heart. He lives under the 'habitual sway' of nature.

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

The subsequent works of the poet are numerous—*The White Doe of Rylstone*, a romantic narrative poem, yet coloured with his peculiar genius; *Sonnets on the River Duddon; The Waggoner; Peter Bell; Ecclesiastical Sketches; Yarrow Revisited*, &c. Having made repeated tours in Scotland and on the continent, the poet diversified his subjects with descriptions of particular scenes, local manners, legends, and associations. The whole of his works have been arranged by their author according to their respective subjects; as Poems referring to the Period of Childhood; Poems founded on the Affections; Poems of the Fancy; Poems of the Imagination, &c. This classification is often arbitrary and capricious; but it is one of the conceits of Wordsworth, that his poems should be read in a certain continuous order, to give full effect to his system. Thus classified and published, the poet's works form six volumes. A seventh has lately (1842) been added, consisting of poems written very early and very late in life (as is stated), and a tragedy which had long lain past the author. The latter is not happy, for Wordsworth has less dramatic power than any other living poet. In the drama, however, both Scott and Byron failed; and Coleridge, with his fine imagination and pictorial expression, was only a shade more successful. The fame of Wordsworth is daily extending. The few ridiculous or puerile pieces which excited so much sarcasm, parody, and derision, have been quietly forgotten, or are considered as mere idiosyncrasies of the poet that provoke a smile, while his higher attributes command admiration, and have secured a new generation of readers. A tribe of worshippers, in the young poets of the day, have arisen to do him homage, and in some instances have carried the feeling to a sectarian and bigotted excess. Many of his former depreciators have also joined the ranks of his admirers—partly because in his late works he has done himself more justice both in his style and subjects. He is too intellectual, and too little *sensuous*, to use the phrase of Milton, ever to become generally popular, unless in some of his smaller pieces. His peculiar sensibilities cannot be relished by all. His poetry, however, is of various kinds. Forgetting his own theory as to the proper subjects of poetry, he has ventured on the loftiest themes, and in calm sustained elevation of thought, appropriate imagery, and intense feeling, he often reminds the reader of the sublime strains of Milton. His Laodamia, the Vernal Ode, the Ode to Lycoris and Dion, are pure and richly classic poems in conception and diction. Many of his sonnets have also a chaste and noble simplicity. In these short compositions, his elevation and power as a poet are perhaps more remarkably displayed than in any of his other productions. They possess a winning sweetness or simple grandeur, without the most distant approach to antithesis or straining for effect; while that tendency to prolixity and diffuseness which characterise his longer poems, is repressed by the necessity for brief and rapid thought and concise expression, imposed by the nature of the sonnet. It is no exaggeration to say that Milton alone has surpassed—if even *he* has surpassed—some of the noble sonnets of Wordsworth dedicated to liberty and inspired by patriotism.

Sonnets.

London, 1802.

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour;
England hath need of thee: she is a fen
Of stagnant waters; altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea;
Pure as the naked heavens—majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself didst lay.

The World is Too Much with Us.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

Composed upon Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1803.

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,

Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep,
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

On King's College Chapel, Cambridge.

Tax not the royal saint with vain expense,
With ill-matched aims the architect who planned,
Albeit labouring for a scanty band
Of white-robed scholars only, this immense
And glorious work of fine intelligence!
Give all thou canst; high Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely calculated less or more;
So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense
These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
Lingering—and wandering on, as loath to die;
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality.

His Intimations of Immortality, and Lines on Tintern Abbey, are the finest examples of his rapt imaginative style, blending metaphysical truth with diffuse gorgeous description and metaphor. His simpler effusions are pathetic and tender. He has little strong passion; but in one piece, Vaudracour and Julia, he has painted the passion of love with more warmth than might be anticipated from his abstract idealism—

His present mind
Was under fascination; he beheld
A vision, and adored the thing he saw.
Arabian fiction never filled the world
With half the wonders that were wrought for him.
Earth breathed in one great presence of the spring;
Life turned the meanest of her implements
Before his eyes, to price above all gold;
The house she dwelt in was a sainted shrine;
Her chamber window did surpass in glory
The portals of the dawn; all paradise
Could, by the simple opening of a door,
Let itself in upon him; pathways, walks,
Swarmed with enchantment, till his spirit sank,
Surcharged within him—overblest to move
Beneath a sun that wakes a weary world
To its dull round of ordinary cares;
A man too happy for mortality!

The lovers parted under circumstances of danger, but had a stolen interview at night—

Through all her courts
The vacant city slept; the busy winds,
That keep no certain intervals of rest,
Moved not; meanwhile the galaxy displayed
Her fires, that like mysterious pulses beat
Aloft—momentous but uneasy bliss!
To their full hearts the universe seemed hung
On that brief meeting's slender filament!

This is of the style of Ford or Massinger. Living mostly apart from the world, and nursing with solitary complacency his poetical system, and all that could bear upon his works and pursuits as a poet, Wordsworth fell into those errors of taste and that want of discrimination to which we have already alluded. His most puerile ballads and attempts at humour are apparently as much prized by him, and classed with the same nicety and care, as the most majestic of his conceptions, or the most natural and beautiful of his descriptions. The art of condensation is also rarely practised by him. But if the poet's retirement or peculiar disposition has been a cause of his weakness, it has also been one of the sources of his strength. It left him untouched by the artificial or mechanical tastes of his age; it gave an originality to his conceptions and to the whole colour of his thoughts; and it completely imbued him with that purer antique life and knowledge of the phenomena of nature—the sky, lakes, and mountains of his native district, in all their tints and forms—which he has depicted with such power and enthusiasm. A less complacent poet would have been chilled by the long neglect and ridicule he experienced. His spirit was self-supported, and his genius, at once observant and meditative, was left to shape out its own creations, and extend its sympathies to that world which lay beyond his happy mountain solitude.

Lines.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

Lucy.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways,
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye;
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh,
The difference to me!

A Portrait.

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller betwixt life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill,
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

[Lines Composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey, on Revisiting the Banks of the Wye.]



Tintern Abbey.

Five years have passed; five summers, with the length
Of five long winters; and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain springs
With a sweet inland murmur. Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
Which on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion, and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage ground, these orchard tufts,
Which, at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
Among the woods and copses, nor disturb
The wild green landscape. Once again I see
These hedgerows, hardly hedgerows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild; these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up in silence from among the trees,
With some uncertain notice, as might seem,
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some hermit's cave, where, by his fire,
The hermit sits alone.
Though absent long,
These forms of beauty have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart,
And passing even into my purer mind
With tranquil restoration—feelings, too,
Of unremembered pleasure; such, perhaps,
As may have had no trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lightened; that serene and blessed mood
In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until the breath of this corporeal frame,
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.
If this
Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft,
In darkness, and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight, when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart,
How oft in spirit have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye!--thou wanderer through the woods—
How often has my spirit turned to thee!
And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again:
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills; when, like a roe,
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led: more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all—I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed, for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains, and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half create
And what perceive; well pleased to recognise
In nature, and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.
Nor, perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay:
For thou art with me here, upon the banks
Of this fair river; thou, my dearest friend,
My dear, dear friend, and in thy voice I catch

The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear sister! And this prayer I make,
Knowing that nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain winds be free
To blow against thee: and in after years,
When these wild ecstacies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance,
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
Of past existence, wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I, so long
A worshipper of nature, hither came,
Unwearied in that service: rather say
With warmer love, oh! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake.*

* In our admiration of the external forms of nature, the mind is redeemed from a sense of the transitory, which so often mixes perturbation with pleasure; and there is perhaps no feeling of the human heart which, being so intense, is at the same time so composed. It is for this reason, amongst others, that it is peculiarly favourable to the contemplations of a poetical philosopher, and eminently so to one like Mr Wordsworth, in whose scheme of thought there is no feature more prominent than the doctrine, that the intellect should be nourished by the feelings, and that the state of mind which bestows a gift of genuine insight, is one of profound emotion as well as profound composure; or, as Coleridge has somewhere expressed himself—

Deep self-possession, an intense repose.

The power which lies in the beauty of nature to induce this union of the tranquil and the vivid is described, and to every disciple of Wordsworth has been, as much as is possible, imparted by the celebrated 'Lines written in 1798, a few miles above Tintern Abbey,' in which the poet, having attributed to his intermediate recollections of the landscape then revisited a benign influence over many acts of daily life, describes the particulars in which he is indebted to them. * * The impassioned love of nature is interfused through the whole of Mr Wordsworth's system of thought, filling up all interstices, penetrating all recesses, colouring all media, supporting, associating, and giving coherency and mutual relevancy to it in all its parts. Though man is his subject, yet is man never presented to us divested of his relations with external nature. Man is the text, but there is always a running commentary of natural phenomena.—*Quarterly Review* for 1834. In illustration of this remark, every episode in the 'Excursion' might be cited (particularly the affecting and beautiful tale of Margaret in the first book); and the poems of 'The Cumberland Beggar,' 'Michael,' and 'The Fountain' (*the last unquestionably one of the finest of the ballads*), are also striking instances.

Picture of Christmas Eve.

[Addressed to the Rev. Dr Wordsworth, with Sonnets to the River Duddon, &c.]

The minstrels played their Christmas tune
To-night beneath my cottage eaves:
While, smitten by a lofty moon,
The encircling laurels, thick with leaves,
Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen,
That overpowered their natural green.

Through hill and valley every breeze
Had sunk to rest with folded wings;
Keen was the air, but could not freeze,
Nor check the music of the strings;
So stout and hardy were the band
That scraped the chords with strenuous hand.

And who but listened? till was paid
Respect to every inmate's claim;
The greeting given, the music played
In honour of each household name,
Duly pronounced with lusty call,
And 'merry Christmas' wished to all!

O brother! I revere the choice
That took thee from thy native hills;
And it is given thee to rejoice:
Though public care full often tills
(Heaven only witness of the toil)
A barren and ungrateful soil.

Yet, would that thou, with me and mine,
Hadst heard this never-failing rite;
And seen on other faces shine
A true revival of the light;
Which nature, and these rustic powers,
In simple childhood spread through ours!

For pleasure hath not ceased to wait
On these expected annual rounds,
Whether the rich man's sumptuous gate
Call forth the unelaborate sounds,
Or they are offered at the door
That guards the lowliest of the poor.

How touching, when at midnight sweep
Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,
To hear—and sink again to sleep!
Or, at an earlier call, to mark,
By blazing fire, the still suspense
Of self-complacent innocence;

The mutual nod—the grave disguise
Of hearts with gladness brimming o'er;
And some unbidden tears that rise
For names once heard, and heard no more;
Tears brightened by the serenade
For infant in the cradle laid!

Ah! not for emerald fields alone,
With ambient streams more pure and bright
Than fabled Cytherea's zone
Glittering before the thunderer's sight,
Is to my heart of hearts endeared
The ground where we were born and reared!

Hail, ancient manners! sure defence,
Where they survive, of wholesome laws;
Remnants of love, whose modest sense
Thus into narrow room withdraws;
Hail, usages of pristine mould,
And ye that guard them, mountains old!

Bear with me, brother, quench the thought
That slights this passion or condemns;
If thee fond fancy ever brought
From the proud margin of the Thames
And Lambeth's venerable towers
To humbler streams and greener bowers.

Yes, they can make, who fail to find
Short leisure even in busiest days;
Moments—to cast a look behind,
And profit by those kindly rays
That through the clouds do sometimes steal,
And all the far-off past reveal.

Hence, while the imperial city's din
Beats frequent on thy satiate ear,
A pleased attention I may win
To agitations less severe,
That neither overwhelm nor cloy,
But fill the hollow vale with joy!

Ruth.

When Ruth was left half desolate,
Her father took another mate;
And Ruth, not seven years old,
A slighted child, at her own will
Went wandering over dale and hill
In thoughtless freedom bold.

And she had made a pipe of straw,
And music from that pipe could draw
Like sounds of winds and floods;
Had built a bower upon the green,
As if she from her birth had been
An infant of the woods.

Beneath her father's roof, alone
She seemed to live; her thoughts her own;
Herself her own delight;
Pleased with herself, nor sad, nor gay;
And, passing thus the live-long day,
She grew to woman's height.

There came a youth from Georgia's shore—
A military casque he wore,
With splendid feathers drest;
He brought them from the Cherokees;
The feathers nodded in the breeze,
And made a gallant crest.

From Indian blood you deem him sprung:
But no! he spake the English tongue,
And bore a soldier's name:
And, when America was free
From battle and from jeopardy,
He 'cross the ocean came.

With hues of genius on his cheek,
In finest tones the youth could speak:
While he was yet a boy,
The moon, the glory of the sun,
And streams that murmur as they run,
Had been his dearest joy.

He was a lovely youth! I guess
The panther in the wilderness
Was not so fair as he;
And, when he chose to sport and play,
No dolphin ever was so gay
Upon the tropic sea.

Among the Indians he had fought,
And with him many tales he brought
Of pleasure and of fear;
Such tales as told to any maid
By such a youth, in the green shade,
Were perilous to hear.

He told of girls—a happy rout!
Who quit their fold with dance and shout,
Their pleasant Indian town,
To gather strawberries all day long;
Returning with a choral song
When daylight is gone down.

He spake of plants that hourly change
Their blossoms, through a boundless range
Of intermingling hues;
With budding, fading, faded flowers,
They stand the wonder of the bowers
From morn to evening dews.

He told of the magnolia, spread
High as a cloud, high overhead!
The cypress and her spire;
Of flowers that with one scarlet gleam
Cover a hundred leagues, and seem
To set the hills on fire.

The youth of green savannahs spake,
And many an endless, endless lake,
With all its fairy crowds
Of islands, that together lie
As quietly as spots of sky
Among the evening clouds.

'How pleasant,' then he said, 'it were
A fisher or a hunter there,
In sunshine or through shade
To wander with an easy mind,
And build a household fire, and find
A home in every glade!

What days and what bright years! Ah me!
Our life were life indeed, with thee
So passed in quiet bliss,
And all the while,' said he, 'to know
That we were in a world of wo,
On such an earth as this!'

And then he sometimes interwove
Fond thoughts about a father's love:
'For there,' said he, 'are spun
Around the heart such tender ties,
That our own children to our eyes
Are dearer than the sun.

Sweet Ruth! and could you go with me
My helpmate in the woods to be,
Our shed at night to rear;
Or run, my own adopted bride,
A sylvan huntress at my side,
And drive the flying deer!

Beloved Ruth!'—No more he said.
The wakeful Ruth at midnight shed
A solitary tear:
She thought again—and did agree
With him to sail across the sea,
And drive the flying deer.

'And now, as fitting is and right,
We in the church our faith will plight,
A husband and a wife.'
Even so they did; and I may say
That to sweet Ruth that happy day
Was more than human life.

Through dream and vision did she sink,
Delighted all the while to think
That on those lonesome floods,
And green savannahs, she should share
His board with lawful joy, and bear
His name in the wild woods.

But, as you have before been told,
This stripling, sportive, gay, and bold,
And, with his dancing crest,
So beautiful, through savage lands
Had roamed about, with vagrant bands
Of Indians in the west.

The wind, the tempest roaring high,
The tumult of a tropic sky,
Might well be dangerous food
For him, a youth to whom was given
So much of earth—so much of heaven,
And such impetuous blood.

Whatever in those climes he found
Irregular in sight or sound
Did to his mind impart
A kindred impulse, seemed allied
To his own powers, and justified
The workings of his heart.

Nor less, to feed voluptuous thought,
The beauteous forms of nature wrought,
Fair trees and lovely flowers;
The breezes their own languor lent;
The stars had feelings, which they sent
Into those gorgeous bowers.

Yet, in his worst pursuits, I ween
That sometimes there did intervene
Pure hopes of high intent:
For passions linked to forms so fair
And stately, needs must have their share
Of noble sentiment.

But ill he lived, much evil saw,
With men to whom no better law
Nor better life was known;
Deliberately, and undeceived,
Those wild men's vices he received,
And gave them back his own.

His genius and his moral frame
Were thus impaired, and he became
The slave of low desires:
A man who, without self-control,
Would seek what the degraded soul
Unworthily admires.

And yet he with no feigned delight
Had wooed the maiden, day and night
Had loved her, night and morn:
What could he less than love a maid
Whose heart with so much nature played?
So kind and so forlorn!

Sometimes, most earnestly, he said,
'O Ruth! I have been worse than dead;
False thoughts, thoughts bold and vain,
Encompassed me on every side
When first, in confidence and pride,
I crossed the Atlantic main.

It was a fresh and glorious world—
A banner bright that shone unfurled
Before me suddenly:
I looked upon those hills and plains,
And seemed as if let loose from chains,
To live at liberty.

But wherefore speak of this? For now,
Dear Ruth! with thee, I know not how,
I feel my spirit burn;
My soul from darkness is released,
Like the whole sky when to the east
The morning doth return.'

Full soon that purer mind was gone;
No hope, no wish remained, not one—
They stirred him now no more;
New objects did new pleasure give,
And once again he wished to live
As lawless as before.

Meanwhile, as thus with him it fared,
They for the voyage were prepared,
And went to the sea-shore;
But, when they thither came, the youth
Deserted his poor bride, and Ruth
Could never find him more.

God help thee, Ruth!—Such pains she had,
That she in a half year was mad,
And in a prison housed;
And there, with many a doleful song
Made of wild words, her cup of wrong
She fearfully caroused.

Yet sometimes milder hours she knew,
Nor wanted sun, nor rain, nor dew,
Nor pastimes of the May;
They all were with her in her cell;
And a clear brook with cheerful knell
Did o'er the pebbles play.

When Ruth three seasons thus had lain,
There came a respite to her pain;
She from her prison fled;
But of the vagrant none took thought;
And where it liked her best, she sought
Her shelter and her bread.

Among the fields she breathed again;
The master-current of her brain
Ran permanent and free;
And, coming to the banks of Tone,
There did she rest, and dwell alone
Under the greenwood tree.

The engines of her pain, the tools
That shaped her sorrow, rocks and pools,
And airs that gently stir
The vernal leaves—she loved them still;
Nor ever taxed them with the ill
Which had been done to her.

A barn her winter bed supplies;
But, till the warmth of summer skies
And summer days is gone
(And all do in this tale agree),
She sleeps beneath the greenwood tree,
And other home hath none.

An innocent life, yet far astray!
And Ruth will, long before her day,
Be broken down and old:
Sore aches she needs must have! but less
Of mind than body's wretchedness,
From damp, and rain, and cold.

If she is pressed by want of food,
She from her dwelling in the wood
Repairs to a road-side;
And there she begs at one steep place,
Where up and down with easy pace
The horsemen-travellers ride.

That oaten pipe of hers is mute,
Or thrown away; but with a flute
Her loneliness she cheers:
This flute, made of a hemlock stalk,
At evening in his homeward walk
The Quantock woodman hears.

I, too, have passed her on the hills
Setting her little water-mills
By spouts and fountains wild—
Such small machinery as she turned
Ere she had wept, ere she had mourned,
A young and happy child!

Farewell! and when thy days are told,
Ill-fated Ruth, in hallowed mould
Thy corpse shall buried be;
For thee a funeral bell shall ring,
And all the congregation sing
A Christian psalm for thee.

To a Highland Girl.

[At Inversneyde, upon Loch Lomond.]

Sweet Highland girl! a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower!
Twice seven consenting years have shed
Their utmost bounty on thy head:
And those gray rocks; that household lawn;
Those trees, a veil just half withdrawn;
This fall of water, that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake;
This little bay, a quiet road
That holds in shelter thy abode—
In truth, unfolding thus, ye seem
Like something fashioned in a dream;
Such forms as from their covert peep
When earthly cares are laid asleep!
Yet, dream or vision as thou art,
I bless thee with a human heart:
God shield thee to thy latest years!
I neither know thee nor thy peers;
And yet my eyes are filled with tears.
With earnest feeling I shall pray
For thee when I am far away:
For never saw I mien or face,
In which more plainly I could trace
Benignity and home-bred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence.
Here scattered, like a random seed,
Remote from men, thou dost not need
The embarrassed look of shy distress
And maidenly shamefacedness:
Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a mountaineer:
A face with gladness overspread!
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred!
And seemliness complete, that sways
Thy courtesies, about thee plays;
With no restraint, but such as springs
From quick and eager visitings
Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach
Of thy few words of English speech:
A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife
That gives thy gestures grace and life!
So have I, not unmoved in mind,
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind,
Thus beating up against the wind.
What hand but would a garland cull
For thee who art so beautiful?
O happy pleasure! here to dwell
Beside thee in some heathy dell;
Adopt your homely ways, and dress
A shepherd, thou a shepherdess!
But I could frame a wish for thee
More like a grave reality:
Thou art to me but as a wave
Of the wild sea; and I would have
Some claim upon thee, if I could,
Though but of common neighbourhood.
What joy to hear thee, and to see!
Thy elder brother I would be—
Thy father—anything to thee!
Now thanks to Heaven! that of its grace
Hath led me to this lonely place.
Joy have I had; and going hence,
I bear away my recompense.
In spots like these it is we prize
Our memory, feel that she hath eyes:
Then, why should I be loath to stir?
I feel this place was made for her;
To give new pleasure like the past,
Continued long as life shall last.
Nor am I loath, though pleased at heart,
Sweet Highland girl! from thee to part;
For I, methinks, till I grow old,
As fair before me shall behold,
As I do now, the cabin small,
The lake, the bay, the waterfall;
And thee, the spirit of them all!

Laodamia.

'With sacrifice before the rising morn,
Vows have I made by fruitless hope inspired;
And from the infernal gods, 'mid shades forlorn
Of night, my slaughtered lord have I required:
Celestial pity I again implore;
Restore him to my sight—great Jove, restore!'

So speaking, and by fervent love endowed
With faith, the suppliant heavenward lifts her hands;
While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,
Her countenance brightens and her eye expands;
Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows;
And she expects the issue in repose.

O terror! what hath she perceived?—O joy!
What doth she look on?—whom doth she behold?
Her hero slain upon the beach of Troy?
His vital presence? his corporeal mould?
It is—if sense deceive her not—'tis he!
And a god leads him, wingèd Mercury!

Mild Hermes spake, and touched her with his wand
That calms all fear, 'Such grace hath crowned thy prayer,
Laodamia! that at Jove's command
Thy husband walks the paths of upper air;
He comes to tarry with thee three hours' space;
Accept the gift, behold him face to face!'

Forth sprang the impassioned queen her lord to clasp
Again that consummation she essayed;
But unsubstantial Form eludes her grasp
As often as that eager grasp was made.
The phantom parts—but parts to re-unite,
And re-assume his place before her sight.

'Protesiláus, lo! thy guide is gone!
Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy voice.
This is our palace—yonder is thy throne;
Speak, and the floor thou tread'st on will rejoice.
Not to appal me have the gods bestowed
This precious boon; and blest a sad abode.'

'Great Jove, Laodamia! doth not leave
His gifts imperfect. Spectre though I be,
I am not sent to scare thee or deceive;
But in reward of thy fidelity.
And something also did my worth obtain;
For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain.

Thou knowest, the Delphic oracle foretold
That the first Greek who touched the Trojan strand
Should die: but me the threat could not withhold:
A generous cause a victim did demand;
And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain;
A self-devoted chief—by Hector slain.'

'Supreme of heroes; bravest, noblest, best!
Thy matchless courage I bewail no more,
Which then, when tens of thousands were deprest
By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore;
Thou found'st—and I forgive thee—here thou art—
A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.

But thou, though capable of sternest deed,
Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave;
And he, whose power restores thee, hath decreed
That thou shouldst cheat the malice of the grave.
Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair
As when their breath enriched Thessalian air.

No spectre greets me—no vain shadow this;
Come, blooming hero, place thee by my side!
Give, on this well known couch, one nuptial kiss
To me, this day, a second time thy bride!'
Jove frowned in heaven; the conscious Parcæ threw
Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

'This visage tells thee that my doom is past;
Nor should the change be mourned, even if the joys
Of sense were able to return as fast
And surely as they vanish. Earth destroys
Those raptures duly—Erebus disdains;
Calm pleasures there abide—majestic pains.

Be taught, O faithful consort, to control
Rebellious passion; for the gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul;
A fervent, not ungovernable love.
Thy transports moderate; and meekly mourn
When I depart, for brief is my sojourn.'

'Ah, wherefore? Did not Hercules by force
Wrest from the guardian monster of the tomb
Alcestis, a reanimated corse,
Given back to dwell on earth in vernal bloom?
Medea's spells dispersed the weight of years,
And Æson stood a youth 'mid youthful peers.

The gods to us are merciful; and they
Yet further may relent; for mightier far
Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love, though oft to agony distrest,
And though his favourite seat be feeble woman's breast.

But if thou goest, I follow.' 'Peace!' he said;
She looked upon him, and was calmed and cheered;
The ghastly colour from his lips had fled.
In his deportment, shape, and mien appeared
Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive though a happy place.

He spake of love, such love as spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure;
No fears to beat away, no strife to heal,
The past unsighed for, and the future sure;
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
Revived, with finer harmony pursued.

Of all that is most beauteous—imaged there
In happier beauty; more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams;
Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the soul shall enter which hath earned
That privilege by virtue. 'Ill,' said he,
'The end of man's existence I discerned,
Who from ignoble games and revelry
Could draw, when we had parted, vain delight,
While tears were thy best pastime, day and night:

And while my youthful peers before my eyes
(Each hero following his peculiar bent)
Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise
By martial sports; or, seated in the tent,
Chieftains and kings in council were detained—
What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained.

The wished-for wind was given: I then revolved
The oracle upon the silent sea;
And, if no worthier led the way, resolved
That, of a thousand vessels, mine should be
The foremost prow in pressing to the strand—
Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand.

Yet bitter, ofttimes bitter was the pang,
When of thy loss I thought, beloved wife!
On thee too fondly did my memory hang,
And on the joys we shared in mortal life;
The paths which we had trod—these fountains, flowers;
My new-planned cities, and unfinished towers.

But should suspense permit the foe to cry,
"Behold they tremble! haughty their array;
Yet of their number no one dares to die!"
In soul I swept the indignity away:
Old frailties then recurred; but lofty thought,
In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

And thou, though strong in love, art all too weak
In reason, in self-government too slow;
I counsel thee by fortitude to seek
Our blest reunion in the shades below.
The invisible world with thee hath sympathised;
Be thy affections raised and solemnised.

Learn, by a mortal yearning, to ascend—
Seeking a higher object. Love was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end;
For this the passion to excess was driven,
That self might be annulled: her bondage prove
The fetters of a dream, opposed to love.'

Aloud she shrieked; for Hermes reappears!
Round the dear shade she would have clung; 'tis vain;
The hours are past—too brief had they been years;
And him no mortal effort can detain:
Swift toward the realms that know not earthly day,
He through the portal takes his silent way,
And on the palace-floor a lifeless corse she lay.

By no weak pity might the gods be moved:
She who thus perished, not without the crime
Of lovers that in reason's spite have loved,
Was doomed to wear out her appointed time
Apart from happy ghosts, that gather flowers
Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.

—Yet tears to human suffering are due;
And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown
Are mourned by man, and not by man alone,
As fondly he believes. Upon the side
Of Hellespont (such faith was entertained)
A knot of spiry trees for ages grew
From out the tomb of him for whom she died;
And ever, when such stature they had gained,
That Ilium's walls were subject to their view,
The tree's tall summits withered at the sight—
A constant interchange of growth and blight!

One of the most enthusiastic admirers of Wordsworth was Coleridge, so long his friend and associate, and who looked up to him with a sort of filial veneration and respect. He has drawn his poetical character at length in the *Biographia Literaria*, and if we consider it as applying to the higher characteristics of Wordsworth, without reference to the absurdity or puerility of some of his early fables, incidents, and language, it will be found equally just and felicitous. *First*, 'An austere purity of language, both grammatically and logically; in short, a perfect appropriateness of the words to the meaning. *Secondly*, A correspondent weight and sanity of the thoughts and sentiments won, not from books, but from the poet's own meditations. They are *fresh*, and have the dew upon them. Even throughout his smaller poems, there is not one which is not rendered valuable by some just and original reflection. *Thirdly*, The sinewy strength and originality of single lines and paragraphs; the frequent *curiosa felicitas* of his diction. *Fourthly*, The perfect truth of nature in his images and descriptions, as taken immediately from nature, and proving a long and genial intimacy with the very spirit which gives

a physiognomic expression to all the works of nature. *Fifthly*, A meditative pathos, a union of deep and subtle thought with sensibility: a sympathy with man as man; the sympathy, indeed, of a contemplator rather than a fellow-sufferer and co-mate (*spectator, haud particeps*), but of a contemplation from whose view no difference of rank conceals the sameness of the nature; no injuries of wind or weather, or toil, or even of ignorance, wholly disguise the human face divine. *Last*, and pre-eminently, I challenge for this poet the gift of imagination in the highest and strictest sense of the word. In the play of *fancy*, Wordsworth, to my feelings, is always graceful, and sometimes recondite. The *likeness* is occasionally too strange, or demands too peculiar a point of view, or is such as appears the creature of predetermined research, rather than spontaneous presentation. Indeed, his fancy seldom displays itself as mere and unmodified fancy. But in imaginative power he stands nearest of all modern writers to Shakspeare and Milton, and yet in a mind perfectly unborrowed, and his own. To employ his own words, which are at once an instance and an illustration, he does indeed, to all thoughts and to all objects—

Add the gleam,
The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream.'

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, a remarkable man and rich imaginative poet, enjoyed a high reputation during the latter years of his life for his colloquial eloquence and metaphysical and critical powers, of which only a few fragmentary specimens remain. His poetry also indicated more than it achieved. Visions



Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

of grace, tenderness, and majesty, seem ever to have haunted him. Some of these he embodied in exquisite verse; but he wanted concentration and steadiness of purpose to avail himself sufficiently of his intellectual riches. A happier destiny was also perhaps wanting; for much of Coleridge's life was spent in poverty and dependence, amidst disappointment and ill-health, and in the irregularity caused by an unfortunate and excessive use of opium, which tyrannised over him for many years with unrelenting severity. Amidst daily drudgery for the periodical press, and in nightly dreams distempered and feverish, he wasted, to use his own expression, 'the prime and manhood of his intellect.' The poet was a native of Devonshire, being born on the 20th of October 1772 at Ottery St Mary, of which parish his father was vicar. He received the principal part of his education at Christ's hospital, where he had Charles Lamb for a schoolfellow. He describes himself as being, from eight to fourteen, 'a playless day-dreamer, a *helluo librorum*;' and in this instance 'the child was father of the man,' for such was Coleridge to the end of his life. A stranger whom he had accidentally met one day on the streets of London, and who was struck with his conversation, made him free of a circulating library, and he read through the catalogue, folios and all. At fourteen, he had, like Gibbon, a stock of erudition that might have puzzled a doctor, and a degree of ignorance of which a schoolboy would have been ashamed. He had no ambition; his father was dead, and he actually thought of apprenticing himself to a shoemaker who lived near the school. The head master, Bowyer, interfered, and prevented this additional honour to the craft of St Crispin, already made illustrious by Gifford and Bloomfield. Coleridge became deputy-Grecian, or head scholar, and obtained an exhibition or presentation from Christ's hospital to Jesus' college, Cambridge, where he remained from 1791 to 1793. He quitted college abruptly, without taking a degree, having become obnoxious to his superiors from his attachment to the principles of the French Revolution.

When France in wrath her giant-limbs upreared,
And with that oath which smote air, earth, and sea,
Stamped her strong foot, and said she would be free,
Bear witness for me, how I hoped and feared!
With what a joy my lofty gratulation
Unawed I sang, amid a slavish band:
And when to whelm the disenchanted nation,
Like fiends embattled by a wizard's wand,
The monarchs marched in evil day,
And Britain joined the dire array;
Though dear her shores and circling ocean,
Though many friendships, many youthful loves
Had swollen the patriot emotion,
And flung a magic light o'er all her hills and groves,
Yet still my voice, unaltered, sang defeat
To all that braved the tyrant-quelling lance,
And shame too long delayed and vain retreat!
For ne'er, O Liberty! with partial aim
I dimmed thy light, or damped thy holy flame;
But blessed the pæans of delivered France,
And hung my head, and wept at Britain's name.

France, an Ode.

In London, Coleridge soon felt himself forlorn and destitute, and he enlisted as a soldier in the 15th, Elliot's Light Dragoons. 'On his arrival at the quarters of the regiment,' says his friend and biographer Mr Gillman, 'the general of the district inspected the recruits, and looking hard at Coleridge, with a military air, inquired, "What's your name, sir?" "Comberbach." (The name he had assumed.) "What do you come here for, sir?" as if doubting whether he had any business there. "Sir," said Coleridge, "for what most other persons come—to be made a soldier." "Do you think," said the general, "you can run a Frenchman through the body?" "I do not know," replied Coleridge, "as I never tried; but I'll let a Frenchman run me through the body before I'll run away." "That will do," said the general, and Coleridge was turned into the ranks.' The poet made a poor dragoon, and never advanced beyond the awkward squad. He wrote

letters, however, for all his comrades, and they attended to his horse and accoutrements. After four months' service (December 1793 to April 1794), the history and circumstances of Coleridge became known. He had written under his saddle, on the stable wall, a Latin sentence ('Eheu! quam infortunii miserrimum est fuisse felicem!') which led to an inquiry on the part of the captain of his troop, who had more regard for the classics than Ensign Northerton in Tom Jones. Coleridge was discharged, and restored to his family and friends. The same year he published his *Juvenile Poems*, and a drama on the *Fall of Robespierre*. He was then an ardent republican and a Socinian—full of high hopes and anticipations, 'the golden exhalations of the dawn.' In conjunction with two other poetical enthusiasts—Southey and Lloyd—he resolved on emigrating to America, where the party were to found, amidst the wilds of Susquehanna, a *Pantisocracy*, or state of society in which all things were to be in common, and neither king nor priest could mar their felicity. 'From building castles in the air,' as Southey has said, 'to framing commonwealths, was an easy transition.' The dream was never realised (it is said from a very prosaic cause—the want of funds), and Coleridge, Southey, and Lloyd married three sisters—the Miss Frickers of Bristol. Coleridge, still ardent, wrote two political pamphlets, concluding 'that truth should be spoken at all times, but more especially at those times when to speak truth is dangerous.' He established also a periodical in prose and verse, entitled *The Watchman*, with the motto, 'that all might know the truth, and that the truth might make us free.' He watched in vain. Coleridge's incurable want of order and punctuality, and his philosophical theories, tired out and disgusted his readers, and the work was discontinued after the ninth number. Of the unsaleable nature of this publication, he relates an amusing illustration. Happening one day to rise at an earlier hour than usual, he observed his servant girl putting an extravagant quantity of paper into the grate, in order to light the fire, and he mildly checked her for her wastefulness. 'La, sir, (replied Nanny) why, it is only *Watchmen*.' He went to reside in a cottage at Nether Stowey, at the foot of the Quantock hills, Somersetshire, which he has commemorated in his poetry.

And now, beloved Stowey! I behold
Thy church tower, and, methinks, the four huge elms
Clustering, which mark the mansion of my friend;
And close behind them, hidden from my view,
Is my own lowly cottage, where my babe
And my babe's mother dwell in peace! With light
And quickened footsteps thitherward I tread.

Mr Wordsworth lived at Allfoxden, about two miles from Stowey, and the kindred feelings and pursuits of the two poets bound them in the closest friendship. At Stowey, Coleridge wrote some of his most beautiful poetry—his *Ode on the Departing Year*; *Fears in Solitude*; *France, an Ode*; *Frost at Midnight*; the first part of *Christabel*; the *Ancient Mariner*; and his tragedy of *Remorse*. The luxuriant fulness and individuality of his poetry show that he was then happy, no less than eager, in his studies. The two or three years spent at Stowey seem to have been at once the most felicitous and the most illustrious of Coleridge's literary life. He had established his name for ever, though it was long in struggling to distinction. During his residence at Stowey, Coleridge officiated as Unitarian preacher at Taunton, and afterwards at Shrewsbury.* In 1798 the 'generous and munificent patronage' of Messrs Josiah and Thomas Wedgewood, Staffordshire, enabled the poet to proceed to Germany to complete his education, and he resided there fourteen months. At Ratzburg and Gottingen he acquired a well-grounded knowledge of the German language and literature, and was confirmed in his bias towards philosophical and metaphysical studies. On his return in 1800, he found Southey established at Keswick, and Wordsworth at Grassmere. He went to live with the former, and there his opinions underwent a total change. The Jacobin became a royalist, and the Unitarian a warm and devoted believer in the Trinity. In the same year he published his translation of Schiller's 'Wallenstein,' into which he had thrown some of the finest graces of his own fancy. The following passage may be considered a revelation of Coleridge's poetical faith and belief, conveyed in language picturesque and musical:—

Oh! never rudely will I blame his faith
In the might of stars and angels! 'Tis not merely
The human being's pride that peoples space
With life and mystical predominance;
Since likewise for the stricken heart of love
This visible nature, and this common world,
Is all too narrow: yea, a deeper import
Lurks in the legend told my infant years,
Than lies upon that truth we live to learn.
For fable is love's world, his house, his birthplace;
Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays, and talismans,
And spirits; and delightedly believes
Divinities, being himself divine.
The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest, by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths; all these have vanished.
They live no longer in the faith of reason!
But still the heart doth need a language; still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names;
And to yon starry world they now are gone,
Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth
With man as with their friend; and to the lover,
Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
Shoot influence down; and even at this day
'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
And Venus who brings everything that's fair.

* Mr Hazlitt has described his walking ten miles in a winter day to hear Coleridge preach. 'When I got there,' he says, 'the organ was playing the 100th Psalm, and when it was done, Mr Coleridge rose and gave out his text—"He departed again into a mountain himself alone." As he gave out this text, his voice rose like a stream of rich distilled perfumes; and when he came to the two last words, which he pronounced loud, deep, and distinct, it seemed to me, who was then young, as if the sounds had echoed from the bottom of the human heart, and as if that prayer might have floated in solemn silence through the universe. The idea of St John came into my mind, of one crying in the wilderness, who had his loins girt about, and whose food was locusts and wild honey. The preacher then launched into his subject like an eagle dallying with the wind. The sermon was upon peace and war—upon church and state—not their alliance, but their separation—on the spirit of the world and the spirit of Christianity, not as the same, but as opposed to one another. He talked of those who had inscribed the cross of Christ on banners dripping with human gore. He made a poetical and pastoral excursion—and to show the fatal effects of war, drew a striking contrast between the simple shepherd-boy driving his team a-field, or sitting under the hawthorn, piping to his flock, as though he should never be old, and the same poor country lad, crimped, kidnapped, brought into town, made drunk at an alehouse, turned into a wretched drummer-boy, with his hair sticking on end with powder and pomatum, a long cue at his back, and tricked out in the finery of the profession of blood:

"Such were the notes our once loved poet sung:"

and, for myself, I could not have been more delighted if I had heard the music of the spheres.'

The lines which we have printed in Italics are an expansion of two of Schiller's, which Mr Hayward (another German poetical translator) thus literally renders:—

The old fable-existences are no more;
The fascinating race has emigrated (wandered out or away).

As a means of subsistence Coleridge reluctantly consented to undertake the literary and political department of the *Morning Post*, in which he supported the measures of government. In 1804 we find him in Malta, secretary to the governor, Sir Alexander Ball, with a salary of £800 per annum. He held this lucrative office only nine months, having disagreed with the governor; and, after a tour in Italy, returned to England to resume his precarious labours as an author and lecturer. The desultory irregular habits of the poet, caused partly by his addiction to opium, and the dreamy indolence and procrastination which marked him throughout life, seem to have frustrated every chance and opportunity of self-advancement. Living again at Grassmere, he issued a second periodical, *The Friend*, which extended to twenty-seven numbers. The essays were sometimes acute and eloquent, but as often rhapsodical, imperfect, and full of German mysticism. In 1816, chiefly at the recommendation of Lord Byron, the 'wild and wondrous tale' of 'Christabel' was published. The first part, as we have mentioned, was written at Stowey as far back as 1797, and a second had been added on his return from Germany in 1800. The poem was still unfinished; but it would have been almost as difficult to complete the Faery Queen, as to continue in the same spirit that witching strain of supernatural fancy and melodious verse. Another drama, *Zapoyla* (founded on the Winter's Tale), was published by Coleridge in 1818, and, with the exception of some minor poems, completes his poetical works. He wrote several characteristic prose disquisitions—*The Statesman's Manual, or the Bible the Best Guide to Political Skill and Foresight; a Lay Sermon* (1816); *a Second Lay Sermon, addressed to the Higher and Middle Classes on the existing Distresses and Discontents* (1817); *Biographia Literaria*, two volumes, 1817; *Aids to Reflection* (1825); *On the Constitution of the Church and State* (1830); &c. He meditated a great theological and philosophical work, his *magnum opus*, on 'Christianity as the only revelation of permanent and universal validity,' which was to 'reduce all knowledge into harmony'—to 'unite the insulated fragments of truth, and therewith to frame a perfect mirror.' He planned also an epic poem on the destruction of Jerusalem, which he considered the only subject now remaining for an epic poem: a subject which, like Milton's Fall of Man, should interest all Christendom, as the Homeric War of Troy interested all Greece. 'Here,' said he, 'there would be the completion of the prophecies; the termination of the first revealed national religion under the violent assault of paganism, itself the immediate forerunner and condition of the spread of a revealed mundane religion; and then you would have the character of the Roman and the Jew; and the awfulness, the completeness, the justice. I schemed it at twenty-five, but, alas! *venturum expectat*.' This ambition to execute some great work, and his constitutional infirmity of purpose, which made him defer or recoil from such an effort, he has portrayed with great beauty and pathos in an address to Wordsworth, composed after the latter had recited to him a poem 'on the growth of an individual mind:'—

Ah! as I listened with a heart forlorn,
The pulses of my being beat anew:
And even as life returns upon the drowned,
Life's joy rekindling roused a throng of pains—
Keen pangs of love, awakening as a babe
Turbulent, with an outcry in the heart;
And fears self-willed, that shunned the eye of hope;
And hope that scarce would know itself from fear;
Sense of past youth, and manhood come in vain;
And genius given, and knowledge won in vain;
And all which I had culled in wood-walks wild,
And all which patient toil had reared, and all
Commune with thee had opened out—but flowers
Strewed on my corse, and borne upon my bier,
In the same coffin, for the self-same grave!

These were prophetic breathings, and should be a warning to young and ardent genius. In such magnificent alternations of hope and despair, and in discoursing on poetry and philosophy—sometimes committing a golden thought to the blank leaf of a book or to a private letter, but generally content with oral communication—the poet's time glided past. He had found an asylum in the house of a private friend, Mr James Gillman, surgeon, Highgate, where he resided for the last nineteen years of his life. Here he was visited by numerous friends



Mr Gillman's House, Highgate, the last residence of Coleridge.

and admirers, who were happy to listen to his inspired monologues, which he poured forth with exhaustless fecundity. 'We believe,' says one of these rapt and enthusiastic listeners, 'it has not been the lot of any other literary man in England, since Dr Johnson, to command the devoted admiration and steady zeal of so many and such widely-differing disciples—some of them having become, and others being likely to become, fresh and independent sources of light and moral action in themselves upon the principles of their common master. One half of these affectionate disciples have learned their lessons of philosophy from the teacher's mouth. He has been to them as an old oracle of the academy or Lyceum. The fulness, the inwardness, the ultimate scope of his doctrines, has never yet been published in print, and, if disclosed, it has been from time to

time in the higher moments of conversation, when occasion, and mood, and person, begot an exalted crisis. More than once has Mr Coleridge said that, with pen in hand, he felt a thousand checks and difficulties in the expression of his meaning; but that—authorship aside—he never found the smallest hitch or impediment in the fullest utterance of his most subtle fancies by word of mouth. His abstrusest thoughts became rhythmical and clear when chanted to their own music.'* Mr Coleridge died at Highgate on the 25th of July 1834. In the preceding winter he had written the following epitaph, striking from its simplicity and humility, for himself:—

Stop, Christian passer-by! Stop, child of God!
And read with gentle breast. Beneath this sod
A poet lies, or that which once seemed he –
Oh! lift a thought in prayer for S. T. C.!
That he, who many a year, with toil of breath,
Found death in life, may here find life in death!
Mercy for praise—to be forgiven for fame,
He asked and hoped through Christ—do thou the same.

Immediately on the death of Coleridge, several compilations were made of his table-talk, correspondence, and literary remains. His fame had been gradually extending, and public curiosity was excited with respect to the genius and opinions of a man who combined such various and dissimilar powers, and who was supposed capable of any task, however gigantic. Some of these Titanic fragments are valuable—particularly his Shakspearian criticism. They attest his profound thought and curious erudition, and display his fine critical taste and discernment. In penetrating into and embracing the whole meaning of a favourite author—unfolding the nice shades and distinctions of thought, character, feeling, or melody—darting on it the light of his own creative mind and suggestive fancy—and perhaps linking the whole to some glorious original conception or image, Coleridge stands unrivalled. He does not appear as a critic, but as an eloquent and gifted expounder of kindred excellence and genius. He seems like one who has the key to every hidden chamber of profound and subtle thought and every ethereal conception. We cannot think, however, that he could ever have built up a regular system of ethics or criticism. He wanted the art to combine and arrange his materials. He was too languid and irresolute. He had never attained the art of writing with clearness and precision; for he is often unintelligible, turgid, and verbose, as if he struggled in vain after perspicacity and method. His intellect could not subordinate the 'shaping spirit' of his imagination.

The poetical works of Coleridge have been collected and published in three volumes. They are various in style and manner, embracing ode, tragedy, and epigram, love poems, and strains of patriotism and superstition—a wild witchery of imagination, and, at other times, severe and stately thought and intellectual retrospection. His language is often rich and musical, highly figurative and ornate. Many of his minor poems are characterised by tenderness and beauty, but others are disfigured by passages of turgid sentimentalism and puerile affectation. The most original and striking of his productions is his well-known tale of *The Ancient Mariner*. According to De Quincy, the germ of this story is contained in a passage of Shelvocke, one of the classical circumnavigators of the earth, who states that his second captain, being a melancholy man, was possessed by a fancy that some long season of foul weather was owing to an albatross which had steadily pursued the ship, upon which he shot the bird, but without mending their condition. Coleridge makes the ancient mariner relate the circumstances attending his act of inhumanity to one of three wedding guests whom he meets and detains on his way to the marriage feast. 'He holds him with his glittering eye,' and invests his narration with a deep preternatural character and interest, and with touches of exquisite tenderness and energetic description. The versification is irregular, in the style of the old ballads, and most of the action of the piece is unnatural; yet the poem is full of vivid and original imagination. 'There is nothing else like it,' says one of his critics; 'it is a poem by itself; between it and other compositions, in *pari materia*, there is a chasm which you cannot overpass. The sensitive reader feels himself insulated, and a sea of wonder and mystery flows round him as round the spell-stricken ship itself.' Coleridge further illustrates his theory of the connection between the material and the spiritual world in his unfinished poem of 'Christabel,' a romantic supernatural tale, filled with wild imagery and the most remarkable modulation of verse. The versification is founded on what the poet calls a new principle (though it was evidently practised by Chaucer and Shakspeare), namely, that of counting in each line the number of accentuated words, not the number of syllables. 'Though the latter,' he says, 'may vary from seven to twelve, yet in each line the accents will be found to be only four.' This irregular harmony delighted both Scott and Byron, by whom it was imitated. We add a brief specimen:—

The night is chill; the forest bare;
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
There is not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek;
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel!
Jesu Maria shield her well!
She foldeth her arms beneath her cloak,
And stole to the other side of the oak.
What sees she there?
There she sees a damsel bright,
Dressed in a silken robe of white,
That shadowy in the moonlight shone:
The neck that made that white robe wan,
Her stately neck and arms were bare;
Her blue-veined feet unsandalled were;
And wildly glittered here and there
The gems entangled in her hair.
I guess 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she—
Beautiful exceedingly!

A finer passage is that describing broken friendships:—

Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain:
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.

* Quarterly Review, vol. lii. p. 5. With one so impulsive as Coleridge, and liable to fits of depression and to ill-health, these appearances must have been very unequal. We have known three men of genius, all poets, who frequently listened to him, and yet described him as generally obscure, pedantic, and tedious. In his happiest moods he must, however, have been great and overwhelming. His voice and countenance were harmonious and beautiful.

Each spake words of high disdain
 And insult to his heart's best brother:
They parted—ne'er to meet again!
 But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining;
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder:
 A dreary sea now flows between.
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
 Shall wholly do away, I ween,
 The marks of that which once hath been.

This metrical harmony of Coleridge exercises a sort of fascination even when it is found united to incoherent images and absurd conceptions. Thus, in *Khubla Khan*, a fragment written from recollections of a dream, we have the following melodious rhapsody:—

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome, those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of paradise.

The odes of Coleridge are highly passionate and elevated in conception. That on France was considered by Shelley to be the finest English ode of modern times. The hymn on Chamouni is equally lofty and brilliant. His 'Genevieve' is a pure and exquisite love-poem, without that gorgeous diffuseness which characterises the odes, yet more chastely and carefully finished, and abounding in the delicate and subtle traits of his imagination. Coleridge was deficient in the rapid energy and strong passion necessary for the drama. The poetical beauty of certain passages would not, on the stage, atone for the paucity of action and want of interest in his two plays, though, as works of genius, they vastly excel those of a more recent date which prove highly successful in representation.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.

PART I.

It is an ancient mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three;
'By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

The bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set;
Mayst hear the merry din.'

He holds him with his skinny hand;
'There was a ship,' quoth he.
'Hold off; unhand me, gray-beard loon;'
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The wedding-guest stood still,
And listens like a three-years' child;
The mariner hath his will.

The wedding-guest sat on a stone,
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner.

The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he;
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon——
The wedding-guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The wedding-guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner.

And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong;
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dripping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice mast-high came floating by,
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy cliffs
Did send a dismal sheen;
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around;
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

At length did cross an albatross,
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew;
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

And a good south wind sprung up behind,
The albatross did follow,
And every day for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moonshine.

'God save thee, ancient mariner,
From the fiends that plague thee thus!
Why look'st thou so?' With my cross-bow
I shot the albatross.

PART II.

The sun now rose upon the right,
Out of the sea came he;
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south-wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow;
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariner's hollo!

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em wo;
For all averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch, said they, the bird to slay
That made the breeze to blow!

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious sun uprist;
Then all averred I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun at noon
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah, well-a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross the albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART III.

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye!
When looking westward I beheld
A something in the sky.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged, and tacked, and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood;
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call;
Gramercy they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

See! see! I cried, she tacks no more,
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel.

The western wave was all a-flame,
The day was well nigh done,
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the sun.

And straight the sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

Alas! thought I, and my heart beat loud,
How fast she nears and nears;
Are those her sails that glance in the sun
Like restless gossameres?

Are those her ribs through which the sun
Did peer, as through a grate;
And is that woman all her crew?
Is that a death, and are there two?
Is death that woman's mate?

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold;
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The nightmare Life-in-death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
'The game is done! I've won, I've won!'
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out,
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea
Off shot the spectre-bark.

We listened and looked sideways up;
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip.
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

One after one, by the star-dogged moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

Four times fifty living men
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan),
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

The souls did from their bodies fly—
They fled to bliss or wo!
And every soul it passed me by
Like the whizz of my cross-bow.

PART IV.

'I fear thee, ancient mariner,
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand so brown.'
Fear not, fear not, thou wedding-guest,
This body dropped not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

The many men so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on, and so did I.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray:
But or ever a prayer had gushed,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they;
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is a curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

The moving moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside.

Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoarfrost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watched the water snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

The self-same moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

PART V.

O sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven,
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I woke it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen;
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud;
The moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the moon
The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on,
Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said nought to me.
'I fear thee, ancient mariner!'
Be calm thou wedding-guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

For when it dawned, they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes, a-dropping from the sky,
I heard the sky-lark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air,
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe;
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid; and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean;
But in a minute she 'gan stir
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

Then, like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound;
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swound.

How long in that same fit I lay
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

'Is it he?' quoth one 'Is this the man?
By him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless albatross.

The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.'

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew;
Quoth he, 'The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.'

PART VI.

First Voice.

But tell me! tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?

Second Voice.

Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see how graciously
She looketh down on him.

First Voice.

But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?

Second Voice.

The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated;
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the mariner's trance is abated.

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather;
'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter;
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away;
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt; once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round, walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made;
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.
It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbour bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
Oh Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat;
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand:
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart—
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The pilot and the pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice:
It is the hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The albatross's blood.

PART VII.

This hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon and eve—
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,
'Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair
That signal made but now?'

'Strange, by my faith!' the hermit said—
'And they answered not our cheer!
The planks looked warped! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were
Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young.'

'Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look—
(The pilot made reply)
I am a-feared'—'push on, push on!'
Said the hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reached the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the pilot shrieked,
And fell down in a fit;
The holy hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars; the pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
'Ha! ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I see,
The devil knows how to row.'

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

'O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!'
The hermit crossed his brow.
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say
What manner of man art thou?'

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour
That agony returns;
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bridemaids singing are:
And hark! the little vesper bell
Which biddeth me to prayer.

O wedding-guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

Farewell, farewell; but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding-guest:
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the wedding-guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

Ode to the Departing Year [1795.]

I.

Spirit who sweepest the wild harp of time!
It is most hard, with an untroubled ear
Thy dark inwoven harmonies to hear!
Yet, mine eye fixed on heaven's unchanging clime
Long when I listened, free from mortal fear,
With inward stillness, and submitted mind;
When lo! its folds far waving on the wind,
I saw the train of the departing year!
Starting from my silent sadness,
Then with no unholy madness,
Ere yet the entered cloud foreclosed my sight,
I raised the impetuous song, and solemnised his flight.

II.

Hither, from the recent tomb,
From the prison's direr gloom,
From Distemper's midnight anguish;
And thence, where Poverty doth waste and languish;
Or where, his two bright torches blending,
Love illumines manhood's maze;
Or where, o'er cradled infants bending,
Hope has fixed her wishful gaze,
Hither, in perplexed dance,
Ye Woes! ye young-eyed Joys! advance!
By Time's wild harp, and by the hand
Whose indefatigable sweep
Raises its fateful strings from sleep,
I bid you haste, a mixed tumultuous band!
From every private bower,
And each domestic hearth,
Haste for one solemn hour;
And with a loud and yet a louder voice,
O'er Nature struggling in portentous birth
Weep and rejoice!
Still echoes the dread name that o'er the earth
Let slip the storm, and woke the brood of hell:
And now advance in saintly jubilee
Justice and Truth! They, too, have heard thy spell,
They, too, obey thy name, divinest Liberty!

III.

I marked Ambition in his war-array!
I heard the mailëd monarch's troublous cry—
'Ah! wherefore does the northern conqueress stay!
Groans not her chariot on its onward way?'
Fly, mailëd monarch, fly!
Stunned by Death's twice mortal mace,
No more on Murder's lurid face
The insatiate hag shall gloat with drunken eye!
Manes of the unnumbered slain!
Ye that gasped on Warsaw's plain!
Ye that erst at Ismail's tower,
When human ruin choked the streams,
Fell in conquest's glutted hour,
'Mid women's shrieks and infants' screams!
Spirits of the uncoffined slain,
Sudden blasts of triumph swelling,
Oft, at night, in misty train,
Rush around her narrow dwelling!
The exterminating fiend is fled—
(Foul her life, and dark her doom)
Mighty armies of the dead
Dance like death-fires round her tomb!
Then with prophetic song relate
Each some tyrant-murderer's fate!

IV.

Departing year! 'twas on no earthly shore
My soul beheld thy vision! Where alone,
Voiceless and stern, before the cloudy throne,
Aye Memory sits: thy robe inscribed with gore,
With many an unimaginable groan
Thou storied'st thy sad hours! Silence ensued,
Deep silence o'er the ethereal multitude,
Whose locks with wreaths, whose wreaths with glories shone.
Then, his eye wild ardours glancing,
From the choirèd gods advancing,
The Spirit of the earth made reverence meet,
And stood up, beautiful, before the cloudy seat.

V.

Throughout the blissful throng
Hushed were harp and song:
Till wheeling round the throne the Lampads seven
(The mystic words of Heaven)
Permissive signal make:
The fervent Spirit bowed, then spread his wings and spake:
'Thou in stormy blackness throning
Love and uncreated Light,
By the Earth's unsolaced groaning,
Seize thy terrors, Arm of might!
By Peace with proffered insult scared,
Masked Hate and envying Scorn!
By years of havoc yet unborn!
And Hunger's bosom to the frost-winds bared!
But chief by Afric's wrongs,
Strange, horrible, and foul!
By what deep guilt belongs
To the deaf Synod, "full of gifts and lies!"
By Wealth's insensate laugh! by Torture's howl!
Avenger, rise!
For ever shall the thankless island scowl,
Her quiver full, and with unbroken bow?
Speak! from thy storm-black heaven, O speak aloud!
And on the darkling foe
Open thine eye of fire from some uncertain cloud!
O dart the flash! O rise and deal the blow!
The past to thee, to thee the future cries!
Hark! how wide Nature joins her groans below!
Rise, God of Nature! rise.'

VI.

The voice had ceased, the vision fled;
Yet still I gasped and reeled with dread.
And ever, when the dream of night
Renews the phantom to my sight,
Cold sweat-drops gather on my limbs;
My ears throb hot; my eyeballs start;
My brain with horrid tumult swims;
Wild is the tempest of my heart;
And my thick and struggling breath
Imitates the toil of death!

No stranger agony confounds
The soldier on the war-field spread,
When all foredone with toil and wounds,
Death-like he dozes among heaps of dead!
(The strife is o'er, the daylight fled,
And the night-wind clamours hoarse!
See! the starting wretch's head
Lies pillowed on a brother's corse!)

VII.

Not yet enslaved, not wholly vile,
O Albion! O my mother isle!
Thy valleys, fair as Eden's bowers,
Glitter green with sunny showers;
Thy grassy uplands' gentle swells
Echo to the bleat of flocks
(Those grassy hills, those glittering dells
Proudly ramparted with rocks);
And Ocean, 'mid his uproar wild,
Speaks safety to his island-child!
Hence, for many a fearless age
Has social Quiet loved thy shore!
Nor ever proud invader's rage
Or sacked thy towers, or stained thy fields with gore.

VIII.

Abandoned of Heaven! mad Avarice thy guide,
At cowardly distance, yet kindling with pride—
'Mid thy herds and thy corn-fields secure thou hast stood,
And joined the wild yelling of Famine and Blood!
The nations curse thee! They with eager wondering
Shall hear Destruction, like a vulture, scream!
Strange-eyed Destruction! who with many a dream
Of central fires through nether seas upthundering
Soothes her fierce solitude; yet as she lies
By livid fount or red volcanic stream,
If ever to her lidless dragon-eyes,
O Albion! thy predestined ruins rise,
The fiend-hag on her perilous couch doth leap,
Muttering distempered triumph in her charmed sleep.

IX.

Away, my soul, away!
In vain, in vain the birds of warning sing—
And hark! I hear the famished brood of prey
Flap their lank pennons on the groaning wind!
Away, my soul, away!
I, unpartaking of the evil thing,
With daily prayer and daily toil
Soliciting for food my scanty soil,
Have wailed my country with a loud lament.
Now I recentre my immortal mind
In the deep sabbath of meek self-content;
Cleansed from the vaporous passions that bedim
God's image, sister of the seraphim.

Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni.

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above,
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black
An ebon mass; methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Did'st vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer,
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy;
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstacy. Awake,
Voice of sweet song! awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale!
O struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink!
Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald! wake, O wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shattered, and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!
Ye pine groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the element!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Once more, hoar mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—
Thou too, again, stupendous mountain! thou,
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base,
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
To rise before me—Rise, O ever rise;
Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

Love.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
Are all but ministers of love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She leaned against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listened to my lay
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope, my joy, my Genevieve!
She loves me best whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The lady of the land.

I told her how he pined; and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn
Which crazed this bold and lovely knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

But sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once,
In green and sunny glade,

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable knight!

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The lady of the land;

And how she wept and clasped his knees,
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain.

And that she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest leaves
A dying man he lay;

His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve—
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng;
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love and virgin shame;
And like the murmur of a dream
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved, she stept aside;
As conscious of my look she stept—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace,
And bending back her head, looked up
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears; and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride!

[*Picture of a Dungeon.*]

[From the tragedy of 'Remorse.']

And this place our forefathers made for man!
This is the process of our love and wisdom
To each poor brother who offends against us—
Most innocent, perhaps—and what if guilty?
Is this the only cure? Merciful God!
Each pore and natural outlet shrivelled up
By ignorance and parching poverty,
His energies roll back upon his heart
And stagnate and corrupt, till, changed to poison,
They break on him like a loathsome plague-spot!
Then we call in our pampered mountebanks—
And this is their best cure! uncomforted
And friendless solitude, groaning and tears,
And savage faces at the clanking hour,
Seen through the steam and vapours of his dungeon
By the lamp's dismal twilight! So he lies
'Circled with evil, till his very soul
Unmoulds its essence, hopelessly deformed
By sights of evermore deformity!
With other ministrations thou, O Nature,
Healest thy wandering and distempered child:
Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets;
Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters;
Till he relent, and can no more endure
To be a jarring and a dissonant thing
Amid this general dance and minstrelsy;
But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,
His angry spirit healed and harmonised
By the benignant touch of love and beauty.

[*From 'Frost at Midnight.'*]

Dear babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,
Whose gentle breathings heard in this deep calm
Fill up the interspersed vacancies
And momentary pauses of the thought!
My babe so beautiful! it thrills my heart

With tender gladness thus to look at thee,
And think that thou shalt learn far other lore,
And in far other scenes! For I was reared
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars.
But thou, my babe, shalt wander like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds,
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
And mountain crags: so shalt thou see and hear
The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in himself.
Great universal teacher! he shall mould
Thy spirit, and, by giving, making it ask.
Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
Whether the summer clothe the general earth
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch
Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eavedrops fall,
Heard only in the trances of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of frost
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the quiet moon.

Love, Hope, and Patience in Education.

O'er wayward childhood wouldst thou hold firm rule,
And sun thee in the light of happy faces;
Love, Hope, and Patience, these must be thy graces,
And in thine own heart let them first keep school.
For as old Atlas on his broad neck places
Heaven's starry globe, and there sustains it, so
Do these upbear the little world below
Of education—Patience, Love, and Hope.
Methinks I see them grouped in seemly show,
The straitened arms upraised, the palms aslope,
And robes that touching as adown they flow,
Distinctly blend, like snow embossed in snow.
O part them never! If Hope prostrate lie,
Love too will sink and die.
But Love is subtle, and doth proof derive
From her own life that Hope is yet alive;
And bending o'er, with soul-transfusing eyes,
And the soft murmurs of the mother dove,
Woos back the fleeting spirit, and half supplies;
Thus Love repays to Hope what Hope first gave to Love.
Yet haply there will come a weary day,
When overtasked at length
Both Love and Hope beneath the load give way.
Then with a statue's smile, a statue's strength,
Stands the mute sister, Patience, nothing loath,
And both supporting, does the work of both.

Youth and Age.

Verse, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding like a bee—
Both were mine! Life went a-Maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young!
When I was young? Ah, woful when!
Ah, for the change 'twixt now and then!
This breathing house not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er airy cliffs and glittering sands,
How lightly then it flashed along:
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide!
Nought cared this body for wind or weather,
When Youth and I lived in't together.

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like;
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
O! the joys that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old!
Ere I was old? Ah, woful ere,
Which tells me Youth's no longer here!
O Youth! for years so many and sweet,
'Tis known that thou and I were one;
I'll think it but a fond conceit—
It cannot be that thou art gone!
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet tolled,
And thou wert aye a masker bold!
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To make believe that thou art gone?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this altered size;
But springtide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!
Life is but thought; so think I will
That Youth and I are housemates still.

Dewdrops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve!
Where no hope is, life's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve,
When we are old:
That only serves to make us grieve
With oft and tedious taking leave;
Like some poor nigh-related guest,
That may not rudely be dismissed,
Yet hath outstayed his welcome while,
And tells the jest without the smile.

REV. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

The Rev. William Lisle Bowles enjoys the distinction of having 'delighted and inspired' the genius of Coleridge. His first publication, a volume of sonnets, was published in 1793; and falling into the hands of the enthusiastic young poet, converted him from some 'perilous errors' to the love of a



Bremhill Rectory, in Wiltshire.

style of poetry at once tender and manly. The pupil outstripped his master in richness and luxuriance, though not in elegance or correctness. In 1805 Mr Bowles published another volume of poetry, *The Spirit of Discovery by Sea*, a narrative poem of

considerable length and beauty. He has also published hymns and other poems. He prepared an edition of Pope's works, which, being attacked by Campbell in his Specimens of the Poets, led to a literary controversy, in which Lord Byron and others took a part. Bowles insisted strongly on descriptive poetry forming an indispensable part of the poetical character; 'every rock, every leaf, every diversity of hue in nature's variety.' Campbell, on the other hand, objected to this Dutch minuteness and perspicacity of colouring, and claimed for the poet (what Bowles never could have denied) nature, moral as well as external, the poetry of the passions, and the lights and shades of human manners. In reality, Pope occupied a middle position, inclining to the artificial side of life. Mr Bowles has outlived most of his poetical contemporaries, excepting Rogers. He was born at King's-Sutton, Northamptonshire, in the year 1762, and was educated first at Winchester school, and subsequently at Trinity college, Oxford. He has long held the rectory of Bremhill, in Wiltshire.

Sonnets.

To Time.

O Time! who know'st a lenient hand to lay
 Softest on sorrow's wound, and slowly thence
 (Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)
The faint pang stealest, unperceived, away;
On thee I rest my only hope at last,
 And think when thou hast dried the bitter tear
 That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
I may look back on every sorrow past,
And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile--
 As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
 Sings in the sunbeam of the transient shower,
Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while:
Yet, ah! how much must that poor heart endure
Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure!

Winter Evening at Home.

Fair Moon! that at the chilly day's decline
 Of sharp December, through my cottage pane
 Dost lovely look, smiling, though in thy wane;
In thought, to scenes serene and still as thine,
 Wanders my heart, whilst I by turns survey
 Thee slowly wheeling on thy evening way;
And this my fire, whose dim, unequal light,
 Just glimmering bids each shadowy image fall
 Sombrous and strange upon the darkening wall,
Ere the clear tapers chase the deepening night!
Yet thy still orb, seen through the freezing haze,
Shines calm and clear without; and whilst I gaze,
I think around me in this twilight gloom,
I but remark mortality's sad doom;
Whilst hope and joy, cloudless and soft, appear
In the sweet beam that lights thy distant sphere.

Hope.

As one who, long by wasting sickness worn,
 Weary has watched the lingering night, and heard,
 Heartless, the carol of the matin bird
Salute his lonely porch, now first at morn
Goes forth, leaving his melancholy bed;
 He the green slope and level meadow views,
 Delightful bathed in slow ascending dews;
Or marks the clouds that o'er the mountain's head,
In varying forms, fantastic wander white;
 Or turns his ear to every random song
 Heard the green river's winding marge along,
The whilst each sense is steeped in still delight:
With such delight o'er all my heart I feel
Sweet Hope! thy fragrance pure and healing incense
 steal.

[South American Scenery.]

Beneath aërial cliffs and glittering snows,
The rush-roof of an aged warrior rose,
Chief of the mountain tribes; high overhead,
The Andes, wild and desolate, were spread,
Where cold Sierras shot their icy spires,
And Chillan trailed its smoke and smouldering fires.
 A glen beneath—a lonely spot of rest—
Hung, scarce discovered, like an eagle's nest.
 Summer was in its prime; the parrot-flocks
Darkened the passing sunshine on the rocks;
The chrysomel and purple butterfly,
Amid the clear blue light, are wandering by;
The humming-bird, along the myrtle bowers,
With twinkling wing is spinning o'er the flowers;
The woodpecker is heard with busy bill,
The mock-bird sings—and all beside is still.
And look! the cataract that bursts so high,
As not to mar the deep tranquillity,
The tumult of its dashing fall suspends,
And, stealing drop by drop, in mist descends;
Through whose illumined spray and sprinkling dews,
Shine to the adverse sun the broken rainbow hues.
 Checkering, with partial shade, the beams of noon,
And arching the gray rock with wild festoon,
Here, its gay network and fantastic twine,
The purple cogul threads from pine to pine,
And oft, as the fresh airs of morning breathe,
Dips its long tendrils in the stream beneath.
There, through the trunks, with moss and lichens white,
The sunshine darts its interrupted light,
And 'mid the cedar's dark-some bough, illumes,
With instant touch, the lori's scarlet plumes.

Sun-Dial in a Churchyard.

So passes, silent o'er the dead, thy shade,
 Brief Time! and hour by hour, and day by day,
The pleasing pictures of the present fade,
 And like a summer vapour steal away.

And have not they, who here forgotten lie
 (Say, hoary chronicler of ages past),
Once marked thy shadow with delighted eye,
 Nor thought it fled—how certain and how fast!

Since thou hast stood, and thus thy vigil kept,
 Noting each hour, o'er mouldering stones beneath
The pastor and his flock alike have slept,
 And 'dust to dust' proclaimed the stride of death.

Another race succeeds, and counts the hour,
 Careless alike; the hour still seems to smile,
As hope, and youth, and life, were in our power;
 So smiling, and so perishing the while.

I heard the village bells, with gladsome sound
 (When to these scenes a stranger I drew near),
Proclaim the tidings of the village round,
 Whilst memory wept upon the good man's bier.

Even so, when I am dead, shall the same bells
 Ring merrily when my brief days are gone;
While still the lapse of time thy shadow tells,
 And strangers gaze upon my humble stone!

Enough, if we may wait in calm content
 The hour that bears us to the silent sod;
Blameless improve the time that Heaven has lent,
 And leave the issue to thy will, O God.

The Greenwich Pensioners.

When evening listened to the dripping oar,
Forgetting the loud city's ceaseless roar,
By the green banks, where Thames, with conscious
 pride,
Reflects that stately structure on his side,

Within whose walls, as their long labours close,
The wanderers of the ocean find repose,
We wore in social ease the hours away,
The passing visit of a summer's day.

Whilst some to range the breezy hill are gone,
I lingered on the river's marge alone;
Mingled with groups of ancient sailors gray,
And watched the last bright sunshine steal away.

As thus I mused amidst the various train
Of toil-worn wanderers of the perilous main,
Two sailors—well I marked them (as the beam
Of parting day yet lingered on the stream,
And the sun sunk behind the shady reach)—
Hastened with tottering footsteps to the beach.
The one had lost a limb in Nile's dread fight;
Total eclipse had veiled the other's sight
For ever! As I drew more anxious near,
I stood intent, if they should speak, to hear:
But neither said a word! He who was blind
Stood as to feel the comfortable wind
That gently lifted his gray hair: his face
Seemed then of a faint smile to wear the trace.

The other fixed his gaze upon the light
Parting; and when the sun had vanished quite,
Methought a starting tear that Heaven might bless,
Unfelt, or felt with transient tenderness,
Came to his aged eyes, and touched his cheek!
And then, as meek and silent as before,
Back hand-in-hand they went, and left the shore.

As they departed through the unheeding crowd,
A caged bird sung from the casement loud;
And then I heard alone that blind man say,
'The music of the bird is sweet to-day!'
I said, 'O Heavenly Father! none may know
The cause these have for silence or for wo!'
Here they appear heart-stricken or resigned
Amidst the unheeding tumult of mankind.

There is a world, a pure unclouded clime,
Where there is neither grief, nor death, nor time!
Nor loss of friends! Perhaps, when yonder bell
Beat slow, and bade the dying day farewell,
Ere yet the glimmering landscape sunk to night,
They thought upon that world of distant light;
And when the blind man, lifting light his hair,
Felt the faint wind, he raised a warmer prayer;
Then sighed, as the blithe bird sung o'er his head,
'No morn will shine on me till I am dead!'

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

One of the most voluminous and learned authors of this period was ROBERT SOUTHEY, LL.D., the poet-laureate. A poet, scholar, antiquary, critic, and historian, Mr Southey wrote more than even Scott, and he is said to have burned more verses between his twentieth and thirtieth year than he published during his whole life. His time was entirely devoted to literature. Every day and hour had its appropriate and select task; his library was his world within which he was content to range, and his books were his most cherished and constant companions. In one of his poems, he says—

My days among the dead are passed;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast
The mighty minds of old:
My never-failing friends are they
With whom I converse night and day.

It is melancholy to reflect, that for nearly three years preceding his death, Mr Southey sat among his books in hopeless vacuity of mind, the victim of disease. This distinguished author was a native of Bristol, the son of a respectable shopkeeper, and was born on the 12th of August 1774. He was indebted to a maternal uncle for most of his education. Having passed with credit through Westminster school, he was, in 1792, entered of Baliol college, Oxford. His friends designed him for the church; but the poet became a Jacobin and Socinian, and his academic career was abruptly closed in 1794.



Robert Southey

The same year he published a volume of poems in conjunction with Mr Robert Lovell, under the names of Moschus and Bion. About the same time he composed his poem of *Wat Tyler*, a revolutionary *brochure*, which was long afterwards published surreptitiously by a knavish bookseller to annoy its author. 'In my youth,' he says, 'when my stock of knowledge consisted of such an acquaintance with Greek and Roman history as is acquired in the course of a scholastic education; when my heart was full of poetry and romance, and Lucan and Akenside were at my tongue's end, I fell into the political opinions which the French revolution was then scattering throughout Europe: and following those opinions with ardour wherever they led, I soon perceived that inequalities of rank were a light evil compared to the inequalities of property, and those more fearful distinctions which the want of moral and intellectual culture occasions between man and man. At that time, and with those opinions, or rather feelings (for their root was in the heart, and not in the understanding), I wrote 'Wat Tyler,' as one who was impatient of all the oppressions that are done under the sun. The subject was injudiciously chosen, and it was treated, as might be expected, by a youth of twenty in such times, who regarded only one side of the question.' The poem, indeed, is a miserable production, and was harmless from its very inanity. Full of the same political sentiments and ardour, Southey composed his *Joan of Arc*, an epic poem, displaying fertility of language and boldness of imagination, but at the same time diffuse in style, and in many parts wild and incoherent. In imitation of Dante, the young poet conducted his heroine in a dream to the abodes of departed spirits, and dealt very freely with the 'murderers of mankind,' from Nimrod the mighty hunter, down to the hero conqueror of Agincourt—

A huge and massy pile—
Massy it seemed, and yet in every blast
As to its ruin shook. There, porter fit,
Remorse for ever his sad vigils kept.
Pale, hollow-eyed, emaciate, sleepless wretch,
Inly he groaned, or, starting, wildly shrieked,
Aye as the fabric, tottering from its base,
Threatened its fall—and so, expectant still,
Lived in the dread of danger still delayed.
They entered there a large and lofty dome,
O'er whose black marble sides a dim drear light
Struggled with darkness from the unfrequent lamp.
Enthroned around, the Murderers of Mankind—
Monarchs, the great! the glorious! the august!
Each bearing on his brow a crown of fire—
Sat stern and silent. Nimrod, he was there,
First king, the mighty hunter; and that chief
Who did belie his mother's fame, that so
He might be called young Ammon. In this court
Cæsar was crowned—accursed liberticide;
And he who murdered Tully, that cold villain
Octavius—though the courtly minion's lyre
Hath hymned his praise, though Maro sung to him,
And when death levelled to original clay
The royal carcass, Flattery, fawning low,
Fell at his feet, and worshipped the new god.
Titus was here, the conqueror of the Jews,
He, the delight of human-kind misnamed;
Cæsars and Soldans, emperors and kings,
Here were they all, all who for glory fought,
Here in the Court of Glory, reaping now
The meed they merited.
As gazing round,
The Virgin marked the miserable train,
A deep and hollow voice from one went forth:
'Thou who art come to view our punishment,
Maiden of Orleans! hither turn thine eyes;
For I am he whose bloody victories
Thy power hath rendered vain. Lo! I am here,
The hero conqueror of Azincour,
Henry of England!'

In the second edition of the poem, published in 1798, the vision of the Maid of Orleans, and everything miraculous, was omitted. When the poem first appeared, its author was on his way to Lisbon, in company with his uncle, Dr Herbert, chaplain to the factory at Lisbon. Previous to his departure in November 1795, Mr Southey had married Miss Fricker of Bristol, sister of the lady with whom Coleridge united himself; and, according to De Quincey, the poet parted with his wife immediately after their marriage at the portico of the church, to set out on his travels. In 1796 he returned to England, and entered himself of Gray's Inn. He afterwards made a visit to Spain and Portugal, and published a series of letters descriptive of his travels. In 1801 he accompanied Mr Foster, chancellor of the Exchequer, to Ireland in the capacity of private secretary to that gentleman; and the same year witnessed the publication of a second epic, *Thalaba the Destroyer*, an Arabian fiction of great beauty and magnificence. The style of verse adopted by the poet in this work is irregular, without rhyme; and it possesses a peculiar charm and rhythmical harmony, though, like the redundant descriptions in the work, it becomes wearisome in so long a poem. The opening stanzas convey an exquisite picture of a widowed mother wandering over the sands of the east during the silence of night:—

I.

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full-orbed glory, yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark-blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night!

II.

Who, at this untimely hour,
Wanders o'er the desert sands?
No station is in view,
Nor palm-grove islanded amid the waste.
The mother and her child,
The widowed mother and the fatherless boy,
They, at this untimely hour,
Wander o'er the desert sands.

III.

Alas! the setting sun
Saw Zeinab in her bliss,
Hodeirah's wife beloved,
The fruitful mother late,
Whom, when the daughters of Arabia named,
They wished their lot like hers:
She wanders o'er the desert sands
A wretched widow now,
The fruitful mother of so fair a race;
With only one preserved,
She wanders o'er the wilderness.

IV.

No tear relieved the burden of her heart;
Stunned with the heavy wo, she felt like one
Half-wakened from a midnight dream of blood.
But sometimes, when the boy
Would wet her hand with tears,
And, looking up to her fixed countenance,
Sob out the name of Mother, then did she
Utter a feeble groan.
At length, collecting, Zeinab turned her eyes
To Heaven, exclaiming, 'Praised be the Lord!
He gave, He takes away!
The Lord our God is good!'

The metre of 'Thalaba,' as may be seen from this specimen, has great power, as well as harmony, in skilful hands. It is in accordance with the subject of the poem, and is, as the author himself remarks, 'the Arabesque ornament of an Arabian tale.' Southey had now cast off his revolutionary opinions, and his future writings were all marked by a somewhat intolerant attachment to church and state. He established himself on the banks of the river Greta, near Keswick, subsisting by his pen, and a pension which he had received from government. In 1804 he published a volume of *Metrical Tales*, and in 1805 *Madoc*, an epic poem, founded on a Welsh story, but inferior to its predecessors. In 1810 appeared his greatest poetical work, *The Curse of Kehama*, a poem of the same class and structure as 'Thalaba,' but in rhyme. With characteristic egotism, Mr Southey prefixed to 'The Curse of Kehama' a declaration, that he would not change a syllable or measure for any one—

Pedants shall not tie my strains
To our antique poets' veins.

Kehama is a Hindoo rajah, who, like Dr Faustus, obtains and sports with supernatural power. His adventures are sufficiently startling, and afford room for the author's striking amplitude of description. 'The story is founded,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'upon the Hindoo mythology, the most gigantic, cumbrous, and extravagant system of idolatry to which temples were ever erected. The scene is alternately laid in

the terrestrial paradise, under the sea—in the heaven of heavens—and in hell itself. The principal actors are, a man who approaches almost to omnipotence; another labouring under a strange and fearful malediction, which exempts him from the ordinary laws of nature; a good genius, a sorceress, and a ghost, with several Hindostan deities of different ranks. The only being that retains the usual attributes of humanity is a female, who is gifted with immortality at the close of the piece.' Some of the scenes in this strangely magnificent theatre of horrors are described with the power of Milton, and Scott has said that the following account of the approach of the mortals to Padalon, or the Indian Hades, is equal in grandeur to any passage which he ever perused:—

Far other light than that of day there shone
Upon the travellers, entering Padalon.
They, too, in darkness entering on their way,
But far before the car
A glow, as of a fiery furnace light,
Filled all before them. 'Twas a light that made
Darkness itself appear
A thing of comfort; and the sight, dismayed,
Shrank inward from the molten atmosphere.
Their way was through the adamantine rock
Which girt the world of wo: on either side
Its massive walls arose, and overhead
Arched the long passage; onward as they ride,
With stronger glare the light around them spread—
And, lo! the regions dread—
The world of wo before them opening wide,
There rolls the fiery flood,
Girding the realms of Padalon around.
A sea of flame, it seemed to be
Sea without bound;
For neither mortal nor immortal sight
Could pierce across through that intensest light.

Besides its wonderful display of imagination and invention, and its vivid scene-painting, the 'Curse of Kehama' possesses the recommendation of being in manners, sentiments, scenery, and costume, distinctively and exclusively Hindoo. Its author was too diligent a student to omit whatever was characteristic in the landscape or the people. Passing over his prose works, we next find Mr Southey appear in a native poetical dress in blank verse. In 1814 he published *Roderick, the Last of the Goths*, a noble and pathetic poem, though liable also to the charge of redundant description. The style of the versification may be seen from the following account of the grief and confusion of the aged monarch, when he finds his throne occupied by the Moors after his long absence:—

The sound, the sight
Of turban, girdle, robe, and scimitar,
And tawny skins, awoke contending thoughts
Of anger, shame, and anguish in the Goth;
The unaccustomed face of human kind
Confused him now—and through the streets he went
With haggard mien, and countenance like one
Crazed or bewildered. All who met him turned,
And wondered as he passed. One stopped him short,
Put alms into his hand, and then desired,
In broken Gothic speech, the moonstruck man
To bless him. With a look of vacancy,
Roderick received the alms; his wandering eye
Fell on the money, and the fallen king,
Seeing his royal impress on the piece,
Broke out into a quick convulsive voice,
That seemed like laughter first, but ended soon
In hollow groans suppressed: the Mussulman
Shrunk at the ghastly sound, and magnified
The name of Allah as he hastened on.
A Christian woman, spinning at her door,
Beheld him—and with sudden pity touched,
She laid her spindle by, and running in,
Took bread, and following after, called him back—
And, placing in his passive hands the loaf,
She said, Christ Jesus for his Mother's sake
Have mercy on thee! With a look that seemed
Like idiocy, he heard her, and stood still,
Staring awhile; then bursting into tears,
Wept like a child.

Or the following description of a moonlight scene:—

How calmly, gliding through the dark blue sky,
The midnight moon ascends! Her placid beams,
Through thinly-scattered leaves, and boughs grotesque,
Mottle with mazy shades the orchard slope;
Here o'er the chestnut's fretted foliage, gray
And massy, motionless they spread; here shine
Upon the crags, deepening with blacker night
Their chasms; and there the glittering argentry
Ripples and glances on the confluent streams.
A lovelier, purer light than that of day
Rests on the hills; and oh! how awfully,
Into that deep and tranquil firmament,
The summits of Auseva rise serene!
The watchman on the battlements partakes
The stillness of the solemn hour; he feels
The silence of the earth; the endless sound
Of flowing water soothes him; and the stars,
Which in that brightest moonlight well nigh quenched,
Scarce visible, as in the utmost depth
Of yonder sapphire infinite, are seen,
Draw on with elevating influence
Towards eternity the attempered mind.
Musing on worlds beyond the grave, he stands,
And to the Virgin Mother silently
Breathes forth her hymn of praise.

Mr Southey, having, in 1813, accepted the office of poet-laureate, composed some courtly strains that tended little to advance his reputation. His *Carmen Triumphale*, and *The Vision of Judgment*, provoked much ridicule at the time, and would have passed



Southey's House.

into utter oblivion, if Lord Byron had not published another Vision of Judgment—one of the most powerful, though wild and profane of his productions, in which the laureate received a merciless and witty

castigation, that even his admirers admitted to be not unmerited. The latest of our author's poetical works was a volume of narrative verse, *All for Love*, and *The Pilgrim of Compostella*. He continued his ceaseless round of study and composition, writing on all subjects, and filling ream after ream of paper with his lucubrations on morals, philosophy, poetry, and politics. He was offered a baronetcy and a seat in parliament, both of which he prudently declined. His fame and his fortune, he knew, could only be preserved by adhering to his solitary studies; but these were too constant and uninterrupted. The poet forgot one of his own maxims, that 'frequent change of air is of all things that which most conduces to joyous health and long life.' Paralysis at length laid prostrate his powers. He sank into a state of insensibility, not even recognising those who ministered to his wants; and it was a matter of satisfaction rather than regret, that death at length stept in to shroud this painful spectacle from the eyes of affection as well as from the gaze of vulgar curiosity. He died in his house at Greta on the 21st of March 1843. Mr Southey had, a few years before his death, lost the early partner of his affections, and contracted a second marriage with Miss Caroline Bowles, the poetess. He left, at his death, a sum of about L.12,000 to be divided among his children, and one of the most valuable private libraries in the kingdom. So much had literature, unaided but by prudence and worth, accomplished for its devoted follower! The following inscription for a tablet to the memory of Mr Southey, to be placed in the church of Crosthwaite, near Keswick, is from the pen of the venerable Wordsworth :—

'Sacred to the memory of Robert Southey, whose mortal remains are interred in the neighbouring churchyard. He was born at Bristol, October 4, 1774, and died, after a residence of nearly 40 years, at Greta Hall, in this parish, March 21, 1843.

Ye torrents foaming down the rocky steeps,
Ye lakes wherein the Spirit of Water sleeps,
Ye vales and hills, whose beauty hither drew
The poet's steps, and fixed him here, on you
His eyes have closed; and ye, loved books, no more
Shall Southey feed upon your precious lore,
To works that ne'er shall forfeit their renown,
Adding immortal labours of his own;
Whether he traced historic truth with zeal
For the state's guidance, or the church's weal;
Or Fancy, disciplined by studious Art,
Informed his pen, or Wisdom of the heart,
Or Judgments sanctioned in the patriot's mind
By reverence for the rights of all mankind.
Large were his aims, yet in no human breast
Could private feelings find a holier nest.
His joys, his griefs, have vanished like a cloud
From Skiddaw's top; but he to Heaven was vowed
Through a long life, and calmed by Christian faith
In his pure soul the fear of change and death.'

Few authors have written so much and so well, with so little real popularity, as Mr Southey. Of all his prose works, admirable as they are in purity of style, the *Life of Nelson* alone is a general favourite. The magnificent creations of his poetry—piled up like clouds at sunset, in the calm serenity of his capacious intellect—have always been duly appreciated by poetical students and critical readers; but by the public at large they are neglected. A late attempt to revive them, by the publication of the whole poetical works in ten uniform and cheap volumes, has only shown that they are unsuited to the taste of the present generation. The reason of this may be found both in the subjects of Southey's poetry, and in his manner of treating them. His fictions are wild and supernatural, and have no hold on human affections. Gorgeous and sublime as some of his images and descriptions are, they 'come like shadows, so depart.' They are too remote, too fanciful, and often too learned. The Grecian mythology is graceful and familiar; but Mr Southey's Hindoo superstitions are extravagant and strange. To relish them requires considerable previous reading and research, and this is a task which few will undertake. The dramatic art or power of vivid delineation is also comparatively unknown to Southey, and hence the dialogues in Madoc and Roderick are generally flat and uninteresting. His observation was of books, not nature. Some affectations of style and expression also marred the effect of his conceptions, and the stately and copious flow of his versification, unrelieved by bursts of passion or eloquent sentiment, sometimes becomes heavy and monotonous in its uniform smoothness and dignity.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

This gentleman, the representative of an ancient family, was born at Ipsley Court, Warwickshire, on the 30th of January 1775. He was educated at Rugby school, whence he was transferred to Trinity college, Oxford. His first publication was a small volume of poems, dated as far back as 1793. The poet was intended for the army, but, like Southey, he imbibed republican sentiments, and for that cause declined engaging in the profession of arms. His father then offered him an allowance of £400 per annum, on condition that he should study the law, with this alternative, if he refused, that his income should be restricted to one-third of the sum. The independent poet preferred the smaller income with literature as his companion. On succeeding to the family estate, Mr Landor sold it off, and purchased two others in Monmouthshire, where it is said he expended nearly £70,000 in improvements. The ill conduct of some of his tenants mortified and exasperated the sensitive land-owner to such a degree, that he pulled down a fine house which he had erected, and left the country for Italy, where he has chiefly resided since the year 1815. Mr Landor's works consist of *Gebir*, a poem; dramas entitled *Andrea of Hungary*, *Giovanni of Naples*, *Fra Rupert*, *Pericles and Aspasia*, &c. His principal prose work is a series of *Imaginary Conversations of Literary Men and Statesmen*, three volumes of which were published in 1824, and three more in 1836. In 'Gebir' there is a fine passage, amplified by Mr Wordsworth in his Excursion, which describes the sound which sea-shells seem to make when placed close to the ear:—

And I have sinuous shells of pearly hue;
Shake one, and it awakens, then apply
Its polished lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.

In *Count Julian*, a tragedy founded on Spanish story, Mr Landor adduces the following beautiful illustration of grief:—

Wakeful he sits, and lonely and unmoved,
Beyond the arrows, views, or shouts of men;
As oftentimes an eagle, when the sun
Throws o'er the varying earth his early ray,
Stands solitary, stands immoveable,
Upon some highest cliff, and rolls his eye,
Clear, constant, unobservant, unabased,
In the cold light.

His smaller poems are mostly of the same medita-

tive and intellectual character. An English scene is thus described:—

Clifton, in vain thy varied scenes invite—
The mossy bank, dim glade, and dizzy height;
The sheep that starting from the tufted thyme,
Untune the distant churches' mellow chime;
As o'er each limb a gentle horror creeps,
And shake above our heads the craggy steeps,
Pleasant I've thought it to pursue the rower,
While light and darkness seize the changeful oar,
The frolic Naiads drawing from below
A net of silver round the black canoe,
Now the last lonely solace must it be
To watch pale evening brood o'er land and sea,
Then join my friends, and let those friends believe
My cheeks are moistened by the dews of eve.

'The Maid's Lament' is a short lyrical flow of picturesque expression and pathos, resembling the more recent effusions of Barry Cornwall:—

I loved him not; and yet, now he is gone,
I feel I am alone.
I checked him while he spoke; yet could he speak,
Alas! I would not check.
For reasons not to love him once I sought,
And wearied all my thought
To vex myself and him: I now would give
My love could he but live
Who lately lived for me, and when he found
'Twas vain, in holy ground
He hid his face amid the shades of death!
I waste for him my breath
Who wasted his for me; but mine returns,
And this lone bosom burns
With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,
And waking me to weep
Tears that had melted his soft heart: for years
Wept he as bitter tears!
'Merciful God!' such was his latest prayer,
'These may she never share!'
Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold
Than daisies in the mould,
Where children spell athwart the churchyard gate
His name and life's brief date.
Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er ye be,
And oh! pray, too, for me!

We quote one more chaste and graceful fancy, entitled *Sixteen*:—

In Clementina's artless mien
Lucilla asks me what I see,
And are the roses of sixteen
Enough for me!

Lucilla asks if that be all,
Have I not culled as sweet before?
Ah yes, Lucilla! and their fall
I still deplore.

I now behold another scene,
Where pleasure beams with heaven's own light,
More pure, more constant, more serene,
And not less bright.

Faith, on whose breast the loves repose,
Whose chain of flowers no force can sever,
And Modesty, who, when she goes,
Is gone for ever.

Mr Landor will be remembered rather as a prose writer than as a poet, and yet his writings of that kind are marked by singular and great blemishes. A moody egotistic nature, ill at ease with the common things of life, has flourished up in his case into a most portentous crop of crotchets and prejudices, which, regardless of the reprobation of his fellow-men, he issues forth in prodigious confusion, often in language offensive in the last degree to good taste. Eager to contradict whatever is generally received, he never stops to consider how far his own professed opinions may be consistent with each other: hence he contradicts himself almost as often as any other body. Jeffrey, in one of his most brilliant papers, has characterised in happy terms the class of minds to which Mr Landor belongs. 'The work before us,' says he, 'is an edifying example of the spirit of literary Jacobinism—flying at all game, running a-muck at all opinions, and at continual cross-purposes with its own. This spirit admits neither of equal nor superior, follower nor precursor: "it travels in a road so narrow, where but one goes abreast." It claims a monopoly of sense, wit, and wisdom. To agree with it is an impertinence; to differ from it a crime. It tramples on old prejudices; it is jealous of new pretensions. It seizes with avidity on all that is startling or obnoxious in opinions, and when they are countenanced by any one else, discards them as no longer fit for its use. Thus persons of this temper affect atheism by way of distinction; and if they can succeed in bringing it into fashion, become orthodox again, in order not to be with the vulgar. Their creed is at the mercy of every one who assents to, or who contradicts it. All their ambition, all their endeavour is, to seem wiser than the whole world besides. They hate whatever falls short of, whatever goes beyond, their favourite theories. In the one case, they hurry on before to get the start of you; in the other, they suddenly turn back to hinder you, and defeat themselves. An inordinate, restless, incorrigible self-love, is the key to all their actions and opinions, extravagances and meannesses, servility and arrogance. Whatever soothes and pampers this, they applaud; whatever wounds or interferes with it, they utterly and vindictively abhor. A general is with them a hero if he is unsuccessful or a traitor; if he is a conqueror in the cause of liberty, or a martyr to it, he is a poltroon. Whatever is doubtful, remote, visionary in philosophy, or wild and dangerous in politics, they fasten upon eagerly, "recommending and insisting on nothing less;" reduce the one to demonstration, the other to practice, and they turn their backs upon their own most darling schemes, and leave them in the lurch immediately.' When the reader learns that Mr Landor justifies Tiberius and Nero, speaks of Pitt as a poor creature, and Fox as a charlatan, declares Alfieri to have been the greatest man in Europe, and recommends the Greeks, in their struggles with the Turks, to discard fire-arms, and return to the use of the bow, he will not deem this general description far from inapplicable in the case. And yet the Imaginary Conversations and other writings of Mr Landor are amongst the most remarkable prose productions of our age, written in pure nervous English, and full of thoughts which fasten themselves on the mind, and are 'a joy for ever.' It would require many specimens from these works to make good what is here said for and against their author; we can afford room for only one, but in it are both an example of his love of paradox, and of the extraordinary beauties of thought by which he leads us captive. It forms part of a conversation between Lords Chatham and Chesterfield:—

Chesterfield. It is true, my lord, we have not always been of the same opinion, or, to use a better, truer, and more significant expression, of the same *side* in politics; yet I never heard a sentence from your lordship which I did not listen to with deep attention. I understand that you have written some pieces of admonition and advice to a young relative; they are mentioned as being truly excellent; I wish I could have profited by them when I was composing mine on a similar occasion.

Chatham. My lord, you certainly would not have done it, even supposing they contained, which I am far from believing, any topics that could have escaped your penetrating view of manners and morals; for your lordship and I set out diversely from the very threshold. Let us, then, rather hope that what we have written, with an equally good intention, may produce its due effect; which indeed, I am afraid, may be almost as doubtful, if we consider how ineffectual were the cares and exhortations, and even the daily example and high renown, of the most zealous and prudent men on the life and conduct of their children and disciples. Let us, however, hope the best rather than fear the worst, and believe that there never was a right thing done or a wise one spoken in vain, although the fruit of them may not spring up in the place designated or at the time expected.

Chesterfield. Pray, if I am not taking too great a freedom, give me the outline of your plan.

Chatham. Willingly, my lord; but since a greater man than either of us has laid down a more comprehensive one, containing all I could bring forward, would it not be preferable to consult it? I differ in nothing from Locke, unless it be that I would recommend the lighter as well as the graver part of the ancient classics, and the constant practice of imitating them in early youth. This is no change in the system, and no larger an addition than a woodbine to a sacred grove.

Chesterfield. I do not admire Mr Locke.

Chatham. Nor I—he is too simply grand for admiration—I contemplate and revere him. Equally deep and clear, he is both philosophically and grammatically the most elegant of English writers.

Chesterfield. If I expressed by any motion of limb or feature my surprise at this remark, your lordship, I hope, will pardon me a slight and involuntary transgression of my own precept. I must intreat you, before we move a step farther in our inquiry, to inform me whether I am really to consider him in style the most elegant of our prose authors?

Chatham. Your lordship is capable of forming an opinion on this point certainly no less correct than mine.

Chesterfield. Pray assist me.

Chatham. Education and grammar are surely the two driest of all subjects on which a conversation can turn; yet if the ground is not promiscuously sown, if what ought to be clear is not covered, if what ought to be covered is not bare, and, above all, if the plants are choice ones, we may spend a few moments on it not unpleasantly. It appears then to me, that elegance in prose composition is mainly this; a just admission of topics and of words; neither too many nor too few of either; enough of sweetness in the sound to induce us to enter and sit still; enough of illustration and reflection to change the posture of our minds when they would tire; and enough of sound matter in the complex to repay us for our attendance. I could perhaps be more logical in my definition and more concise; but am I at all erroneous?

Chesterfield. I see not that you are.

Chatham. My ear is well satisfied with Locke: I find nothing idle or redundant in him.*

Chesterfield. But in the opinion of you graver men, would not some of his principles lead too far?

Chatham. The danger is, that few will be led by them far enough: most who begin with him stop short, and, pretending to find pebbles in their shoes, throw themselves down upon the ground, and complain of their guide.

Chesterfield. What, then, can be the reason why Plato, so much less intelligible, is so much more quoted and applauded?

Chatham. The difficulties we never try are no difficulties to us. Those who are upon the summit of a mountain know in some measure its altitude, by comparing it with all objects around; but those who stand at the bottom, and never mounted it, can compare it with few only, and with those imperfectly. Until a short time ago, I could have conversed more fluently about Plato than I can at present; I had read all the titles to his dialogues, and several scraps of commentary; these I have now forgotten, and am indebted to long attacks of the gout for what I have acquired instead.

Chesterfield. A very severe schoolmaster! I hope he allows a long vacation?

Chatham. Severe he is indeed, and although he sets no example of regularity, he exacts few observances, and teaches many things. Without him I should have had less patience, less learning, less reflection, less leisure; in short, less of everything but of sleep.

Chesterfield. Locke, from a deficiency of fancy, is not likely to attract so many listeners as Plato.

Chatham. And yet occasionally his language is both metaphorical and rich in images. In fact, all our great philosophers have also this property in a wonderful degree. Not to speak of the devotional, in whose writings one might expect it, we find it abundantly in Bacon, not sparingly in Hobbes, the next to him in range of inquiry and potency of intellect. And what would you think, my lord, if you discovered in the records of Newton a sentence in the spirit of Shakspeare?

Chesterfield. I should look upon it as upon a wonder, not to say a miracle: Newton, like Barrow, had no feeling or respect for poetry.

Chatham. His words are these:—'I don't know what I may seem to the world; but as to myself, I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of Truth lay all undiscovered before me.'

Chesterfield. Surely Nature, who had given him the volumes of her greater mysteries to unseal; who had bent over him and taken his hand, and taught him to decipher the characters of her sacred language; who had lifted up before him her glorious veil, higher than ever yet for mortal, that she might impress her features and her fondness on his heart, threw it back wholly at these words, and gazed upon him with as much admiration as ever he had gazed upon her.*

EDWIN ATHERSTONE.

Edwin Atherstone is author of *The Last Days of Herculaneum* (1821) and *The Fall of Nineveh* (1828), both poems in blank verse, and remarkable for splendour of diction and copiousness of description. The first is founded on the well-known destruction of the city of Herculaneum by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius in the first year of the Emperor Titus, or the 79th of the Christian era. Mr Atherstone has followed the account of this awful occurrence given by the younger Pliny in his letters to Tacitus, and has drawn some powerful pictures of the desolating fire and its attendant circumstances.

* A very few of Mr Landor's aphorisms and remarks may be added: He says of fame—'Fame, they tell you, is air; but without air there is no life for any; without fame there is none for the best.' 'The happy man,' he says, 'is he who distinguishes the boundary between desire and delight, and stands firmly on the higher ground; he who knows that pleasure is not only not possession, but is often to be lost, and always to be endangered by it.' Of light wit or sarcasm, he observes—'Quickness is amongst the least of the mind's properties. I would persuade you that banter, pun, and quibble are the properties of light men and shallow capacities; that genuine humour and true wit require a sound and capacious mind, which is always a grave one.'

There is perhaps too much of terrible and gloomy painting, yet it enchains the attention of the reader, and impresses the imagination with something like dramatic force. Mr Atherstone's second subject is of the same elevated cast: the downfall of an Asiatic empire afforded ample room for his love of strong and magnificent description, and he has availed himself of this license so fully, as to border in many passages on extravagance and bombast. His battle scenes, his banquets, flowering groves, and other descriptions of art and nature, are all executed with oriental splendour and voluptuousness—often with dazzling vividness and beauty and true poetical feeling. The failure of the author to sustain the interest of the reader is owing, as a contemporary critic pointed out, 'to the very palpable excess in which he employs all those elements of pleasing, and to the disproportion which those ornaments of the scene bear to its actual business—to the slowness with which the story moves forward, and the difficulty we have in catching a distinct view of the characters that are presented to us, through the glare of imagery and eloquence with which they are surrounded.' This is the fault of genius—especially young genius—and if Mr Atherstone could subdue his oriental imagination and gorgeousness of style, and undertake a theme of more ordinary life, and of simple natural passion and description, he might give himself a name of some importance in the literature of his age.

The following passages, descriptive of the splendour of Sardanapalus's state, have been cited as happy specimens of Mr Atherstone's style:—

The moon is clear—the stars are coming forth—
The evening breeze fans pleasantly. Retired
Within his gorgeous hall, Assyria's king
Sits at the banquet, and in love and wine
Revels delighted. On the gilded roof
A thousand golden lamps their lustre fling,
And on the marble walls, and on the throne
Gem-bossed, that high on jasper-steps upraised,
Like to one solid diamond quivering stands,
Sun-splendours flashing round. In woman's garb
The sensual king is clad, and with him sit
A crowd of beauteous concubines. They sing,
And roll the wanton eye, and laugh, and sigh,
And feed his ear with honeyed flatteries,
And laud him as a god. * *
Like a mountain stream,
Amid the silence of the dewy eve
Heard by the lonely traveller through the vale,
With dream-like murmuring melodious,
In diamond showers a crystal fountain falls.
* * Sylph-like girls, and blooming boys,
Flower-crowned, and in apparel bright as spring,
Attend upon their bidding. At the sign,
From bands unseen, voluptuous music breathes,
Harp, dulcimer, and, sweetest far of all,
Woman's mellifluous voice.
Through all the city sounds the voice of joy
And tipsy merriment. On the spacious walls,
That, like huge sea-cliffs, gird the city in,
Myriads of wanton feet go to and fro:
Gay garments rustle in the scented breeze,
Crimson, and azure, purple, green, and gold;
Laugh, jest, and passing whisper are heard there;
Timbrel, and lute, and dulcimer, and song;
And many feet that tread the dance are seen,
And arms upflung, and swaying heads plume-crowned.
So is that city steeped in revelry.
* * *
Then went the king,
Flushed with the wine, and in his pride of power
Glorying; and with his own strong arm upraised
From out its rest the Assyrian banner broad,
Purple and edged with gold; and, standing then
Upon the utmost summit of the mount—
Round, and yet round—for two strong men a task
Sufficient deemed—he waved the splendid flag,
Bright as a meteor streaming.
At that sight
The plain was in a stir: the helms of brass
Were lifted up, and glittering spear-points waved,
And banners shaken, and wide trumpet mouths
Upturned; and myriads of bright-harnessed steeds
Were seen uprearing, shaking their proud heads;
And brazen chariots in a moment sprang,
And clashed together. In a moment more
Up came the monstrous universal shout,
Like a volcano's burst. Up, up to heaven
The multitudinous tempest tore its way,
Rocking the clouds: from all the swarming plain
And from the city rose the mingled cry,
'Long live Sardanapalus, king of kings!
May the king live for ever!' Thrice the flag
The monarch waved; and thrice the shouts arose
Enormous, that the solid walls were shook,
And the firm ground made tremble.
Amid the far-off hills,
With eye of fire, and shaggy mane upreared,
The sleeping lion in his den sprang up;
Listened awhile—then laid his monstrous mouth
Close to the floor, and breathed hot roarings out
In fierce reply.
* * *
He comes at length—
The thickening thunder of the wheels is heard:
Upon their hinges roaring, open fly
The brazen gates: sounds then the tramp of hoofs—
And lo! the gorgeous pageant, like the sun,
Flares on their startled eyes. Four snow-white steeds,
In golden trappings, barbed all in gold,
Spring through the gate; the lofty chariot then,
Of ebony, with gold and gems thick strewn,
Even like the starry night. The spokes were gold,
With felloes of strong brass; the naves were brass,
With burnished gold o'erlaid, and diamond rimmed;
Steel were the axles, in bright silver case;
The pole was cased in silver: high aloft,
Like a rich throne the gorgeous seat was framed;
Of ivory part, part silver, and part gold:
On either side a golden statue stood:
Upon the right—and on a throne of gold—
Great Belus, of the Assyrian empire first,
And worshipped as a god; but, on the left,
In a resplendent car by lions drawn,
A goddess. * *
Behind the car,
Full in the centre, on the ebon ground,
Flamed forth a diamond sun; on either side,
A horned moon of diamond; and beyond
The planets, each one blazing diamond.
Such was the chariot of the king of kings.

[*The Bower of Nehushta.*]

'Twas a spot
Herself had chosen, from the palace walls
Farthest removed, and by no sound disturbed,
And by no eye o'erlooked; for in the midst
Of loftiest trees, umbrageous, was it hid—
Yet to the sunshine open, and the airs
That from the deep shades all around it breathed,
Cool and sweet-scented. Myrtles, jessamine—
Roses of varied hues—all climbing shrubs,
Green-leaved and fragrant, had she planted there,
And trees of slender body, fruit, and flower;
At early morn had watered, and at eve,
From a bright fountain nigh, that ceaselessly
Gushed with a gentle coil from out the earth,
Its liquid diamonds flinging to the sun

With a soft whisper. To a graceful arch
The pliant branches, intertwined, were bent;
Flowers some, and some rich fruits of gorgeous hues,
Down hanging lavishly, the taste to please,
Or, with rich scent, the smell—or that fine sense
Of beauty that in forms and colours rare
Doth take delight. With fragrant moss the floor
Was planted, to the foot a carpet rich,
Or, for the languid limbs, a downy couch,
Inviting slumber. At the noon-tide hour,
Here, with some chosen maidens would she come,
Stories of love to listen, or the deeds
Of heroes of old days: the harp, sometimes,
Herself would touch, and with her own sweet voice
Fill all the air with loveliness. But, chief,
When to his green-wave bed the wearied sun
Had parted, and heaven's glorious arch yet shone,
A last gleam catching from his closing eye—
The palace, with her maidens, quitting then,
Through vistas dim of tall trees would she pass—
Cedar, or waving pine, or giant palm—
Through orange groves, and citron, myrtle walks,
Alleys of roses, beds of sweetest flowers,
Their richest incense to the dewy breeze
Breathing profusely all—and having reached
The spot beloved, with sport, or dance awhile
On the small lawn to sound of dulcimer,
The pleasant time would pass; or to the lute
Give ear delighted, and the plaintive voice
That sang of hapless love: or, arm in arm,
Amid the twilight saunter, listing oft
The fountain's murmur, or the evening's sigh,
Or whisperings in the leaves—or, in his pride
Of minstrelsy, the sleepless nightingale
Flooding the air with beauty of sweet sounds:
And, ever as the silence came again,
The distant and unceasing hum could hear
Of that magnificent city, on all sides
Surrounding them.

In 1833 appeared two cantos of a descriptive poem, *The Heliotrope, or Pilgrim in Pursuit of Health*, being the record of a poetical wanderer in Liguria, Hetruria, Campania, and Calabria. The style and versification of Byron's Childe Harold are evidently copied by the author; but he has a native taste and elegance, and a purer system of philosophy than the noble poet. Many of the stanzas are musical and picturesque, presenting Claude-like landscapes of the glorious classic scenes through which the pilgrim passed. We subjoin the description of Pompeii—that interesting city of the dead:—

Pompeia! disentombed Pompeia! Here
Before me in her pall of ashes spread—
Wrenched from the gulf of ages—she whose bier
Was the unbowelled mountain, lifts her head
Sad but not silent! Thrilling in my ear
She tells her tale of horror, till the dread
And sudden drama mustering through the air,
Seems to rehearse the day of her despair!

Joyful she feasted 'neath her olive tree,
Then rose to 'dance and play:' and if a cloud
O'ershadowed her thronged circus, who could see
The impending deluge brooding in its shroud?
On went the games! mirth and festivity
Increased—prevailed: till rendingly and loud
The earth and sky with consentaneous roar
Denounced her doom—that time should be no more.

Shook to its centre, the convulsive soil
Closed round the flying: Sarno's tortured tide
O'erleapt its channel—eager for its spoil!
Thick darkness fell, and, wasting fast and wide,
Wrath opened her dread floodgates! Brief the toil
And terror of resistance: art supplied
No subterfuge! The pillared crypt, and cave
That proffered shelter, proved a living grave!

Within the circus, tribunal, and shrine,
Shrieking they perished: there the usurer sank
Grasping his gold; the bacchant at his wine;
The gambler at his dice! age, grade, nor rank,
Nor all they loved, revered, or deemed divine,
Found help or rescue; unredeemed they drank
Their cup of horror to the dregs, and fell
With Heaven's avenging thunders for their knell.

Their city a vast sepulchre—their hearth
A charnel-house! The beautiful and brave,
Whose high achievements or whose charms gave birth
To songs and civic wreath, unheeded crave
A pause 'twixt life and death: no hand on earth,
No voice from heaven, replied to close the grave
Yawning around them. Still the burning shower
Rained down upon them with unslackening power.

'Tis an old tale! Yet gazing thus, it seems
But yesterday the circling wine-cup went
Its joyous round! Here still the pilgrim deems
New guests arrive—the reveller sits intent
At his carousal, quaffing to the themes
Of Thracian Orpheus: lo, the cups indent
The conscious marble, and the amphoræ still
Seem redolent of old Falerno's hill!

It seems but yesterday! Half sculptured there,
On the paved Forum wedged, the marble shaft
Waits but the workman to resume his care,
And reed it by the cunning of his craft.
The chips, struck from his chisel, fresh and fair,
Lie scattered round; the acanthus leaves ingraft
The half-wrought capital; and Isis' shrine
Retains untouched her implements divine.

The streets are hollowed by the rolling car
In sinuous furrows; there the lava stone
Retains, deep grooved, the frequent axle's scar.
Here oft the pageant passed, and triumph shone;
Here warriors bore the glittering spoils of war,
And met the full fair city, smiling on
With wreath and pæan!—gay as those who drink
The draught of pleasure on destruction's brink.

The frescoed wall, the rich mosaic floor,
Elaborate, fresh, and garlanded with flowers
Of ancient fable:—crypt, and lintelled door
Writ with the name of their last tenant—towers
That still in strength aspire, as when they bore
Their Roman standard—from the whelming showers
That formed their grave—return, like spectres risen,
To solve the mysteries of their fearful prison!

The author of the 'Heliotrope' is Dr W. Beattie, a London physician of worth, talent, and benevolence, who is also author of *Scotland Illustrated, Switzerland Illustrated, Residence in the Court of Germany*, &c.

CHARLES LAMB.

Charles Lamb, a poet, and a delightful essayist, of quaint peculiar humour and fancy, was born in London on the 18th February 1775. His father was in humble circumstances, servant and friend to one of the benchers of the Inner Temple; but Charles was presented to the school of Christ's hospital, and from his seventh to his fifteenth year he was an inmate of that ancient and munificent asylum. Lamb was a nervous, timid, and thoughtful boy: 'while others were all fire and play, he stole along with all the self-concentration of a monk.' He would have obtained an exhibition at school, admitting him

to college, but these exhibitions were given under the implied if not expressed condition of entering into the church, and Lamb had an impediment in his speech, which in this case proved an insuperable obstacle. In 1792 he obtained an appointment in the accountant's office of the East India Company, residing with his parents; and 'on their death,' says Sergeant Talfourd, 'he felt himself called upon by duty to repay to his sister the solicitude with which she had watched over his infancy, and well, indeed, be performed it. To her, from the age of twenty-one, he devoted his existence, seeking thenceforth no connexion which could interfere with her supremacy in his affections, or impair his ability to sustain and to comfort her.' The first compositions of Lamb were in verse, prompted, probably, by the poetry of his friend Coleridge. A warm admiration of the Elizabethan dramatists led him to imitate their style and manner in a tragedy named *John Woodvil*, which was published in 1801, and mercilessly ridiculed in the Edinburgh Review as a specimen of the rudest state of the drama. There is much that is exquisite both in sentiment and expression in Lamb's play, but the plot is certainly meagre, and the style had then an appearance of affectation. The following description of the sports in the forest has a truly antique air, like a passage in Heywood or Shirley:—

To see the sun to bed, and to arise,
Like some hot amourist with glowing eyes,
Bursting the lazy bonds of sleep that bound him,
With all his fires and travelling glories round him.
Sometimes the moon on soft night-clouds to rest,
Like beauty nestling in a young man's breast,
And all the winking stars, her handmaids, keep
Admiring silence while these lovers sleep.
Sometimes outstretched, in very idleness,
Nought doing, saying little, thinking less,
To view the leaves, thin dancers upon air,
Go eddying round; and small birds how they fare,
When mother Autumn fills their beaks with corn.
Filched from the careless Amalthea's horn;
And how the woods berries and worms provide,
Without their pains, when earth has nought beside
To answer their small wants.
To view the graceful deer come tripping by,
Then stop and gaze, then turn, they know not why,
Like bashful younkers in society.
To mark the structure of a plant or tree,
And all fair things of earth, how fair they be.

In 1802 Lamb paid a visit to Coleridge at Keswick, and clambered up to the top of Skiddaw. Notwithstanding his partiality for a London life, he was deeply struck with the solitary grandeur and beauty of the lakes. 'Fleet Street and the Strand,' he says, 'are better places to live in for good and all than amidst Skiddaw. Still, I turn back to those great places where I wandered about participating in their greatness. I could spend a year, two, three years among them, but I must have a prospect of seeing Fleet Street at the end of that time, or I should mope and pine away.' A second dramatic attempt was made by Lamb in 1804. This was a farce entitled *Mr H.*, which was accepted by the proprietors of Drury Lane theatre, and acted for one night; but so indifferently received, that it was never brought forward afterwards. 'Lamb saw that the case was hopeless, and consoled his friends with a century of puns for the wreck of his dramatic hopes.' In 1807 he published a series of tales founded on the plays of Shakspeare, which he had written in conjunction with his sister, and in the following year appeared his *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets who lived about the time of Shakspeare*, a work evincing a thorough appreciation of the spirit of the old dramatists, and a fine critical taste in analysing their genius. Some of his poetical pieces were also composed about this time; but in these efforts Lamb barely indicated his powers, which were not fully displayed till the publication of his essays signed *Elia*, originally printed in the London Magazine. In these his curious reading, nice observation, and poetical conceptions, found a genial and befitting field. 'They are all,' says his biographer, Sergeant Talfourd, 'carefully elaborated; yet never were works written in a higher defiance to the conventional pomp of style. A sly hit, a happy pun, a humorous combination, lets the light into the intricacies of the subject, and supplies the place of ponderous sentences. Seeking his materials for the most part in the common paths of life—often in the humblest—he gives an importance to everything, and sheds a grace over all.' In 1825 Lamb was emancipated from the drudgery of his situation as clerk in the India House, retiring with a handsome pension, which enabled him to enjoy the comforts, and many of the luxuries of life. In a letter to Wordsworth, he thus describes his sensations after his release:—'I came home FOR EVER on Tuesday week. The incomprehensibleness of my condition overwhelmed me. It was like passing from life into eternity. Every year to be as long as three; that is, to have three times as much real time—time that is my own—in it! I wandered about thinking I was happy, but feeling I was not. But that tumultuousness is passing off. and I begin to understand the nature of the gift. Holidays, even the annual month, were always uneasy joys, with their conscious fugitiveness, the craving after making the most of them. Now, when all is holiday, there are no holidays. I can sit at home, in rain or shine, without a restless impulse for walkings. I am daily steadying, and shall soon find it as natural to me to be my own master, as it has been irksome to have had a master.' He removed to a cottage near Islington, and in the following summer, went with his faithful sister and companion on a long visit to Enfield, which ultimately led to his giving up his cottage, and becoming a constant resident at that place. There he lived for about five years, delighting his friends with his correspondence and occasional visits to London, displaying his social racy humour and active benevolence. In 1830 he committed to the press a small volume of poems, entitled *Album Verses*, the gleanings of several years, and he occasionally sent a contribution to some literary periodical. In September 1835, whilst taking his daily walk on the London road, he stumbled against a stone, fell, and slightly injured his face. The accident appeared trifling, but erysipelas in the face came on, and in a few days proved fatal. He was buried in the churchyard at Edmonton, amidst the tears and regrets of a circle of warmly attached friends, and his memory was consecrated by a tribute from the muse of Wordsworth. A complete edition of Lamb's works has been published by his friend Mr Moxon, and his reputation is still on the increase. For this he is mainly indebted to his essays. We cannot class him among the favoured sons of Apollo, though in heart and feeling he might sit with the proudest. The peculiarities of his style were doubtless grafted upon him by his constant study and life-long admiration of the old English writers. Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Jeremy Taylor, Browne, Fuller, and others of the elder worthies (down to Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle), were his chosen companions. He knew all their fine sayings and noble thoughts; and, consulting his own heart after his hard day's plodding at the

India House, at his quiet fireside (ere his reputation was established, and he came to be 'over-companied' by social visitors), he invested his original thoughts and fancies, and drew up his curious analogies and speculations in a garb similar to that which his favourites wore. Then Lamb was essentially a *town-man*—a true Londoner—fond as Johnson of Fleet Street and the Strand—a frequenter of the theatre, and attached to social habits, courtesies, and observances. His acute powers of observation were constantly called into play, and his warm sympathies excited by the shifting scenes around him. His kindliness of nature, his whims, puns, and prejudices, give a strong individuality to his writings; while in playful humour, critical taste, and choice expression, Charles Lamb may be considered among English essayists a genuine and original master.

To Hester.

When maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try,
With vain endeavour.

A month or more she hath been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed,
And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flushed her spirit.

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call:—if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied,
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool;
But she was trained in Nature's school;
Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind,
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour! gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
Some summer morning,

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet fore-warning?

The Old Familiar Faces.

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women;
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;
Like an ingrate I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood;
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

A Farewell to Tobacco.

May the Babylonish curse
Straight confound my stammering verse,
If I can a passage see
In this word-perplexity,
Or a fit expression find,
Or a language to my mind
(Still the phrase is wide or scant),
To take leave of thee, Great Plant!
Or in any terms relate
Half my love, or half my hate:
For I hate, yet love thee so,
That, whichever thing I show,
The plain truth will seem to be
A constrained hyperbole,
And the passion to proceed
More from a mistress than a weed.

Sooty retainer to the vine,
Bacchus' black servant, negro fine;
Sorcerer, that mak'st us dote upon
Thy begrimed complexion,
And, for thy pernicious sake,
More and greater oaths to break
Than reclaimed lovers take
'Gainst women: thou thy siege dost lay
Much too in the female way,
While thou suck'st the lab'ring breath
Faster than kisses or than death.

Thou in such a cloud dost bind us,
That our worst foes cannot find us,
And ill fortune, that would thwart us,
Shoots at rovers, shooting at us;
While each man, through thy height'ning steam,
Does like a smoking Etna seem,
And all about us does express
(Fancy and wit in richest dress)
A Sicilian fruitfulness.

Thou through such a mist dost show us,
That our best friends do not know us,
And, for those allowed features,
Due to reasonable creatures,
Liken'st us to fell Chimeras,
Monsters that, who see us, fear us;
Worse than Cerberus or Geryon,
Or, who first loved a cloud, Ixion.
Bacchus we know, and we allow
His tipsy rites. But what art thou,
That but by reflex canst show
What his deity can do,
As the false Egyptian spell
Aped the true Hebrew miracle?
Some few vapours thou mayst raise,
The weak brain may serve to amaze,
But to the reins and nobler heart,
Canst nor life nor heat impart.

Brother of Bacchus, later born,
The old world was sure forlorn
Wanting thee, that aidest more
The god's victories than before
All his panthers, and the brawls
Of his piping Bacchanals.
These, as stale, we disallow,
Or judge of *thee* meant: only thou

His true Indian conquest art;
And, for ivy round his dart,
The reformed god now weaves
A finer thyrsus of thy leaves.

Scent to match thy rich perfume
Chemic art did ne'er presume;
Through her quaint alembic strain,
None so sov'reign to the brain:
Nature, that did in thee excel,
Framed again no second smell.
Roses, violets, but toys
For the smaller sort of boys,
Or for greener damsels meant;
Thou art the only manly scent.

Stinking'st of the stinking kind,
Filth of the mouth and fog of the mind,
Africa, that brags her foison,
Breeds no such prodigious poison;
Henbane, nightshade, both together,
Hemlock, aconite——
Nay, rather,
Plant divine, of rarest virtue;
Blisters on the tongue would hurt you.
'Twas but in a sort I blamed thee;
None e'er prospered who defamed thee;
Irony all, and feigned abuse,
Such as perplexed lovers use
At a need, when, in despair
To paint forth their fairest fair,
Or in part but to express
That exceeding comeliness
Which their fancies doth so strike,
They borrow language of dislike;
And, instead of Dearest Miss,
Jewel, Honey, Sweetheart, Bliss,
And those forms of old admiring,
Call her Cockatrice and Siren,
Basilisk, and all that's evil,
Witch, Hyena, Mermaid, Devil,
Ethiop, Wench, and Blackamoor,
Monkey, Ape, and twenty more;
Friendly Trait'ress, loving Foe—
Not that she is truly so,
But no other way they know
A contentment to express,
Borders so upon excess,
That they do not rightly wot
Whether it be pain or not.

Or, as men, constrained to part
With what's nearest to their heart,
While their sorrow's at the height,
Lose discrimination quite,
And their hasty wrath let fall,
To appease their frantic gall,
On the darling thing whatever,
Whence they feel it death to sever,
Though it be, as they, perforce,
Guiltless of the sad divorce.
For I must (nor let it grieve thee,
Friendliest of plants, that I must) leave thee;
For thy sake, Tobacco, I
Would do anything but die,
And but seek to extend my days
Long enough to sing thy praise.
But as she, who once hath been
A king's consort, is a queen
Ever after, nor will bate
Any tittle of her state,
Though a widow, or divorced,
So I, from thy converse forced,
The old name and style retain,
A right Katherine of Spain;
And a seat, too, 'mongst the joys
Of the blest Tobacco Boys;
Where, though I, by sour physician,
Am debarred the full fruition
Of thy favours, I may catch
Some collateral sweets, and snatch
Sidelong odours, that give life
Like glances from a neighbour's wife;
And still live in the by-places
And the suburbs of thy graces;
And in thy borders take delight,
An unconquered Canaanite.

The following are selections from Lamb's Essays, which contain more of the exquisite materials of poetry than his short occasional verses.

Dream-Children—A Reverie.

Children love to listen to stories about their elders, when they were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle, or grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived), which had been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the Children in the Wood. Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreasts, till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by everybody, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, 'that would be foolish indeed.' And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighbourhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman; so good, indeed, that she knew all the Psalter by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer. Here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted—the best dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down

the great staircase near where she slept; but she said 'those innocents would do her no harm;' and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she—and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows, and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all her grandchildren, having us to the great house in the holidays, where I, in particular, used to spend many hours by myself in gazing upon the old busts of the twelve Cæsars that had been emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken pannels, with the gilding almost rubbed out—sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then, and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries and the fir apples, which were good for nothing but to look at; or in lying about upon the fresh grass, with all the fine garden smells around me; or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening, too, along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth; or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish-pond at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings. I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavours of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such like common baits of children. Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then, in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grandchildren, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L——, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out; and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries; and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile when I could not walk for pain; and how, in after life, he became lame-footed too, and I did not always, I fear, make allowances enough for him when he was impatient and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how, when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death, as I thought, pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarrelling with him (for we quarrelled sometimes), rather than not have him again; and was as uneasy without him, as he, their poor uncle, must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a-crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for Uncle John; and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how, for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W—n; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial meant in maidens; when suddenly turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of re-presentment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: 'We are not of Alice, nor of thee; nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing, less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence and a name;' and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor arm-chair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side—but John L. (or James Elia) was gone for ever.

Poor Relations.

A poor relation is the most irrelevant thing in nature, a piece of impertinent correspondency, an odious approximation, a haunting conscience, a preposterous shadow, lengthening in the noontide of your prosperity, an unwelcome remembrancer, a perpetually recurring mortification, a drain on your purse, a more intolerable dun upon your pride, a drawback upon success, a rebuke to your rising, a stain in your blood, a blot on your scutcheon, a rent in your garment, a death's head at your banquet, Agathocles's pot, a Mordecai in your gate, a Lazarus at your door, a lion in your path, a frog in your chamber, a fly in your ointment, a mote in your eye, a triumph to your enemy, an apology to your friends, the one thing not needful, the hail in harvest, the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet.

He is known by his knock. Your heart telleth you, 'That is Mr ——.' A rap between familiarity and respect, that demands, and at the same time seems to despair of entertainment. He entereth smiling and embarrassed. He holdeth out his hand to you to shake, and draweth it back again. He casually looketh in about dinner time, when the table is full. He offereth to go away, seeing you have company, but is induced to stay. He filleth a chair, and your visitor's two children are accommodated at a side table. He never cometh upon open days, when your wife says with some complacency, 'My dear, perhaps Mr —— will drop in to-day.' He remembereth birthdays, and professeth he is fortunate to have stumbled upon one. He declareth against fish, the turbot being small, yet suffereth himself to be importuned into a slice against his first resolution. He sticketh by the port, yet will be prevailed upon to empty the remainder glass of claret, if a stranger press it upon him. He is a puzzle to the servants, who are fearful of being too obsequious, or not civil enough to him. The guests think 'they have seen him before.' Every one speculateth upon his condition; and the most part take him to be a tide-waiter. He calleth you by your Christian name, to imply that his other is the same

with your own. He is too familiar by half, yet you wish he had less diffidence. With half the familiarity, he might pass for a casual dependent; with more boldness, he would be in no danger of being taken for what he is. He is too humble for a friend, yet taketh on him more state than befits a client. He is a worse guest than a country tenant, inasmuch as he bringeth up no rent; yet 'tis odds, from his garb and demeanour, that your guests take him for one. He is asked to make one at the whist table; refuseth on the score of poverty, and resents being left out. When the company break up, he proffereth to go for a coach, and lets the servant go. He recollects your grandfather; and will thrust in some mean and quite unimportant anecdote of the family. He knew it when it was not quite so flourishing as 'he is blest in seeing it now.' He reviveth past situations, to institute what he calleth favourable comparisons. With a reflecting sort of congratulation he will inquire the price of your furniture; and insults you with a special commendation of your window-curtains. He is of opinion that the urn is the more elegant shape; but, after all, there was something more comfortable about the old tea-kettle, which you must remember. He dare say you must find a great convenience in having a carriage of your own, and appealeth to your lady if it is not so. Inquireth if you have had your arms done on vellum yet; and did not know till lately that such and such had been the crest of the family. His memory is unseasonable, his compliments perverse, his talk a trouble, his stay pertinacious; and when he goeth away, you dismiss his chair into a corner as precipitately as possible, and feel fairly rid of two nuisances.

There is a worse evil under the sun, and that is a female poor relation. You may do something with the other; you may pass him off tolerably well; but your indigent she-relative is hopeless. 'He is an old humorist,' you may say, 'and affects to go threadbare. His circumstances are better than folks would take them to be. You are fond of having a character at your table, and truly he is one.' But in the indications of female poverty there can be no disguise. No woman dresses below herself from caprice. The truth must out without shuffling. 'She is plainly related to the L——s, or what does she at their house?' She is, in all probability, your wife's cousin. Nine times out of ten, at least, this is the case. Her garb is something between a gentlewoman and a beggar, yet the former evidently predominates. She is most provokingly humble, and ostentatiously sensible to her inferiority. He may require to be repressed sometimes—*aliquando sufflaminandus erat*—but there is no raising her. You send her soup at dinner, and she begs to be helped after the gentlemen. Mr —— requests the honour of taking wine with her; she hesitates between port and Madeira, and chooses the former because he does. She calls the servant *sir*; and insists on not troubling him to hold her plate. The housekeeper patronises her. The children's governess takes upon her to correct her when she has mistaken the piano for a harpsichord.

Richard Amlet, Esq., in the play, is a notable instance of the disadvantages to which this chimerical notion of affinity constituting a claim to acquaintance may subject the spirit of a gentleman. A little foolish blood is all that is betwixt him and a lady with a great estate. His stars are perpetually crossed by the malignant maternity of an old woman, who persists in calling him 'her son Dick.' But she has wherewithal in the end to recompense his indignities, and float him again upon the brilliant surface, under which it had been her seeming business and pleasure all along to sink him. All men, besides, are not of Dick's temperament. I knew an Amlet in real life, who, wanting Dick's buoyancy, sank indeed. Poor W—— was of my own standing at Christ's, a fine classic, and a youth of promise. If he had a blemish, it was too much pride; but its quality was inoffensive; it was not of that sort which hardens the heart and serves to keep inferiors at a distance; it only sought to ward off derogation from itself. It was the principle of self-respect carried as far as it could go, without infringing upon that respect which he would have every one else equally maintain for himself. He would have you to think alike with him on this topic. Many a quarrel have I had with him when we were rather older boys, and our tallness made us more obnoxious to observation in the blue clothes, because I would not thread the alleys and blind ways of the town with him to elude notice, when we have been out together on a holiday in the streets of this sneering and prying metropolis. W—— went, sore with these notions, to Oxford, where the dignity and sweetness of a scholar's life, meeting with the alloy of a humble introduction, wrought in him a passionate devotion to the place, with a profound aversion from the society. The servitor's gown (worse than his school array) clung to him with Nessian venom. He thought himself ridiculous in a garb under which Latimer must have walked erect; and in which Hooker in his young days possibly flaunted in a vein of no discommendable vanity. In the depth of college shades, or in his lonely chamber, the poor student shrunk from observation. He found shelter among books which insult not, and studies that ask no questions of a youth's finances. He was lord of his library, and seldom cared for looking out beyond his domains. The healing influence of studious pursuits was upon him, to soothe and to abstract. He was almost a healthy man, when the waywardness of his fate broke out against him with a second and worse malignity. The father of W—— had hitherto exercised the humble profession of house painter at N——, near Oxford. A supposed interest with some of the heads of colleges had now induced him to take up his abode in that city, with the hope of being employed upon some public works which were talked of. From that moment I read in the countenance of the young man the determination which at length tore him from academical pursuits for ever. To a person unacquainted with our universities, the distance between the gownsmen and the townsmen, as they are called—the trading part of the latter especially—is carried to an excess that would appear harsh and incredible. The temperament of W——'s father was diametrically the reverse of his own. Old W—— was a little, busy, cringing tradesman, who, with his son upon his arm, would stand bowing and scraping, cap in hand, to anything that wore the semblance of a gown—insensible to the winks and opener remonstrances of the young man, to whose chamber-fellow, or equal in standing, perhaps, he was thus obsequiously and gratuitously ducking. Such a state of things could not last. W—— must change the air of Oxford, or be suffocated. He chose the former; and let the sturdy moralist, who strains the point of the filial duties as high as they can bear, censure the dereliction; he cannot estimate the struggle. I stood with W——, the last afternoon I ever saw him, under the eaves of his paternal dwelling. It was in the fine lane leading from the High Street to the back of —— college, where W—— kept his rooms. He seemed thoughtful and more reconciled. I ventured to rally him—finding him in a better mood—upon a representation of the Artist Evangelist, which the old man, whose affairs were beginning to flourish, had caused to be set up in a splendid sort of frame over his really handsome shop, either as a token of prosperity, or badge of gratitude to his saint. W—— looked up at the Luke, and, like Satan, 'knew his mounted sign, and fled.' A letter on his father's table the next morning announced that he had accepted a commission in a regiment about to

embark for Portugal. He was among the first who perished before the walls of St Sebastian.

I do not know how, upon a subject which I began with treating half seriously, I should have fallen upon a recital so eminently painful; but this theme of poor relationship is replete with so much matter for tragic as well as comic associations, that it is difficult to keep the account distinct without blending. The earliest impressions which I received on this matter are certainly not attended with anything painful, or very humiliating, in the recalling. At my father's table (no very splendid one) was to be found every Saturday the mysterious figure of an aged gentleman, clothed in neat black, of a sad yet comely appearance. His deportment was of the essence of gravity; his words few or none; and I was not to make a noise in his presence. I had little inclination to have done so—for my cue was to admire in silence. A particular elbow-chair was appropriated to him, which was in no case to be violated. A peculiar sort of sweet pudding, which appeared on no other occasion, distinguished the days of his coming. I used to think him a prodigiously rich man. All I could make out of him was, that he and my father had been schoolfellows a world ago at Lincoln, and that he came from the Mint. The Mint I knew to be a place where all the money was coined, and I thought he was the owner of all that money. Awful ideas of the Tower twined themselves about his presence. He seemed above human infirmities and passions. A sort of melancholy grandeur invested him. From some inexplicable doom I fancied him obliged to go about in an eternal suit of mourning; a captive—a stately being let out of the Tower on Saturdays. Often have I wondered at the temerity of my father, who, in spite of a habitual general respect which we all in common manifested towards him, would venture now and then to stand up against him in some argument touching their youthful days. The houses of the ancient city of Lincoln are divided (as most of my readers know) between the dwellers on the hill and in the valley. This marked distinction formed an obvious division between the boys who lived above (however brought together in a common school) and the boys whose paternal residence was on the plain—a sufficient cause of hostility in the code of these young Grotiuses. My father had been a leading mountaineer; and would still maintain the general superiority, in skill and hardihood, of the above boys (his own faction) over the below boys (so were they called), of which party his contemporary had been a chieftain. Many and hot were the skirmishes on this topic—the only one upon which the old gentleman was ever brought out—and bad blood bred; even sometimes almost to the recommencement (so I expected) of actual hostilities. But my father, who scorned to insist upon advantages, generally contrived to turn the conversation upon some adroit by-commendation of the old minster; in the general preference of which, before all other cathedrals in the island, the dweller on the hill and the plain-born could meet on a conciliating level, and lay down their less important differences. Once only I saw the old gentleman really ruffled, and I remember with anguish the thought that came over me—'perhaps he will never come here again.' He had been pressed to take another plate of the viand which I have already mentioned as the indispensable concomitant of his visits. He had refused, with a resistance amounting to rigour, when my aunt, an old Lincolnian, but who had something of this, in common with my cousin Bridget, that she would sometimes press civility out of season—uttered the following memorable application: 'Do take another slice, Mr Billet, for you do not get pudding every day.' The old gentleman said nothing at the time—but he took occasion in the course of the evening, when some argument had intervened between them, to utter, with an emphasis which chilled the company, and which chills me now as I write it—'Woman, you are superannuated.' John Billet did not survive long after the digesting of this affront; but he survived long enough to assure me that peace was actually restored! and, if I remember aright, another pudding was discreetly substituted in the place of that which had occasioned the offence. He died at the Mint (anno 1781), where he had long held, what he accounted, a comfortable independence; and with five pounds fourteen shillings and a penny, which were found in his escrutoire after his decease, left the world, blessing God that he had enough to bury him, and that he had never been obliged to any man for a sixpence. This was—a Poor Relation.

WILLIAM SOTHEBY.

WILLIAM SOTHEBY, an elegant and accomplished scholar and translator, was born in London on the 9th of November 1757. He was of good family, and educated at Harrow school. At the age of seventeen he entered the army as an officer in the 10th dragoons. He quitted the army in the year 1780, and purchased Bevis Mount, near Southampton, where he continued to reside for the next ten years. Here Mr Sotheby cultivated his taste for literature, and translated some of the minor Greek and Latin poets. In 1788 he made a pedestrian tour through Wales, of which he wrote a poetical description, published, together with some odes and sonnets, in 1789. Two years afterwards the poet removed to London, where he mixed in the literary and scientific society of the metropolis, and was warmly esteemed by all who knew him. In 1798 he published a translation from the Oberon of Wieland, which greatly extended his reputation, and procured him the thanks and friendship of the German poet. He now became a frequent competitor for poetical fame. In 1799 he wrote a poem commemorative of the battle of the Nile; in 1800 appeared his translation of the Georgics of Virgil; in 1801 he produced a *Poetical Epistle on the Encouragement of the British School of Painting*; and in 1802 a tragedy on the model of the ancient Greek drama, entitled *Orestes*. The threatened invasion of the French roused the military spirit of Sotheby, and he entered with zeal upon the formation of a volunteer corps. When this alarm had blown over, he devoted himself to the composition of an original sacred poem, in blank verse, under the title of *Saul*, which appeared in 1807. The fame of Scott induced him to attempt the romantic metrical style of narrative and description; and in 1810 he published *Constance de Castille*, a poem in ten cantos. In 1814 he republished his 'Orestes,' together with four other tragedies; and in 1815 a second corrected edition of the Georgics. A tour on the continent (during which Mr Sotheby was absent for eighteen months) gave occasion to another poetical work, *Italy*, descriptive of classic scenes and recollections. He next began a labour which he had long contemplated, the translation of the Iliad and Odyssey, though he was upwards of seventy years of age before he entered upon the Herculean task. The summer and autumn of 1829 were spent in a tour to Scotland, during which he visited Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford, and explored some of the most interesting of the Highland districts. The following verses, written in a steamboat during an excursion to Staffa and Iona, show the undiminished powers of the veteran poet:—

Staffa, I scaled thy summit hoar,
I passed beneath thy arch gigantic,
Whose pillared cavern swells the roar,
When thunders on thy rocky shore
The roll of the Atlantic.

That hour the wind forgot to rave,
The surge forgot its motion,
And every pillar in thy cave
Slept in its shadow on the wave,
Unrippled by the ocean.

Then the past age before me came,
When 'mid the lightning's sweep,
Thy isle with its basaltic frame,
And every column wreathed with flame,
Burst from the boiling deep.

When 'mid Iona's wrecks meanwhile
O'er sculptured graves I trod,
Where Time had strewn each mouldering aisle
O'er saints and kings that reared the pile,
I hailed the eternal God:
Yet, Staffa, more I felt his presence in thy cave
Than where Iona's cross rose o'er the western wave.

Mr Sotheby's translation of the Iliad was published in 1831, and was generally esteemed spirited and faithful. The Odyssey he completed in the following year. This was the last production of the amiable and indefatigable author. He still enjoyed the society of his friends, and even made another tour through North Wales; but his lengthened life was near a close, and after a short illness, he died on the 30th of December 1833, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. The original poetical productions of Mr Sotheby have not been reprinted: his translations are the chief source of his reputation. Wieland, it is said, was charmed with the genius of his translator, and the rich beauty of diction in the Oberon, and its facility of versification, notwithstanding the restraints imposed by a difficult measure, were eulogised by the critics. In his tragedies, Mr Sotheby displays considerable warmth of passion and figurative language, but his plots are ill constructed. His sacred poem, Saul, is the longest of his works. 'There is delicacy and grace in many of the descriptions,' says Jeffrey, 'a sustained tone of gentleness and piety in the sentiments, and an elaborate beauty in the diction which frequently makes amends for the want of force and originality.' The versification also wants that easy flow and melody which characterise Oberon. Passages of Sotheby's metrical romance are happily versified, and may be considered good imitations of Scott. Indeed, Byron said of Mr Sotheby, that he imitated everybody, and occasionally surpassed his models.

[Approach of Saul and his Guards against the Philistines.]

Hark! hark! the clash and clang
Of shaken cymbals cadencing the pace
Of martial movement regular; the swell
Sonorous of the brazen trump of war;
Shrill twang of harps, soothed by melodious chime
Of beat on silver bars; and sweet, in pause
Of harsher instrument, continuous flow
Of breath, through flutes, in symphony with song,
Choirs, whose matched voices filled the air afar
With jubilee and chant of triumph hymn;
And ever and anon irregular burst
Of loudest acclamation to each host
Saul's stately advance proclaimed. Before him, youths
In robes succinct for swiftness, oft they struck
Their staves against the ground, and warned the throng
Backward to distant homage. Next, his strength
Of chariots rolled with each an armed band;
Earth groaned afar beneath their iron wheels:
Part armed with scythe for battle, part adorned
For triumph. Nor there wanting a led train
Of steeds in rich caparison, for show
Of solemn entry. Round about the king,
Warriors, his watch and ward, from every tribe
Drawn out. Of these a thousand each selects,
Of size and comeliness above their peers,
Pride of their race. Radiant their armour: some
In silver cased, scale over scale, that played
All pliant to the litheness of the limb;
Some mailed in twisted gold, link within link
Flexibly ringed and fitted, that the eye
Beneath the yielding panoply pursued,
When act of war the strength of man provoked,
The motion of the muscles, as they worked
In rise and fall. On each left thigh a sword
Swung in the broidered baldric; each right hand
Grasped a long shadowing spear. Like them, their chiefs
Arrayed; save on their shields of solid ore,
And on their helm, the graver's toil had wrought
Its subtlety in rich device of war;
And o'er their mail, a robe, Punic in dye,
Gracefully played; where the winged shuttle, shot
By cunning of Sidonian virgins, wove
Broidure of many coloured figures rare.
Bright glowed the sun, and bright the burnished mail
Of thousands, ranged, whose pace to sound kept time;
And bright the blaze of spears, and beam of crests,
And flaunt of banners flashing to and fro
The noonday beam. Beneath their coming, earth
Wide glittered. Seen afar, amidst the pomp,
Gorgeously mailed, but more by pride of port
Known, and superior stature, than rich trim
Of war and regal ornament, the king,
Throned in triumphal car, with trophies graced,
Stood eminent. The lifting of his lance
Shone like a sunbeam. O'er his arms upflowed
A robe, imperial mantle, thickly starred
With blaze of orient gems; the clasp that bound
Its gathered folds his ample chest athwart,
Sapphire; and o'er his casque, where rubies burnt,
A cherub flamed, and waved his wings in gold.

[Song of the Virgins Celebrating the Victory.]

Daughters of Israel! praise the Lord of Hosts!
Break into song! With harp and tabret lift
Your voices up, and weave with joy the dance;
And to your twinkling footsteps toss aloft
Your arms; and from the flash of cymbals shake
Sweet clangour, measuring the giddy maze.
Shout ye! and ye! make answer, Saul hath slain
His thousands, David his ten thousands slain.
Sing a new song. I saw them in their rage,
I saw the gleam of spears, the flash of swords,
That rang against our gates. The warders' watch
Ceased not. Tower answered tower: a warning voice
Was heard without, the cry of woe within:
The shriek of virgins, and the wail of her,
The mother, in her anguish, who fore-wept,
Wept at the breast her babe as now no more.
Shout ye! and ye! make answer, Saul hath slain
His thousands, David his ten thousands slain.
Sing a new song. Spake not the insulting foe?
I will pursue, o'ertake, divide the spoil.
My hand shall dash their infants on the stones;
The ploughshare of my vengeance shall draw out
The furrow, where the tower and fortress rose.
Before my chariot Israel's chiefs shall clank
Their chains. Each side their virgin daughters groan;
Erewhile to weave my conquest on their looms.
Shout ye! and ye! make answer, Saul hath slain
His thousands; David his ten thousands slain.

Thou heardst, O God of battle! Thou, whose look
Snappeth the spear in sunder. In thy strength
A youth, thy chosen, laid their champion low.
Saul, Saul pursues, o'ertakes, divides the spoil;
Wreathes round our necks these chains of gold, and robes
Our limbs with floating crimson. Then rejoice,
Daughters of Israel! from your cymbals shake
Sweet clangour, hymning God! the Lord of Hosts!
Ye! shout! and ye! make answer, Saul hath slain
His thousands; David his ten thousands slain.
Such the hymned harmony, from voices breathed
Of virgin minstrels, of each tribe the prime
For beauty, and fine form, and artful touch
Of instrument, and skill in dance and song;
Choir answering choir, that on to Gibeah led
The victors back in triumph. On each neck
Played chains of gold; and, shadowing their charms
With colour like the blushes of the morn,
Robes, gift of Saul, round their light limbs, in toss
Of cymbals, and the many-mazed dance,
Floated like roseate clouds. Thus, these came on
In dance and song; then, multitudes that swelled
The pomp of triumph, and in circles ranged
Around the altar of Jehovah, brought
Freely their offerings; and with one accord
Sang, 'Glory, and praise, and worship unto God.'
Loud rang the exultation. 'Twas the voice
Of a free people from impending chains
Redeemed; a people proud, whose bosom beat
With fire of glory and renown in arms
Triumphant. Loud the exultation rang.
There, many a wife, whose ardent gaze from far
Singled the warrior whose glad eye gave back
Her look of love. There, many a grandsire held
A blooming boy aloft, and 'midst the array
In triumph, pointing with his staff, exclaimed,
'Lo, my brave son! I now may die in peace.'
There, many a beauteous virgin, blushing deep,
Flung back her veil, and, as the warrior came,
Hailed her betrothed. But, chiefly, on one alone
All dwelt.

The Winter's Morn.

Artist unseen! that, dipt in frozen dew,
Hast on the glittering glass thy pencil laid,
Ere from yon sun the transient visions fade,
Swift let me trace the forms thy fancy drew!
Thy towers and palaces of diamond hue,
Rivers and lakes of lucid crystal made,
And hung in air hoar trees of branching shade,
That liquid pearl distil: thy scenes renew,
Whate'er old bards or later fictions feign,
Of secret grottos underneath the wave,
Where nereids roof with spar the amber cave;
Or bowers of bliss, where sport the fairy train,
Who, frequent by the moonlight wanderer seen,
Circle with radiant gems the dewy green.

EDWARD LORD THURLOW.

EDWARD HOVEL THURLOW (Lord Thurlow) has published several small volumes of poetry: *Select Poems* (1821); *Poems on Several Occasions*; *Angelica, or the Fate of Proteus*; *Arcita and Palamon, after Chaucer*, &c. Amidst much affectation and bad taste, there is real poetry in the works of this nobleman. He has been a source of ridicule and sarcasm to various reviewers—and not undeservedly; yet in pieces like the following, there is a freshness of fancy and feeling, and a richness of expression, that resemble Herrick or Moore.

Song to May.

May! queen of blossoms,
And fulfilling flowers,
With what pretty music
Shall we charm the hours?
Wilt thou have pipe and reed,
Blown in the open mead!
Or to the lute give heed
In the green bowers?

Thou hast no need of us,
Or pipe or wire,
That hast the golden bee
Ripened with fire;
And many thousand more
Songsters, that thee adore,
Filling earth's grassy floor
With new desire.

Thou hast thy mighty herds,
Tame, and free livers;
Doubt not, thy music too
In the deep rivers;
And the whole plumy flight,
Warbling the day and night—
Up at the gates of light,
See, the lark quivers!

When with the jacinth
Coy fountains are tressed;
And for the mournful bird
Greenwoods are dressed,
That did for Tereus pine;
Then shall our songs be thine,
To whom our hearts incline:
May, be thou blessed!

The Sun-Flower.

Behold, my dear, this lofty flower,
That now the golden sun receives;
No other deity has power,
But only Phœbus, on her leaves;
As he in radiant glory burns,
From east to west her visage turns.

The dial tells no tale more true,
Than she his journal on her leaves,
When morn first gives him to her view,
Or night, that her of him bereaves,
A dismal interregnum bids
Her weeping eyes to close their lids.

Forsaken of his light, she pines
The cold, the dreary night away,
Till in the east the crimson signs
Betoken the great god of day;
Then, lifting up her drooping face,
She sheds around a golden grace.

O Nature, in all parts divine!
What moral sweets her leaves disclose!
Then in my verse her truth shall shine,
And be immortal, as the rose,
Anacreon's plant; arise, thou flower,
That hast fidelity thy dower!

Apollo, on whose beams you gaze,
Has filled my breast with golden light;
And circled me with sacred rays,
To be a poet in his sight:
Then, thus I give the crown to thee,
Whose impress is fidelity.

Sonnets.

The Summer, the divinest Summer burns,
  The skies are bright with azure and with gold;
The mavis, and the nightingale, by turns,
  Amid the woods a soft enchantment hold:
The flowering woods, with glory and delight,
  Their tender leaves unto the air have spread;
The wanton air, amid their alleys bright,
  Doth softly fly, and a light fragrance shed:
The nymphs within the silver fountains play,
  The angels on the golden banks recline,
Wherein great Flora, in her bright array,
  Hath sprinkled her ambrosial sweets divine:
Or, else, I gaze upon that beauteous face,
O Amoret! and think these sweets have place.

Now Summer has one foot from out the world,
  Her golden mantle floating in the air,
And her love-darting eyes are backward hurled,
  To bid adieu to this creation fair;
A flight of swallows circles her before,
  And Zephyrus, her jolly harbinger,
Already is a-wing to Heaven's door,
  Whereat the Muses are expecting her;
And the three Graces, in their heavenly inn,
  Are dancing with delicious harmony;
And Hebe doth her flowery chalice brim,
  To sprinkle nectar on their melody;
Jove laughs to see his angel, Summer, come,
Warbling his praise, to her immortal home.

The crimson Moon, uprising from the sea,
  With large delight foretells the harvest near;
Ye shepherds, now prepare your melody,
  To greet the soft appearance of her sphere!
And, like a page, enamoured of her train,
  The star of evening glimmers in the west;
Then raise, ye shepherds, your observant strain,
  That so of the Great Shepherd here are blest!
Our fields are full with the time-ripened grain,
  Our vineyards with the purple clusters swell;
Her golden splendour glimmers on the main,
  And vales and mountains her bright glory tell:
Then sing, ye shepherds! for the time is come
When we must bring the enriched harvest home.

O Moon, that shinest on this heathy wild,
  And light'st the hill of Hastings with thy ray,
How am I with thy sad delight beguiled,
  How hold with fond imagination play!
By thy broad taper I call up the time
  When Harold on the bleeding verdure lay,
Though great in glory, overstained with crime,
  And fallen by his fate from kingly sway!
On bleeding knights, and on war-broken arms,
  Torn banners and the dying steeds you shone,
When this fair England, and her peerless charms,
  And all, but honour, to the foe were gone!
Here died the king, whom his brave subjects chose,
But, dying, lay amid his Norman foes!

THOMAS MOORE.

A rare union of wit and sensibility, of high powers of imagination and extensive learning, has been exemplified in the poetical works of THOMAS MOORE. Mr Moore is a native of Dublin, where he was born on the 28th of May 1780. He early began to rhyme, and a sonnet to his schoolmaster, Mr Samuel Whyte, written in his fourteenth year, was published in a Dublin magazine.* The parents of our poet were Roman Catholics, a body then proscribed and depressed by penal enactments, and they seem to have been of the number who, to use his own words, 'hailed the first dazzling outbreak of the French Revolution as a signal to the slave, wherever suffering, that the day of his deliverance was near at hand.' The poet states that in 1792 he was taken by his father to one of the dinners given in honour of that great event, and sat upon the knee of the chairman while the following toast was enthusiastically sent round: 'May the breezes from France fan our Irish



Thomas Moore

Oak into verdure!' Parliament having in 1793 opened the university to Catholics, young Moore was sent to college, and distinguished himself by his classical acquirements. In 1799, while in his nineteenth year, he proceeded to London to study law in the Middle Temple, and publish by subscription a translation of Anacreon. The latter appeared in the following year, dedicated to the Prince of Wales. At a subsequent period Mr Moore was among the keenest satirists of this prince, for which he has been accused of ingratitude; but he states himself that the whole amount of his obligations to his royal highness was the honour of dining twice at Carlton House, and being admitted to a great fete given by the prince in 1811 on his being made regent. In 1803 Mr Moore obtained an official situation at Bermuda, the duties of which were discharged by a deputy; and this subordinate proving unfaithful, the poet incurred pecuniary losses to a large amount. Its first effect, however, was two volumes of poetry, a series of *Odes and Epistles*, published in 1806, and written during an absence of fourteen months from Europe, while the author visited Bermuda. The descriptive sketches in this work are remarkable for their

*Mr Whyte was also the teacher of Sheridan, and it is curious to learn that, after about a year's trial, *Sherry* was pronounced, both by tutor and parent, to be an incorrigible dunce. 'At the time,' says Mr Moore, 'when I first began to attend his school, Mr Whyte still continued, to the no small alarm of many parents, to encourage a taste for acting among his pupils. In this line I was long his favourite *show-scholar*; and among the play-bills introduced in his volume, to illustrate the occasions of his own prologues and epilogues, there is one of a play got up in the year 1790, at Lady Borrowes's private theatre in Dublin, where, among the items of the evening's entertainment, is "An Epilogue, *A Squeeze to St Paul's*, Master Moore."'

fidelity, no less than their poetical beauty. The style of Moore was now formed, and in all his writings there is nothing finer than the opening epistle to Lord Strangford, written on board ship by moonlight:—

Sweet Moon! if, like Crotona's sage,
By any spell my hand could dare
To make thy disk its ample page,
And write my thoughts, my wishes there;
How many a friend whose careless eye
Now wanders o'er that starry sky,
Should smile upon thy orb to meet
The recollection kind and sweet,
The reveries of fond regret,
The promise never to forget,
And all my heart and soul would send
To many a dear-loved, distant friend.

* * *

Even now, delusive hope will steal
Amid the dark regrets I feel,
Soothing as yonder placid beam
Pursues the murmurers of the deep,
And lights them with consoling gleam,
And smiles them into tranquil sleep.
Oh! such a blessed night as this
I often think if friends were near,
How should we feel and gaze with bliss
Upon the moon-bright scenery here!
The sea is like a silvery lake,
And o'er its calm the vessel glides,
Gently, as if it feared to wake
The slumber of the silent tides.
The only envious cloud that lowers
Hath hung its shade on Pico's height,
Where dimly 'mid the dusk he towers,
And, scowling at this heaven of light,
Exults to see the infant storm
Cling darkly round his giant form!

The warmth of the young poet's feelings and imagination led him in these epistles to make some slight trespasses on delicacy and decorum, and a second publication of poems, two years afterwards, under the assumed name of *Thomas Little*—a playful allusion to his diminutive stature—aggravated this offence of his muse. He has had the good sense to be ashamed of these amatory *Juvenilia*, and genius enough to redeem the fault. Mr Moore now became a satirist—not strong and masculine, like Dryden, nor possessed of the moral dignity of Pope—but lively and pungent, with abundance of humorous and witty illustration. The man of the world, the scholar, and the poetical artist, are happily blended in his satirical productions, with a rich and playful fancy. His *Twopenny Postbag*, *The Fudge Family in Paris*, *Fables for the Holy Alliance*, and numerous small pieces written for the newspapers on the passing topics of the day, to serve the cause of the Whig or liberal party, are not excelled in their own peculiar walk by any satirical compositions in the language. It is difficult to select a specimen of these exquisite productions without risk of giving offence; but perhaps the following may be found sufficiently irreproachable in this respect, at the same time that it contains a full proportion of the wit and poignancy distributed over all. It appeared at a time when an abundance of mawkish reminiscences and memoirs had been showered from the press, and bore the title of 'Literary Advertisement.'

Wanted—Authors of all work to job for the season,
No matter which party, so faithful to neither;
Good hacks, who, if posed for a rhyme or a reason,
Can manage, like *******, to do without either.

If in jail, all the better for out-of-door topics;
Your jail is for travellers a charming retreat;
They can take a day's rule for a trip to the Tropics,
And sail round the world, at their ease, in the Fleet.

For a dramatist, too, the most useful of schools—
He can study high life in the King's Bench community;
Aristotle could scarce keep him more *within rules*,
And of *place* he, at least, must adhere to the *unity*.

Any lady or gentleman come to an age
To have good 'Reminiscences' (three score or higher),
Will meet with encouragement—so much *per* page,
And the spelling and grammar both found by the buyer.

No matter with what their remembrance is stocked,
So they'll only remember the *quantum* desired;
Enough to fill handsomely Two Volumes *oct.*,
Price twenty-four shillings, is all that's required.

They may treat us, like Kelly, with old *jeu d'esprits*,
Like Dibdin, may tell of each fanciful frolic;
Or kindly inform us, like Madame Genlis,
That ginger-beer cakes always give them the cholic.

* * *

Funds, Physic, Corn, Poetry, Boxing, Romance,
All excellent subjects for turning a penny;
To write upon all is an author's sole chance
For attaining at last the least knowledge of any.

Nine times out of ten, if his title is good,
The material within of small consequence is;
Let him only write fine, and if not understood,
Why—that's the concern of the reader, not his.

Nota Bene—an Essay, now printing, to show
That Horace, as clearly as words could express it,
Was for taxing the Fundholders, ages ago,
When he wrote thus—'Quodcunque *in Fund is*, assess it.'*

In 1813 Mr Moore entered upon his noble poetical and patriotic task—writing lyrics for the ancient music of his native country. His *Irish Songs* displayed a fervour and pathos not found in his earlier works, with the most exquisite melody and purity of diction. An accomplished musician himself, it was the effort, he relates, to translate into language the emotions and passions which music appeared to him to express, that first led to his writing any poetry worthy of the name. 'Dryden,' he adds, 'has happily described music as being "inarticulate poetry;" and I have always felt, in adapting words to an expressive air, that I was bestowing upon it the gift of articulation, and thus enabling it to speak to others all that was conveyed, in its wordless eloquence, to myself.' Part of the inspiration must also be attributed to national feelings. The old airs were consecrated to recollections of the ancient glories, the valour, beauty, or sufferings of Ireland, and became inseparably connected with such associations. Of the *Irish Melodies*, in connection with Mr Moore's songs, nine parts have been published in succession; they are understood to have been materially useful to the poet's fortunes. Without detracting from the merits of the rest, it appears to us very forcibly, that the particular ditties in which he delicately hints at the woes of his native country, and transmutes into verse the breathings of its unfortunate patriots, are the most real in feeling, and therefore the best. This particularly applies to 'When he who adores thee,' 'Oh, blame not the bard,' and 'Oh, breathe not his

* According to the common reading, 'Quodcunque infundis, acescit.'

name;' the first of which, referring evidently to the fate of Mr Emmett, is as follows:—

When he who adores thee has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrow behind,
Oh, say, wilt thou weep when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resigned?
Yes, weep! and, however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface the decree;
For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee!

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love,
Every thought of my reason was thine;
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine!
Oh, blessed are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give,
Is the pride of thus dying for thee!

Next to the patriotic songs stand those in which a moral reflection is conveyed in that metaphorical form which only Moore has been able to realise in lyrics for music—as in the following exquisite example:—

I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on:
I came, when the sun o'er that beach was declining—
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.

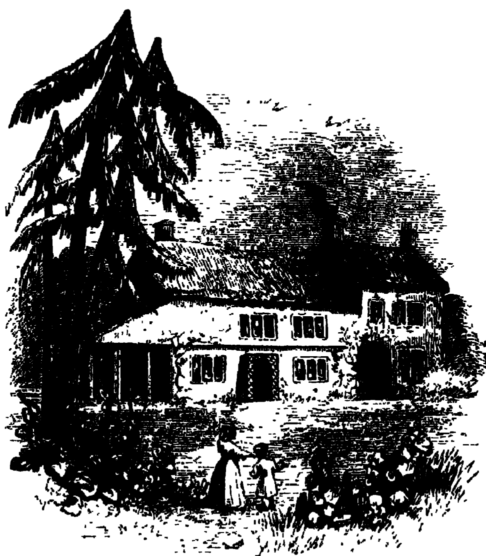
Ah! such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known:
Each wave that we danced on at morning, ebbs from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the black shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night;
Give me back, give me back, the wild freshness of morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth evening's best light.

Oh, who would not welcome that moment's returning,
When passion first waked a new life through his frame,
And his soul—like the wood that grows precious in burning—
Gave out all its sweets to Love's exquisite flame!

In 1817 Mr Moore produced his most elaborate poem, *Lalla Rookh*, an oriental romance, the accuracy of which, as regards topographical, antiquarian, and characteristic details, has been vouched by numerous competent authorities. The poetry is brilliant and gorgeous—rich to excess with imagery and ornament—and oppressive from its very sweetness and splendour. Of the four tales which, connected by a slight narrative, like the ballad stories in Hogg's Queen's Wake, constitute the entire poem, the most simple is *Paradise and the Peri*, and it is the one most frequently read and remembered. Still, the first—*The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan*—though improbable and extravagant as a fiction, is a poem of great energy and power. The genius of the poet moves with grace and freedom under his load of Eastern magnificence, and the reader is fascinated by his prolific fancy, and the scenes of loveliness and splendour which are depicted with such vividness and truth. Hazlitt says that Moore should not have written 'Lalla Rookh,' even for three thousand guineas—the price understood to be paid by the booksellers for the copyright. But if not a great poem, it is a marvellous work of art, and contains paintings of local scenery and manners unsurpassed for fidelity and picturesque effect. The patient research and extensive reading required to gather the materials, would have damped the spirit and extinguished the fancy of almost any other poet. It was amidst the snows of two or three Derbyshire winters, he says, while living in a lone cottage among the fields, that he was enabled, by that concentration of thought which retirement alone gives, to call up around him some of the sunniest of those Eastern scenes which have since been welcomed in India itself as almost native to its clime. The poet was a diligent student, and his oriental reading was 'as good as riding on the back of a camel.' The romance of 'Vathek' alone equals 'Lalla Rookh,' among English fictions, in local fidelity and completeness as an Eastern tale. After the publication of his work, the poet set off with Mr Rogers on a visit to Paris. The 'groups of ridiculous English who were at that time swarming in all directions throughout France,' supplied the materials for his satire entitled 'The Fudge Family in Paris,' which, in popularity, and the run of successive editions, kept pace with 'Lalla Rookh.' In 1819 Mr Moore made another journey to the continent in company with Lord John Russell, and this furnished his *Rhymes on the Road*, a series of trifles often graceful and pleasing, but so conversational and unstudied as to be little better (to use his own words) than 'prose fringed with rhyme.' From Paris the poet and his companion proceeded by the Simplon to Italy. Lord John took the route to Genoa, and Mr Moore went on a visit to Lord Byron at Venice. On his return from this memorable tour, the poet took up his abode in Paris, where he resided till about the close of the year 1822. He had become involved in pecuniary difficulties by the conduct of the person who acted as his deputy at Bermuda. His friends pressed forward with eager kindness to help to release him—one offering to place £500 at his disposal; but he came to the resolution of 'gratefully declining their offers, and endeavouring to work out his deliverance by his own efforts.' In September 1822 he was informed that an arrangement had been made, and that he might with safety return to England. The amount of the claims of the American merchants had been reduced to the sum of one thousand guineas, and towards the payment of this the uncle of his deputy—a rich London merchant—had been brought to contribute £300. A friend of the poet immediately deposited in the hands of a banker the remaining portion (£750), which was soon repaid by the grateful bard, who, in the June following, on receiving his publisher's account, found £1000 placed to his credit from the sale of the *Loves of the Angels*, and £500 from the 'Fables of the Holy Alliance.' The latter were partly written while Mr Moore was at Venice with Lord Byron, and were published under the *nom de guerre* of Thomas Brown. The 'Loves of the Angels' was written in Paris. The poem is founded on 'the Eastern story of the angels Harut and Marut, and the Rabbinical fictions of the loves of Uzziel and Shamchazai,' with which Mr Moore shadowed out 'the fall of the soul from its original purity—the loss of light and happiness which it suffers in the pursuit of this world's perishable pleasures—and the punishments both from conscience and divine justice with which impurity, pride, and presumptuous inquiry into the awful secrets of heaven are sure to be visited.' The stories of the three angels are related with graceful tenderness and passion, but with too little of 'the angelic air' about them. His latest imaginative work is *The Epicurean*, an Eastern tale, in prose, but full of the spirit and materials of poetry; and forming, perhaps, his highest and best sustained flight in the regions of pure romance. His lives of Sheridan and Byron we shall afterwards allude to in the list of biographical writers. Thus,

remarkable for industry, genius, and acquirements, Mr Moore's career has been one of high honour and success. No poet has been more universally read, or more courted in society by individuals distinguished for rank, literature, or public service. His political friends, when in office, rewarded him with a pension of £300 per annum, and as his writings have been profitable as well as popular, his latter days will thus be spent in comfort, without the anxieties of protracted authorship. He resides in a cottage in Wiltshire, preferring a country retirement to those gay and brilliant circles which he occasionally enriches with his wit and genius; and he has recently given to the world a complete collection of his poetical works in ten volumes, to which



Moore's Cottage, near Devizes.

are prefixed some interesting literary and personal details. When time shall have destroyed the attractive charm of Moore's personal qualities, and removed his works to a distance, to be judged of by their fruit alone, the want most deeply felt will be that of simplicity and genuine passion. He has worked little in the durable and permanent materials of poetry, but has spent his prime in enriching the stately structure with exquisite ornaments, foliage, flowers, and gems. He has preferred the myrtle to the olive or the oak. His longer poems want human interest. Tenderness and pathos he undoubtedly possesses; but they are fleeting and evanescent—not embodied in his verse in any tale of melancholy grandeur or strain of affecting morality or sentiment. He often throws into his gay and festive verses, and his fanciful descriptions, touches of pensive and mournful reflection, which strike by their truth and beauty, and by the force of contrast. Indeed, one effect of the genius of Moore has been, to elevate the feelings and occurrences of ordinary life into poetry, rather than dealing with the lofty abstract elements of the art. His wit answers to the definition of Pope: it is

> Nature to advantage dressed,
> What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed.

Its combinations are, however, wonderful. Quick, subtle, and varied, ever suggesting new thoughts or images, or unexpected turns of expression—now drawing resources from classical literature or the ancient fathers—now diving into the human heart, and now skimming the fields of fancy—the wit or imagination of Moore (for they are compounded together) is a true Ariel, 'a creature of the elements,' that is ever buoyant and full of life and spirit. His very satires 'give delight, and hurt not.' They are never coarse, and always witty. When stung by an act of oppression or intolerance, he can be bitter or sarcastic enough; but some lively thought or sportive image soon crosses his path, and he instantly follows it into the open and genial region where he loves most to indulge. He never dips his pen in malignity. For an author who has written so much as Mr Moore has done on the subject of love and the gay delights of good fellowship, it was scarce possible to be always natural and original. Some of his lyrics and occasional poems, accordingly, present far-fetched metaphors and conceits, with which they often conclude, like the final flourish or pirouette of a stage-dancer. He has pretty well exhausted the vocabulary of rosy lips and sparkling eyes, forgetting that true passion is ever direct and simple—ever concentrated and intense, whether bright or melancholy. This defect, however, pervades only part of his songs, and those mostly written in his youth. The 'Irish Melodies' are full of true feeling and delicacy. By universal consent, and by the sure test of memory, these national strains are the most popular and the most likely to be immortal of all Moore's works. They are musical almost beyond parallel in words—graceful in thought and sentiment—often tender, pathetic, and heroic—and they blend poetical and romantic feelings with the objects and sympathies of common life in language chastened and refined, yet apparently so simple that every trace of art has disappeared. The most familiar expressions become, in his hands, instruments of power and melody. The songs are read and remembered by all. They are equally the delight of the cottage and the saloon, and, in the poet's own country, are sung with an enthusiasm that will long be felt in the hour of festivity, as well as in periods of suffering and solemnity, by that imaginative and warm-hearted people.

JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.

In 1817 Mr Murray published a small poetical volume under the eccentric title of *Prospectus and Specimen of an intended National Work, by William and Robert Whistlecraft, of Stowmarket in Suffolk, Harness and Collar-Makers. Intended to comprise the most Interesting Particulars relating to King Arthur and his Round Table.* The world was surprised to find, under this odd disguise, a happy imitation of the Pulci and Casti school of the Italian poets. The brothers Whistlecraft formed, it was quickly seen, but the mask of some elegant and scholarly wit belonging to the higher circles of society, who had chosen to amuse himself in comic verse, without incurring the responsibilities of declared authorship. To two cantos published in the above year, a third and fourth were soon after added. The poem opens with a feast held by King Arthur at Carlisle amidst his knights, who are thus introduced:—

> They looked a manly generous generation;
> Beards, shoulders, eyebrows, broad, and square, and thick,
> Their accents firm and loud in conversation,
> Their eyes and gestures eager, sharp, and quick,
> Showed them prepared, on proper provocation,
> To give the lie, pull noses, stab and kick;
> And for that very reason it is said
> They were so very courteous and well-bred.

In a valley near Carlisle lived a race of giants; and this place is finely described:—

Huge mountains of immeasurable height
Encompassed all the level valley round
With mighty slabs of rock, that sloped upright,
An insurmountable and enormous mound.
The very river vanished out of sight,
Absorbed in secret channels under ground;
That vale was so sequestered and secluded,
All search for ages past it had eluded.
A rock was in the centre, like a cone,
Abruptly rising from a miry pool,
Where they beheld a pile of massy stone,
Which masons of the rude primeval school
Had reared by help of giant hands alone,
With rocky fragments unreduced by rule:
Irregular, like nature more than art,
Huge, rugged, and compact in every part.
A wild tumultuous torrent raged around,
Of fragments tumbling from the mountain's height;
The whistling clouds of dust, the deafening sound,
The hurried motion that amazed the sight,
The constant quaking of the solid ground,
Environed them with phantoms of affright;
Yet with heroic hearts they held right on,
Till the last point of their ascent was won.

The giants having attacked and carried off some ladies on their journey to court, the knights deem it their duty to set out in pursuit; and in due time they overcome these grim personages, and relieve the captives from the castle in which they had been immured:—

The ladies?—They were tolerably well,
At least as well as could have been expected:
Many details I must forbear to tell;
Their toilet had been very much neglected;
But by supreme good luck it so befell,
That when the castle's capture was effected,
When those vile cannibals were overpowered,
Only two fat duennas were devoured.

This closes the second canto. The third opens in the following playful strain:—

I've a proposal here from Mr Murray.
He offers handsomely—the money down;
My dear, you might recover from your flurry,
In a nice airy lodging out of town,
At Croydon, Epsom, anywhere in Surrey;
If every stanza brings us in a crown,
I think that I might venture to bespeak
A bedroom and front parlour for next week.

Tell me, my dear Thalia, what you think;
Your nerves have undergone a sudden shock;
Your poor dear spirits have begun to sink;
On Banstead Downs you'd muster a new stock,
And I'd be sure to keep away from drink,
And always go to bed by twelve o'clock.
We'll travel down there in the morning stages;
Our verses shall go down to distant ages.

And here in town we'll breakfast on hot rolls,
And you shall have a better shawl to wear;
These pantaloons of mine are chafed in holes;
By Monday next I'll compass a new pair:
Come now, fling up the cinders, fetch the coals,
And take away the things you hung to air;
Set out the tea-things, and bid Phœbe bring
The kettle up. *Arms and the Monks I sing.*

Near the valley of the giants was an abbey, containing fifty friars, 'fat and good,' who keep for a long time on good terms with their neighbours. Being fond of music, the giants would sometimes approach the sacred pile, attracted by the sweet sounds that issued from it; and here occurs a beautiful piece of description:—

Oft that wild untutored race would draw,
Led by the solemn sound and sacred light,
Beyond the bank, beneath a lonely shaw,
To listen all the livelong summer night,
Till deep, serene, and reverential awe
Environed them with silent calm delight,
Contemplating the minster's midnight gleam,
Reflected from the clear and glassy stream.

But chiefly, when the shadowy moon had shed
O'er woods and waters her mysterious hue,
Their passive hearts and vacant fancies fed
With thoughts and aspirations strange and new,
Till their brute souls with inward working bred
Dark hints that in the depths of instinct grew
Subjective—not from Locke's associations,
Nor David Hartley's doctrine of vibrations.

Each was ashamed to mention to the others
One half of all the feelings that he felt,
Yet thus far each would venture—'Listen, brothers,
It seems as if one heard Heaven's thunders melt
In music!'

Unfortunately, this happy state of things is broken up by the introduction of a ring of bells into the abbey, a kind of music to which the giants had an insurmountable aversion:—

The solemn mountains that surrounded
The silent valley where the convent lay,
With tintinnabular uproar were astounded
When the first peal burst forth at break of day:
Feeling their granite ears severely wounded,
They scarce knew what to think or what to say;
And (though large mountains commonly conceal
Their sentiments, dissembling what they feel,

Yet) Cader-Gibbrish from his cloudy throne
To huge Loblommon gave an intimation
Of this strange rumour, with an awful tone,
Thundering his deep surprise and indignation;
The lesser hills, in language of their own,
Discussed the topic by reverberation;
Discoursing with their echoes all day long,
Their only conversation was, 'ding-dong.'

These giant mountains inwardly were moved,
But never made an outward change of place;
Not so the mountain giants—(as behoved
A more alert and locomotive race);
Hearing a clatter which they disapproved,
They ran straight forward to besiege the place,
With a discordant universal yell,
Like house-dogs howling at a dinner-bell.

This is evidently meant as a good-humoured satire against violent personifications in poetry. Meanwhile, a monk, Brother John by name, who had opposed the introduction of the bells, has gone in a fit of disgust with his brethren to amuse himself with the rod at a neighbouring stream. Here occurs another beautiful descriptive passage:—

A mighty current, unconfined and free,
Ran wheeling round beneath the mountain's shade,
Battering its wave-worn base; but you might see
On the near margin many a watery glade,
Becalmed beneath some little island's lee,
All tranquil and transparent, close embayed;
Reflecting in the deep serene and even
Each flower and herb, and every cloud of heaven;

The painted kingfisher, the branch above her,
Stand in the steadfast mirror fixed and true;
Anon the fitful breezes brood and hover,
Freshening the surface with a rougher hue;
Spreading, withdrawing, pausing, passing over,
Again returning to retire anew:
So rest and motion in a narrow range,
Feasted the sight with joyous interchange.

Brother John, placed here by mere chance, is apprised of the approach of the giants in time to run home and give the alarm. Amidst the preparations for defence, to which he exhorts his brethren, the abbot dies, and John is elected to succeed him. A stout resistance is made by the monks, whom their new superior takes care to feed well by way of keeping them in heart, and the giants at length withdraw from the scene of action—

And now the gates are opened, and the throng
Forth issuing, the deserted camp survey;
'Here Murdomack, and Mangonel the strong,
And Gorbuduc were lodged,' and 'here,' they say,
'This pig-stye to Poldavy did belong;
Here Bundleback, and here Phigander lay.'
They view the deep indentures, broad and round,
Which mark their postures squatting on the ground.

Then to the traces of gigantic feet,
Huge, wide apart, with half a dozen toes;
They track them on, till they converge and meet
(An earnest and assurance of repose)
Close at the ford; the cause of this retreat
They all conjecture, but no creature knows;
It was ascribed to causes multifarious,
To saints, as Jerom, George, and Januarius,

To their own pious founder's intercession,
To Ave-Maries, and our Lady's psalter;
To news that Friar John was in possession,
To new wax candles placed upon the altar,
To their own prudence, valour, and discretion;
To relics, rosaries, and holy water;
To beads and psalms, and feats of arms—in short,
There was no end of their accounting for't.

It finally appears that the pagans have retired in order to make the attack upon the ladies, which had formerly been described—no bad burlesque of the endless episodes of the Italian romantic poets.

It was soon discovered that the author of this clever *jeu d'esprit* was the Right Honourable John Hookham Frere, a person of high political consequence, who had been employed a few years before by the British government to take charge of diplomatic transactions in Spain in connexion with the army under General Sir John Moore. The Whistlecraft poetry was carried no further; but the peculiar stanza (the *ottava rima* of Italy), and the sarcastic pleasantry, formed the immediate exemplar which guided Byron when he wrote his Beppo and Don Juan; and one couplet—

Adown thy slope, romantic Ashbourn, glides
The Derby dilly, carrying six insides—

became at a subsequent period the basis of an allusion almost historical in importance, with reference to a small party in the House of Commons. Thus the national poem has actually attained a place of some consequence in our modern literature. It is only to be regretted that the poet, captivated by indolence or the elegances of a luxurious taste, has given no further specimen of his talents to the world.

For many years Mr Frere has resided in Malta. In the Life of Sir Walter Scott, there are some particulars respecting the meeting of the declining novelist with his friend, the author of Whistlecraft. We there learn from Scott, that the remarkable war song upon the victory at Brunnenburg, which appears in Mr Ellis's Specimens of Ancient English Poetry, and might pass in a court of critics as a genuine composition of the fourteenth century, was written by Mr Frere while an Eton schoolboy, as an illustration on one side of the celebrated Rowley controversy. We are also informed by Mrs John Davy, in her diary, quoted by Mr Lockhart, that Sir Walter on this occasion 'repeated a pretty long passage from his version of one of the romances of the Cid (published in the appendix to Southey's quarto), and seemed to enjoy a spirited charge of the knights therein described as much as he could have done in his best days, placing his walking-stick in rest like a lance, "to suit the action to the word."' It will not, we hope, be deemed improper that we redeem from comparative obscurity a piece of poetry so much admired by Scott:—

The gates were then thrown open,
    and forth at once they rushed,
The outposts of the Moorish hosts
    back to the camp were pushed;
The camp was all in tumult,
    and there was such a thunder
Of cymbals and of drums,
    as if earth would cleave in sunder.
There you might see the Moors
    arming themselves in haste,
And the two main battles
    how they were forming fast;
Horsemen and footmen mixt,
    a countless troop and vast.
The Moors are moving forward,
    the battle soon must join,
'My men stand here in order,
    ranged upon a line!
Let not a man move from his rank
    before I give the sign.'
Pero Bermuez heard the word,
    but he could not refrain,
He held the banner in his hand,
    he gave his horse the rein;
'You see yon foremost squadron there,
    the thickest of the foes,
Noble Cid, God be your aid,
    for there your banner goes!
Let him that serves and honours it,
    show the duty that he owes.'
Earnestly the Cid called out,
    'For heaven's sake be still!'
Bermuez cried, 'I cannot hold,'
    so eager was his will.
He spurred his horse, and drove him on
    amid the Moorish rout:
They strove to win the banner,
    and compassed him about.
Had not his armour been so true,
    he had lost either life or limb;
The Cid called out again,
    'For heaven's sake succour him!'
Their shields before their breasts,
    forth at once they go,
Their lances in the rest
    levelled fair and low;
Their banners and their crests
    waving in a row,
Their heads all stooping down
    towards the saddle bow.
The Cid was in the midst,
    his shout was heard afar,
'I am Rui Diaz,
    the champion of Bivar;
Strike amongst them, gentlemen,
    for sweet mercies' sake!'
There where Bermuez fought
    amidst the foe they brake;
Three hundred bannered knights,
    it was a gallant show;
Three hundred Moors they killed,
    a man at every blow:
When they wheeled and turned,
    as many more lay slain,

You might see them raise their lances,
and level them again;
There you might see the breastplates,
how they were cleft in twain,
And many a Moorish shield
lie scattered on the plain.
The pennons that were white
marked with a crimson stain,
The horses running wild
whose riders had been slain.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

The most purely correct and classical poet of this period, possessing also true lyrical fire and grandeur, is THOMAS CAMPBELL, born in the city of Glasgow July 27, 1777. Mr Campbell's father had been an extensive merchant, but was in advanced years (sixty-seven) at the time of the poet's birth. The



latter was the Benjamin of the family, the youngest of ten children, and was educated with great care. At the age of thirteen he was placed at the university of Glasgow, where he remained six years. In the first session of his college life he gained a bursary for his proficiency in Latin. He afterwards received a prize for the best translation of the Clouds of Aristophanes, and in awarding it Professor Young pronounced the poet's translation to be the best exercise which had ever been given in by any student of the university. His knowledge of Greek literature was further extended by several months' close study in Germany under Professor Heyne; but this was not till the poet's twenty-second year. On leaving the university, Campbell resided a twelvemonth in Argyleshire. His father was the youngest son of a Highland laird—Campbell of Kernan—and the wild magnificent scenery of the West Highlands was thus associated in his imagination with recollections of his feudal ancestors. His poem on visiting a scene in Argyleshire will occur to our readers: it opens as follows:—

At the silence of twilight's contemplative hour,
I have mused in a sorrowful mood,
On the wind-shaken weeds that embosom the bower
Where the home of my forefathers stood.
All ruined and wild is their roofless abode,
And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree;
And travelled by few is the grass-covered road,
Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode
To his hills that encircle the sea.

A favourite rock or crag, the scene of his musings, is pointed out in the Island of Mull as the 'Poet's Seat.' While living in the Highlands, Mr Campbell wrote his poem entitled *Love and Madness* (an elegy on the unfortunate Miss Broderick), and several other poems now neglected by their author. The local celebrity arising from these early fruits of his poetical genius induced Mr Campbell to lay aside the study of the law, which he seriously contemplated, and he repaired to Edinburgh. There he became acquainted with James Grahame, author of the Sabbath, with Professor Dugald Stewart, Jeffrey, Brougham, &c. In April 1799 he published the *Pleasures of Hope*, dedicated to Dr Anderson, the steady and generous friend of literature. The volume went through four editions in a twelvemonth. At the same age Pope had published his 'Essay on Criticism,' also a marvellous work for a youth; but the production of Campbell is more essentially poetical, and not less correct or harmonious in its numbers. It captivated all readers by its varying and exquisite melody, its polished diction, and the vein of generous and lofty sentiment which seemed to embalm and sanctify the entire poem. The touching and beautiful episodes with which it abounds constituted also a source of deep interest, and in picturing the horrors of war and the infamous partition of Poland, the poet kindled up into a strain of noble indignant and prophet-like inspiration.

Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of time!
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career;
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked—as Kosciusko fell!

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there,
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air—
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below;
The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!
Hark! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!
Earth shook, red meteors flashed along the sky,
And conscious nature shuddered at the cry!

These energetic apostrophes are contrasted with sketches of domestic tenderness and beauty, finished with the most perfect taste in picturesque delineation and with highly musical expression. Traces of juvenility may no doubt be found in the 'Pleasures of Hope'—a want of connection between the different parts of the poem, some florid lines and imperfect metaphors; but such a series of beautiful and dazzling pictures, so pure and elevated a tone of moral feeling, and such terse, vigorous, and polished versification, were never perhaps before found united in a poem written at the age of twenty-one. Shortly after its publication Mr Campbell visited the continent. He went to Bavaria, then the seat of war, and from the monastery of St Jacob witnessed the battle of Hohenlinden, in which (December 3, 1800) the French under Moreau gained a victory over the Austrians. In a letter written at

this time, he says, 'The sight of Ingoldstat in ruins, and Hohenlinden covered with fire, seven miles in circumference, were spectacles never to be forgotten.' *He* has made the memory of Hohenlinden immortal, for his stanzas on that conflict form one of the grandest battle-pieces that ever was drawn. In a few verses, flowing like a choral melody, the poet brings before us the silent midnight scene of engagement wrapt in the snows of winter, the sudden arming for the battle, the press and shout of charging squadrons, the flashing of artillery, and the too certain and dreadful death which falls upon the crowded ranks of the combatants.

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet;
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre!

The poet intended to pass into Italy—a pilgrim at the shrine of classic genius; but owing to the existing hostilities, he could not proceed, and was stopped both on his way to Vienna, and by the route of the Tyrol. He returned to Hamburg in 1801, and resided there some weeks, composing his *Exile of Erin*, and *Ye Mariners of England*. The former was suggested by an incident like that which befell Smollett at Boulogne, namely, meeting with a party of exiles who retained a strong love of their native country, and a mournful remembrance of its wrongs and sufferings. So jealous was the British government of that day, that the poet was suspected of being a *spy*; and on his arrival in Edinburgh, was subjected to an examination by the authorities! He lived in Edinburgh, enjoying its literary society for upwards of a year, and there wrote his *Lochiel's Warning*.



Alison Square, Edinburgh.*

This poem being read in manuscript to Sir Walter Scott, he requested a perusal of it himself, and then repeated the whole from memory—a striking instance of the great minstrel's powers of recollection. In 1803 Mr Campbell repaired to London, and devoted himself to literature as a profession. He resided for some time in the house of his friend, Mr Telford, the celebrated engineer. Telford continued his regard for the poet throughout a long life, and remembered him in his will by a legacy of £500.†

Mr Campbell wrote several papers for the Edinburgh Encyclopædia (of which Telford had some share), including poetical biographies, an account of the drama, and an elaborate historical notice of Great Britain. He also compiled *Annals of Great Britain, from the Accession of George III. to the Peace of Amiens*, in three volumes. Such compilations can only be considered in the light of mental drudgery; but Campbell, like Goldsmith, could impart grace and interest to task-work. In 1806, through the influence of Mr Fox, the government granted a pension to the poet—a well-merited tribute to the author of those national strains, Ye Mariners of England, and the Battle of the Baltic. In 1809 was published his second great poem, *Gertrude of Wyoming, a Pennsylvanian Tale*. The subsequent literary labours of Mr Campbell have only, as regards his poetical fame, been subordinate efforts. The best of them were contributed to the New Monthly Magazine, which he edited for ten years (from 1820 to 1830): and one of these minor poems, the *Last Man*, may be ranked among his greatest conceptions: it is like a sketch by Michael Angelo or Rembrandt. Previous to this time the poet had visited Paris in company with Mrs Siddons and John Kemble, and enjoyed the sculptured forms and other works of art in the Louvre with such intensity, that they seemed to give his mind a new sense of the harmony of art—a new visual power of enjoying beauty. 'Every step of approach,' he says, 'to the presence of the Apollo Belvidere, added to my sensations, and all recollections of his name in classic poetry swarmed on my mind as spontaneously as the associations that are conjured up by the sweetest music.' In 1818 he again visited Germany, and on his return the following year, he published his *Specimens of the British Poets*, with biographical and critical notices, in seven volumes.* The justness and beauty of his critical dissertations have been universally admitted; some of them are perfect models of chaste yet animated criticism. In 1820 Mr Campbell delivered a course of lectures on poetry at the Surrey institution; in 1824 he published *Theodric, and other Poems*; and, though busy in establishing the London university, he was, in 1827, honoured with the graceful compliment of being elected lord rector of the university of his native city. This distinction was

* The Pleasures of Hope were written in this square.

† A similar amount was bequeathed to Mr Southey, and, with a good luck which one would wish to see always attend poets' legacies, the sums were nearly doubled in consequence of the testator's effects far exceeding what he believed to be their value. Thomas Telford (1757-1834) was himself a rhymester in his youth. He was born on poetic ground, amidst the scenes of old Scottish song, green hills, and the other adjuncts of a landscape of great sylvan and pastoral beauty. Eskdale, his native district (where he lived till nearly twenty, first as a shepherd, and afterwards as a stone-mason), was also the birthplace of Armstrong and Mickle. Telford wrote a poem descriptive of this classic dale, but it is only a feeble paraphrase of Goldsmith. He addressed an epistle to Burns, part of which is published by Currie. These boyish studies and predilections contrast strangely with the severer pursuits of his after years as a mathematician and engineer. In his original occupation of a stone-mason, cutting names on tombstones (in which he excelled), we can fancy him cheering his solitary labours with visions of literary eminence, rivalling the fame of Milton or Shakspeare; but it is difficult to conceive him at the same time dreaming of works like the Menai Bridge or the Pont-cy-sylte aqueduct in Wales. We should as soon expect to see the 'gnarled and unwedgeable oak' spring from a graft on a myrtle. He had, however, received an early architectural or engineering bias by poring over the plates and descriptions in Rollin's history, which he read by his mother's fireside, or in the open air while herding sheep. Telford was a liberal-minded and benevolent man.

* A second edition of this work was published in 1841, in one large volume, edited, with care and taste, by Mr Peter Cunningham.

continued and heightened by his re-election the two following years. He afterwards (with a revival of his early love of wandering) made a voyage to Algiers, of which he published an account in the New Monthly Magazine, since collected and printed in two volumes. In 1842 he published the *Pilgrim of Glencoe, and other Poems.* He has issued various editions of his poetical works, some of them illustrated by Turner and Harvey; and they continue to delight new generations of readers, by whom the poet is regarded with the veneration due to an established and popular English classic.

The genius and taste of Campbell resemble those of Gray. He displays the same delicacy and purity of sentiment, the same vivid perception of beauty and ideal loveliness, equal picturesqueness and elevation of imagery, and the same lyrical and concentrated power of expression. The diction of both is elaborately choice and select. Campbell has greater sweetness and gentleness of pathos, springing from deep moral feeling, and a refined sensitiveness of nature. Neither can be termed boldly original or inventive, but they both possess sublimity—Gray in his two magnificent odes, and Campbell in various passages of the 'Pleasures of Hope,' and especially in his war-songs or lyrics, which form the richest offering ever made by poetry at the shrine of patriotism. The general tone of his verse is calm, uniform, and mellifluous—a stream of mild harmony and delicious fancy flowing through the bosom-scenes of life, with images scattered separately, like flowers, on its surface, and beauties of expression interwoven with it—certain words and phrases of magical power—which never quit the memory. His style rises and falls gracefully with his subject, but without any appearance of imitative harmony or direct resemblance. In his highest pulse of excitement, the cadence of his verse becomes deep and strong, without losing its liquid smoothness; the stream expands to a flood, but never overflows the limits prescribed by a correct taste and regulated magnificence. The Pindaric flights of Gray justified bolder and more rapid transitions. Description is not predominant in either poet, but is adopted as an auxiliary to some deeper emotion or sentiment. Campbell seems, however, to have sympathised more extensively with nature, and to have studied her phenomena more attentively than Gray. His residence in the Highlands, in view of the sea and wild Hebrides, had given expansiveness as well as intensity to his solitary contemplations. His sympathies are also more widely diversified with respect to the condition of humanity, and the hopes and prospects of society. With all his classic predilections, he is not—as he has himself remarked of Crabbe—a *laudator temporis acti*, but a decided lover of later times. Age has not quenched his zeal for public freedom or the unchained exercise of the human intellect; and, with equal consistency in tastes as in opinions, he is now meditating a work on Greek literature, by which, fifty years since, he first achieved distinction.

Many can date their first love of poetry from their perusal of Campbell. In youth, the 'Pleasures of Hope' is generally preferred. Like its elder brother, the 'Pleasures of Imagination,' the poem is full of visions of romantic beauty and unchecked enthusiasm—

The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of Love.

In riper years, when the taste becomes matured, 'Gertrude of Wyoming' rises in estimation. Its beautiful home-scenes go more closely to the heart, and its delineation of character and passion evinces a more luxuriant and perfect genius. The portrait of the savage chief Outalissi is finished with inimitable skill and truth:—

Far differently the mute Oneyda took
His calumet of peace and cup of joy;
As monumental bronze unchanged his look;
A soul that pity touched, but never shook;
Trained from his tree-rocked cradle to his bier
The fierce extreme of good and ill to brook
Impassive—fearing but the shame of fear—
A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear.

The loves of Gertrude and Waldegrave, the patriarchal Albert, and the sketches of rich sequestered Pennsylvanian scenery, also show the finished art of the poet. The concluding description of the battle, and the death of the heroine, are superior to anything in the 'Pleasures of Hope;' and though the plot is simple, and occasionally obscure (as if the fastidiousness of the poet had made him reject the ordinary materials of a story), the poem has altogether so much of the dramatic spirit, that its characters are distinctly and vividly impressed on the mind of the reader, and the valley of Wyoming, with its green declivities, lake, and forest, instantly takes its place among the imperishable treasures of the memory. The poem of *O'Connor's Child* is another exquisitely finished and pathetic tale. The rugged and ferocious features of ancient feudal manners and family pride are there displayed in connection with female suffering, love, and beauty, and with the romantic and warlike colouring suited to the country and the times. It is full of antique grace and passionate energy—the mingled light and gloom of the wild Celtic character and imagination. Recollecting the dramatic effect of these tales, and the power evinced in Lochiel and the naval odes, we cannot but regret that Campbell did not, in his days of passion, venture into the circle of the tragic drama, a field so well adapted to his genius, and essayed by nearly all his great poetical contemporaries.

[*Picture of Domestic Love.*]

[From the 'Pleasures of Hope.']

Thy pencil traces on the lover's thought
Some cottage-home, from towns and toil remote,
Where love and lore may claim alternate hours,
With peace embosomed in Idalian bowers!
Remote from busy life's bewildered way,
O'er all his heart shall Taste and Beauty sway;
Free on the sunny slope or winding shore,
With hermit-steps to wander and adore!
There shall he love, when genial morn appears,
Like pensive Beauty smiling in her tears,
To watch the brightening roses of the sky,
And muse on nature with a poet's eye!
And when the sun's last splendour lights the deep,
The woods and waves, and murmuring winds asleep,
When fairy harps the Hesperian planet hail,
And the lone cuckoo sighs along the vale,
His path shall be where streamy mountains swell
Their shadowy grandeur o'er the narrow dell;
Where mouldering piles and forests intervene,
Mingling with darker tints the living green;
No circling hills his ravished eye to bound,
Heaven, earth, and ocean blazing all around!
The moon is up—the watch-tower dimly burns—
And down the vale his sober step returns;
But pauses oft as winding rocks convey
The still sweet fall of music far away;
And oft he lingers from his home awhile,
To watch the dying notes, and start, and smile!
Let winter come! let polar spirits sweep
The darkening world, and tempest-troubled deep;

Though boundless snows the withered heath deform,
And the dim sun scarce wanders through the storm,
Yet shall the smile of social love repay,
With mental light, the melancholy day!
And when its short and sullen noon is o'er,
The ice-chained waters slumbering on the shore,
How bright the faggots in his little hall
Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictured wall!
How blest he names, in love's familiar tone,
The kind fair friend by nature marked his own;
And, in the waveless mirror of his mind,
Views the fleet years of pleasure left behind,
Since when her empire o'er his heart began—
Since first he called her his before the holy man!
Trim the gay taper in his rustic dome,
And light the wintry paradise of home;
And let the half-uncurtained window hail
Some wayworn man benighted in the vale!
Now, while the moaning night-wind rages high,
As sweep the shot-stars down the troubled sky;
While fiery hosts in heaven's wide circle play,
And bathe in lurid light the milky way;
Safe from the storm, the meteor, and the shower,
Some pleasing page shall charm the solemn hour;
With pathos shall command, with wit beguile
A generous tear of anguish, or a smile!

[*Battle of Wyoming, and Death of Gertrude.*]

Heaven's verge extreme
Reverberates the bomb's descending star—
And sounds that mingled laugh, and shout, and scream,
To freeze the blood, in one discordant jar,
Rung to the pealing thunderbolts of war.
Whoop after whoop with rack the ear assailed,
As if unearthly fiends had burst their bar;
While rapidly the marksman's shot prevailed:
And aye, as if for death, some lonely trumpet wailed.

Then looked they to the hills, where fire o'erhung
The bandit groups in one Vesuvian glare;
Or swept, far seen, the tower, whose clock unrung,
Told legible that midnight of despair.
She faints—she falters not—the heroic fair,
As he the sword and plume in haste arrayed.
One short embrace—he clasp'd his dearest care;
But hark! what nearer war-drum shakes the glade!
Joy, joy! Columbia's friends are trampling through the shade!

Then came of every race the mingled swarm,
Far rung the groves and gleamed the midnight grass
With flambeau, javelin, and naked arm;
As warriors wheeled their culverins of brass,
Sprung from the woods, a bold athletic mass,
Whom virtue fires, and liberty combines:
And first the wild Moravian yagers pass,
His plumëd host the dark Iberian joins;
And Scotia's sword beneath the Highland thistle shines.

And in the buskined hunters of the deer
To Albert's home with shout and cymbal throng:
Roused by their warlike pomp, and mirth, and cheer,
Old Outalissi woke his battle-song,
And, beating with his war-club cadence strong,
Tells how his deep-stung indignation smarts;
Of them that wrapt his house in flames, erelong
To whet a dagger on their stony hearts,
And smile avenged ere yet his eagle spirit parts.

Calm, opposite the Christian father rose,
Pale on his venerable brow its rays
Of martyr-light the conflagration throws;
One hand upon his lovely child he lays,
And one the uncovered crowd to silence sways;
While, though the battle-flash is faster driven—
Unawed, with eye unstartled by the blaze,
He for his bleeding country prays to Heaven,
Prays that the men of blood themselves may be forgiven.

Short time is now for gratulating speech:
And yet, beloved Gertrude, ere began
Thy country's flight yon distant towers to reach,
Looked not on thee the rudest partisan
With brow relaxed to love? And murmurs ran,
As round and round their willing ranks they drew,
From beauty's sight to shield the hostile van.
Grateful on them a placid look she threw,
Nor wept, but as she bade her mother's grave adieu!

Past was the flight, and welcome seemed the tower,
That like a giant standard-bearer frowned
Defiance on the roving Indian power.
Beneath, each bold and promontory mound
With embrasure embossed and armour crowned,
And arrowy frize, and wedged ravelin,
Wove like a diadem its tracery round
The lofty summit of that mountain green;
Here stood secure the group, and eyed a distant scene,

A scene of death! where fires beneath the sun,
And blended arms, and white pavilions glow;
And for the business of destruction done,
Its requiem the war-horn seemed to blow:
There, sad spectatress of her country's wo!
The lovely Gertrude, safe from present harm,
Had laid her cheek, and clasped her hands of snow
On Waldegrave's shoulder, half within his arm
Enclosed, that felt her heart, and hushed its wild alarm!

But short that contemplation—sad and short
The pause to bid each much-loved scene adieu!
Beneath the very shadow of the fort,
Where friendly swords were drawn, and banners flew;
Ah! who could deem that foot of Indian crew
Was near?—yet there, with lust of murderous deeds,
Gleamed like a basilisk, from woods in view,
The ambushed foeman's eye—his volley speeds,
And Albert, Albert falls! the dear old father bleeds!

And tranced in giddy horror, Gertrude swooned;
Yet, while she clasps him lifeless to her zone,
Say, burst they, borrowed from her father's wound,
These drops? Oh God! the life-blood is her own!
And faltering, on her Waldegrave's bosom thrown—
'Weep not, O love!' she cries, 'to see me bleed;
Thee, Gertrude's sad survivor, thee alone
Heaven's peace commiserate; for scarce I heed
These wounds; yet thee to leave is death, is death indeed!

Clasp me a little longer on the brink
Of fate! while I can feel thy dear caress;
And when this heart hath ceased to beat—oh! think,
And let it mitigate thy wo's excess,
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
And friend to more than human friendship just.
Oh! by that retrospect of happiness,
And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
God shall assuage thy pangs—when I am laid in dust!

Go, Henry, go not back, when I depart,
The scene thy bursting tears too deep will move,
Where my dear father took thee to his heart,
And Gertrude thought it ecstacy to rove
With thee, as with an angel, through the grove
Of peace, imagining her lot was cast
In heaven; for ours was not like earthly love.
And must this parting be our very last?
No! I shall love thee still, when death itself is past.

Half could I bear, methinks, to leave this earth,
And thee, more loved than aught beneath the sun,
If I had lived to smile but on the birth
Of one dear pledge. But shall there then be none,
In future times—no gentle little one
To clasp thy neck, and look, resembling me?
Yet seems it, even while life's last pulses run,
A sweetness in the cup of death to be,
Lord of my bosom's love! to die beholding thee!'

Hushed were his Gertrude's lips! but still their bland
And beautiful expression seemed to melt
With love that could not die! and still his hand
She presses to the heart no more that felt.
Ah, heart! where once each fond affection dwelt,
And features yet that spoke a soul more fair.
Mute, gazing, agonizing as he knelt—
Of them that stood encircling his despair
He heard some friendly words; but knew not what they were.

For now to mourn their judge and child arrives
A faithful band. With solemn rites between,
'Twas sung how they were lovely in their lives,
And in their deaths had not divided been.
Touched by the music and the melting scene,
Was scarce one tearless eye amidst the crowd—
Stern warriors, resting on their swords, were seen
To veil their eyes, as passed each much-loved shroud—
While woman's softer soul in wo dissolved aloud.

Then mournfully the parting bugle bid
Its farewell o'er the grave of worth and truth;
Prone to the dust afflicted Waldegrave hid
His face on earth; him watched, in gloomy ruth,
His woodland guide: but words had none to soothe
The grief that knew not consolation's name;
Casting his Indian mantle o'er the youth,
He watched, beneath its folds, each burst that came,
Convulsive, ague-like, across his shuddering frame!

'And I could weep,' the Oneyda chief
His descant wildly thus begun;
'But that I may not stain with grief
The death-song of my father's son,
Or bow this head in wo!
For, by my wrongs, and by my wrath,
To-morrow Areouski's breath,
That fires yon heaven with storms of death,
Shall light us to the foe:
And we shall share, my Christian boy,
The foeman's blood, the avenger's joy!

But thee, my flower, whose breath was given
By milder genii o'er the deep,
The spirits of the white man's heaven
Forbid not thee to weep:
Nor will the Christian host,
Nor will thy father's spirit grieve,
To see thee, on the battle's eve,
Lamenting, take a mournful leave
Of her who loved thee most:
She was the rainbow to thy sight!
Thy sun—thy heaven—of lost delight!

To-morrow let us do or die.
But when the bolt of death is hurled.
Ah! whither then with thee to fly,
Shall Outalissi roam the world?
Seek we thy once-loved home?
The hand is gone that cropt its flowers;
Unheard their clock repeats its hours;
Cold is the hearth within their bowers:
And should we thither roam,
Its echoes and its empty tread
Would sound like voices from the dead!

Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,
Whose streams my kindred nation quaffed,
And by my side, in battle true,
A thousand warriors drew the shaft?
Ah! there, in desolation cold,
The desert serpent dwells alone,
Where grass o'ergrows each mouldering bone,
And stones themselves to ruin grown,
Like me, are death-like old.
Then seek we not their camp; for there
The silence dwells of my despair!

But hark, the trump! to-morrow thou
In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears:
Even from the land of shadows now
My father's awful ghost appears
Amidst the clouds that round us roll;
He bids my soul for battle thirst—
He bids me dry the last—the first—
The only tears that ever burst
From Outalissi's soul;
Because I may not stain with grief
The death-song of an Indian chief!'

Ye Mariners of England.

Ye mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your father
Shall start from every wave!
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave;
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore
When the stormy tempests blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow!

Hohenlinden.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry.

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet;
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

[*From 'The Last Man.'*]

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom—
The sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality!
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of time!
I saw the last of human mould
That shall creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime!

The sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The earth with age was wan;
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands—
In plague and famine some:
Earth's cities had no sound or tread,
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood,
As if a storm passed by;
Saying, 'We are twins in death, proud sun;
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis mercy bids thee go.
For thou, ten thousand thousand years,
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.
* * *

This spirit shall return to Him
That gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, sun, it shall be dim,
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of victory,
And took the sting from death!'*

* As Mr Campbell's poetical works are small in bulk, however valuable, we should not have quoted even so many as the limited number of specimens, had we not obtained the express permission of the author.

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS.

Matthew Gregory Lewis, author of *The Monk*, was born in London in the year 1773. His father was deputy secretary in the war-office—a lucrative situation—and was owner also of extensive West Indian possessions. Matthew was educated at Westminster school, where he was more remarkable for his love of theatrical exhibitions than for his love of learning. On leaving Westminster, he was entered of Christ Church college, Oxford, but remained only a short period, being sent to Germany with the view of acquiring a knowledge of the language of that country. When a child, Lewis had



Matthew Gregory Lewis.

pored over Glanville on Witches, and other books of *diablerie*; and in Germany he found abundant food of the same description. Romance and the drama were his favourite studies; and whilst resident abroad, he composed his story of 'The Monk,' a work more extravagant in its use of supernatural machinery than any previous English tale of modern times, and disfigured with passages of great licentiousness. The novel was published in 1795, and attracted much attention. A prosecution, it is said, was threatened on account of the peccant scenes and descriptions; to avert which, Lewis pledged himself to recall the printed copies, and to recast the work in another edition. The author continued through life the same strain of marvellous and terrific composition—now clothing it in verse, now infusing it into the scenes of a drama, and at other times expanding it into regular tales. His *Feudal Tyrants*, *Romantic Tales*, his *Tales of Terror*, and *Tales of Wonder*, and his numerous plays, all bespeak the same parentage as 'The Monk,' and none of them excel it. His best poetry, as well as prose, is to be found in this novel; for, like Mrs Radcliffe, Lewis introduced poetical compositions into his tales; and his ballads of *Alonzo the Brave* and *Durandarte* were as attractive as any of the adventures of Ambrosio the monk. Flushed with the brilliant success of his romance, and fond of distinction and high society, Lewis procured a seat in parliament, and was returned for the borough of Hindon. He found himself disqualified by nature for playing the part of an orator or politician; and though he retained

his seat till the dissolution of parliament, he never attempted to address the house. The theatres offered a more attractive field for his genius; and his play of *The Castle Spectre*, produced in 1797, was applauded as enthusiastically and more universally than his romance. Connected with his dramatic fame a very interesting anecdote is related in the Memoirs and Correspondence of Lewis, published in 1839. It illustrates his native benevolence, which, amidst all the frivolities of fashionable life, and the excitement of misapplied talents, was a conspicuous feature in his character :—

'Being, one autumn on his way to participate in the enjoyments of the season with the rest of the fashionable world at a celebrated watering-place, he passed through a small country town, in which chance occasioned his temporary sojourn: here also were located a company of strolling players, whose performance he one evening witnessed. Among them was a young actress, whose benefit was on the *tapis*, and who, on hearing of the arrival of a person so talked of as *Monk* Lewis, waited upon him at the inn, to request the *very* trifling favour of an original piece from his pen. The lady pleaded in terms that urged the spirit of benevolence to advocate her cause in a heart never closed to such appeal. Lewis had by him at that time an unpublished trifle, called "The Hindoo Bride," in which a widow was immolated on the funeral pile of her husband. The subject was one well suited to attract a country audience, and he determined thus to appropriate the drama. The delighted suppliant departed all joy and gratitude at being requested to call for the manuscript the next day. Lewis, however, soon discovered that he had been reckoning without his host, for, on searching the travelling-desk which contained many of his papers, "The Bride" was nowhere to be found, having, in fact, been left behind in town. Exceedingly annoyed by this circumstance, which there was no time to remedy, the dramatist took a pondering stroll through the rural environs of B——. A sudden shower obliged him to take refuge within a huckster's shop, where the usual curtained half-glass door in the rear opened to an adjoining apartment: from this room he heard two voices in earnest conversation, and in one of them recognised that of his theatrical petitioner of the morning, apparently replying to the feebler tones of age and infirmity. "There now, mother, always that old story—when I've just brought such good news too—after I've had the face to call on Mr Monk Lewis, and found him so different to what I expected; so good-humoured, so affable, and willing to assist me. I did not say a word about you, mother; for though in some respects it might have done good, I thought it would seem so like a begging affair; so I merely represented my late ill-success, and he promised to give me an original drama, which he had with him, for my benefit. I hope he did not think me too bold?" "I hope not, Jane," replied the feeble voice; "only don't do these things again without consulting me; for you don't know the world, and it may be thought——" The sun just then gave a broad hint that the shower had ceased, and the sympathising author returned to his inn, and having penned the following letter, ordered post-horses, and despatched a porter to the young actress with the epistle.

"Madam—I am truly sorry to acquaint you that my Hindoo Bride has behaved most improperly—in fact, whether the lady has eloped or not, it seems she does not choose to make her appearance, either for *your benefit* or mine: and to say the truth, I don't at this moment know where to find her. I take the liberty to jest upon the subject, because I really do not think you will have any cause to regret her non-appearance; having had an opportunity of witnessing your very admirable performance of a far superior character, in a style true to nature, and which reflects upon you the highest credit. I allude to a most interesting scene, in which you lately sustained the character of "The Daughter!" Brides of all denominations but too often prove their empire delusive; but the character *you* have chosen will improve upon every representation, both in the estimation of the public and the satisfaction of your own excellent heart. For the infinite gratification I have received, I must long consider myself in your debt. Trusting you will permit the enclosed (fifty pounds) in some measure to discharge the same, I remain, madam, (with sentiments of respect and admiration), your sincere well-wisher—M. G. LEWIS."'

In 1801 appeared Lewis's 'Tales of Wonder.' A ghost or a witch was, he said, a *sine qua non* ingredient in all the dishes of which he meant to compose his hobgoblin repast, and Sir Walter Scott contributed to it some of his noble ballads. Scott met Lewis in Edinburgh in 1798, and so humble were then his own aspirations, and so brilliant the reputation of the 'Monk,' that he declared, thirty years afterwards, he never felt such elation as when Lewis asked him to dine with him at his hotel! Lewis schooled the great poet on his incorrect rhyme, and proved himself, as Scott says, 'a martinet in the accuracy of rhymes and numbers.' Sir Walter has recorded that Lewis was fonder of great people than he ought to have been, either as a man of talent or as a man of fashion. 'He had always,' he says, 'dukes and duchesses in his mouth, and was pathetically fond of any one that had a title: you would have sworn he had been a *parvenu* of yesterday; yet he had lived all his life in good society.'* Yet Scott regarded Lewis with no small affection. 'He was,' added he, 'one of the kindest and best creatures that ever lived. His father and mother lived separately. Mr Lewis allowed his son a handsome income, but reduced it by more than one-half when he found that he paid his mother a moiety of it. Mat. restricted himself in all his expenses, and shared the diminished income with her as before. He did much good by stealth, and was a most generous creature.' The sterling worth of his character has been illustrated by the publication of his correspondence, which, slumbering twenty years after his death, first disclosed to the public the calm good sense, discretion, and right feeling which were concealed by the exaggerated romance of his writings, and his gay and frivolous appearance and manners. The death of Lewis's father made the poet a man of

* Of this weakness Byron records an amusing instance :—'Lewis, at Oatlands, was observed one morning to have his eyes red and his air sentimental: being asked why? he replied, that when people said anything kind to him it affected him deeply, "and just now the Duchess (of York) has said something so kind to me, that—" here tears began to flow. "Never mind, Lewis," said Colonel Armstrong to him, "never mind—don't cry—*she could not mean it.*"' Lewis was of extremely diminutive stature. 'I remember a picture of him,' says Scott, 'by Saunders, being handed round at Dalkeith house. The artist had ingeniously flung a dark folding mantle around the form, under which was half hid a dagger, a dark lantern, or some such cut-throat appurtenance. With all this, the features were preserved and ennobled. It passed from hand to hand into that of Henry Duke of Buccleuch, who, hearing the general voice affirm that it was very like—said aloud, "Like Mat. Lewis! Why, that picture's like a MAN!" He looked, and lo! Mat. Lewis's head was at his elbow. This boyishness went through life with him. He was a child, and a spoiled child—but a child of high imagination, and so he wasted himself on ghost stories and German romances. He had the finest ear for the rhythm of verse I ever met with—finer than Byron's.'

independent fortune. He succeeded to considerable plantations in the West Indies, besides a large sum of money; and in order to ascertain personally the condition of the slaves on his estate, he sailed for the West Indies in 1815. Of this voyage he wrote a narrative, and kept journals, forming the most interesting and valuable production of his pen. The manner in which the negroes received him on his arrival amongst them he thus describes:—

'As soon as the carriage entered my gates, the uproar and confusion which ensued sets all description at defiance. The works were instantly all abandoned; everything that had life came flocking to the house from all quarters; and not only the men, and the women, and the children, but, "by a bland assimilation," the hogs, and the dogs, and the geese, and the fowls, and the turkeys, all came hurrying along by instinct, to see what could possibly be the matter, and seemed to be afraid of arriving too late. Whether the pleasure of the negroes was sincere, may be doubted; but, certainly, it was the loudest that I ever witnessed: they all talked together, sang, danced, shouted, and, in the violence of their gesticulations, tumbled over each other, and rolled about upon the ground. Twenty voices at once inquired after uncles, and aunts, and grandfathers, and great-grandmothers of mine, who had been buried long before I was in existence, and whom, I verily believe, most of them only knew by tradition. One woman held up her little naked black child to me, grinning from ear to ear—"Look, massa, look here! him nice lilly neger for massa!" Another complained—"So long since none come see we, massa; good massa come at last." As for the old people, they were all in one and the same story: now they had lived once to see massa, they were ready for dying to-morrow—"them no care."

The shouts, the gaiety, the wild laughter, their strange and sudden bursts of singing and dancing, and several old women, wrapped up in large cloaks, their heads bound round with different-coloured handkerchiefs, leaning on a staff, and standing motionless in the middle of the hubbub, with their eyes fixed upon the portico which I occupied, formed an exact counterpart of the festivity of the witches in Macbeth. Nothing could be more odd or more novel than the whole scene; and yet there was something in it by which I could not help being affected. Perhaps it was the consciousness that all these human beings were my slaves. To be sure, I never saw people look more happy in my life, and I believe their condition to be much more comfortable than that of the labourers of Great Britain, and, after all, slavery in their case is but another name for servitude, now that no more negroes can be forcibly carried away from Africa, and subjected to the horrors of the voyage, and of the seasoning after their arrival. But still I had already experienced, in the morning, that Juliet was wrong in saying "What's in a name?" for, soon after my reaching the lodging-house at Savannah la Mar, a remarkably clean-looking negro lad presented himself with some water and a towel. I concluded him to belong to the inn; and on my returning the towel, as he found that I took no notice of him, he at length ventured to introduce himself, by saying, "Massa not know me—me your slave!" and really the sound made me feel a pang at the heart. The lad appeared all gaiety and good humour, and his whole countenance expressed anxiety to recommend himself to my notice; but the word "slave" seemed to imply that, although he did feel pleasure then in serving me, if he had detested me he must have served me still. I really felt quite humiliated at the moment, and was tempted to tell him—"Do not say that again; say that you are my negro, but do not call yourself my slave."'

Lewis returned to England in 1816, but went back to Jamaica the following year. He found that his attorney had grossly mismanaged his property, being generally absent on business of his own, and intrusting the whole to an overseer, who was of a tyrannical disposition. Having adjusted his affairs, the 'Monk' embarked on his return home. The climate, however, had impaired his health, and he died of fever while the ship was passing through the Gulf of Florida, in July 1818. Lewis may thus be said to have fallen a martyr to his love of justice and humanity, and the circumstance sheds a lustre on his memory far surpassing mere literary fame. His poetical merits are thus fairly summed up: 'Pretty conceits airily tricked out in what are called songs; in his more elaborate efforts melodious, skilfully-varied versification, and here and there a line of such happy ease in construction, that it is sure to linger on the ear; but a slender command either of imagery or of passion. As a poet, Lewis is to a Byron what a scene-painter is to a Hobbima. He produces a startling grotesque of outline, and some grand massy contrasts of light and shade; but he has no notion of working in detail—no atmosphere, no middle tints to satisfy a daylight spectator. The subject of the *Isle of Devils* (a poem of more than a thousand lines, which Lewis wrote in the course of his homeward voyage in 1816) would, in Lord Byron's hands, have at least rivalled the effect of Manfred; from Lewis it comes only in the shape of a sketchy extravaganza, in which no feeling is seriously grappled with, and a score of magnificent situations are, to all intents and purposes, except that of filling the ear with a succession of delicious sounds, thrown away. The truth is, that though Sir Walter Scott talks of the "high imagination" of Lewis, it was only in his very first flights that he ever was able to maintain a really enthusiastic elevation; and he did so more successfully in the prose of the 'Monk' than in the best of his early verses. Had he lived, in all likelihood he would have turned in earnest to prose composition, and we think no reader of his West India Journals can doubt that, if he had undertaken a novel of manners in mature age, he would have cast immeasurably into the shade even the happiest efforts of his boyish romance.' *

Durandarte and Belerma.

Sad and fearful is the story
Of the Roncevalles fight:
On those fatal plains of glory
Perished many a gallant knight.

There fell Durandarte; never
Verse a nobler chieftain named;
He, before his lips for ever
Closed in silence, thus exclaimed:

'Oh, Belerma! oh, my dear one,
For my pain and pleasure born;
Seven long years I served thee, fair one,
Seven long years my fee was scorn.

And when now thy heart, replying
To my wishes, burns like mine,
Cruel fate, my bliss denying,
Bids me every hope resign.

Ah! though young I fall, believe me,
Death would never claim a sigh;
'Tis to lose thee, 'tis to leave thee,
Makes me think it hard to die!

* Quarterly Review for 1834.

Oh! my cousin, Montesinos,
By that friendship firm and dear,
Which from youth has lived between us,
Now my last petition hear.

When my soul, these limbs forsaking,
Eager seeks a purer air,
From my breast the cold heart taking,
Give it to Belerma's care.

Say, I of my lands possessor
Named her with my dying breath;
Say, my lips I oped to bless her,
Ere they closed for aye in death:

Twice a-week, too, how sincerely
I adored her, cousin, say;
Twice a-week, for one who dearly
Loved her, cousin, bid her pray.

Montesinos, now the hour
Marked by fate is near at hand;
Lo! my arm has lost its power;
Lo! I drop my trusty brand.

Eyes, which forth beheld me going,
Homewards ne'er shall see me hie;
Cousin, stop those tears o'erflowing,
Let me on thy bosom die.

Thy kind hand my eyelids closing,
Yet one favour I implore—
Pray thou for my soul's reposing,
When my heart shall throb no more.

So shall Jesus, still attending,
Gracious to a Christian's vow,
Pleased accept my ghost ascending,
And a seat in heaven allow.'

Thus spoke gallant Durandarte;
Soon his brave heart broke in twain.
Greatly joyed the Moorish party
That the gallant knight was slain.

Bitter weeping, Montesinos
Took from him his helm and glaive;
Bitter weeping, Montesinos
Dug his gallant cousin's grave.

To perform his promise made, he
Cut the heart from out the breast,
That Belerma, wretched lady!
Might receive the last bequest.

Sad was Montesinos' heart, he
Felt distress his bosom rend.
'Oh! my cousin, Durandarte,
Wo is me to view thy end!

Sweet in manners, fair in favour,
Mild in temper, fierce in fight,
Warrior nobler, gentler, braver,
Never shall behold the light.

Cousin, lo! my tears bedew thee;
How shall I thy loss survive?
Durandarte, he who slew thee,
Wherefore left he me alive?'

Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogine.

A warrior so bold, and a virgin so bright,
Conversed as they sat on the green;
They gazed on each other with tender delight:
Alonzo the Brave was the name of the knight—
The maiden's, the Fair Imogine.

'And, oh!' said the youth, 'since to-morrow I go
To fight in a far distant land,
Your tears for my absence soon ceasing to flow,
Some other will court you, and you will bestow
On a wealthier suitor your hand!'

'Oh! hush these suspicions,' Fair Imogine said,
'Offensive to love and to me;
For, if you be living, or if you be dead,
I swear by the Virgin that none in your stead
Shall husband of Imogine be.

If e'er I, by lust or by wealth led aside,
Forget my Alonzo the Brave,
God grant that, to punish my falsehood and pride,
Your ghost at the marriage may sit by my side,
May tax me with perjury, claim me as bride,
And bear me away to the grave!'

To Palestine hastened the hero so bold,
His love she lamented him sore;
But scarce had a twelvemonth elapsed, when, behold!
A baron, all covered with jewels and gold,
Arrived at Fair Imogine's door.

His treasures, his presents, his spacious domain,
Soon made her untrue to her vows;
He dazzled her eyes, he bewildered her brain;
He caught her affections, so light and so vain,
And carried her home as his spouse.

And now had the marriage been blest by the priest;
The revelry now was begun;
The tables they groaned with the weight of the feast,
Nor yet had the laughter and merriment ceased,
When the bell at the castle tolled—one.

Then first with amazement Fair Imogine found
A stranger was placed by her side:
His air was terrific; he uttered no sound—
He spake not, he moved not, he looked not around—
But earnestly gazed on the bride.

His vizor was closed, and gigantic his height,
His armour was sable to view;
All pleasure and laughter were hushed at his sight;
The dogs, as they eyed him, drew back in affright;
The lights in the chamber burned blue!

His presence all bosoms appeared to dismay;
The guests sat in silence and fear;
At length spake the bride—while she trembled—'I pray,
Sir knight, that your helmet aside you would lay,
And deign to partake of our cheer.'

The lady is silent; the stranger complies—
His vizor he slowly unclosed;
Oh, God! what a sight met Fair Imogine's eyes!
What words can express her dismay and surprise
When a skeleton's head was exposed!

All present then uttered a terrified shout,
All turned with disgust from the scene;
The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out,
And sported his eyes and his temples about,
While the spectre addressed Imogine:

'Behold me, thou false one, behold me!' he cried,
'Remember Alonzo the Brave!
God grants that, to punish thy falsehood and pride,
My ghost at thy marriage should sit by thy side;
Should tax thee with perjury, claim thee as bride,
And bear thee away to the grave!'

Thus saying, his arms round the lady he wound,
While loudly she shrieked in dismay;
Then sunk with his prey through the wide-yawning ground,
Nor ever again was Fair Imogine found,
Or the spectre that bore her away.

Not long lived the baron; and none, since that time,
To inhabit the castle presume;
For chronicles tell that, by order sublime,
There Imogine suffers the pain of her crime,
And mourns her deplorable doom.

At midnight, four times in each year, does her sprite,
When mortals in slumber are bound,
Arrayed in her bridal apparel of white,
Appear in the hall with the skeleton knight,
And shriek as he whirls her around!

While they drink out of skulls newly torn from the grave,
Dancing round them the spectres are seen;
Their liquor is blood, and this horrible stave
They howl: 'To the health of Alonzo the Brave,
And his consort, the Fair Imogine!'

The Helmsman.

Hark, the bell! it sounds midnight! all hail, thou new heaven!
How soft sleep the stars on their bosom of night;
While o'er the full moon, as they gently are driven,
Slowly floating, the clouds bathe their fleeces in light.

The warm feeble breeze scarcely ripples the ocean,
And all seem so hushed, all so happy to feel;
So smooth glides the bark, I perceive not her motion,
While low sings the sailor who watches the wheel.

'Tis so sad, 'tis so sweet, and some tones come so swelling,
So right from the heart, and so pure to the ear,
That sure at this moment his thoughts must be dwelling
On one who is absent, most kind and most dear.

Oh! may she, who now dictates that ballad so tender,
Diffuse o'er your days the heart's solace and ease,
As yon lovely moon, with a gleam of mild splendour,
Pure, tranquil, and bright, over-silvers the seas!

The Hours.

Ne'er were the zephyrs known disclosing
More sweets, than when in Tempe's shades
They waved the lilies, where reposing,
Sat four-and-twenty lovely maids.

Those lovely maids were called 'the Hours,'
The charge of Virtue's flock they kept;
And each in turn employed her powers
To guard it while her sisters slept.

False Love, how simple souls thou cheatest!
In myrtle bower that traitor near
Long watched an Hour—the softest, sweetest—
The evening Hour, to shepherds dear.

In tones so bland he praised her beauty;
Such melting airs his pipe could play,
The thoughtless Hour forgot her duty,
And fled in Love's embrace away.

Meanwhile the fold was left unguarded;
The wolf broke in, the lambs were slain;
And now from Virtue's train discarded,
With tears her sisters speak their pain.

Time flies, and still they weep; for never
The fugitive can time restore;
An Hour once fled, has fled for ever,
And all the rest shall smile no more!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WALTER SCOTT was born in the city of Edinburgh ('mine own romantic town') on the 15th of August 1771. His father was a respectable writer to the signet: his mother, Anne Rutherford, was daughter of a physician in extensive practice, and professor of medicine in the university of Edinburgh. By both parents the poet was remotely connected with some respectable ancient Scottish families—a circumstance gratifying to his feelings of nationality, and to his imagination. Delicate health, arising chiefly from lameness, led to his being placed under the charge of some relations in the country; and when a mere child, yet old enough to receive impressions from country life and border stories, he resided with his grandfather at Sandy-Knowe, a romantic situation a few miles from Kelso. The ruined tower of Smailholm (the scene of Scott's ballad, the Eve of St John) was close to the farm, and beside it were the Eildon Hills, the river Tweed, Dryburgh Abbey, and other poetical and historical objects, all enshrined in the lonely contemplative boy's fancy and recollection. He afterwards resided with another relation at Kelso, and here, at the age of thirteen, he first read Percy's Reliques, in an antique garden, under the shade of a huge platanus, or oriental plane-tree. This work had as great an effect in making him a poet as Spenser had on Cowley, but with Scott the seeds were long in germinating. Previous to this he had indeed tried his hand at verse. The following, among other lines, were discovered wrapped up in a cover inscribed by Dr Adam of the High School, 'Walter Scott, July 1783.'

On the Setting Sun.

Those evening clouds, that setting ray,
And beauteous tints, serve to display
Their great Creator's praise;
Then let the short-lived thing called man,
Whose life's comprised within a span,
To him his homage raise.

We often praise the evening clouds,
And tints so gay and bold,
But seldom think upon our God,
Who tinged these clouds with gold.

The religious education of Scott may be seen in this effusion: his father was a rigid Presbyterian. The youthful poet passed through the High School and university of Edinburgh, and made some proficiency in Latin, and in the classes of ethics, moral philosophy, and history. He had an aversion to Greek, and we may perhaps regret, with Bulwer, that he refused 'to enter into that chamber in the magic palace of literature in which the sublimest relics of antiquity are stored.' He knew generally, but not critically, the German, French, Italian, and Spanish languages. He was an insatiable reader, and during a long illness in his youth, stored his mind with a vast variety of miscellaneous knowledge. Romances were among his chief favourites, and he had great facility in inventing and telling stories. He also collected ballads from his earliest years. Scott was apprenticed to his father as a writer, after which he studied for the bar, and put on his gown in his twenty-first year. His health was now vigorous and robust, and he made frequent excursions into the country, which he pleasantly denominated *raids*. The knowledge of rural life, character, traditions, and anecdotes, which he picked up in these rambles, formed afterwards a valuable mine to him, both as a poet and novelist. His manners were easy and agreeable, and he was always a welcome guest. Scott joined the Tory party; and when the dread of an invasion agitated the country, he became one of a band of volunteers, 'brothers true,' in which he held the rank of quarter-master. His exercises as a cavalry officer, and the jovialties of the mess-room, occupied much of his time; but he still pursued, though irregularly, his literary studies, and an attachment to a Perthshire lady (though ultimately unfortunate) tended still more strongly to prevent his sinking into idle frivolity or dissipation. Henry Mackenzie, the 'Man of Feeling,' had introduced a taste for German literature into the intellec-

tual classes of his native city, and Scott was one of its most eager and ardent votaries. In 1796 he published translations of Burger's Lenore and the Wild Huntsman, ballads of singular wildness and power. Next year, while fresh from his first-love disappointment, he was prepared, like Romeo, to 'take some new infection to his eye,' and, meeting at Gilsland, a watering-place in Cumberland, with a young lady of French parentage, Charlotte Margaret Carpenter, he paid his addresses to her, was accepted, and married on the 24th of December. Miss Carpenter had some fortune, and the young couple retired to a cottage at Lasswade, where they seem to have enjoyed sincere and unalloyed happiness. The ambition of Scott was now fairly wakened—his lighter vanities all blown away. His life henceforward was one of severe but cheerful study and application. In 1799 appeared his translation of Goethe's tragedy, Goetz von Berlichingen, and the same year he obtained the appointment of sheriff of Selkirkshire, worth £300 per annum. Scott now paid a series of visits to Liddisdale, for the purpose of collecting the ballad poetry of the Border, an object in which he was eminently successful. In 1802, the result appeared in his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, which contained upwards of forty pieces never before published, and a large quantity of prose illustration, in which might have been seen the germ of that power which he subsequently developed in his novels. A third volume was added next year, containing some imitations of the old minstrels by the poetical editor and his friends. It required little sagacity to foresee that Walter Scott was now to be a great name in Scotland. His next task was editing the metrical romance of Sir Tristrem, supposed to be written by Thomas the Rhymer, or Thomas of Erceldoune, who flourished about the year 1280. The antiquarian knowledge of Scott, and his poetical taste, were exhibited in the dissertations which accompanied this work, and the imitation of the original which was added to complete the romance. At length, in January 1805, appeared the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, which instantly stamped him as one of the greatest of the living poets. His legendary lore, his love of the chivalrous and supernatural, and his descriptive powers, were fully brought into play; and though he afterwards improved in versatility and freedom, he achieved nothing which might not have been predicted from this first performance. His conception of the minstrel was inimitable, and won all hearts—even those who were indifferent to the supernatural part of the tale, and opposed to the irregularity of the ballad style. The unprecedented success of the poem inclined Scott to relax any exertions he had ever made to advance at the bar, although his cautious disposition made him at all times fear to depend over much upon literature. He had altogether a clear income of about £1000 per annum; but his views stretched beyond this easy competence; he was ambitious of founding a family that might vie with the ancient Border names he venerated, and to attain this, it was necessary to become a landed proprietor, and to practise a liberal and graceful hospitality. Well was he fitted to adorn and dignify the character! But his ambition, though free from any tinge of sordid acquisition, proved a snare for his strong good sense and penetration. Scott and his family had gone to reside at Ashestiel, a beautiful residence on the banks of the Tweed, as it was necessary for him, in his capacity of sheriff, to live part of the year in the county of Selkirk. Shortly after the publication of the Lay, he entered into partnership with his old schoolfellow, James Ballantyne, then rising into extensive business as a printer in Edinburgh. The copartnery was kept a secret, and few things in business that require secrecy are prosperous or beneficial. The establishment, upon which was afterwards engrafted a publishing business, demanded large advances of money, and Scott's name became mixed up with pecuniary transactions and losses to a great amount. In 1806, the powerful friends of the poet procured him the appointment of one of the principal clerkships of the Court of Session, worth about £1300 per annum; but the emoluments were not received by Scott until six years after the date of his appointment, when his predecessor died. In his share of the printing business, and the certainty of his clerkship, the poet seemed, however, to have laid up (in addition to his literary gains and his sheriffdom) an honourable and even opulent provision for his family. In 1808 appeared his great poem of *Marmion*, the most magnificent of his chivalrous tales, and the same year he published his edition of Dryden. In 1810 appeared the *Lady of the Lake*, which was still more popular than either of its predecessors; in 1811, *The Vision of Don Roderick*; in 1813, *Rokeby*, and *The Bridal of Triermain*; in 1814, *The Lord of the Isles*; in 1815, *The Field of Waterloo*; and in 1817, *Harold the Dauntless*. Some dramatic pieces, scarcely worthy of his genius, were also written during this busy period. It could not be concealed, that the later works of the great minstrel were inferior to his early ones. His style was now familiar, and the world had become tired of it. Byron had made his appearance, and the readers of poetry were bent on the new worship. Scott, however, was too dauntless and intrepid, and possessed of too great resources, to despond under this reverse. 'As the old mine gave symptoms of exhaustion,' says Bulwer, 'the new mine, ten times more affluent, at least in the precious metals, was discovered; and just as in "Rokeby" and "Triermain" the Genius of the Ring seemed to flag in its powers, came the more potent Genius of the Lamp in the shape of *Waverley*.' The long and magnificent series of his prose fictions we shall afterwards advert to. They were poured forth even more prodigally than his verse, and for seventeen years—from 1814 to 1831—the world hung with delight on the varied creations of the potent enchanter. Scott had now removed from his pleasant cottage at Ashestiel: the territorial dream was about to be realised. In 1811 he purchased a hundred acres of moorland on the banks of the Tweed, near Melrose. The neighbourhood was full of historical associations, but the spot itself was bleak and bare. Four thousand pounds were expended on this purchase; and the interesting and now immortal name of Abbotsford was substituted for the very ordinary one of *Cartley Hole*. Other purchases of land followed, generally at prices considerably above their value—Kaeside, £4100; Outfield of Toftfield, £6000; Toftfield, and parks, £10,000; Abbotslea, £3000; field at Langside, £500; Shearing Flat, £3500; Broomilees, £4200; Short Acres and Scrabtree Park, £700; &c. From these farms and *pendicles* was formed the estate of Abbotsford. In planting and draining, about £5000 were expended; and in erecting the mansion-house (that 'romance of stone and mortar,' as it has been termed), and constructing the garden, &c., a sum not less than £20,000 was spent. In his baronial residence the poet received innumerable visitors—princes, peers, and poets—men of all ranks and grades. His mornings were devoted to composition (for he had long practised the invaluable habit of early rising), and the rest of the day to riding among his plantations, and entertaining his guests and family. The honour of the baronetcy was conferred upon him in 1820 by

George IV., who had taste enough to appreciate cordially his genius. Never, certainly, had literature done more for any of its countless votaries, ancient or modern. Shakspeare had retired early on an easy competency, and also become a rural squire; but his gains must have been chiefly those of the theatrical manager, not of the poet. Scott's splendour was purely the result of his pen: to this he owed his acres, his castle, and his means of hospitality. His official income was but as a feather in the balance. Who does not wish that the dream had continued to the end of his life? It was suddenly and painfully dissolved. The commercial distresses of 1825–6 fell upon publishers as on other classes, and the bankruptcy of Constable involved the poet in losses and engagements to the amount of about £60,000. His wealth, indeed, had been almost wholly illusory; for he had been paid for his works chiefly by bills, and these ultimately proved valueless. In the management of his publishing house, Scott's sagacity seems to have forsaken him: unsaleable works were printed in thousands; and while these losses were yearly accumulating, the princely hospitalities of Abbotsford knew no check or pause. Heavy was the day of reckoning—terrible the reverse; for when the spell broke in January 1826, it was found that, including the Constable engagements, Scott, under the commercial denomination of James Ballantyne and Co., owed £117,000. If this was a blot in the poet's scutcheon, never, it might be said, did man make nobler efforts to redeem the honour of his name. He would listen to no overtures of composition with his creditors—his only demand was for time. He ceased 'doing the honours for all Scotland,' sold off his Edinburgh house, and taking lodgings there, laboured incessantly at his literary tasks. 'The fountain was awakened from its inmost recesses, as if the spirit of affliction had troubled it in his passage.' In four years he had realised for his creditors no less than £70,000.

English literature presents two memorable and striking events which have never been paralleled in any other nation. The first is, Milton advanced in years, blind, and in misfortune, entering upon the composition of a great epic that was to determine



Abbotsford.

his future fame, and hazard the glory of his country in competition with what had been achieved in the classic ages of antiquity. The counterpart to this noble picture is Walter Scott, at nearly the same age, his private affairs in ruin, undertaking to liquidate, by intellectual labours alone, a debt of £117,000. Both tasks may be classed with the moral sublime of life. Glory, pure and unsullied, was the ruling aim and motive of Milton; honour and integrity formed the incentives to Scott. Neither shrunk from the steady prosecution of his gigantic self-imposed labour. But years rolled on, seasons returned and passed away, amidst public cares and private calamity, and the pressure of increasing infirmities, ere the seed sown amidst clouds and storms was white in the field. In six years Milton had realised the object of his hopes and prayers by the completion of Paradise Lost. His task was done; the field of glory was gained; he held in his hand his passport to immortality. In six years Scott had nearly reached the goal of his ambition. He had ranged the wide fields of romance, and the public had liberally rewarded their illustrious favourite. The ultimate prize was within view, and the world cheered him on, eagerly anticipating his triumph; but the victor sank exhausted on the course. He had spent his life in the struggle. The strong man was bowed down, and his living honour, genius, and integrity, were extinguished by delirium and death.

In February 1830 Scott had an attack of paralysis. He continued, however, to write several hours every day. In April 1831 he suffered a still more severe attack; and he was prevailed upon, as a means of withdrawing him from mental labour, to undertake a foreign tour. The admiralty furnished a ship of war, and the poet sailed for Malta and Naples. At the latter place he resided from the 17th of December 1831 to the 16th of April following. He still laboured at unfinished romances, but his mind was in ruins. From Naples the poet went to Rome. On the 11th of May he began his return homewards, and reached London on the 13th of June. Another attack of apoplexy, combined with paralysis, had laid prostrate his powers, and he was conveyed to

Abbotsford a helpless and almost unconscious wreck. He lingered on for some time, listening occasionally to passages read to him from the Bible, and from his favourite author Crabbe. Once he tried to write, but his fingers would not close upon the pen. He never spoke of his literary labours or success. At times his imagination was busy preparing for the reception of the Duke of Wellington at Abbotsford; at other times he was exercising the functions of a Scottish judge, as if presiding at the trial of members of his own family. His mind never appeared to wander in its delirium towards those works which had filled all Europe with his fame. This we learn from undoubted authority, and the fact is of interest in literary history. But the contest was soon to be over; 'the plough was nearing the end of the furrow.' 'About half-past one, P.M.,' says Mr Lockhart, 'on the 21st of September 1832, Sir Walter breathed his last, in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day—so warm that every window was wide open—and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes.'

Call it not vain; they do not err
  Who say, that when the poet dies,
Mute nature mourns her worshipper,
  And celebrates his obsequies;
Who say tall cliff and cavern lone,
For the departed bard make moan;
That mountains weep in crystal rill;
That flowers in tears of balm distil;
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
And oaks, in deeper groans, reply;
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave.

Lay of the Last Minstrel.

The novelty and originality of Scott's style of poetry, though exhausted by himself, and debased by imitators, formed his first passport to public favour and applause. The English reader had to go back to Spenser and Chaucer ere he could find so knightly and chivalrous a poet, or such paintings of antique manners and institutions. The works of the elder worthies were also obscured by a dim and obsolete phraseology; while Scott, in expression, sentiment, and description, could be read and understood by all. The perfect clearness and transparency of his style is one of his distinguishing features; and it was further aided by his peculiar versification. Coleridge had exemplified the fitness of the octosyllabic measure for romantic narrative poetry, and parts of his 'Christabel' having been recited to Scott, he adopted its wild rhythm and harmony, joining to it some of the abruptness and irregularity of the old ballad metre. In his hands it became a powerful and flexible instrument, whether for light narrative and pure description, or for scenes of tragic wildness and terror, such as the trial and death of Constance in 'Marmion,' or the swell and agitation of a battle-field. The knowledge and enthusiasm requisite for a chivalrous poet Scott possessed in an eminent degree. He was an early worshipper of 'hoar antiquity. He was in the maturity of his powers (thirty-four years of age) when the Lay was published, and was perhaps better informed on such subjects than any other man living. Border story and romance had been the study and the passion of his whole life. In writing 'Marmion' and 'Ivanhoe,' or in building Abbotsford, he was impelled by a natural and irresistible impulse. The baronial castle, the court and camp—the wild Highland chase, feud, and foray—the antique blazonry, and institutions of feudalism, were constantly present to his thoughts and imagination. Then, his powers of description were unequalled—certainly never surpassed. His landscapes, his characters and situations, were all real delineations; in general effect and individual details, they were equally perfect. None of his contemporaries had the same picturesqueness, fancy, or invention; none so graphic in depicting manners and customs; none so fertile in inventing incidents; none so fascinating in narrative, or so various and powerful in description. His diction was proverbially careless and incorrect. Neither in prose nor poetry was Scott a polished writer. He looked only at broad and general effects; his words had to make pictures, not melody. Whatever could be grouped and described, whatever was visible and tangible, lay within his reach. Below the surface he had less power. The language of the heart was not his familiar study: the passions did not obey his call. The contrasted effects of passion and situation he could portray vividly and distinctly—the sin and suffering of Constance, the remorse of Marmion and Bertram, the pathetic character of Wilfrid, the knightly grace of Fitz-James, and the rugged virtues and savage death of Roderick Dhu, are all fine specimens of moral painting. Byron has nothing better, and indeed the noble poet in some of his tales copied or paraphrased the sterner passages of Scott. But even in these gloomy and powerful traits of his genius, the force lies in the situation, not in the thoughts and expression. There are no talismanic words that pierce the heart or usurp the memory; none of the impassioned and reflective style of Byron, the melodious pathos of Campbell, or the profound sympathy of Wordsworth. The great strength of Scott undoubtedly lay in the prolific richness of his fancy, and the abundant stores of his memory, that could create, collect, and arrange such a multitude of scenes and adventures; that could find materials for stirring and romantic poetry in the most minute and barren antiquarian details; and that could reanimate the past, and paint the present, in scenery and manners with a vividness and energy unknown since the period of Homer.

The 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' is a Border story of the sixteenth century, related by a minstrel, the last of his race. The character of the aged minstrel, and that of Margaret of Branksome, are very finely drawn: Deloraine, a coarse Border chief, or moss-trooper, is also a vigorous portrait; and in the description of the march of the English army, the personal combat with Musgrave, and the other feudal accessories of the piece, we have finished pictures of the olden time. The goblin page is no favourite of ours, except in so far as it makes the story more accordant with the times in which it is placed. The introductory lines to each canto form an exquisite *setting* to the dark feudal tale, and tended greatly to cause the popularity of the poem. The minstrel is thus described:—

The way was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek and tresses gray,
Seemed to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the bards was he
Who sung of Border chivalry;
For, well-a-day! their date was fled;
His tuneful brethren all were dead;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them, and at rest.
No more on prancing palfry borne,
He carolled, light as lark at morn;

No longer courted and caressed,
High placed in hall a welcome guest,
He poured to lord and lady gay
The unpremeditated lay:
Old times were changed, old manners gone;
A stranger filled the Stuart's throne;
The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door,
And tuned to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear.

Not less picturesque are the following passages, which instantly became popular:—

[*Description of Melrose Abbey.*]

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St David's ruined pile;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair!
The moon on the east oriel shone,
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliaged tracery combined;
Thou would'st have thought some fairy's hand
'Twixt poplars straight the ozier wand,
In many a freakish knot, had twined;
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone.
The silver light, so pale and faint,
Showed many a prophet and many a saint,
Whose image on the glass was dyed;
Full in the midst, his cross of red
Triumphant Michael brandished,
And trampled the apostate's pride.
The moonbeam kissed the holy pane,
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

[*Love of Country.*]

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go mark him well:
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.
O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my withered cheek;
Still lay my head by Teviot stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The bard may draw his parting groan.

'Marmion' is a tale of Flodden Field, the fate of the hero being connected with that memorable engagement. The poem does not possess the unity and completeness of the Lay, but if it has greater faults, it has also greater beauties. Nothing can be more strikingly picturesque than the two opening stanzas of this romance:—

Day set on Norham's castled steep,
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
And Cheviot's mountains lone;
The battled towers, the donjon keep,
The loop-hole grates where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
In yellow lustre shone.
The warriors on the turrets high,
Moving athwart the evening sky,
Seemed forms of giant height;
Their armour, as it caught the rays,
Flashed back again the western blaze,
In lines of dazzling light.
St George's banner, broad and gay,
Now faded, as the fading ray
Less bright, and less, was flung;
The evening gale had scarce the power
To wave it on the donjon tower,
So heavily it hung.
The scouts had parted on their search,
The castle gates were barred;
Above the gloomy portal arch,
Timing his footsteps to a march,
The warder kept his guard,
Low humming, as he paced along,
Some ancient border-gathering song.

The same minute painting of feudal times characterises both poems, but by a strange oversight (soon seen and regretted by the author) the hero is made to commit the crime of forgery, a crime unsuited to a chivalrous and half-civilized age. The battle of Flodden, and the death of Marmion, are among Scott's most spirited descriptions. The former is related as seen from a neighbouring hill; and the progress of the action—the hurry, impetuosity, and confusion of the fight below, as the different armies rally or are repulsed—is given with such animation, that the whole scene is brought before the reader with the vividness of reality. The first tremendous onset is thus dashed off, with inimitable power, by the mighty minstrel:—

[*Battle of Flodden.*]

'But see! look up—on Flodden bent,
The Scottish foe has fired his tent.'
And sudden as he spoke,
From the sharp ridges of the hill,
All downward to the banks of Till,
Was wreathed in sable smoke;
Volumed and vast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
As down the hill they broke;

Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announced their march; their tread alone,
At times one warning trumpet blown,
  At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain-throne
  King James did rushing come.
Scarce could they hear or see their foes,
Until at weapon point they close.
They close in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway and with lance's thrust;
  And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
  And fiends in upper air.
Long looked the anxious squires; their eye
Could in the darkness nought descry.
At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast;
And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears;
And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white sea-mew.
Then marked they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And plumèd crests of chieftains brave,
Floating like foam upon the wave;
  But nought distinct they see:
Wide raged the battle on the plain;
Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;
Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,
  Wild and disorderly.

[Evening fell on the deadly struggle, and the spectators were forced from the agitating scene.]

But as they left the darkening heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in volleys hailed,
In headlong charge their horse assailed:
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep,
To break the Scottish circle deep,
  That fought around their king.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
  Unbroken was the ring;
The stubborn spearmen still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
  The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight;
Linked in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
  As fearlessly and well;
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded king.
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shattered bands;
  And from the charge they drew,
As mountain-waves from wasted lands
  Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loss his foemen know;
Their king, their lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field as snow,
When streams are swoln and south winds blow,
  Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
While many a broken band,
Disordered, through her currents dash,
  To gain the Scottish land;
To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong:
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife and carnage drear
  Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
  And broken was her shield!

The hero receives his death-wound, and is borne off the field. The description, detached from the context, loses much of its interest; but the mingled effects of mental agony and physical suffering, of remorse and death, on a bad but brave spirit trained to war, is described with much sublimity:—

[*Death of Marmion.*]

When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare:
'Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!
Redeem my pennon—charge again!
Cry—"Marmion to the rescue!"—Vain!
Last of my race, on battle plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again!
Yet my last thought is England's:—fly;
  To Dacre bear my signet-ring;
  Tell him his squadrons up to bring.
Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie:
  Tunstall lies dead upon the field;
  His life-blood stains the spotless shield:
  Edmund is down—my life is reft;
  The Admiral alone is left.
  Let Stanley charge with spur of fire—
  With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
  Full upon Scotland's central host,
  Or victory and England's lost.
  Must I bid twice? Hence, varlets! fly!
  Leave Marmion here alone—to die.'
  They parted, and alone he lay;
  Clare drew her from the sight away,
  Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
  And half he murmured—'Is there none,
    Of all my halls have nurst,
  Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
  Of blessed water from the spring,
    To slake my dying thirst!'

O, woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!
Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When, with the baron's casque, the maid
  To the nigh streamlet ran:
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
  Sees but the dying man.
She stooped her by the runnel's side,
  But in abhorrence backward drew;
For, oozing from the mountain wide,
Where raged the war, a dark red tide
  Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
Where shall she turn!—behold her mark
  A little fountain-cell,
Where water, clear as diamond-spark,
In a stone bason fell.
Above, some half-worn letters say,
  Drink. weary. pilgrim. drink. and. pray
For. the. kind. soul. of. Sybil. Grey.
  Who. built. this. cross. and. well.
She filled the helm, and back she hied,
And with surprise and joy espied
  A monk supporting Marmion's head;
A pious man, whom duty brought
To dubious verge of battle fought,
  To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
And, as she stooped his brow to lave—
'Is it the hand of Clare,' he said,
'Or injured Constance, bathes my head?'
Then, as remembrance rose—
'Speak not to me of shrift or prayer!
I must redress her woes.
Short space, few words, are mine to spare;
Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!'
'Alas!' she said, 'the while—
O think of your immortal weal!
In vain for Constance is your zeal;
She——died at Holy Isle.'
Lord Marmion started from the ground,
As light as if he felt no wound;
Though in the action burst the tide,
In torrents, from his wounded side.
'Then it was truth!'—he said—'I knew
That the dark presage must be true.
I would the fiend, to whom belongs
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
Would spare me but a day!
For wasting fire, and dying groan,
And priests slain on the altar stone,
Might bribe him for delay.
It may not be!—this dizzy trance—
Curse on yon base marauder's lance,
And doubly cursed my failing brand!
A sinful heart makes feeble hand.'
Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
Supported by the trembling monk.

With fruitless labour Clara bound,
And strove to stanch the gushing wound:
The monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the church's prayers;
Ever, he said, that, close and near,
A lady's voice was in his ear,
And that the priest he could not hear,
For that she ever sung,
'*In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,*
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying'
So the notes rung;
'Avoid thee, fiend!—with cruel hand,
Shake not the dying sinner's sand!
O look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine;
O think on faith and bliss!
By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,
But never aught like this.'
The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering, swelled the gale,
And—Stanley! was the cry;
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye:
With dying hand above his head
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted 'Victory!
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!'
Were the last words of Marmion.

We may contrast with this the *silent* and appalling death-scene of Roderick Dhu, in the 'Lady of the Lake.' The savage chief expires while listening to a tale chanted by the bard or minstrel of his clan:—

At first, the chieftain to his chime
With lifted hand kept feeble time;
That motion ceased; yet feeling strong,
Varied his look as changed the song:
At length no more his deafened ear
The minstrel's melody can hear;
His face grows sharp; his hands are clenched,
As if some pang his heart-strings wrenched;
Set are his teeth, his fading eye
Is sternly fixed on vacancy:
Thus motionless and moanless drew
His parting breath, stout Roderick Dhu.

The 'Lady of the Lake' is more richly picturesque than either of the former poems, and the plot is more regular and interesting. 'The subject,' says Sir James Mackintosh, 'is a common Highland irruption; but at a point where the neighbourhood of the Lowlands affords the best contrast of manners—where the scenery affords the noblest subject of description—and where the wild clan is so near to the court, that their robberies can be connected with the romantic adventures of a disguised king, an exiled lord, and a high-born beauty. The whole narrative is very fine.' It was the most popular of the author's poems: in a few months twenty thousand copies were sold, and the district where the action of the poem lay was visited by countless thousands of tourists. With this work closed the great popularity of Scott as a poet. 'Rokeby,' a tale of the English Cavaliers and Roundheads, was considered a failure, though displaying the utmost art and talent in the delineation of character and passion. 'Don Roderick' is vastly inferior to 'Rokeby;' and 'Harold' and 'Triermain' are but faint copies of the Gothic epics, however finely finished in some of the tender passages. The 'Lord of the Isles' is of a higher mood. It is a Scottish story of the days of Bruce, and has the characteristic fire and animation of the minstrel, when, like Rob Roy, he has his foot on his native heath. Bannockburn may be compared with Flodden Field in energy of description, though the poet is sometimes lost in the chronicler and antiquary. The interest of the tale is not well sustained throughout, and its chief attraction consists in the descriptive powers of the author, who, besides his feudal halls and battles, has drawn the magnificent scenery of the West Highlands (the cave of Staffa, and the dark desolate grandeur of the Coruisk lakes and mountains) with equal truth and sublimity. The lyrical pieces of Scott are often very happy. The old ballad strains may be said to have been his original nutriment as a poet, and he is consequently often warlike and romantic in his songs. But he has also gaiety, archness, and tenderness, and if he does not touch deeply the heart, he never fails to paint to the eye and imagination.

Young Lochinvar.

[From 'Marmion.']

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broad-sword he weapon had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone!
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar!

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Esk river where ford there was none—
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
'Mong bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all!
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword—
For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word—
'O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war?
Or to dance at our bridal? young Lord Lochinvar!'

'I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied:
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide!
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine!
There be maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar!'

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup!
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar—
'Now tread we a measure!' said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace!
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,
And the bride-maidens whispered, ''Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar!'

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near,
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
'She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow!' quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lea,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see!
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

Coronach.

[From the 'Lady of the Lake.']

He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font, reappearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory;
The autumn winds rushing,
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,[1]
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever!

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu.

[Written for Campbell's 'Albyn's Anthology,' 1816.]

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and Commons!

[1] Or corri, the hollow side of the hill, where game usually lies.

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky;
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy.
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one;
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one!

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterred,
The bride at the altar.
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges;
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended:
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded.
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster:
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set;
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset!

[*Time.*]

[From the 'Antiquary.']

Why sitt'st thou by that ruined hall,
Thou aged carle so stern and gray?
Dost thou its former pride recall,
Or ponder how it passed away?

'Know'st thou not me?' the Deep Voice cried,
'So long enjoyed, so oft misused—
Alternate, in thy fickle pride,
Desired, neglected, and accused?

Before my breath, like blazing flax,
Man and his marvels pass away;
And changing empires wane and wax,
Are founded, flourish, and decay.

Redeem mine hours—the space is brief—
While in my glass the sand-grains shiver,
And measureless thy joy or grief,
When Time and thou shalt part for ever!'

[*Hymn of the Hebrew Maid.*]

[From 'Ivanhoe.']

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen;
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But, present still, though now unseen!
  When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
  To temper the deceitful ray.
And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
  In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be Thou, long suffering, slow to wrath,
  A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
  The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
No censer round our altar beams,
  And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.
But Thou hast said, The blood of goat,
  The flesh of rams, I will not prize;
A contrite heart, a humble thought,
  Are mine accepted sacrifice.

[Song from the Pirate.]

Love wakes and weeps
While Beauty sleeps!
O for music's softest numbers,
To prompt a theme
For Beauty's dream,
Soft as the pillow of her slumbers!

Through groves of palm
Sigh gales of balm,
Fire-flies on the air are wheeling,
While through the gloom
Comes soft perfume,
The distant beds of flowers revealing.

O wake and live!
No dreams can give
A shadowed bliss the real excelling;
No longer sleep,
From lattice peep,
And list the tale that Love is telling!

LORD BYRON.

Scott retreated from poetry into the wide and open field of prose fiction as the genius of Byron began to display its strength and fertility. A new, or at least a more finished, nervous, and lofty style of poetry was introduced by the noble author, who was as much a mannerist as Scott, but of a different school. He excelled in painting the strong and gloomy passions of our nature, contrasted with feminine softness and delicacy. Scott, intent upon the development of his plot and the chivalrous machinery of his Gothic tales, is seldom personally present to the reader. Byron delighted in self-portraiture, and could stir the depths of the human heart. His philosophy of life was false and pernicious, but the splendour of the artist concealed the deformity of his design. Parts were so nobly finished, that there was enough for admiration to rest upon, without analysing the whole. He conducted his readers through scenes of surpassing beauty and splendour—by haunted streams and mountains, enriched with the glories of ancient poetry and valour; but the same dark shadow was ever by his side—the same scorn and mockery of human hopes and ambition. The sententious force and elevation of his thoughts and language, his eloquent expression of sentiment, and the mournful and solemn melody of his tender and pathetic passages, seemed, however, to do more than atone for his want of moral truth and reality. The man and the poet were so intimately blended, and the spectacle presented by both was so touching, mysterious, and lofty, that Byron concentrated a degree of interest and anxiety on his successive public appearances, which no author ever before was able to boast. Scott had created the public taste for animated poetry, and Byron, taking advantage of it, soon engrossed the whole field. For a few years it seemed as if the world held only one great poet.



The chivalry of Scott, the philosophy of Wordsworth, the abstract theory and imagination of Southey, and even the lyrical beauties of Moore and Campbell, were for a time eclipsed by this new and greater light. The rank, youth, and misfortunes of Byron, his exile from England, the mystery which he loved to throw around his history and feelings, the apparent depth of his sufferings and attachment, and his very misanthropy and scepticism (relieved by bursts of tenderness and pity, and by the incidental expression of high and holy feelings), formed a combination of personal circumstances in aid of the legitimate effects of his passionate and graceful poetry, which is unparalleled in the history of modern literature. Such a result is even more wonderful than the laurelled honours awarded to Virgil and Petrarch, if we consider the difference between ancient and modern manners, and the temperament of the northern nations compared with that of the 'sunny south.' Has the spell yet broke? Has the glory faded into 'the common light of day?' Undoubtedly the later writings of the noble bard helped to dispel the illusion. To competent observers, these works added to the impression of Byron's powers as an original poet, but they tended to exorcise the spirit of romance from his name and history, and what *Don Juan* failed to effect, was accomplished by the biography of Moore. His poetry, however, must always have a powerful effect on minds of poetical and warm sensibilities. If it is a 'rank unweeded garden,' it also contains glorious fruits and plants of celestial seed. The *art* of the poet will be a study for the ambitious few, his *genius* will be a source of wonder and delight to all who love to contemplate the workings of human passion, in solitude and society, and the rich effects of taste and inspiration.

The incidents of Byron's life may be briefly related. He was born in Holles Street, London, on the 22d of January 1788, the only son of Captain John Byron of the Guards, and Catherine Gordon

of Gight, an Aberdeenshire heiress. The lady's fortune was soon squandered by her profligate husband, and she retired to the city of Aberdeen, to bring up her son on a reduced income of about £130 per annum. The little lame boy, endeared to all in spite of his mischief, succeeded his grand-uncle, William Lord Byron, in his eleventh year; and the happy mother sold off her effects (which realised just £74, 17s. 4d.), and left Aberdeen for Newstead Abbey. The seat of the Byrons was a large and ancient, but dilapidated structure, founded as a priory in the twelfth century by Henry II., and situated in the midst of the fertile and interesting district once known as Sherwood Forest. On the dissolution of the monasteries, it was conferred by Henry VIII. on Sir John Byron, steward of Manchester and Rochdale, who converted the venerable convent into a castellated mansion. The family was ennobled by Charles I., in consequence of high and honourable services rendered to the royal cause during the civil war. On succeeding to the title, Byron was put to a private school at Dulwich, and from thence he was sent to Harrow. During his minority, the estate was let to another party, but its youthful lord occasionally visited the seat of his ancestors; and whilst there in 1803, he conceived a passion for a young lady in the neighbourhood, who, under the name of Mary Chaworth, has obtained a poetical immortality. So early as his eighth year, Byron fell in love with a simple Scottish maiden,



Newstead Abbey.

Mary Duff; and hearing of her marriage, several years afterwards, was, he says, like a thunder-stroke to him. He had also been captivated with a boyish love for his cousin, Margaret Parker, 'one of the most beautiful of evanescent beings,' who died about a year or two afterwards. He was fifteen when he met Mary Chaworth, and 'conceived an attachment which, young as he was even then for such a feeling, sunk so deep into his mind as to give a colour to all his future life.' The father of the lady had been killed in a duel by Lord Byron, the eccentric grand-uncle of the poet, and the union of the young peer with the heiress of Annesley Hall 'would,' said Byron, 'have healed feuds in which blood had been shed by our fathers; it would have joined lands broad and rich; it would have joined at least *one* heart, and two persons not ill matched in years (she was two years my elder), and—and—and—*what* has been the result?' Mary Chaworth saw little in the lame boy, and became the betrothed of another. They had one parting interview in the following year, which, in his poem of the *Dream*, Byron has described in the most exquisite colours of descriptive poetry:—

I saw two beings in the hues of youth
Standing upon a hill; a gentle hill,
Green and of mild declivity, the last
As 'twere the cape of a long ridge of such,
Save that there was no sea to lave its base
But a most living landscape, and the wave
Of woods and corn-fields, and the abodes of men
Scattered at intervals, and wreathing smoke
Arising from such rustic roofs;—the hill
Was crowned with a peculiar diadem
Of trees, in circular array, so fixed,
Not by the sport of nature, but of man:
These two, a maiden and a youth, were there
Gazing—the one on all that was beneath
Fair as herself—but the boy gazed on her;
And both were young, and one was beautiful:
And both were young—yet not alike in youth.
As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,
The maid was on the eve of womanhood;
The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him.

This boyish idolatry nursed the spirit of poetry in Byron's mind. He was recalled, however, from his day-dreams and disappointment, by his removal to Trinity college, Cambridge, in October 1805. At Harrow he had been an idle irregular scholar, though he eagerly devoured all sorts of learning, excepting that which was prescribed for him; and at Cambridge he pursued the same desultory course of study. In 1807 appeared his first volume of poetry, printed at Newark, under the title of *Hours of Idleness*. There were indications of genius in the collection,

but many errors of taste and judgment. The vulnerable points were fiercely assailed, the merits overlooked, in a witty critique in the Edinburgh Review (understood to be written by Lord Brougham), and the young poet replied by his vigorous satire, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, which disarmed, if it did not discomfit, his opponent. While his name was thus rising in renown, Byron left England for a course of foreign travel, and in two years visited the classic shores of the Mediterranean, and resided some time in Greece and Turkey. In the spring of 1812 appeared the two first cantos of *Childe Harold*, the fruit of his foreign wanderings, and his splendidly enriched and matured poetical taste. 'I awoke one morning,' he said, 'and found myself famous.' A rapid succession of eastern tales followed—the *Giaour* and the *Bride of Abydos* in 1813; the *Corsair* and *Lara* in 1814. In the Childe, he had shown his mastery over the complicated Spenserian stanza: in these he adopted the heroic couplet, and the lighter verse of Scott, with equal freedom and success. No poet had ever more command of the stores of the English language. At this auspicious and exultant period, Byron was the idol of the gay circles of London. He indulged in all their pleasures and excesses—studying by fits and starts at midnight, to maintain the splendour of his reputation. Satiety and disgust succeeded to this round of heartless pleasures, and in a better mood, though without any fixed attachment, he proposed and was accepted in marriage by a northern heiress, Miss Milbanke, daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke, a baronet in the county of Durham. The union cast a shade on his hitherto bright career. A twelvemonth's extravagance, embarrassments, and misunderstandings, dissolved the union, and the lady retired to the country seat of her parents from the discord and perplexity of her own home. She refused, like the wife of Milton, to return, and the world of England seemed to applaud her resolution. One child (now the Countess of Lovelace) was the fruit of this unhappy marriage. Before the separation took place, Byron's muse, which had been lulled or deadened by the comparative calm of domestic life, was stimulated to activity by his deepening misfortunes, and he produced the *Siege of Corinth* and *Parisina*. Miserable, reckless, yet conscious of his own newly-awakened strength, Byron left England—

Once more upon the waters, yet once more!—

and visiting France and Brussels, pursued his course along the Rhine to Geneva. Here, in six months, he had composed the third canto of 'Childe Harold,' and the *Prisoner of Chillon*. His mental energy gathered force from the loneliness of his situation, and his disgust with his native country. The scenery of Switzerland and Italy next breathed its inspiration: *Manfred* and the *Lament of Tasso* were produced in 1817. In the following year, whilst residing chiefly at Venice, and making one memorable visit to Rome, he completed 'Childe Harold,' and threw off his light humorous poem of *Beppo*, the first fruits of the more easy and genial manners of the continent on his excitable temperament. At Venice, and afterwards at Ravenna, Byron resided till 1821, writing various works—*Mazeppa*, the first five cantos of *Don Juan*, and his dramas of *Marino Faliero*, *Sardanapalus*, the *Two Foscari*, *Werner*, *Cain*, the *Deformed Transformed*, &c. The year 1822 he passed chiefly at Pisa, continuing 'Don Juan,' which ultimately extended to fifteen cantos. We have not touched on his private history or indulgences. His genius had begun to 'pale its fire:' his dramas were stiff, declamatory, and undramatic; and the successive cantos of 'Don Juan' betrayed the downward course of the poet's habits. The wit and knowledge of that wonderful poem—its passion, variety, and originality—were now debased with inferior matter; and the world saw with rejoicing the poet break away from his Circean enchantments, and enter upon a new and nobler field of exertion. He had sympathised deeply with the Italian Carbonari in their efforts for freedom, but a still more interesting country and people claimed his support. His youthful travels and poetical enthusiasm still endeared the 'blue Olympus' to his recollection, and in the summer of 1823 he set sail for Greece, to aid in the struggle for its independence. His arrangements were made with judgment, as well as generosity. Byron knew mankind well, and his plans for the recovery and regeneration of Greece evinced a spirit of patriotic freedom and warm sympathy with the oppressed, happily tempered with practical wisdom and discretion. He arrived, after some danger and delay, at Missolonghi, in Western Greece, on the 4th of January 1824. All was discord and confusion—a military mob and contending chiefs—turbulence, rapacity, and fraud. In three months he had done much, by his influence and money, to compose differences, repress cruelty, and introduce order. His fluctuating and uncertain health, however, gave way under so severe a discipline. On the 9th of April he was overtaken by a heavy shower whilst taking his daily ride, and an attack of fever and rheumatism followed. Prompt and copious bleeding might have subdued the inflammation, but to this remedy Byron was strongly opposed. It was at length resorted to after seven days of increasing fever, but the disease was then too powerful for remedy. The patient sank into a state of lethargy, and, though conscious of approaching death, could only mutter some indistinct expressions about his wife, his sister, and child. He lay insensible for twenty-four hours, and, opening his eyes for a moment, shut them for ever, and expired on the evening of the 19th of April 1824. The people of Greece publicly mourned for the irreparable loss they had sustained, and the sentiment of grief was soon conveyed to the poet's native country, where his name was still a talisman, and his early death was felt by all as a personal calamity. The body of Byron was brought to England, and after lying in state in London, was interred in the family vault in the village church of Hucknall, near Newstead.

Byron has been sometimes compared with Burns. Death and genius have levelled mere external distinctions, and the peer and peasant stand on the same elevation, to meet the gaze and scrutiny of posterity. Both wrote directly from strong personal feelings and impulses; both were the slaves of irregular, uncontrolled passion, and the prey of disappointed hopes and constitutional melancholy; and both died, after a life of extraordinary intellectual activity and excitement, at the same early age. We allow for the errors of Burns's position, and Byron's demands a not less tender and candid construction. Neglected in his youth—thwarted in his first love—left without control or domestic influence when his passions were strongest—

Lord of himself, that heritage of woe—

intoxicated with early success and the incense of almost universal admiration, his irregularities must be regarded more with pity than reprehension. After his unhappy marriage, the picture is clouded with darker shadows. The wild license of his continental life it would be impossible to justify. His excesses became habitual, and impaired both his genius and his strength. He struggled on with

untamed pride and trembling susceptibility, but he had almost exhausted the springs of his poetry and his life; and it is too obvious that the pestilential climate of Missolonghi only accelerated an event which a few years must have consummated in Italy.



Lord Byron's Tomb.

The genius of Byron was as versatile as it was energetic. 'Childe Harold' and 'Don Juan' are perhaps the greatest poetical works of this century, and in the noble poet's tales and minor poems there is a grace, an interest, and romantic picturesqueness, that render them peculiarly fascinating to youthful readers. The 'Giaour' has passages of still higher description and feeling—particularly that fine burst on modern Greece contrasted with its ancient glory, and the exquisitely pathetic and beautiful comparison of the same country to the human frame bereft of life:—

[*Picture of Modern Greece.*]

He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled—
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress—
Before decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,
And marked the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there—
The fixed yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek—
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
  That fires not—wins not—weeps not—now—
  And but for that chill changeless brow,
Whose touch thrills with mortality,
And curdles to the gazer's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon—
Yes—but for these—and these alone—
Some moments—ay—one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power,
So fair—so calm—so softly sealed
The first—last look—by death revealed!
  Such is the aspect of this shore:
'Tis Greece—but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start—for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb—
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of Feeling past away!
Spark of that flame—perchance of heavenly birth—
Which gleams—but warms no more its cherished
  earth!

The 'Prisoner of Chillon' is also natural and affecting: the story is painful and hopeless, but it is told with inimitable tenderness and simplicity. The *reality* of the scenes in 'Don Juan' must strike every reader. Byron, it is well known, took pains to collect his materials. His account of the shipwreck is drawn from narratives of actual occurrences, and his Grecian pictures, feasts, dresses, and holiday pastimes, are literal transcripts from life. Coleridge thought the character of Lambro, and especially the description of his return, the finest of all Byron's efforts: it is more dramatic and life-like than any other of his numerous paintings. Haidee is also the most captivating of all his heroines. His Gulnares and Medoras, his corsairs and dark mysterious personages—

Linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes—

are monstrosities in nature, and do not possess one tithe of the interest or permanent poetical beauty that centres in the lonely residence in the Cyclades. The English descriptions in Juan are also far inferior. There is a palpable falling off in poetical power, and the peculiar prejudices and forced ill-natured satire of the poet are brought prominently forward. Yet even here we have occasionally a flash of the early light that 'led astray.' The sketch of Aurora Raby is graceful and interesting (compared with Haidee, it is something like Fielding's Amelia coming after Sophia Western), and Newstead Abbey is described with a clearness and beauty not unworthy the author of 'Childe Harold.' The Epicurean philosophy of the Childe is visible in every page of 'Don Juan,' but it is no longer grave, dignified, and misanthropical. it is mixed up with wit, humour, the keenest penetration, and the most astonishing variety of expression, from colloquial carelessness and ease, to the highest and deepest tones of the lyre. The poet has the power of Mephistophiles over the scenes and passions of human life and society—disclosing their secret workings, and stripping them of all conventional allurements and disguises. Unfortunately, his knowledge is more of evil than of good. The distinctions between virtue and vice had been broken down or obscured in his own mind, and they are undistinguishable in 'Don Juan.' Early sensuality had tainted his whole nature. He portrays generous emotions and moral feelings—distress, suffering, and pathos—and then dashes them with burlesque humour, wild profanity, and unseasonable merriment. In 'Childe Harold' we have none of this moral anatomy, or its accompanying licentiousness; but there is abundance of scorn and defiance of the ordinary pursuits and ambition of mankind. The fairest portions of the earth are traversed in a spirit of bitterness and desolation by one satiated with pleasure, contemning society, the victim of a dreary and hopeless scepticism. Such a character would have been repulsive if the poem had not been adorned with the graces of animated description and original and striking sentiment. The poet's sketches of Spanish and Grecian scenery, and his glimpses of the life and manners of the classic mountaineers, are as true as were ever transferred

to canvass; and the meditations of the Pilgrim on the particular events which adorned or cursed the soil he trod, are marked with fervour and sublimity. Thus, on the field of Albuera, he conjures up an image of war, one of the noblest creations in poetry:—

[*Image of War.*]

Hark! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note?
Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath?
Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote,
Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath
Tyrants and tyrants' slaves?—the fires of death,
The bale-fires flash on high;—from rock to rock
Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe;
Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,
Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.

Lo! where the giant on the mountain stands,
His blood red tresses deepening in the sun,
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon;
Restless it rolls, now fixed, and now anon
Flashing afar—and at his iron feet
Destruction cowers to mark what deeds are done;
For on this morn three potent nations meet,
To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet.

In surveying the ruins of Athens, the spirit of Byron soars to its loftiest flight, picturing its fallen glories, and indulging in the most touching and magnificent strain of his sceptical philosophy:—

[*Ancient Greece.*]

Ancient of days! august Athena! where,
Where are thy men of might? thy grand in soul?
Gone—glimmering through the dream of things that were:
First in the race that led to Glory's goal,
They won, and passed away—is this the whole?
A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour!
The warrior's weapon, and the sophist's stole,
Are sought in vain, and o'er each mouldering tower,
Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of power.

Son of the morning, rise! approach you here!
Come, but molest not yon defenceless urn:
Look on this spot—a nation's sepulchre!
Abode of gods, whose shrines no longer burn.
Even gods must yield—religions take their turn:
'Twas Jove's—'tis Mahomet's—and other creeds
Will rise with other years, till man shall learn
Vainly his incense soars, his victim bleeds;
Poor child of Doubt and Death, whose hope is built on reeds.

Bound to the earth, he lifts his eye to heaven—
Is't not enough, unhappy thing! to know
Thou art? Is this a boon so kindly given,
That being, thou wouldst be again, and go,
Thou know'st not, reck'st not, to what region, so
On earth no more, but mingled with the skies?
Still wilt thou dream on future joy and wo?
Regard and weigh yon dust before it flies:
That little urn saith more than thousand homilies.

Or burst the vanished hero's lofty mound;
Far on the solitary shore he sleeps:
He fell, and falling, nations mourned around;
But now not one of saddening thousands weeps,
Nor warlike worshipper his vigil keeps
Where demi-gods appeared, as records tell.
Remove yon skull from out the scattered heaps:
Is that a temple where a god may dwell?
Why, even the worm at last disdains her shattered cell!

Look on its broken arch, its ruined wall,
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul:
Yes, this was once ambition's airy hall,
The dome of thought, the palace of the soul:
Behold through each lack-lustre eyeless hole,
The gay recess of wisdom and of wit,
And passion's host, that never brooked control:
Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,
People this lonely tower, this tenement refit?

Well didst thou speak, Athena's wisest son!
'All that we know is, nothing can be known.'
Why should we shrink from what we cannot shun?
Each hath his pang, but feeble sufferers groan
With brain-born dreams of evil all their own.
Pursue what chance or fate proclaimeth best;
Peace waits us on the shores of Acheron:
There no forced banquet claims the sated guest,
But silence spreads the couch of ever-welcome rest.

Yet if, as holiest men have deemed, there be
A land of souls beyond that sable shore,
To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee
And sophists, madly vain of dubious lore,
How sweet it were in concert to adore
With those who made our mortal labours light!
To hear each voice we feared to hear no more!
Behold each mighty shade revealed to sight,
The Bactrian, Samian sage, and all who taught the right!

The third canto of 'Childe Harold' is more deeply imbued with a love of nature than any of his previous productions. A new power had been imparted to him on the shores of the 'Leman lake.' He had just escaped from the strife of London and his own domestic unhappiness, and his conversations with Shelley might also have turned him more strongly to this pure poetical source. An evening scene by the side of the lake is thus exquisitely described:—

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen—
Save darkened Jura, whose capped heights appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more;

He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill!
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes,
Starts into voice a moment—then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill—
But that is fancy, for the star-light dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

A forcible contrast to this still scene is then given in a brief description of the same landscape during a thunder storm:—

The sky is changed!—and such a change! Oh night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night:—most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!

How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black—and now the glee
Of the loud hill shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

In the fourth canto there is a greater throng of images and objects. The poet opens with a sketch of the peculiar beauty and departed greatness of Venice, rising from the sea, 'with her tiara of proud towers' in airy distance. He then resumes his pilgrimage—moralises on the scenes of Petrarch and Tasso, Dante and Boccaccio—and visits the lake of Thrasimene and the temple of Clitumnus. His verses on the latter have never been surpassed:—

[*Temple of Clitumnus.*]

But thou, Clitumnus! in thy sweetest wave
Of the most living crystal that was e'er
The haunt of river-nymph, to gaze and lave
Her limbs where nothing hid them, thou dost rear
Thy grassy banks whereon the milk-white steer
Grazes; the purest god of gentle waters!
And most serene of aspect and most clear!
Surely that stream was unprofaned by slaughters,
A mirror and a bath for Beauty's youngest daughters!

And on thy happy shore a temple still,
Of small and delicate proportion, keeps,
Upon a mild declivity of hill,
Its memory of thee; beneath it sweeps
Thy current's calmness; oft from out it leaps
The finny darter with the glittering scales,
Who dwells and revels in thy glassy deeps;
While, chance, some scattered water-lily sails
Down where the shallower wave still tells its bubbling tales.

The Greek statues at Florence are then inimitably described, after which the poet visits Rome, and revels in the ruins of the Palatine and Coliseum, and the glorious remains of ancient art. His dreams of love and beauty, of intellectual power and majesty, are here realised. The lustre of the classic age seems reflected back in his glowing pages, and we feel that in this intense appreciation of ideal beauty and sculptured grace—in passionate energy and ecstacy—Byron outstrips all his contemporaries. The poem concludes abruptly with an apostrophe to the sea, his 'joy of youthful sports' and a source of lofty enthusiasm and pleasure in his solitary wanderings on the shores of Italy and Greece. The greatness of Byron's genius is seen in 'Childe Harold'—its tenderness in the tales and smaller poems—its rich variety in 'Don Juan.'* A brighter garland few poets can hope to wear—yet it wants the unfading flowers of hope and virtue!

[*The Gladiator.*]

The seal is set.—Now welcome, thou dread power!
Nameless, yet thus omnipotent, which here
Walk'st in the shadow of the midnight hour
With a deep awe, yet all distinct from fear;
Thy haunts are ever where the dead walls rear
Their ivy mantles, and the solemn scene
Derives from thee a sense so deep and clear,
That we become a part of what has been,
And grow unto the spot, all-seeing, but unseen.

And here the buzz of eager nations ran,
In murmured pity, or loud-roared applause,
As man was slaughtered by his fellow-man.
And wherefore slaughtered? wherefore, but because
Such were the bloody circus' genial laws,
And the imperial pleasure. Wherefore not?
What matters where we fall to fill the maws
Of worms—on battle-plains or listed spot?
Both are but theatres where the chief actors rot.

I see before me the gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand; his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low:
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him; he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not; his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away:
He recked not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay;
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday.
All this rushed with his blood. Shall he expire,
And unavenged? Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire!

Apostrophe to the Ocean.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan—
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray,
And howling to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth: there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war:
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts: not so thou;
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play.
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow:
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

* Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime

Dark-heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear;
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

[*An Italian Evening on the Banks of the Brenta.*]

[From 'Childe Harold.']

The moon is up, and yet it is not night—
Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
Of glory streams along the alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains: heaven is free
From clouds, but of all colours seems to be
Melted to one vast Iris of the west,
Where the day joins the past eternity;
While on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest.

A single star is at her side, and reigns
With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still
Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
Rolled o'er the peak of the far Rhætian hill,
As day and night contending were, until
Nature reclaimed her order: gently flows
The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil
The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
Which streams upon her stream, and glassed within it glows.

Filled with the face of heaven, which, from afar,
Comes down upon the waters; all its hues,
From the rich sunset to the rising star,
Their magical variety diffuse:
And now they change; a paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new colour as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is gray.

[*Midnight Scene in Rome—the Coliseum.*]

[From 'Manfred.']

The stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains. Beautiful!
I linger yet with Nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learned the language of another world.
I do remember me, that in my youth,
When I was wandering, upon such a night
I stood within the Coliseum's wall,
'Midst the chief relics of all-mighty Rome:
The trees which grew along the broken arches
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar
The watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber; and
More near, from out the Cæsars' palace came
The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,
Of distant sentinels the fitful song
Begun and died upon the gentle wind.
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach
Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
Within a bowshot. Where the Cæsars dwelt,
And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
A grove which springs through levelled battlements,
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth;
But the gladiators' bloody circus stands
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection!
While Cæsar's chambers and the Augustan halls
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.
And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which softened down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and filled up,
As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries;
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, till the place
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old—
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns!

[*The Shipwreck.*]

[From 'Don Juan.']

'Twas twilight, and the sunless day went down
Over the waste of waters; like a veil
Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown
Of one whose hate is masked but to assail.
Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shown,
And grimly darkled o'er the faces pale,
And the dim desolate deep: twelve days had Fear
Been their familiar, and now Death was here.

* * *

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave—
Then some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave;
And the sea yawned around her like a hell,
And down she sucked with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rushed,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hushed,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows; but at intervals there gushed,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

* * *

There were two fathers in this ghastly crew,
And with them their two sons, of whom the one
Was more robust and hardy to the view;
But he died early; and when he was gone,
His nearest messmate told his sire, who threw
One glance on him, and said, 'Heaven's will be done!
I can do nothing;' and he saw him thrown
Into the deep without a tear or groan.

The other father had a weaklier child,
Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate;
But the boy bore up long, and with a m[illegible]
And patient spirit held aloof his fate[illegible]
Little he said, and now and then he sm[illegible]
As if to win a part from off the weigh[illegible]
He saw increasing on his father's heart,
With the deep deadly thought that they [illegible]

And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised
His eyes from off his face, but wiped the [illegible]
From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed;
And when the wished-for shower at length wa[illegible]
And the boy's eyes, which the dull film half gla[illegible]
Brightened, and for a moment seemed to roam,
He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain
Into his dying child's mouth; but in vain!

The boy expired—the father held the clay,
And looked upon it long; and when at last
Death left no doubt, and the dead burthen lay
Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were past,
He watched it wistfully, until away
'Twas borne by the rude wave wherein 'twas cast;
Then he himself sunk down all dumb and shivering,
And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering.

[*Description of Haidee.*]
[From the same.]

Her brow was overhung with coins of gold
That sparkled o'er the auburn of her hair,
Her clustering hair, whose longer locks were rolled
In braids behind, and though her stature were
Even of the highest for a female mould,
They nearly reached her heels, and in her air
There was a something which bespoke command,
As one who was a lady in the land.

Her hair, I said, was auburn, but her eyes
Were black as death, their lashes the same hue,
Of downcast length, in whose silk shadow lies
Deepest attraction, for when to the view
Forth from its raven fringe the full glance flies,
Ne'er with such force the swiftest arrow flew;
'Tis as the snake late coiled, who pours his length,
And hurls at once his venom and his strength.

Her brow was white and low, her cheek's pure dye,
Like twilight, rosy still with the set sun,
Short upper lip—sweet lips! that make us sigh
Ever to have seen such, for she was one
Fit for the model of a statuary
(A race of mere impostors when all's done—
I've seen much finer women, ripe and real,
Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal)

[Haidee Visits the Shipwrecked Don Juan.]

And down the cliff the island virgin came,
And near the cave her quick light footsteps drew,
While the sun smiled on her with his first flame,
And young Aurora kissed her lips with dew,
Taking her for her sister, just the same
Mistake you would have made on seeing the two,
Although the mortal, quite as fresh and fair,
Had all the advantage too of not being air.

And when into the cavern Haidee stepped
All timidly, yet rapidly, she saw
That, like an infant, Juan sweetly slept;
And then she stopped and stood as if in awe,
(For sleep is awful) and on tiptoe crept
And wrapt him closer, lest the air, too raw,
Should reach his blood, then o'er him, still as death,
Bent, with hushed lips that drank his scarce-drawn breath.

And thus, like to an angel o'er the dying
Who die in righteousness, she leaned, and there
All tranquilly the shipwrecked boy was lying,
As o'er him lay the calm and stirless air;
But Zoe the meantime some eggs was frying,
Since, after all, no doubt the youthful pair
Must breakfast, and betimes—lest they should ask it,
She drew out her provision from the basket.

* * *

And now, by dint of fingers and of eyes,
And words repeated after her, he took
A lesson in her tongue, but by surmise,
No doubt, less of her language than her look:
As he who studies fervently the skies,
Turns oftener to the stars than to his book:
Thus Juan learned his alpha beta better
From Haidee's glance than any graven letter.

'Tis pleasing to be schooled in a strange tongue
By female lips and eyes—that is, I mean
When both the teacher and the taught are young;
As was the case, at least, where I have been;
They smile so when one's right, and when one's wrong,
They smile still more, and then there intervene
Pressure of hands, perhaps even a chaste kiss;—
I learned the little that I know by this.

[Haidee and Juan at the Feast.]

Haidee and Juan carpeted their feet
On crimson satin, bordered with pale blue;
Their sofa occupied three parts complete
Of the apartment—and appeared quite new;
The velvet cushions—for a throne more meet—
Were scarlet, from whose glowing centre grew
A sun embossed in gold, whose rays of tissue,
Meridian like, were seen all light to issue.

Crystal and marble, plate and porcelain,
Had done their work of splendour; Indian mats
And Persian carpets, which the heart bled to stain,
Over the floors were spread; gazelles and cats,
And dwarfs and blacks, and such like things, that gain
Their bread as ministers and favourites—that's
To say, by degradation—mingled there
As plentiful as in a court or fair.

There was no want of lofty mirrors, and
The tables, most of ebony inlaid
With mother of pearl or ivory, stood at hand,
Or were of tortoise-shell or rare woods made,
Fretted with gold or silver:—by command,
The greater part of these were ready spread
With viands and sherbets in ice—and wine—
Kept for all comers, at all hours to dine.

Of all the dresses, I select Haidee's:
She wore two jelicks—one was of pale yellow;
Of azure, pink, and white, was her chemise—
'Neath which her breast heaved like a little billow;
With buttons formed of pearls as large as peas,
All gold and crimson shone her jelick's fellow,
And the striped white gauze baracan that bound her,
Like fleecy clouds about the moon flowed round her.

One large gold bracelet clasped each lovely arm,
Lockless—so pliable from the pure gold
That the hand stretched and shut it without harm,
The limb which it adorned its only mould,
So beautiful—its very shape would charm,
And clinging as if loath to lose its hold,
The purest ore enclosed the whitest skin
That e'er by precious metal was held in.

Around, as princess of her father's land,
A like gold bar above her instep rolled
Announced her rank, twelve rings were on her hand,
Her hair was starred with gems, her veil's fine fold
Below her breast was fastened with a band
Of lavish pearls, whose worth could scarce be told;
Her orange silk full Turkish trousers furled
About the prettiest ankle in the world.

Her hair's long auburn waves down to her heel
Flowed like an alpine torrent, which the sun
Dyes with his morning light—and would conceal
Her person if allowed at large to run,
And still they seemed resentfully to feel
The silken fillet's curb, and sought to shun
Their bonds whene'er some Zephyr caught began
To offer his young pinion as her fan.

Round her she made an atmosphere of life,
The very air seemed lighter from her eyes,
They were so soft, and beautiful, and rife
With all we can imagine of the skies,
And pure as Psyche ere she grew a wife—
Too pure even for the purest human ties;

Her overpowering presence made you feel
It would not be idolatry to kneel.

Her eyelashes, though dark as night, were tinged
(It is the country's custom), but in vain;
For those large black eyes were so blackly fringed,
The glossy rebels mocked the jetty stain,
And in her native beauty stood avenged:
Her nails were touched with henna; but again
The power of art was turned to nothing, for
They could not look more rosy than before.

The henna should be deeply dyed, to make
The skin relieved appear more fairly fair;
She had no need of this—day ne'er will break
On mountain-tops more heavenly white than her;
The eye might doubt if it were well awake,
She was so like a vision; I might err,
But Shakspeare also says, 'tis very silly
'To gild refined gold, or paint the lily.'

Juan had on a shawl of black and gold,
But a white baracan, and so transparent
The sparkling gems beneath you might behold,
Like small stars through the milky-way apparent;
His turban, furled in many a graceful fold,
An emerald aigrette with Haidee's hair in't
Surmounted as its clasp—a glowing crescent,
Whose rays shone ever trembling, but incessant.

And now they were diverted by their suite,
Dwarfs, dancing-girls, black eunuchs, and a poet;
Which made their new establishment complete;
The last was of great fame, and liked to show it:
His verses rarely wanted their due feet—
And for his theme—he seldom sung below it,
He being paid to satirise or flatter,
As the Psalms say, 'inditing a good matter.'

[The Death of Haidee.]

Afric is all the sun's, and as her earth,
Her human clay is kindled; full of power
For good or evil, burning from its birth,
The Moorish blood partakes the planet's hour,
And, like the soil beneath it, will bring forth:
Beauty and love were Haidee's mother's dower;
But her large dark eye showed deep Passion's force,
Though sleeping like a lion near a source.

Her daughter, tempered with a milder ray,
Like summer clouds all silvery, smooth, and fair,
Till slowly charged with thunder, they display
Terror to earth and tempest to the air,
Had held till now her soft and milky way;
But, overwrought with passion and despair,
The fire burst forth from her Numidian veins,
Even as the simoom sweeps the blasted plains.

The last sight which she saw was Juan's gore,
And he himself o'ermastered and cut down;
His blood was running on the very floor
Where late he trod her beautiful, her own;
Thus much she viewed an instant and no more—
Her struggles ceased with one convulsive groan;
On her sire's arm, which until now scarce held
Her writhing, fell she like a cedar felled.

A vein had burst, and her sweet lips' pure dyes
Were dabbled with the deep blood which ran o'er,
And her head drooped as when the lily lies
O'ercharged with rain: her summoned handmaids bore
Their lady to her couch with gushing eyes;
Of herbs and cordials they produced their store:
But she defied all means they could employ,
Like one life could not hold nor death destroy.

Days lay she in that state unchanged, though chill—
With nothing livid, still her lips were red;
She had no pulse, but death seemed absent still;
No hideous sign proclaimed her surely dead:
Corruption came not, in each mind to kill
All hope: to look upon her sweet face bred
New thoughts of life, for it seemed full of soul—
She had so much, earth could not claim the whole.

The ruling passion, such as marble shows
When exquisitely chiselled, still lay there,
But fixed as marble's unchanged aspect throws
O'er the fair Venus, but for ever fair;
O'er the Laocoon's all eternal throes,
And ever-dying gladiator's air,
Their energy like life forms all their fame,
Yet looks not life, for they are still the same.

She woke at length, but not as sleepers wake,
Rather the dead, for life seemed something new;
A strange sensation which she must partake
Perforce, since whatsoever met her view
Struck not on memory, though a heavy ache
Lay at her heart, whose earliest beat still true
Brought back the sense of pain without the cause—
For, for a while, the furies made a pause.

She looked on many a face with vacant eye,
On many a token, without knowing what;
She saw them watch her without asking why,
And recked not who around her pillow sat:
Not speechless, though she spoke not; not a sigh
Relieved her thoughts; dull silence and quick chat
Were tried in vain by those who served; she gave
No sign, save breath, of having left the grave.

Her handmaids tended, but she heeded not;
Her father watched, she turned her eyes away;
She recognised no being, and no spot,
However dear or cherished in their day;
They changed from room to room, but all forgot;
Gentle, but without memory, she lay;
At length those eyes, which they would fain be weaning
Back to old thoughts, waxed full of fearful meaning.

And then a slave bethought her of a harp:
The harper came and tuned his instrument:
At the first notes, irregular and sharp,
On him her flashing eyes a moment bent;
Then to the wall she turned, as if to warp
Her thoughts from sorrow through her heart re-sent;
And he began a long low island song
Of ancient days ere tyranny grew strong.

Anon her thin wan fingers beat the wall
In time to his old tune; he changed the theme,
And sung of Love; the fierce name struck through all
Her recollection; on her flashed the dream
Of what she was, and is, if ye could call
To be so being: in a gushing stream
The tears rushed forth from her o'erclouded brain,
Like mountain mists at length dissolved in rain.

Short solace, vain relief! thought came too quick,
And whirled her brain to madness; she arose
As one who ne'er had dwelt among the sick,
And flew at all she met, as on her foes;
But no one ever heard her speak or shriek,
Although her paroxysm drew towards its close;
Hers was a frenzy which disdained to rave,
Even when they smote her, in the hope to save.

Twelve days and nights she withered thus; at last,
Without a groan, or sigh, or glance, to show
A parting pang, the spirit from her passed:
And they who watched her nearest could not know
The very instant, till the change that cast
Her sweet face into shadow, dull and slow,
Glazed o'er her eyes—the beautiful, the black—
Oh to possess such lustre, and then lack!

She died, but not alone; she held within
A second principle of life, which might
Have dawned a fair and sinless child of sin;
But closed its little being without light,
And went down to the grave unborn, wherein
Blossom and bough lie withered with one blight;
In vain the dews of heaven descend above
The bleeding flower and blasted fruit of love.

Thus lived—thus died she; never more on her
Shall sorrow light or shame. She was not made
Through years or moons the inner weight to bear,
Which colder hearts endure till they are laid
By age in earth: her days and pleasures were
Brief, but delightful—such as had not stayed
Long with her destiny; but she sleeps well
By the sea-shore whereon she loved to dwell.

That isle is now all desolate and bare,
Its dwellings down, its tenants passed away;
None but her own and father's grave is there,
And nothing outward tells of human clay;
Ye could not know where lies a thing so fair;
No one is there to show, no tongue to say
What was; no dirge except the hollow seas
Mourns o'er the beauty of the Cyclades.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Percy Bysshe Shelley was the son and heir of a wealthy English baronet, Sir Timothy Shelley of Castle Goring, in Sussex, and was born at Field Place, in that county, on the 4th of August 1792. In worldly prospects and distinction the poet therefore surpassed most of his tuneful brethren; yet this only served to render his unhappy and strange destiny the more conspicuously wretched. He was first educated at Eton, and afterwards at Oxford. His resistance to all established authority and opinion displayed itself while at school, and in the introduction to his *Revolt of Islam*, he has portrayed his early impressions in some sweet and touching stanzas—

Thoughts of great deeds were mine, dear friend, when first
The clouds which wrap this world from youth did pass.
I do remember well the hour which burst
My spirit's sleep: a fresh May-dawn it was,
When I walked forth upon the glittering grass,
And wept, I knew not why: until there rose
From the near schoolroom voices that, alas!
Were but one echo from a world of woes—
The harsh and grating strife of tyrants and of foes.

And then I clasped my hands and looked around;
But none was near to mock my streaming eyes,
Which poured their warm drops on the sunny ground;
So, without shame, I spake—'I will be wise,
And just, and free, and mild, if in me lies
Such power, for I grow weary to behold
The selfish and the strong still tyrannise
Without reproach or check.' I then controlled
My tears, my heart grew calm, and I was meek and bold.

And from that hour did I with earnest thought
Heap knowledge from forbidden mines of lore;
Yet nothing that my tyrants knew or taught
I cared to learn, but from that secret store
Wrought linked armour for my soul, before
It might walk forth to war among mankind;
Thus power and hope were strengthened more and more
Within me, till there came upon my mind
A sense of loneliness, a thirst with which I pined.

With these feelings and predilections Shelley went to Oxford. He studied hard, but irregularly, and spent much of his leisure in chemical experiments. He incessantly speculated, thought, and read, as he himself has stated. At the age of fifteen he wrote two short prose romances. He had also great facility in versification, and threw off various effusions. The 'forbidden mines of lore' which had captivated his boyish mind at Eton were also diligently explored, and he was soon an avowed republican and sceptic. He published a volume of political rhymes, entitled *Margaret Nicholson's Remains*, the said Margaret being the unhappy maniac who attempted to stab George III.; and he issued a syllabus from Hume's Essays, at the same time challenging the authorities of Oxford to a public controversy on the subject. Shelley was at this time just seventeen years of age! The consequence of his conduct was, that he was expelled the university, and his friends being disgusted with him, he was cast on the world, a prey to the undisciplined ardour of youth and passion. His subsequent life was truly a warfare upon earth. Mrs Shelley, widow of the poet, has thus traced the early bias of his mind, and its predisposing causes:—'Refusing to fag at Eton, he was treated with revolting cruelty by masters and boys; this roused instead of taming his spirit, and he rejected the duty of obedience when it was enforced by menaces and punishment. To aversion to the society of his fellow-creatures—such as he found them when collected together into societies, where one egged on the other to acts of tyranny—was joined the deepest sympathy and compassion; while the attachment he felt for individuals, and the admiration with which he regarded their powers and their virtues, led him to entertain a high opinion of the perfectibility of human nature; and he believed that all could reach the highest grade of moral improvement, did not the customs and prejudices of society foster evil passions and excuse evil actions. The oppression which, trembling at every nerve, yet resolute to heroism, it was his ill fortune to encounter at school and at college, led him to dissent in many things from those whose arguments were blows, whose faith appeared to engender blame and execration. "During my existence," he wrote to a friend in 1812, "I have incessantly speculated, thought, and read." His readings were not always well chosen; among them were the works of the French philosophers: as far as metaphysical argument went, he temporarily became a convert. At the same time it was the cardinal article of his faith, that, if men were but taught and induced to treat their fellows with love, charity, and equal rights, this earth would realise Paradise. He looked upon religion as it was professed, and, above all, practised, as hostile, instead of friendly, to the cultivation of those virtues which would make men brothers.' Mrs Shelley conceives that, in the peculiar circumstances, this was not to be wondered at. 'At the age of seventeen, fragile in health and frame, of the purest habits in morals, full of devoted generosity and universal kindness, glowing with ardour to attain wisdom, resolved, at every personal sacrifice, to do right, burning with a desire for affection and sympathy, he was treated as a reprobate, cast forth as a criminal. The cause was, that he was sincere, that he believed the opinions which he entertained to be true, and he loved truth with a martyr's love: he was ready to sacrifice station, and fortune, and his dearest affections, at its shrine. The sacrifice was demanded from, and made by, a youth of seventeen.'

It appears that in his youth Shelley was equally inclined to poetry and metaphysics, and hesitated to which he should devote himself. He ended in unit-

ing them, by no means to the advantage of his poetry. At the age of eighteen he produced a wild atheistical poem, *Queen Mab*, written in the rhythm of Southey's Thalaba, and abounding in passages of great power and melody. Shortly after this he married a young woman of humble station in life, which still further exasperated his parents and relatives, without adding to his own happiness. He seems, however, to have been free from pecuniary difficulties, and after a tour on the continent, during which he visited some of the more magnificent scenes of Switzerland, he settled in the neighbourhood of Windsor Forest, and in this woodland retreat composed his poem, *Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude*, designed, as he states, to represent a youth of uncorrupted feelings and adventurous genius, led forth by an imagination inflamed and purified through familiarity with all that is excellent and majestic, to the contemplation of the universe. The mind of his hero, however, becomes awakened, and thirsts for intercourse with an intelligence similar to itself. He seeks in vain for a prototype of his conception; and, blasted by his disappointment, he descends to an untimely grave. In this picture Shelley undoubtedly drew from his own experience, and in none of his subsequent works has he excelled the descriptive passages in 'Alastor.' The copious picturesqueness of his language, and the boldness of his imagination, are here strikingly exemplified. The poet's fortunes did not improve with his genius. His domestic unhappiness induced him to separate from his wife, by whom he had two children, and the unfortunate woman afterwards destroyed herself. Shelley was on this account subjected to much obloquy and misrepresentation, and the cup of his misery was filled by a chancery decree, depriving him of the guardianship of his children, on the ground of his immorality and atheism. He felt this deeply; and in a poetical fragment on the subject, he invokes a curse on the administrator of the law, 'by a parent's outraged love,' and in one exquisite verse—

> By all the happy see in children's growth,
> That undeveloped flower of budding years,
> Sweetness and sadness interwoven both,
> Source of the sweetest hopes and saddest fears!

Shelley contracted a second marriage with the daughter of Mr Godwin, author of Caleb Williams, and established himself at Marlow, in Buckinghamshire. Here he composed the 'Revolt of Islam,' a poem more energetic than 'Alastor,' yet containing the same allegorical features and peculiarities of thought and style, and rendered more tedious by the want of human interest. It is honourable to Shelley that, during his residence at Marlow, he was indefatigable in his attentions to the poor; his widow relates that, in the winter, while bringing out his poem, he had a severe attack of ophthalmia, caught while visiting the poor cottages. This certainly stamps with reality his pleadings for the human race, though the nature of his philosophy and opinions would have deprived them of the highest of earthly consolations. The poet now prepared to go abroad. A strong sense of injury, and a burning desire to redress what he termed the wrongs of society, rendered him miserable in England, and he hoped also that his health would be improved by a milder climate. Accordingly, on the 12th of March 1818, he quitted this country, never to return. He went direct to Italy, and whilst residing at Rome, composed his classic drama of *Prometheus Unbound*. 'This poem,' he says, 'was chiefly written upon the mountainous ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, among the flowery glades and thickets of odoriferous blossoming trees, which are extended in ever-winding labyrinths upon its immense platforms and dizzy arches suspended in the air. The bright blue sky of Rome, and the effect of the vigorous awakening of spring in that divinest climate, and the new life



Shelley's House.

with which it drenches the spirits even to intoxication, were the inspiration of this drama.' No change of scene, however, could permanently affect the nature of Shelley's speculations, and his 'Prometheus' is as mystical and metaphysical, and as daringly sceptical, as any of his previous works. The cardinal point of his system is described by Mrs Shelley as a belief that man could be so perfectionised as to be able to expel evil from his own nature, and from the greater part of the creation; and the subject he loved best to dwell on, was the image of one warring with the evil principle, oppressed not only by it, but by all, even the good, who were deluded into considering evil a necessary portion of humanity. His next work was *The Cenci*, a tragedy, published in 1819, and dedicated to Mr Leigh Hunt. 'Those writings,' he remarks in the dedication, 'which I have hitherto published, have been little else than visions which impersonate my own apprehensions of the beautiful and the just. I can also perceive in them the literary defects incidental to youth and impatience; they are dreams of what ought to be, or may be. The drama which I now present to you is a sad reality. I lay aside the presumptuous attitude of an instructor, and am content to paint, with such colours as my own heart furnishes, that which has been.' The painting is dark and gloomy; but, in spite of a revolting plot, and the insane unnatural character of the Cenci, Shelley's tragedy is one of the best of modern times. As an effort of intellectual strength, and an embodiment of human passion, it may challenge a comparison with any dramatic work since Otway; and it is incomparably the best of the poet's productions. His remaining works are *Hellas*; *The Witch of Atlas*; *Adonais*; *Rosalind and Helen*; and a variety of shorter productions, with scenes translated from Calderon and the Faust of Goëthe. In Italy Shelley renewed his acquaintance with Lord Byron, who thought his philosophy too

spiritual and romantic.' He was temperate in his habits, gentle, affectionate, and generous; so that even those who most deeply deplored or detested his opinions, were charmed with the intellectual purity and benevolence of his life. His favourite amusement was boating and sailing; and whilst returning one day, the 8th of July 1822, from Leghorn (whither he had gone to welcome Leigh Hunt to Italy), the boat in which he sailed, accompanied by Mr Williams, formerly of the 8th dragoons, and a single seaman, went down in the bay of Spezia, and all perished. A volume of Keats's poetry was found open in Shelley's coat pocket when his body was washed ashore. The remains of the poet were reduced to ashes by fire, and being taken to Rome, were deposited in the Protestant burial ground, near those of a child he had lost in that city. A complete edition of Shelley's Poetical Works, with notes by his widow, has been published in four volumes; and the same accomplished lady has given to the world two volumes of his prose Essays, Letters from Abroad, Translations and Fragments. Shelley's life was a dream of romance—a tale of mystery and grief. That he was sincere in his opinions, and benevolent in his intentions, is now undoubted. He looked upon the world with the eyes of a visionary, bent on unattainable schemes of intellectual excellence and supremacy. His delusion led to misery, and made him, for a time, unjust to others. It alienated him from his family and friends, blasted his prospects in life, and distempered all his views and opinions. It is probable that, had he lived to a riper age, he might have modified some of those extreme speculative and pernicious tenets, and we have no doubt that he would have risen into a purer atmosphere of poetical imagination. The troubled and stormy dawn was fast yielding to the calm noonday brightness. He had worn out some of his fierce antipathies and morbid affections; a happy domestic circle was gathered around him; and the refined simplicity of his tastes and habits, joined to wider and juster views of human life, would imperceptibly have given a new tone to his thoughts and studies. He had a high idea of the art to which he devoted his faculties.

'Poetry,' he says in one of his essays, 'is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds. We are aware of evanescent visitations of thought and feeling, sometimes associated with place or person, sometimes regarding our own mind alone, and always arising unforeseen and departing unbidden, but elevating and delightful beyond all expression; so that, even in the desire and the regret they leave, there cannot but be pleasure, participating as it does in the nature of its object. It is, as it were, the interpenetration of a diviner nature through our own; but its footsteps are like those of a wind over the sea, which the morning calm erases, and whose traces remain only, as on the wrinkled sand which paves it. These and corresponding conditions of being are experienced principally by those of the most delicate sensibility and the most enlarged imagination; and the state of mind produced by them is at war with every base desire. The enthusiasm of virtue, love, patriotism, and friendship, is essentially linked with such emotions; and whilst they last, self appears as what it is, an atom to a universe. Poets are not only subject to these experiences as spirits of the most refined organisation, but they can colour all that they combine with the evanescent hues of this ethereal world; a word, a trait in the representation of a scene or passion, will touch the enchanted chord, and reanimate, in those who have ever experienced those emotions, the sleeping, the cold, the buried image of the past. Poetry thus makes immortal all that is best and most beautiful in the world; it arrests the vanishing apparitions which haunt the interlunations of life, and veiling them, or in language or in form, sends them forth among mankind, bearing sweet news of kindred joy to those with whom their sisters abide—abide, because there is no portal of expression from the caverns of the spirit which they inhabit into the universe of things. Poetry redeems from decay the visitations of the divinity in man.'

The remote abstract character of Shelley's poetry, and its general want of anything real or tangible, by which the sympathies of the heart are awakened, must always prevent its becoming popular. His mystic idealism renders him obscure, and his imagery is sometimes accumulated, till both precision and effect are lost, and the poet becomes harsh and involved in expression. He sought to reason high in verse—not like Dryden, Pope, or Johnson, but in cold and glittering metaphysics, where the idealism of Berkeley stood in the place of the moral truths and passions of actual life. There is no melancholy grandeur in his pictures, or simple unity in his designs. Another fault is his partiality for painting ghastly and repulsive scenes. He had, however, many great and shining qualities—a rich and fertile imagination, a passionate love of nature, and a diction singularly classical and imposing in sound and structure. The descriptive passages in 'Alastor,' and the river-voyage at the conclusion of the 'Revolt of Islam,' are among the most finished of his productions. His morbid ghastliness is there laid aside, and his better genius leads him to the pure waters and the depth of forest shades, which none of his contemporaries knew better how to describe. Some of the minor poems are also imbued with a true poetical spirit, and speak the genuine feelings of nature. One striking peculiarity of his style is his constant personification of inanimate objects. In the 'Cenci' we have a strong and almost terrible illustration of this original feature of his poetry:—

I remember,
Two miles on this side of the fort, the road
Crosses a deep ravine; 'tis rough and narrow,
And winds with short turns down the precipice;
And in its depth there is a mighty rock
Which has from unimaginable years
Sustained itself with terror and with toil
Over a gulf, and with the agony
With which it clings, seems slowly coming down;
Even as a wretched soul, hour after hour,
Clings to the mass of life, yet clinging, leans,
And leaning, makes more dark the dread abyss
In which it fears to fall—beneath this crag,
Huge as despair, as if in weariness,
The melancholy mountain yawns; below
You hear, but see not, an impetuous torrent
Raging among the caverns, and a bridge
Crosses the chasm; and high above there grow,
With intersecting trunks, from crag to crag,
Cedars and yews, and pines, whose tangled hair
Is matted in one solid roof of shade
By the dark ivy's twine. At noonday here
'Tis twilight, and at sunset blackest night.

The Flight of the Hours in 'Promethus' is equally vivid, and touched with a higher grace—

Behold!
The rocks are cloven, and through the purple night
I see cars drawn by rainbow-winged steeds,
Which trample the dim winds: in each there stands
A wild-eyed charioteer urging their flight.
Some look behind, as fiends pursued them there,
And yet I see no shapes but the keen stars:
Others, with burning eyes, lean forth, and drink

With eager lips the wind of their own speed,
As if the thing they loved fled on before,
And now, even now, they clasped it. Their bright locks
Stream like a comet's flashing hair: they all
Sweep onward.
These are the immortal Hours,
Of whom thou didst demand. One waits for thee.

[*Opening of Queen Mab.*]

How wonderful is Death,
Death and his brother Sleep!
One, pale as yonder waning moon,
With lips of lurid blue;
The other, rosy as the morn
When, throned on ocean's wave,
It blushes o'er the world:
Yet both so passing wonderful!

Hath then the gloomy Power,
Whose reign is in the tainted sepulchres,
Seized on her sinless soul?
Must then that peerless form
Which love and admiration cannot view
Without a beating heart, those azure veins
Which steal like streams along a field of snow,
That lovely outline, which is fair
As breathing marble, perish?
Must putrefaction's breath
Leave nothing of this heavenly sight
But loathsomeness and ruin?
Spare nothing but a gloomy theme
On which the lightest heart might moralise?
Or is it only a sweet slumber
Stealing o'er sensation,
Which the breath of roseate morning
Chaseth into darkness?
Will Ianthe wake again,
And give that faithful bosom joy
Whose sleepless spirit waits to catch
Light, life, and rapture from her smile?

Her dewy eyes are closed,
And on their lids, whose texture fine
Scarce hides the dark blue orbs beneath,
The baby Sleep is pillowed:
Her golden tresses shade
The bosom's stainless pride,
Curling like tendrils of the parasite
Around a marble column.

Hark! whence that rushing sound?
'Tis like the wondrous strain
That round a lonely ruin swells,
Which, wandering on the echoing shore,
The enthusiast hears at evening:
'Tis softer than the west wind's sigh;
'Tis wilder than the unmeasured notes
Of that strange lyre whose strings
The genii of the breezes sweep:
Those lines of rainbow light
Are like the moonbeams when they fall
Through some cathedral window, but the teints
Are such as may not find
Comparison on earth.

Behold the chariot of the fairy queen!
Celestial coursers paw the unyielding air;
Their filmy pennons at her word they furl,
And stop obedient to the reins of light:
These the queen of spells drew in;
She spread a charm around the spot,
And leaning graceful from the ethereal car,
Long did she gaze, and silently,
Upon the slumbering maid.

*The Cloud.**

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers
Lightning, my pilot, sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves, remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack
When the morning star shines dead.
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit, one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings;
And when sunset may breathe from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbed maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm river, lakes, and seas,

* 'The odes to the Skylark and the Cloud, in the opinion of many critics, bear a purer poetical stamp than any other of his productions. They were written as his mind prompted, listening to the carolling of the bird aloft in the azure sky of Italy; or marking the cloud as it sped across the heavens, while he floated in his boat on the Thames. No poet was ever warmed by a more genuine and unforced inspiration. His extreme sensibility gave the intensity of passion to his intellectual pursuits, and rendered his mind keenly alive to every perception of outward objects, as well as to his internal sensations. Such a gift is, among the sad vicissitudes of human life, the disappointments we meet, and the galling sense of our own mistakes and errors, fraught with pain; to escape from such he delivered up his soul to poetry, and felt happy when he sheltered himself from the influence of human sympathies in the wildest regions of fancy.'—*Mrs Shelley, Pref. to Poet. Works.*

Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
  Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
  And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
  When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
  Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof,
  The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march,
  With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
  Is the million-coloured bow;
The sphere-fire above, its soft colours wove,
  While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of the earth and water,
  And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
  I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when, with never a stain,
  The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
  Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
  And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
  I rise and upbuild it again.

To a Skylark.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
  Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
  Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still, and higher,
  From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
  The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever, singest.

In the golden lightening
  Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
  Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
  Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
  In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen are the arrows
  Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
  In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
  With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
  From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
  What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
  Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
  In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
  Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Like a high-born maiden
  In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
  Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower.

Like a glow-worm golden
  In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
  Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view.

Like a rose embowered
  In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
  Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
  On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
  All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
  What sweet thoughts are thine;
I have never heard
  Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
  Or triumphal chant,
Matched with thine would be all
  But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
  Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
  What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
  Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
  Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
  Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
  Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
  And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
  With some pain is fraught:
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
  Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
  Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever could come near.

Better than all measures
  Of delight and sound,
Better than all treasures
  That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

[From 'The Sensitive Plant.']

A Sensitive Plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the spring arose on the garden fair,
Like the Spirit of Love felt everywhere;
And each flower and herb on earth's dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with bliss
In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,
Like a doe in the noontide with love's sweet want,
As the companionless Sensitive Plant.

The snow-drop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
And their breath was mixed with fresh odour, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness;

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair, and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green;

And the hyacinth purple, and white, and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odour within the sense;

And the rose like a nymph to the bath addrest,
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare:

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
As a Mænad, its moonlight-coloured cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed through clear dew on the tender sky;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows;
And all rare blossoms from every clime,
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

And on the stream whose inconstant bosom
Was prankt under boughs of embowering blossom,
With golden and green light slanting through
Their heaven of many a tangled hue.

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,
And starry river-buds glimmered by,
And around them the soft stream did glide and dance
With a motion of sweet sound and radiance.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and of moss,
Which led through the garden along and across,
Some open at once to the sun and the breeze,
Some lost among bowers of blossoming trees,

Were all paved with daisies and delicate bells
As fair as the fabulous asphodels;
And flowrets which, drooping as day drooped too,
Fell into pavilions, white, purple, and blue,
To roof the glow-worm from the evening dew.

And from this undefiled Paradise
The flowers (as an infant's awakening eyes
Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet
Can first lull, and at last must awaken it),

When heaven's blithe winds had unfolded them,
As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,
Shone smiling to heaven, and every one
Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun;

For each one was interpenetrated
With the light and the odour its neighbour shed,
Like young lovers whom youth and love make dear,
Wrapt and filled by their mutual atmosphere.

But the Sensitive Plant, which could give small fruit
Of the love which it felt from the leaf to the root,
Received more than all, it loved more than ever,
Where none wanted but it, could belong to the giver;

For the Sensitive Plant has no bright flower;
Radiance and odour are not its dower:
It loves, even like Love, its deep heart is full,
It desires what it has not—the beautiful!

The light winds which, from unsustaining wings,
Shed the music of many murmurings;
The beams which dart from many a star
Of the flowers whose hues they bear afar;

The plumed insects swift and free,
Like golden boats on a sunny sea,
Laden with light and odour, which pass
Over the gleam of the living grass;

The unseen clouds of the dew, which lie
Like fire in the flowers till the sun rides high,
Then wander like spirits among the spheres,
Each cloud faint with the fragrance it bears;

The quivering vapours of dim noontide,
Which like a sea o'er the warm earth glide,
In which every sound, and odour, and beam,
Move as reeds in a single stream;

Each and all like ministering angels were
For the Sensitive Plant sweet joy to bear,
Whilst the lagging hours of the day went by,
Like windless clouds o'er a tender sky.

And when evening descended from heaven above,
And the earth was all rest, and the air was all love,
And delight, though less bright, was far more deep,
And the day's veil fell from the world of sleep,

And the beasts, and the birds, and the insects were
drowned
In an ocean of dreams without a sound;
Whose waves never mark, though they ever impress
The light sand which paves it—consciousness;

(Only overhead the sweet nightingale
Ever sang more sweet as the day might fail,
And snatches of its Elysian chant
Were mixed with the dreams of the Sensitive Plant.)

The Sensitive Plant was the earliest
Up-gathered into the bosom of rest;
A sweet child weary of its delight,
The feeblest and yet the favourite,
Cradled within the embrace of night.

[Forest Scenery.]

[From 'Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude.']

A wandering stream of wind,
Breathed from the west, has caught the expanded sail,
And lo! with gentle motion between banks
Of mossy slope, and on a placid stream
Beneath a woven grove, it sails; and hark!
The ghastly torrent mingles its far roar
With the breeze murmuring in the musical woods.
Where the embowering trees recede, and leave
A little space of green expanse, the cove
Is closed by meeting banks, whose yellow flowers
For ever gaze on their own drooping eyes
Reflected in the crystal calm. The wave
Of the boat's motion marred their pensive task,

Which nought but vagrant bird, or wanton wind,
Or falling spear-grass, or their own decay,
Had e'er disturbed before. The poet longed
To deck with their bright hues his withered hair,
But on his heart its solitude returned,
And he forbore. Not the strong impulse hid
In those flushed cheeks, bent eyes, and shadowy frame,
Had yet performed its ministry: it hung
Upon his life, as lightning in a cloud
Gleams, hovering ere it vanish, ere the floods
Of night close over it.
The noonday sun
Now shone upon the forest, one vast mass
Of mingling shade, whose brown magnificence
A narrow vale embosoms. There, huge caves,
Scooped in the dark base of their aery rocks,
Mocking its moans, respond and roar for ever.
The meeting boughs and implicated leaves
Wove twilight o'er the poet's path, as led
By love, or dream, or god, or mightier Death,
He sought in nature's dearest haunt, some bank,
Her cradle, and his sepulchre. More dark
And dark the shades accumulate. The oak,
Expanding its immense and knotty arms,
Embraces the light beech. The pyramids
Of the tall cedar overarching, frame
Most solemn domes within, and far below,
Like clouds suspended in an emerald sky,
The ash and the acacia floating hang
Tremulous and pale. Like restless serpents, clothed
In rainbow and in fire, the parasites,
Starred with ten thousand blossoms, flow around
The grey trunks, and, as gamesome infants' eyes,
With gentle meanings, and most innocent wiles,
Fold their beams round the hearts of those that love,
These twine their tendrils with the wedded boughs
Uniting their close union; the woven leaves
Make network of the dark blue light of day,
And the night's noontide clearness, mutable
As shapes in the weird clouds. Soft mossy lawns
Beneath these canopies extend their swells,
Fragrant with perfumed herbs, and eyed with blooms
Minute yet beautiful. One darkest glen
Sends from its woods of musk-rose, twined with jasmine,
A soul-dissolving odour, to invite
To some more lovely mystery. Through the dell,
Silence and twilight here, twin-sisters, keep
Their noonday watch, and sail among the shades,
Like vaporous shapes half seen; beyond, a well,
Dark, gleaming, and of most translucent wave,
Images all the woven boughs above,
And each depending leaf, and every speck
Of azure sky, darting between their chasms;
Nor aught else in the liquid mirror laves
Its portraiture, but some inconstant star
Between one foliaged lattice twinkling fair,
Or painted bird, sleeping beneath the moon,
Or gorgeous insect, floating motionless,
Unconscious of the day, ere yet his wings
Have spread their glories to the gaze of noon.
Hither the poet came. His eyes beheld
Their own wan light through the reflected lines
Of his thin hair, distinct in the dark depth
Of that still fountain; as the human heart,
Gazing in dreams over the gloomy grave,
Sees its own treacherous likeness there. He heard
The motion of the leaves, the grass that sprung
Startled, and glanced, and trembled even to feel
An unaccustomed presence, and the sound
Of the sweet brook that from the secret springs
Of that dark fountain rose. A spirit seemed
To stand beside him—clothed in no bright robes
Of shadowy silver or enshrining light,
Borrowed from aught the visible world affords
Of grace, or majesty, or mystery;—
But undulating woods, and silent well,
And rippling rivulet, and evening gloom
Now deepening the dark shades, for speech assuming,
Held commune with him, as if he and it
Were all that was; only ... when his regard
Was raised by intense pensiveness, ... two eyes,
Two starry eyes, hung in the gloom of thought,
And seemed with their serene and azure smiles
To beckon him.
Obedient to the light
That shone within his soul, he went, pursuing
The windings of the dell. The rivulet,
Wanton and wild, through many a green ravine
Beneath the forest flowed. Sometimes it fell
Among the moss with hollow harmony,
Dark and profound. Now on the polished stones
It danced; like childhood laughing as it went:
Then, through the plain in tranquil wanderings crept,
Reflecting every herb and drooping bud
That overhung its quietness. "O stream!
Whose source is inaccessibly profound,
Whither do thy mysterious waters tend?
Thou imagest my life. Thy darksome stillness,
Thy dazzling waves, thy loud and hollow gulfs,
Thy searchless fountain, and invisible course
Have each their type in me: and the wide sky,
And measureless ocean may declare as soon
What oozy cavern or what wandering cloud
Contains thy waters, as the universe
Tell where these living thoughts reside, when stretched
Upon thy flowers my bloodless limbs shall waste
I' the passing wind!"
Beside the grassy shore
Of the small stream he went; he did impress
On the green moss his tremulous step, that caught
Strong shuddering from his burning limbs. As one
Roused by some joyous madness from the couch
Of fever, he did move; yet, not like him,
Forgetful of the grave, where, when the flame
Of his frail exultation shall be spent,
He must descend. With rapid steps he went
Beneath the shade of trees, beside the flow
Of the wild babbling rivulet; and now
The forest's solemn canopies were changed
For the uniform and lightsome evening sky.
Grey rocks did peep from the spare moss, and stemmed
The struggling brook: tall spires of windlestrae
Threw their thin shadows down the rugged slope,
And nought but gnarled roots of ancient pines
Branchless and blasted, clenched with grasping roots
The unwilling soil. A gradual change was here,
Yet ghastly. For, as fast years flow away,
The smooth brow gathers, and the hair grows thin
And white, and where irradiate dewy eyes
Had shone, gleam stony orbs:—so from his steps
Bright flowers departed, and the beautiful shade
Of the green groves, with all their odorous winds
And musical motions. Calm, he still pursued
The stream, that with a larger volume now
Rolled through the labyrinthine dell; and there
Fretted a path through its descending curves
With its wintry speed. On every side now rose
Rocks, which, in unimaginable forms,
Lifted their black and barren pinnacles
In the light of evening, and its precipice
Obscuring the ravine, disclosed above,
Mid toppling stones, black gulfs, and yawning caves,
Whose windings gave ten thousand various tongues
To the loud stream. Lo! where the pass expands
Its stony jaws, the abrupt mountain breaks,
And seems with its accumulated crags,
To overhang the world; for wide expand
Beneath the wan stars and descending moon
Islanded seas, blue mountains, mighty streams,
Dim tracts and vast, robed in the lustrous gloom
Of leaden-coloured even, and fiery hills
Mingling their flames with twilight, on the verge

Of the remote horizon. The near scene,
In naked and severe simplicity,
Made contrast with the universe. A pine,
Rock-rooted, stretched athwart the vacancy,
Its swinging boughs to each inconstant blast
Yielding one only response, at each pause,
In most familiar cadence, with the howl,
The thunder, and the hiss of homeless streams,
Mingling its solemn song; whilst the broad river,
Foaming and hurrying o'er its rugged path,
Fell into that immeasurable void,
Scattering its waters to the passing winds.
Yet the gray precipice, and solemn pine,
And torrent, were not all; one silent nook
Was there. Even on the edge of that vast mountain,
Upheld by knotty roots and fallen rocks,
It overlooked, in its serenity,
The dark earth and the bending vault of stars.
It was a tranquil spot, that seemed to smile
Even in the lap of horror; ivy clasped
The fissured stones with its entwining arms,
And did embower with leaves for ever green,
And berries dark, the smooth and even space
Of its inviolated floor; and here
The children of the autumnal whirlwind bore,
In wanton sport, those bright leaves whose decay,
Red, yellow, or ethereally pale,
Rival the pride of summer. 'Tis the haunt
Of every gentle wind whose breath can teach
The wilds to love tranquillity.

Stanzas Written in Dejection, near Naples.

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent light.
* * *[1]

Around its unexpanded buds;
Like many a voice of one delight,
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
The city's voice itself is soft, like solitude's

I see the deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weeds strown;
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers thrown;
I sit upon the sands alone,
The lightning of the noontide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion;
How sweet, did any heart now share in my emotion!

Alas! I have nor hope, nor health,
Nor peace within, nor calm around,
Nor that content, surpassing wealth,
The sage in meditation found,
And walked with inward glory crowned;
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
Others I see whom these surround—
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne, and yet must bear,
Till death like sleep might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

[1] A line seems to have been lost at this place, probably by an oversight of the transcriber.

Some might lament that I were cold,
As I, when this sweet day is gone,
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
Insults with this untimely moan;
They might lament—for I am one
Whom men love not; and yet regret,
Unlike this day, which, when the sun
Shall on its stainless glory set,
Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet.

Lines to an Indian Air.

I arise from dreams of thee,
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright;
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how?—
To thy chamber window, sweet.

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark and silent stream,
The Champak odours fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart,
As I must do on thine,
O, beloved as thou art!

O lift me from the grass!
I die, I faint, I fail;
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast;
Oh! press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last.

To ——

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

JOHN KEATS.

JOHN KEATS was born in London, October 29, 1796, in the house of his grandfather, who kept a livery stable at Moorfields. He received his education at Enfield, and in his fifteenth year was apprenticed to a surgeon. Most of his time, however, was devoted to the cultivation of his literary talents, which were early conspicuous. During his apprenticeship, he made and carefully wrote out a literal translation of Virgil's Æneid, and instructed himself also in some knowledge of Greek and Italian. One of his earliest friends and critics was Mr Leigh Hunt, who, being shown some of his poetical pieces, was struck, he says, with the exuberant specimens of genuine though young poetry that were laid before him, and the promise of which was seconded by the fine fervid countenance of the writer. In 1818 Keats published his *Endymion, a Poetic Romance*, defective in many parts, but evincing rich though undisciplined powers of imagination. The poem was criticised, in a strain of contemptuous severity, by the Quarterly Review; and such was the sensitiveness of the young poet—panting for distinction, and flattered by a few private friends—that the critique embittered his existence, and induced a fatal disease. 'The first effects,' says

Shelley, 'are described to me to have resembled insanity, and it was by assiduous watching that he was restrained from effecting purposes of suicide The agony of his sufferings at length produced the rup-



[illegible]

ture of a blood vessel in the [illegible] and the usual process of consumption [illegible] The process had begun [illegible] was too [illegible] apparent [illegible] Keats continued his studies [illegible] out his second volume, *Lamia, Isabella, The Eve of St Agnes, and other Poems* [illegible] hands of Jeffrey, were criticised in the Edinburgh Review in a spirit of kindliness and just appreciation, which must have soothed the wounded feelings of the poet and with an author of a more healthy and robust frame, would have amply atoned for the previous injustice that had been done him 'Mr Keats,' says the eloquent critic [illegible] is still a very young man and his whole works, indeed, bear evidence enough of the fact They manifestly require therefore all the indulgence that can be claimed for a first attempt but we think it no less plain that they deserve it for they are flushed all over with the rich lights of fancy and so coloured and bestrewn with the flowers of poetry that even while perplexed and bewildered in their labyrinths it is impossible to resist the intoxication of their sweetness, or to shut our hearts to the enchantments they so lavishly present The models upon which he has formed himself in the 'Endymion' the earliest and by much the most considerable of his poems are obviously the Faithful Shepherdess of Fletcher and the Sad Shepherd of Ben Jonson the exquisite metres and inspired diction of which he has copied with great boldness and fidelity and like his great originals, has also contrived to impart to the whole piece that true rural and poetical air which breathes only in them and in Theocritus — which is at once homely and majestic, luxurious and rude, and sets before us the genuine sights, and sounds, and smells of the country, with all the magic and grace of Elysium His subject has the disadvantage of being mythological, and in this respect, as well as on account of the raised and rapturous tone it consequently assumes his poetry may be better compared perhaps to the Comus and the Arcades of Milton, of which, also, there are many traces of imitation The great distinction, however, between him and these divine authors is, that imagination in them is subordinate to reason and judgment, while, with him, it is paramount and supreme, that their ornaments and images are employed to embellish and recommend just sentiments, engaging incidents, and natural characters, while his are poured out without measure or restraint, and with no apparent design but to unburden the breast of the author, and give vent to the overflowing vein of his fancy There is no work from which a malicious critic could cull more matter for ridicule or select more obscure unnatural, or absurd passages But we do not take that to be our office, and just beg leave on the contrary to say, that any one who on this account, would represent the whole poem as despicable must either have no notion of poetry or no regard to truth The readers of poetry confirmed this judgment, but their verdict however grateful, came too late to save the poet He was now far gone in consumption As a last resource he resolved to try the milder climate of Italy going first to Naples, and from thence to Rome He suffered so much in his lingering says Mr Leigh Hunt 'that he used to watch the countenance of his physician for the favourable and fatal sentence and express his regret when he found it delayed Yet no impatience escaped him [illegible] the last and grateful for all services [illegible] he said that he felt the [illegible] growing over him He died [illegible] under the pyramid which is the tomb of Cestius and the massy wall [illegible] which [illegible] The cemetery is [illegible] covered in winter with violets [illegible] sweet a place

[illegible]

Byron (who thought [illegible] literature, and who said, 'His fragment of Hyperion seems actually inspired by the Titans, and is as sublime as Æschylus') alludes,

It was the misfortune of Keats, as a poet, to be either extravagantly praised or unmercifully condemned. The former was owing to the generous partialities of friendship, somewhat obtrusively displayed; the latter, in some degree, to resentment of that friendship, connected as it was with party politics and peculiar views of society as well as of poetry. In the one case his *faults*, and in the other his *merits*, were entirely overlooked. An interval of more than twenty years should have dispelled these illusions and prejudices. Keats was a true poet. He had the creative fancy, the ideal enthusiasm, and the nervous susceptibility of the poetical temperament. If we consider his extreme youth and delicate health, his solitary and interesting self-instruction, the severity of the attacks made upon him by his hostile and powerful critics, and, above all, the original richness and picturesqueness of his conceptions and imagery, even when they run to waste, he appears to be one of the greatest of the young self-taught poets. Michael Bruce or Henry Kirke White cannot for a moment be compared with him; he is more like the Milton of Lycidas, or the Spenser of the Tears of the Muses. What easy, finished, statuesque beauty and classic expression, for example, are displayed in this picture of Saturn and Thea:—

[*Saturn and Thea.*]

(From 'Hyperion.')

Deep in the shady sadness of a vale
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
Sat gray haired Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his lair;
Forest on forest hung about his head
Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs one light seed from the feathered grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more
By reason of his fallen divinity
Spreading a shade: the Naiad 'mid her reeds
Pressed her cold finger closer to her lips.
Along the margin-sand large foot-marks went,
No further than to where his feet had strayed,
And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
Unsceptred; and his realmless eyes were closed;
While his bowed head seemed listening to the earth,
His ancient mother, for some comfort yet.
It seemed no force could wake him from his place;
But there came one, who with a kindred hand
Touched his wide shoulder, after bending low
With reverence, though to one who knew it not.
She was a goddess of the infant world;
By her in stature the tall Amazon
Had stood a pigmy's height: she would have ta'en
Achilles by the hair, and bent his neck,
Or with a finger stayed Ixion's wheel.
Her face was large as that of Memphian sphinx,
Pedestaled haply in a palace court,
When sages looked to Egypt for their lore.
But oh! how unlike marble was that face!
How beautiful, if sorrow had not made
Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self!
There was a listening fear in her regard,
As if calamity had but begun;
As if the vanward clouds of evil days
Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
Was, with its stored thunder, labouring up.
One hand she pressed upon that aching spot
Where beats the human heart, as if just there,
Though an immortal, she felt cruel pain;
The other upon Saturn's bended neck
She laid, and to the level of his ear
Leaning with parted lips, some words she spake
In solemn tenor and deep organ tone,
Some mourning words, which in our feeble tongue
Would come in these like accents. O how frail,
To that large utterance of the early gods!—
'Saturn, look up! though wherefore, poor old king?
I cannot say, "O wherefore sleepest thou?"
For heaven is parted from thee, and the earth
Knows thee not, thus afflicted, for a god;
And ocean too, with all its solemn noise,
Has from thy sceptre passed, and all the air
Is emptied of thine hoary majesty.
Thy thunder, conscious of the new command,
Rumbles reluctant o'er our fallen house;
And thy sharp lightning in unpractised hands
Scorches and burns our once serene domain.
O aching time! O moments big as years!
All as ye pass swell out the monstrous truth,
And press it so upon our weary griefs
That unbelief has not a space to breathe.
Saturn, sleep on:—O thoughtless, why did I
Thus violate thy slumbrous solitude?
Why should I ope thy melancholy eyes?
Saturn, sleep on! while at thy feet I weep.'

As when, upon a tranced summer night,
Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,
Save from one gradual solitary gust
Which comes upon the silence, and dies off,
As if the ebbing air had but one wave,
So came these words and went.

The antique grace and solemnity of passages like this must be felt by every reader of poetry. The chief defects of Keats are his want of distinctness and precision, and the carelessness of his style. There would seem to have been even affectation in his disregard of order and regularity; and he heaps up images and conceits in such profusion, that they often form grotesque and absurd combinations, which fatigue the reader. Deep feeling and passion are rarely given to young poets redolent of fancy and warm from the perusal of the ancient authors. The difficulty with which Keats had mastered the classic mythology gave it an undue importance in his mind: a more perfect knowledge would have harmonised its materials, and shown him the beauty of chasteness and simplicity of style—the last but the greatest advantage of classic studies. In poets like Gray, Rogers, and Campbell, we see the ultimate effects of this taste; in Keats we have only the materials, unselected, and often shapeless. His imagination was prolific of forms of beauty and grandeur, but the judgment was wanting to symmetrise and arrange them, assigning to each its due proportion and its proper place. His fragments, however, are the fragments of true genius—rich, original, and various; and Mr Leigh Hunt is right in his opinion, that the poems of Keats, with all their defects, will be the 'sure companions in field and grove' of those who love to escape 'out of the strife of commonplaces into the haven of solitude and imagination.'

playfully and wittily, in his Don Juan, to the death of the young poet:—

John Keats, who was kill'd off by one critique,
Just as he really promised something great,
If not intelligible, without Greek
Contrived to talk about the gods of late,
Much as they might have been supposed to speak.
Poor fellow! His was an untoward fate;
'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
Should let itself be snuffed out by an article.

[*The Lady Madeline at her Devotions*]

[From the "Eve of St Agnes"]

Out went the taper as she hurried in;
Its little smoke in pallid moonshine died
She closed the door, she panted, all akin
To spirits of the air and visions wide
No uttered syllable, or, woe betide!
But to her heart her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side,
As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
Her throat in vain, and die heart-stifled in her dell

A casement high and triple-arched there was,
All garlanded with carven imageries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device
Innumerable, of stains and splendid dyes
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of queens and kings

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for Heaven's grace and boon
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint
She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven, Porphyro grew faint
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint

[*Hymn to Pan*]

[From "Endymion"]

O thou whose mighty palace roof doth hang
From jagged trunks, and overshadoweth
Eternal whispers, glooms, the birth, life, death
Of unseen flowers in heavy peacefulness,
Who lovest to see the hamadryads dress
Their ruffled locks where meeting hazels darken
And through whole solemn hours dost sit, and hearken
The dreary melody of bedded reeds
In desolate places, where dank moisture breeds
The pipy hemlock to strange overgrowth,
Bethinking thee how melancholy loath
Thou wast to lose fair Syrinx—do thou now,
By thy love's milky brow,
By all the trembling mazes that she ran,
Hear us, great Pan!

O thou for whose soul-soothing quiet turtles
Passion their voices cooingly 'mong myrtles
What time thou wanderest at eventide
Through sunny meadows, that outskirt the side
Of thine enmossed realms O thou to whom
Broad-leaved fig-trees even now foredoom
Their ripened fruitage, yellow-girted bees
Their golden honeycombs, our village leas
Their fairest blossomed beans and poppied corn,
The chuckling linnet its five young unborn,
To sing for thee, low creeping strawberries
Their summer coolness, pent-up butterflies
Their freckled wings, yea, the fresh budding year
All its completions—be quickly near,
By every wind that nods the mountain pine,
O forester divine!

Thou to whom every fawn and satyr flies
For willing service, whether to surprise
The squatted hare while in half-sleeping fit;
Or upward ragged precipices flit
To save poor lambkins from the eagle's maw,
Or by mysterious enticement draw
Bewildered shepherds to their path again;
Or to tread breathless round the frothy main,
And gather up all fancifullest shells
For thee to tumble into Naiads' cells,
And, being hidden, laugh at their out-peeping;
Or to delight thee with fantastic leaping,
The while they pelt each other on the crown
With silvery oak-apples, and fir-cones brown—
By all the echoes that about thee ring,
Hear us, O satyr king!

O hearkener to the loud clapping shears,
While ever and anon to his shorn peers
A ram goes bleating winder of the horn,
When snouted wild-boars routing tender corn
Anger our huntsmen Breather round our farms,
To keep off mildews and all weather harms
Strange ministrant of undescribed sounds,
That come a swooning over hollow grounds,
And wither drearily on barren moors
Dread opener of the mysterious doors
Leading to universal knowledge—see,
Great son of Dryope,
The many that are come to pay their vows
With leaves about their brows!

Be still the unimaginable lodge
For solitary thinkings, such as dodge
Conception to the very bourne of heaven,
Then leave the naked brain; be still the leaven,
That, spreading in this dull and clodded earth,
Gives it a touch ethereal—a new birth.
Be still a symbol of immensity,
A firmament reflected in a sea,
An element filling the space between
An unknown—but no more—we humbly screen
With uplift hands our foreheads, lowly bending,
And giving out a shout most heaven-rending,
Conjure thee to receive our humble Paean,
Upon thy Mount Lycean!

[*Ode to a Nightingale*]

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness,
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan,
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies,
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs,
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow

Away! away! for I will fly to thee
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:

Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the queen moon is on her throne,
Clustered around by all her starry fays,
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit tree wild,
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast fading violets covered up in leaves;
And mid May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Called him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?

To Autumn.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shell
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes, whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook,
Or by a cyder press with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,
While barred clouds bloom the soft dying day,
And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden croft,
And gathering swallows twitter from the skies.

Sonnet.

[On first looking into Chapman's Homer.]

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne.
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken,
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

[The Human Seasons.]

Four seasons fill the measure of the year;
There are four seasons in the mind of man:
He has his lusty spring, when fancy clear
Takes in all beauty with an easy span:
He has his summer, when luxuriously
Spring's honeyed cud of youthful thought he loves
To ruminate, and by such dreaming nigh
His nearest unto heaven: quiet coves
His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings
He furleth close; contented so to look
On mists in idleness—to let fair things
Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.
He has his Winter too of pale misfeature,
Or else he would forego his mortal nature.

[illegible]

Happy is England! I could be content
To see no other verdure than its own,
To feel no other breezes than are blown
Through its tall woods with high romances blent;
Yet do I sometimes feel a languishment
For skies Italian, and an inward groan
To sit upon an Alp as on a throne,
And half forget what world or worldling meant.
Happy is England, sweet her artless daughters;
Enough their simple loveliness for me,
Enough their whitest arms in silence clinging;
Yet do I often warmly burn to see
Beauties of deeper glance, and hear their singing,
And float with them about the summer waters.

Lines.

[Mr Keats walked in the Highlands, not with the [illegible] of the young Rousseau, but in that [illegible] of the soul which, in its fulness, is akin to pain. He fell [illegible] extract of a poem, not published in his works, proves his intensity of feeling, even to the dread of [illegible]. It was written while on his journey soon after his [illegible] the birthplace of Burns, not for the gaze of the world, but as a record for himself of the temper of his mind at the time. It is a sure index to the more serious traits in his character; but Keats neither in writing, nor in speaking, could affect a sentiment—his gentle spirit knew not how to counterfeit.—*New Monthly Magazine*, 1822.]

There is a charm in footing slow
Across a silent plain,
Where patriot battle has been fought,
Where glory had the gain:

There is a pleasure on the heath,
Where Druids old have been,
Where mantles gray have rustled by,
And swept the nettles green:
There is a joy in every spot,
Made known in days of old,
New to the feet, although each tale
A hundred times be told
* * *

Ay, if a madman could have leave
To pass a healthful day,
To tell his forehead's swoon and faint
When first began decay.
* * * *

One hour half idle he stands
By mossy [illegible],
But in the very [illegible]
His soul's memorial
He reads [illegible]
Where chance [illegible] down
Upon rough [illegible] diadem
That hill's eternal crown!
Yet be [illegible],
Room is there for [illegible],
That man may never [illegible] mind
On mountains black and [illegible]
That he may [illegible]
Some great [illegible],
And keep his [illegible]
His inward sight [illegible]!

DR REGINALD HEBER

DR REGINALD HEBER, bishop of Calcutta, was born April 21, 1783, at Malpas, Cheshire, where his father had a living. In his seventeenth year he was admitted of Brazen-nose college, Oxford, and soon distinguished himself by his classical attainments. In 1802 he obtained the university prize for Latin hexameters, his subject being the *Carmen Seculare*. Applying himself to English verse, Heber in 1803, composed his poem of *Palestine*, which has been considered the best prize poem the university has ever produced. Parts of it were set to music, and it had an extensive sale. Previous to its recitation in the theatre of the university, the young author read it to Sir Walter Scott, then on a visit to Oxford, and Scott observed, that in the verses on Solomon's temple one striking circumstance had escaped him, namely, that no tool were used in its construction. Reginald retired for a few minutes to the corner of the room, and returned with the beautiful lines—

No hammer fell, no ponderous axes rung;
Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung.
Majestic silence!

His picture of Palestine, in its now fallen and desolate state, is pathetic and beautiful—

Reft of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
Mourn, widowed queen! forgotten Sion, mourn!
Is this thy place, sad city, this thy throne,
Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone?
While suns unblessed their angry lustre fling,
And wayworn pilgrims seek the scanty spring?
Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy viewed?
Where now thy might, which all those kings subdued?
No martial myriads muster in thy gate,
No suppliant nations in thy temple wait;
No prophet-bards, the glittering courts among,
Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song
But lawless Force, and meagre Want are there,
And the quick-darting eye of restless Fear,
While cold Oblivion, 'mid thy ruins laid,
Folds his dank wing beneath the ivy shade.

He has also given a striking sketch of the Druses, the hardy mountain race descended from the Crusaders—

Fierce, hardy, proud, in conscious freedom bold,
Those stormy seats the warrior Druses hold;
From Norman blood their lofty line they trace,
Their lion courage proves their generous race
They, only they, while all around them kneel
In sullen homage to the Thracian steel,
Teach their pale despot's waning moon to fear
The patriot terrors of the mountain spear
Yes, valorous chiefs, while yet your sabres shine,
The native guard of feeble Palestine,
O, ever thus, by no vain boast dismayed,
Defend the birthright of the cedar shade!
What though no more for you the obedient gale
Swells the white bosom of the Tyrian sail,
Though now no more your glittering marts unfold
Sidonian dyes and Lusitanian gold,
Though not [illegible] the [illegible] slave
[illegible] Ophir's wealthy cave,
Yet [illegible] proud contentment blest,
Where [illegible] tranquil rest
No [illegible] harvest knows,
And [illegible] vintage flows
[illegible] inspire;
[illegible] glow with patriot fire
[illegible] main,
[illegible] Syrian plain,
[illegible] shed,
[illegible] head
Yet [illegible] glittering gloom,
[illegible] the tomb,
[illegible]
[illegible]

While his prize poem of Palestine was universally admired, [illegible] the [illegible] continued his studies with [illegible] industry. He made considerable progress in mathematics and in the higher classics. In 1804 he took his degree of B.A., and the same year gained the prize for the English essay, the subject *The Sense of Honour*. He was elected to a fellowship at All Souls college, and [illegible] travelling over Germany, Russia, and the Crimea. On his return he took his degree of M.A. at Oxford. He appeared again [illegible] *Europe, or Lines on the Present War*. The struggle in Spain formed the predominating theme of Heber's poem. He was now presented to the living of Hodnet, and at the same time he married Amelia, daughter of Dr Shipley, dean of St Asaph. The duties of a parish pastor were discharged by Heber with unostentatious fidelity and application. He also applied his vigorous intellect to the study of divinity, and in 1815 preached the Bampton Lecture, the subject selected by him for a course of sermons being the Personality and Office of the Christian Comforter. He was an occasional contributor to the Quarterly Review, and in 1822 he wrote a copious life of Jeremy Taylor and a review of his writings for a complete edition of Taylor's works. The same year he was elected, by the benchers of Lincoln's Inn, preacher to their society. Here he had chambers in London, an addition of about £600 to his yearly income, and his duty was only preaching thirteen sermons in the year. An office so honourable, from the high character and talents of the electors, and the eminent persons by whom it has been held, is usually considered a stepping-stone to a bishopric. To this honour in its highest form—that of a spiritual peer of the realm—Heber might now have looked forward with confidence, but a

strong sense of duty and desire of Christian usefulness prevented the prospect being realised. It was under such feelings, and contrary to the advice of prudent friends, that he accepted, in 1823, the difficult task of bishop of Calcutta. With his family

Hodnet Church.

he arrived safely at his destination on the 11th of October, and no man could have entered on his mission with a more Christian and apostolic spirit. During the ensuing year, he was engaged in visiting the several European stations in his diocese, and the upper provinces of Hindostan. In January 1825 he made a similar tour to the stations under the Indian government, consecrating churches at various places. In May 1825 he held his episcopal visitation in Bombay. During this progress he laid the foundation of two central schools. He also visited the Deccan, Ceylon, and Madras on his return to Calcutta, performing at each station the active duties of his sacred office. His whole energies appear to have been devoted to the propagation of Christianity in the East. In 1826 the bishop made a journey to Travancore, accompanied by the Rev. Mr Doran of the Church Missionary Society. He preached, confirmed, and visited the Christian communities with his usual affection and ardour. On the 1st of April he arrived at Trichinopoly, and held two services on the day following. He went the next day, Monday, at six o'clock in the morning, to see the native Christians in the fort, and attended divine service. He then returned to the house of a friend, and went into the bath preparatory to his dressing for breakfast. His servant conceiving he remained too long, entered the room, and found the bishop dead at the bottom of the bath. Medical assistance was applied, but every effort proved ineffectual, death having been caused by apoplexy. The loss of so valuable a public man, equally beloved and venerated, was mourned by all classes, and every honour was paid to his memory. Much might have been anticipated from the zeal and learning of Heber, in elucidation of the antiquities of India, and the moral and religious improvement of its people, had his valuable life been spared. At the time of his death he was only in his forty-third year—a period too short to have developed those talents and virtues which, as one of his admirers in India remarked, rendered his course in life, from the moment that he was crowned with academical honours till the day of his death, one track of light, the admiration of Britain and of India. The widow of Dr Heber has published a Memoir of his Life, with selections from his letters, and also a Narrative of his Journey through the Upper Provinces of India from Calcutta to Bombay. In these works the excellent prelate is seen to great advantage, as an acute and lively observer, graphic in his descriptions both of scenery and manners, and everywhere animated with feelings of Christian zeal and benevolence. As a poet, Heber is always elegant and often striking. His hymns are peculiarly touching and impressive, and musical in versification. The highest honours of the lyre he probably never could have attained, for he is deficient in originality, and is more rhetorical than passionate or imaginative.

Passage of the Red Sea.

[From 'Palestine.']

[illegible] Black tribes [illegible] spear,
Th[illegible] of Misraim's throne, were there.
From distant Cush they trooped, a warrior train,
Siwah's green isle and Sennaar's marly plain:
On either wing their fiery coursers check
The parched and sinewy sons of Amalek,
While close behind, inured to feast on blood,
Decked in Behemoth's spoils, the tall Shangalla strode.
'Mid blazing helms and bucklers rough with gold,
Saw ye how swift the scythed chariots rolled?
Lo, these are they whom, lords of Afric's fates,
Old Thebes hath poured through all her hundred gates,
Mother of armies! How the emeralds glowed,
Where, flushed with power and vengeance, Pharaoh rode!
And stoled in white, those brazen wheels before,
Osiris' ark his swarthy wizards bore;
And still responsive to the trumpet's cry,
The priestly sistrum murmured—Victory!
Why swell these shouts that rend the desert's gloom?
Whom come ye forth to combat?—warriors, whom?
These flocks and herds—this faint and weary train—
Red from the scourge, and recent from the chain?
God of the poor, the poor and friendless save!
Giver and Lord of freedom, help the slave!
North, south, and west, the sandy whirlwinds fly,
The circling horns of Egypt's chivalry.
On earth's last margin throng the weeping train;
Their cloudy guide moves on:—'And must we swim the main?'
'Mid the light spray their snorting camels stood,
Nor bathed a fetlock in the nauseous flood;
He comes—their leader comes!—the man of God
O'er the wide waters lifts his mighty rod,
And onward treads. The circling waves retreat,
In hoarse deep murmurs, from his holy feet;
And the chased surges, inly roaring, show
The hard wet sand and coral hills below.
With limbs that falter, and with hearts that swell,
Down, down they pass—a steep and slippery dell;
Around them rise, in pristine chaos hurled,
The ancient rocks, the secrets of the world,
And flowers that blush beneath the ocean green,
And caves, the sea-calves' low-roofed haunt, are seen.
Down, safely down the narrow pass they tread;
The beetling waters storm above their head;
While far behind retires the sinking day,
And fades on Edom's hills its latest ray.
Yet not from Israel fled the friendly light,
Or dark to them or cheerless came the night.
Still in their van, along that dreadful road,
Blazed broad and fierce the brandished torch of God.

Its meteor glare a tenfold lustre gave
On the long mirror of the rosy wave;
While its blest beams a sunlike heat supply,
Warm every cheek, and dance in every eye—
To them alone—for Misraim's wizard train
Invoke for light their monster-gods in vain;
Clouds heaped on clouds their struggling sight confine,
And tenfold darkness broods above their line.
Yet on they fare by reckless vengeance led,
And range unconscious through the ocean's bed;
Till midway now—that strange and fiery form
Showed his dread visage lightening through the storm;
With withering splendour blasted all their might,
And brake their chariot wheels, and marred their coursers' flight.
'Fly, Misraim, fly!' The ravenous floods they see,
And, fiercer than the floods, the Deity.
'Fly, Misraim, fly!' From Edom's coral strand
Again the prophet stretched his dreadful wand.
With one wild crash the thundering waters sweep,
And all is waves—a dark and lonely deep;
Yet o'er those lonely waves such murmurs past,
As mortal wailing swelled the nightly blast.
And strange and sad the whispering breezes bore
The groans of Egypt to Arabia's shore.
Oh! welcome came the morn, where Israel stood
In trustless wonder by the avenging flood!
Oh! welcome came the cheerful morn, to show
The drifted wreck of Zoan's pride below!
The mangled limbs of men—the broken car—
A few sad relics of a nation's war;
Alas, how few! Then, soft as Elim's well,
The precious tears of new-born freedom fell.
And he, whose hardened heart alike had borne
The house of bondage and the oppressor's scorn,
The stubborn slave, by hope's new beams subdued,
In faltering accents sobbed his gratitude,
Till kindling into warmer zeal, around
The virgin timbrel waked its silver sound;
And in fierce joy, no more by doubt supprest,
The struggling spirit throbbed in Miriam's breast.
She, with bare arms, and fixing on the sky
The dark transparence of her lucid eye,
Poured on the winds of heaven her wild sweet harmony.
'Where now,' she sang, 'the tall Egyptian spear?
On's sunlike shield, and Zoan's chariot, where?
Above their ranks the whelming waters spread.
Shout, Israel, for the Lord hath triumphèd!'
And every pause between, as Miriam sang,
From tribe to tribe the martial thunder rang,
And loud and far their stormy chorus spread—
'Shout, Israel, for the Lord hath triumphèd!'

Hymn.—Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.

Lo, the lilies of the field,
How their leaves instruction yield!
Hark to Nature's lesson, given
By the blessed birds of heaven!
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles sweet philosophy:
'Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow:
God provideth for the morrow!

Say, with richer crimson glows
The kingly mantle than the rose?
Say, have kings more wholesome fare
Than we poor citizens of air?
Barns nor hoarded grain have we,
Yet we carol merrily.
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow:
God provideth for the morrow!

One there lives, whose guardian eye
Guides our humble destiny;
One there lives, who, Lord of all,
Keeps our feathers lest they fall.
Pass we blithely then the time,
Fearless of the snare and lime,
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow:
God provideth for the morrow!'

Missionary Hymn.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a balmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft on Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown,
The Heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
Shall we to man benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! Oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

[*From Bishop Heber's Journal.*]

If thou wert by my side, my love,
How fast would evening fail
In green Bengala's palmy grove,
Listening the nightingale!

If thou, my love, wert by my side,
My babies at my knee,
How gaily would our pinnace glide
O'er Gunga's mimic sea!

I miss thee at the dawning gray,
When on our deck reclined,
In careless ease my limbs I lay,
And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream
My twilight steps I guide,
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,
The lingering noon to cheer,
But miss thy kind approving eye,
Thy meek attentive ear.

But when of morn or eve the star
Beholds me on my knee,
I feel, though thou art distant far,
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on! then on! where duty leads,
My course be onward still;
O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
O'er bleak Almorah's hill.

That course, nor Delhi's kingly gates,
Nor wild Malwah detain;
For sweet the bliss us both awaits
By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say,
Across the dark-blue sea;
But ne'er were hearts so light and gay
As then shall meet in thee!

An Evening Walk in Bengal.

Our task is done!—on Gunga's breast
The sun is sinking down to rest;
And, moored beneath the tamarind bough,
Our bark has found its harbour now.
With furled sail and painted side,
Behold the tiny frigate ride:
Upon her deck, 'mid charcoal gleams,
The Moslem's savoury supper steams;
While all apart, beneath the wood,
The Hindoo cooks his simpler food.

Come, walk with me the jungle through—
If yonder hunter told us true,
Far off, in desert dank and rude,
The tiger holds its solitude;
Now (taught by recent harm to shun
The thunders of the English gun)
A dreadful guest but rarely seen,
Returns to scare the village green.
Come boldly on; no venomed snake
Can shelter in so cool a brake—
Child of the sun, he loves to lie
'Midst nature's embers, parched and dry,
Where o'er some tower in ruin laid,
The peepul spreads its haunted shade;
Or round a tomb his scales to wreathe,
Fit warder in the gate of Death.
Come on; yet pause! Behold us now
Beneath the bamboo's arched bough,
Where, gemming oft that sacred gloom,
Glows the geranium's scarlet bloom;[1]
And winds our path through many a bower
Of fragrant tree and giant flower—
The ceiba's crimson pomp displayed
O'er the broad plantain's humbler shade,
And dusk anana's prickly glade;
While o'er the brake, so wild and fair,
The betel waves his crest in air;
With pendant train and rushing wings,
Aloft the gorgeous peacock springs;
And he, the bird of hundred dyes,[2]
Whose plumes the dames of Ava prize.
So rich a shade, so green a sod,
Our English fairies never trod!
Yet who in Indian bowers has stood,
But thought on England's 'good greenwood;'
And blessed, beneath the palmy shade,
Her hazel and her hawthorn glade;
And breathed a prayer (how oft in vain!)
To gaze upon her oaks again?
A truce to thought—the jackal's cry
Resounds like sylvan revelry;
And through the trees yon failing ray
Will scantly serve to guide our way.
Yet mark, as fade the upper skies,
Each thicket opes ten thousand eyes—
Before, beside us, and above,
The fire-fly lights his lamp of love,
Retreating, chasing, sinking, soaring,
The darkness of the copse exploring;
While to this cooler air confest,
The broad dhatura bares her breast,
Of fragrant scent and virgin white,
A pearl around the locks of night!
Still as we pass, in softened hum
Along the breezy alleys come
The village song, the horn, the drum:
Still as we pass, from bush and brier
The shrill cigala strikes his lyre;
And what is she whose liquid strain
Thrills through yon copse of sugar-cane?
I know that soul-entrancing swell;
It is—it must be—Philomel!
Enough, enough, the rustling trees
Announce a shower upon the breeze,
The flashes of the summer sky
Assume a deeper, ruddier dye;
Yon lamp that trembles on the stream,
From forth our cabin sheds its beam;
And we must early sleep, to find
Betimes the morning's healthy wind.
But oh! with thankful hearts confess
E'en here there may be happiness;
And He, the bounteous Sire, has given
His peace on earth—his hope of heaven.

[1] A shrub whose deep scarlet flowers very much resemble the geranium, and thence called the Indian geranium.

[2] The Mucharunga.

CHARLES WOLFE.

The Rev. Charles Wolfe (1791–1823), a native of Dublin, may be said to have earned a literary immortality by one short poem, and that copied, with considerable closeness, from a prose account of the incident which it relates. Reading in the Edinburgh Annual Register a description of the death and interment of Sir John Moore on the battle-field of Corunna, this amiable young poet turned it into verse with such taste, pathos, and even sublimity, that his poem has obtained an imperishable place in our literature. The subject was attractive—the death of a brave and popular general on the field of battle, and his burial by his companions in arms—and the poet himself dying when young, beloved and lamented by his friends, gave additional interest to the production. The ode was published anonymously in an Irish newspaper in 1817, and was ascribed to various authors; Shelley considering it not unlike a first draught by Campbell. In 1841 it was claimed by a Scottish student and teacher, who ungenerously and dishonestly sought to pluck the laurel from the grave of its owner. The friends of Wolfe came forward, and established his right beyond any further question or controversy; and the new claimant was forced to confess his imposture, at the same time expressing his contrition for his misconduct. Fame, like wealth, is sometimes pursued with unprincipled covetousness; but, unless directed by proper motives, the chase is never honourable, and very seldom safe. The great duties of life—its moral feelings and principles—are something more important than even the brightest wreaths of fame! Wolfe was a curate in the established church, and died of consumption. His literary remains have been published, with an interesting memoir of his life by Archdeacon Russell, one of his early college friends.

The Burial of Sir John Moore.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
 And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
 When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
 That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
 But we left him alone with his glory!

The passage in the Edinburgh Annual Register (1808) on which Wolfe founded his ode is as follows:—'Sir John Moore had often said that if he was killed in battle, he wished to be buried where he fell. The body was removed at midnight to the citadel of Corunna. A grave was dug for him on the ramparts there by a body of the 9th regiment, the aides-de-camp attending by turns. No coffin could be procured, and the officers of his staff wrapped the body, dressed as it was, in a military cloak and blankets. The interment was hastened; for about eight in the morning some firing was heard, and the officers feared that if a serious attack were made, they should be ordered away, and not suffered to pay him their last duty. The officers of his family bore him to the grave; the funeral-service was read by the chaplain; and the corpse was covered with earth.'

Song.

Oh say not that my heart is cold
 To aught that once could warm it;
That Nature's form, so dear of old,
 No more has power to charm it;
Or that the ungenerous world can chill
 One glow of fond emotion
For those who made it dearer still,
 And shared my wild devotion.

Still oft those solemn scenes I view
 In rapt and dreamy sadness;
Oft look on those who loved them too
 With Fancy's idle gladness;
Again I longed to view the light
 In Nature's features glowing,
Again to tread the mountain's height,
 And taste the soul's o'erflowing.

Stern duty rose, and frowning flung
 His leaden chain around me;
With iron look and sullen tongue
 He muttered as he bound me:
'The mountain breeze, the boundless heaven,
 Unfit for toil the creature;
These for the free alone are given—
 But what have slaves with Nature?'

The above verses were written while Wolfe attended the university of Dublin, where he greatly distinguished himself. In 1817 he took orders, and was first curate of Ballyclog, in Tyrone, and afterwards of Donoughmore. His incessant attention to his duties, in a wild and scattered parish, not only quenched his poetical enthusiasm, but hurried him to an untimely grave.

Song.

[The following pathetic lyric is adapted to the Irish air *Grammachree*. Wolfe said he on one occasion sung the air over and over till he burst into a flood of tears, in which mood he composed the song.]

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
 I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
 That thou couldst mortal be:
It never through my mind had past
 The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
 And thou shouldst smile no more!

And still upon that face I look,
 And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
 That I must look in vain!
But when I speak—thou dost not say
 What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;
And now I feel, as well I may,
 Sweet Mary! thou art dead!

If thou wouldst stay e'en as thou art,
 All cold and all serene—
I still might press thy silent heart,
 And where thy smiles have been!
While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have,
 Thou seemest still mine own;
But there I lay thee in thy grave—
 And I am now alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,
 Thou hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
 In thinking too of thee:
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
 Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
 And never can restore!

HERBERT KNOWLES.

HERBERT KNOWLES, a native of Canterbury (1798–1817), produced, when a youth of eighteen, the following fine religious stanzas, which, being published in the Quarterly Review, soon obtained general circulation and celebrity: they have much of the steady faith and devotional earnestness of Cowper.

Lines written in the Churchyard of Richmond, Yorkshire.

It is good for us to be here: if thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias.—*Matthew*, xvii. 4.

 Methinks it is good to be here,
If thou wilt, let us build—but for whom?
 Nor Elias nor Moses appear;
But the shadows of eve that encompass with gloom
The abode of the dead and the place of the tomb.

 Shall we build to Ambition? Ah no!
Affrighted, he shrinketh away;
 For see, they would pin him below
In a small narrow cave, and, begirt with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

 To Beauty? Ah no! she forgets
The charms which she wielded before;
 Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
The skin which but yesterday fools could adore,
For the smoothness it held or the tint which it wore.

 Shall we build to the purple of Pride,
The trappings which dizen the proud?
 Alas! they are all laid aside,
And here's neither dress nor adornments allowed,
But the long winding-sheet and the fringe of the shroud.

To Riches? Alas! 'tis in vain;
Who hid in their turns have been hid;
The treasures are squandered again;
And here in the grave are all metals forbid
But the tinsel that shines on the dark coffin lid.

To the pleasures which Mirth can afford,
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?
Ah! here is a plentiful board!
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love?
Ah no! they have withered and died,
Or fled with the spirit above.
Friends, brothers, and sisters are laid side by side,
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto sorrow? - the Dead cannot grieve;
Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,
Which Compassion itself could relieve.
Ah, sweetly they slumber, nor love, hope, or fear;
Peace! peace is the watchword, the only one here.

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow?
Ah no! for his empire is known,
And here there are trophies enow!
Beneath the cold dead, and around the dark stone,
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise!
The second to Faith, which insures it fulfilled;
And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,
Who bequeathed us them both when He rose to the skies.

ROBERT POLLOK.

In 1827 appeared a religious poem in blank verse, entitled *The Course of Time*, by ROBERT POLLOK, which speedily rose to great popularity, especially among the more serious and dissenting classes in Scotland. The author was a young licentiate of the Scottish Secession church. Many who scarcely ever looked into modern poetry were tempted to peruse a work which embodied their favourite theological tenets, set off with the graces of poetical fancy and description; while to the ordinary readers of imaginative literature, the poem had force and originality enough to challenge an attentive perusal. The 'Course of Time' is a long poem, extending to ten books, written in a style that sometimes imitates the lofty march of Milton, and at other times resembles that of Blair and Young. The object of the poet is to describe the spiritual life and destiny of man; and he varies his religious speculations with episodical pictures and narratives, to illustrate the effects of virtue or vice. The sentiments of the author are strongly Calvinistic, and in this respect, as well as in a certain crude ardour of imagination and devotional enthusiasm, the poem reminds us of the style of Milton's early prose treatises. It is often harsh, turgid, and vehement, and deformed by a gloomy piety which repels the reader in spite of the many splendid passages and images that are scattered throughout the work. With much of the spirit and the opinions of Cowper, Pollok wanted his taste and his refinement. Time might have mellowed the fruits of his genius; for certainly the design of such an extensive poem, and the possession of a poetical diction so copious and energetic, by a young man reared in circumstances by no means favourable for the cultivation of a literary taste, indicate remarkable intellectual power and determination of character.

Robert Pollok was destined, like Henry Kirke White, to an early grave. He was born in the year 1799, at Muirhouse, in the parish of Eaglesham, Renfrewshire, and after the usual instruction in



Mid Muirhouse, the Residence of Pollok in Boyhood.

country schools, was sent to the university of Glasgow. He studied five years in the divinity hall under Dr Dick. Some time after leaving college, he wrote a series of *Tales of the Covenanters*, in prose, which were published anonymously. His application to his studies brought on symptoms of pulmonary disease, and shortly after he had received his license to preach, in the spring of 1827, it was too apparent that his health was in a precarious and dangerous state. This tendency was further confirmed by the composition of his great poem, which was published by Mr Blackwood of Edinburgh about the time that the author was admitted to the sacred office for which he was so well qualified. The greater part of the summer was spent by Pollok under the roof of a clerical friend, the Rev. Dr Belfrage of Slateford, where every means was tried for the restoration of his health. The symptoms, however, continued unabated, and the poet's friends and physicians recommended him to try the climate of Italy. Mr Southey has remarked of Kirke White, that 'it was his fortune through his short life, as he was worthy of the kindest treatment, always to find it.' The same may be said of his kindred genius, Pollok. His poetry and his worth had raised him up a host of fond and steady friends, who would have rejoiced to contribute to his comfort or relief. Having taken his departure for London, accompanied by a sister, Pollok was received into the house of Mr Pirie, then sheriff of London. An immediate removal to the south-west of England was pronounced necessary, and the poet went to reside at Shirley Common, near Southampton. The milder air of this place effected no improvement, and after lingering on a few weeks, Pollok died on the 17th of September 1827. The same year had witnessed his advent as a preacher and a poet, and his untimely death. The 'Course of Time,' however, continued to be a popular poem, and has gone through eighteen editions, while the interest of the public in its author has led to a memoir of his life, published in 1843. Pollok was interred in the churchyard at Millbrook; the

parish in which Shirley Common is situated, and some of his admirers have erected an obelisk of granite to point out the poet's grave.

[*Love.*]

Hail love, first love, thou word that sums all bliss!
The sparkling cream of all Time's blessedness,
The silken down of happiness complete!
Discerner of the ripest grapes of joy
She gathered and selected with her hand,
All finest relishes, all fairest sights,
All rarest odours, all divinest sounds,
All thoughts, all feelings dearest to the soul:
And brought the holy mixture home, and filled
The heart with all superlatives of bliss.
But who would that expound, which words transcends,
Must talk in vain. Behold a meeting scene
Of early love, and thence infer its worth.

It was an eve of autumn's holiest mood.
The corn-fields, bathed in Cynthia's silver light,
Stood ready for the reaper's gathering hand;
And all the winds slept soundly. Nature seemed
In silent contemplation to adore
Its Maker. Now and then the aged leaf
Fell from its fellows, rustling to the ground;
And, as it fell, bade man think on his end.
On vale and lake, on wood and mountain high,
With pensive wing outspread, sat heavenly Thought,
Conversing with itself. Vesper looked forth
From out her western hermitage, and smiled;
And up the east, unclouded, rode the moon
With all her stars, gazing on earth intense,
As if she saw some wonder working there.

Such was the night, so lovely, still, serene,
When, by a hermit thorn that on the hill
Had seen a hundred flowery ages pass,
A damsel kneeled to offer up her prayer—
Her prayer nightly offered, nightly heard.
This ancient thorn had been the meeting place
Of love, before his country's voice had called
The ardent youth to fields of honour far
Beyond the wave: and hither now repaired,
Nightly, the maid, by God's all-seeing eye
Seen only, while she sought this boon alone—
'Her lover's safety, and his quick return.'
In holy, humble attitude she kneeled,
And to her bosom, fair as moonbeam, pressed
One hand, the other lifted up to heaven.
Her eye, upturned, bright as the star of morn,
As violet meek, excessive ardour streamed,
Wafting away her earnest heart to God.
Her voice, scarce uttered, soft as Zephyr sighs
On morning's lily cheek, though soft and low,
Yet heard in heaven, heard at the mercy-seat.
A tear-drop wandered on her lovely face;
It was a tear of faith and holy fear,
Pure as the drops that hang at dawning-time
On yonder willows by the stream of life.
On her the moon looked steadfastly; the stars
That circle nightly round the eternal throne
Glanced down, well pleased; and everlasting Love
Gave gracious audience to her prayer sincere.
O had her lover seen her thus alone,
Thus holy, wrestling thus, and all for him!
Nor did he not: for ofttimes Providence
With unexpected joy the fervent prayer
Of faith surprised. Returned from long delay,
With glory crowned of righteous actions won,
The sacred thorn, to memory dear, first sought
The youth, and found it at the happy hour
Just when the damsel kneeled herself to pray.
Wrapped in devotion, pleading with her God,
She saw him not, heard not his foot approach.
All holy images seemed too impure
To emblem her he saw. A seraph kneeled,
Beseeching for his ward before the throne,
Seemed fittest, pleased him best. Sweet was the
thought!
But sweeter still the kind remembrance came,
That she was flesh and blood formed for himself,
The plighted partner of his future life.
And as they met, embraced, and sat embowered
In woody chambers of the starry night,
Spirits of love about them ministered,
And God approving, blessed the holy joy!

[*Morning.*]

In 'customed glory bright, that morn the sun
Rose, visiting the earth with light, and heat,
And joy; and seemed as full of youth, and strong
To mount the steep of heaven, as when the stars
Of morning sung to his first dawn, and night
Fled from his face; the spacious sky received
Him, blushing as a bride when on her looked
The bridegroom; and spread out beneath his eye,
Earth smiled. Up to his warm embrace the dews,
That all night long had wept his absence, flew;
The herbs and flowers their fragrant stores unlocked,
And gave the wanton breeze that newly woke,
Revelled in sweets, and from its wings shook health,
A thousand grateful smells; the joyous woods
Dried in his beams their locks, wet with the drops
Of night; and all the sons of music sung
Their matin song—from arboured bower the thrush
Concerting with the lark that hymned on high.
On the green hill the flocks, and in the vale
The herds, rejoiced; and, light of heart, the hind
Eyed amorously the milk-maid as she passed,
Not heedless, though she look another way.

[*Friendship.*]

Not unremembered is the hour when friends
Met. Friends, but few on earth, and therefore dear;
Sought oft, and sought almost as oft in vain;
Yet always sought, so native to the heart,
So much desired and coveted by all.
Nor wonder those—thou wonderest not, nor need'st.
Much beautiful, and excellent, and fair,
Than face of faithful friend, fairest when seen
In darkest day; and many sounds were sweet,
Most ravishing and pleasant to the ear;
But sweeter none than voice of faithful friend,
Sweet always, sweetest heard in loudest storm.
Some I remember, and will ne'er forget;
My early friends, friends of my evil day;
Friends in my mirth, friends in my misery too;
Friends given by God in mercy and in love;
My counsellors, my comforters, and guides;
My joy in grief, my second bliss in joy;
Companions of my young desires; in doubt,
My oracles, my wings in high pursuit.
O, I remember, and will ne'er forget
Our meeting spots, our chosen sacred hours,
Our burning words that uttered all the soul,
Our faces beaming with unearthly love;
Sorrow with sorrow sighing, hope with hope
Exulting, heart embracing, heart entire.
As birds of social feather helping each
His fellow's flight, we soared into the skies,
And cast the clouds beneath our feet, and earth,
With all her tardy leaden-footed cares,
And talked the speech, and ate the food of heaven!
These I remember, these selectest men,
And would their names record; but what avails
My mention of their names? Before the throne
They stand illustrious 'mong the loudest harps,
And will receive thee glad, my friend and theirs—
For all are friends in heaven, all faithful friends;

And many friendships in the days of time
Begun, are lasting here, and growing still;
So grows ours evermore, both theirs and mine.
Nor is the hour of lonely walk forgot
In the wide desert, where the view was large.
Pleasant were many scenes, but most to me
The solitude of vast extent, untouched
By hand of art, where nature sowed herself,
And reaped her crops; whose garments were the clouds;
Whose minstrels brooks; whose lamps the moon and stars;
Whose organ-choir the voice of many waters;
Whose banquets morning dews; whose heroes storms;
Whose warriors mighty winds; whose lovers flowers;
Whose orators the thunderbolts of God;
Whose palaces the everlasting hills;
Whose ceiling heaven's unfathomable blue;
And from whose rocky turrets battled high
Prospect immense spread out on all sides round,
Lost now beneath the welkin and the main,
Now walled with hills that slept above the storm.
Most fit was such a place for musing men,
Happiest sometimes when musing without aim.
It was, indeed, a wondrous sort of bliss
The lonely bard enjoyed when forth he walked,
Unpurposed; stood, and knew not why; sat down,
And knew not where; arose, and knew not when;
Had eyes, and saw not; ears, and nothing heard;
And sought—sought neither heaven nor earth—sought nought,
Nor meant to think; but ran meantime through vast
Of visionary things, fairer than aught
That was; and saw the distant tops of thoughts,
Which men of common stature never saw,
Greater than aught that largest worlds could hold,
Or give idea of, to those who read.
He entered into Nature's holy place,
Her inner chamber, and beheld her face
Unveiled; and heard unutterable things,
And incommunicable visions saw;
Things then unutterable, and visions then
Of incommunicable glory bright;
But by the lips of after-ages formed
To words, or by their pencil pictured forth;
Who, entering farther in, beheld again,
And heard unspeakable and marvellous things,
Which other ages in their turn revealed,
And left to others greater wonders still.

[*Happiness.*]

Whether in crowds or solitudes, in streets
Or shady groves, dwelt Happiness, it seems
In vain to ask; her nature makes it vain;
Though poets much, and hermits, talked and sung
Of brooks and crystal founts, and weeping dews,
And myrtle bowers, and solitary vales,
And with the nymph made assignations there,
And wooed her with the love-sick oaten reed;
And sages too, although less positive,
Advised their sons to court her in the shade.
Delirious babble all! Was happiness,
Was self-approving, God approving joy,
In drops of dew, however pure? in gales,
However sweet? in wells, however clear?
Or groves, however thick with verdant shade?
True, these were of themselves exceeding fair;
How fair at morn and even! worthy the walk
Of loftiest mind, and gave, when all within
Was right, a feast of overflowing bliss;
But were the occasion, not the cause of joy.
They waked the native fountains of the soul
Which slept before, and stirred the holy tides
Of feeling up, giving the heart to drink
From its own treasures draughts of perfect sweet.
The Christian faith, which better knew the heart
Of man, him thither sent for peace, and thus
Declared: Who finds it, let him find it there;
Who finds it not, for ever let him seek
In vain; 'tis God's most holy, changeless will.
True Happiness had no localities,
No tones provincial, no peculiar garb.
Where Duty went, she went, with Justice went,
And went with Meekness, Charity, and Love.
Where'er a tear was dried, a wounded heart
Bound up, a bruised spirit with the dew
Of sympathy anointed, or a pang
Of honest suffering soothed, or injury
Repeated oft, as oft by love forgiven;
Where'er an evil passion was subdued,
Or Virtue's feeble embers fanned; where'er
A sin was heartily abjured and left;
Where'er a pious act was done, or breathed
A pious prayer, or wished a pious wish;
There was a high and holy place, a spot
Of sacred light, a most religious fane,
Where Happiness, descending, sat and smiled.
But there apart, in sacred memory lives
The morn of life, first morn of endless days,
Most joyful morn! Nor yet for nought the joy.
A being of eternal date commenced,
A young immortal then was born! And who
Shall tell what strange variety of bliss
Burst on the infant soul, when first it looked
Abroad on God's creation fair, and saw
The glorious earth and glorious heaven, and face
Of man sublime, and saw all new, and felt
All new! when thought awoke, thought never more
To sleep! when first it saw, heard, reasoned, willed,
And triumphed in the warmth of conscious life!
Nor happy only, but the cause of joy,
Which those who never tasted always mourned.
What tongue!—no tongue shall tell what bliss o'erflowed
The mother's tender heart while round her hung
The offspring of her love, and lisped her name
As living jewels dropped unstained from heaven,
That made her fairer far, and sweeter seem
Than every ornament of costliest hue!
And who hath not been ravished, as she passed
With all her playful band of little ones,
Like Luna with her daughters of the sky,
Walking in matron majesty and grace?
All who had hearts here pleasure found: and oft
Have I, when tired with heavy task, for tasks
Were heavy in the world below, relaxed
My weary thoughts among their guiltless sports,
And led them by their little hands a-field,
And watch them run and crop the tempting flower—
Which oft, unasked, they brought me, and bestowed
With smiling face, that waited for a look
Of praise—and answered curious questions, put
In much simplicity, but ill to solve;
And heard their observations strange and new;
And settled whiles their little quarrels, soon
Ending in peace, and soon forgot in love.
And still I looked upon their loveliness,
And sought through nature for similitudes
Of perfect beauty, innocence, and bliss,
And fairest imagery around me thronged;
Dewdrops at day-spring on a seraph's locks,
Roses that bathe about the well of life,
Young Loves, young Hopes, dancing on morning's cheek,
Gems leaping in the coronet of Love!
So beautiful, so full of life, they seemed
As made entire of beams of angels' eyes.
Gay, guileless, sportive, lovely little things!
Playing around the den of sorrow, clad
In smiles, believing in their fairy hopes,
And thinking man and woman true! all joy,
Happy all day, and happy all the night!

[*Picture of a Miser.*]

But there was one in folly further gone;
With eye awry, incurable, and wild,
The laughing-stock of devils and of men,
And by his guardian-angel quite given up—
The Miser, who with dust inanimate
Held wedded intercourse. Ill-guided wretch!
Thou might'st have seen him at the midnight hour,
When good men slept, and in light-winged dreams
Ascended up to God—in wasteful hall,
With vigilance and fasting worn to skin
And bone, and wrapped in most debasing rags—
Thou might'st have seen him bending o'er his heaps,
And holding strange communion with his gold;
And as his thievish fancy seemed to hear
The night-man's foot approach, starting alarmed,
And in his old, decrepit, withered hand,
That palsy shook, grasping the yellow earth
To make it sure. Of all God made upright,
And in their nostrils breathed a living soul,
Most fallen, most prone, most earthy, most debased.
Of all that sold Eternity for Time,
None bargained on so easy terms with death.
Illustrious fool! Nay, most inhuman wretch!
He sat among his bags, and, with a look
Which Hell might be ashamed of, drove the poor
Away unalmsed; and 'midst abundance died—
Sorest of evils—died of utter want!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, a religious poet of deservedly high reputation, was born at Irvine, in Ayrshire, in 1771. His father was a Moravian missionary, who died whilst propagating Christianity in the island of Tobago. The poet was educated at the Moravian school at Fulneck, near Leeds. In 1792 he established himself in Sheffield (where he still resides) as assistant in a newspaper office. In a few years the paper became his own property, and he continued to conduct it up to the year 1825. His course did not always run smooth. In January 1794, amidst the excitement of that agitated period, he was tried on a charge of having printed a ballad, written by a clergyman of Belfast, on the demolition of the Bastile in 1789; which was now interpreted into a seditious libel. The poor poet, notwithstanding the innocence of his intentions, was found guilty, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment in the castle of York, and to pay a fine of £20. In January 1795 he was tried for a second imputed political offence—a paragraph in his paper, the *Sheffield Iris*, which reflected on the conduct of a magistrate in quelling a riot at Sheffield. He was again convicted and sentenced to six months' imprisonment in York castle, to pay a fine of £30, and to give security to keep the peace for two years. 'All the persons,' says the amiable poet, writing in 1840, 'who were actively concerned in the prosecutions against me in 1794 and 1795, are dead, and, without exception, they died in peace with me. I believe I am quite correct in saying, that from each of them distinctly, in the sequel, I received tokens of good-will, and from several of them substantial proofs of kindness. I mention not this as a plea in extenuation of offences for which I bore the penalty of the law; I rest my justification, in these cases, now on the same grounds, and no other, on which I rested my justification then. I mention the circumstance to the honour of the deceased, and as an evidence that, amidst all the violence of that distracted time, a better spirit was not extinct, but finally prevailed, and by its healing influence did indeed comfort those who had been conscientious sufferers.'

Mr Montgomery's first volume of poetry (he had previously written occasional pieces in his newspaper) appeared in 1806, and was entitled *The Wanderer of Switzerland, and other Poems.* It speedily went through two editions; and his publishers had just issued a third, when the Edinburgh Review of January 1807 'denounced the unfortunate volume in a style of such authoritative reprobation as no mortal verse could be expected to survive.' The critique, indeed, was insolent and offensive—written in the worst style of the Review, when all the sins of its youth were full-blown and unchecked. Among other things, the reviewer predicted that in less than three years nobody would know the name of the 'Wanderer of Switzerland,' or of any other of the poems in the collection. Within eighteen months from the utterance of this oracle, a fourth impression (1500 copies) of the condemned volume was passing through the press whence the Edinburgh Review itself was issued, and it has now reached thirteen editions. The next work of the poet was *The West Indies*, a poem in four parts, written in honour of the abolition of the African slave trade by the British legislature in 1807. This was undertaken at the request of Mr Bowyer, the publisher, to accompany a series of engravings representing the past sufferings and the anticipated blessings of the long-wronged Africans, both in their own land and in the West Indies. The poem is in the heroic couplet, and possesses a vigour and freedom of description, and a power of pathetic painting, much superior to anything in the first volume. Mr Montgomery afterwards published *Prison Amusements*, written during his nine months' confinement in York castle in 1794 and 1795. In 1813 he came forward with a more elaborate performance, *The World Before the Flood*, a poem in the heroic couplet, and extending to ten short cantos. His pictures of the antediluvian patriarchs in their happy valley, the invasion of Eden by the descendants of Cain, the loves of Javan and Zillah, the translation of Enoch, and the final deliverance of the little band of patriarch families from the hand of the giants, are sweet and touching, and elevated by pure and lofty feeling. Connected with some patriotic individuals in his own neighbourhood 'in many a plan for lessening the sum of human misery at home and abroad,' our author next published *Thoughts on Wheels* (1817), directed against state lotteries; and *The Climbing Boy's Soliloquies*, published about the same time, in a work written by different authors, to aid in effecting the abolition, at length happily accomplished, of the cruel and unnatural practice of employing boys in sweeping chimneys. In 1819 he published *Greenland*, a poem in five cantos, containing a sketch of the ancient Moravian church, its revival in the eighteenth century, and the origin of the missions by that people to Greenland in 1733. The poem, as published, is only a part of the author's original plan, but the beauty of its polar descriptions and episodes recommended it to public favour. The only other long poem by Mr Montgomery is *The Pelican Island*, suggested by a passage in Captain Flinders's voyage to Terra Australis, describing the existence of the ancient haunts of the pelican in the small islands on the coast of New Holland. The work is in blank verse, in nine short cantos, and the narrative is supposed to be delivered by an imaginary being who witnesses the series of events related after the whole has happened. The poem abounds in minute and delicate description of natural phenomena—has great felicity of diction and expression—and altogether

possesses more of the power and fertility of the master than any other of the author's works.

Besides the works we have enumerated, Mr Montgomery has thrown off a number of small effusions, published in different periodicals, and short translations from Dante and Petrarch. On his retirement in 1825 from the 'invidious station' of newspaper editor, which he had maintained for more than thirty years, through good report and evil report, his friends and neighbours of Sheffield, of every shade of political and religious distinction, invited him to a public entertainment, at which the present Earl Fitzwilliam presided. There the happy and grateful poet 'ran through the story of his life even from his boyish days,' when he came amongst them, friendless and a stranger, from his retirement at Fulneck among the Moravian brethren, by whom he was educated in all but knowledge of the world. He spoke with pardonable pride of the success which had crowned his labours as an author. 'Not, indeed,' he said, 'with fame and fortune, as these were lavished on my greater contemporaries, in comparison with whose magnificent possessions on the British Parnassus my small plot of ground is no more than Naboth's vineyard to Ahab's kingdom: but it is my own; it is no copyhold; I borrowed it, I leased it from none. Every foot of it I enclosed from the common myself; and I can say that not an inch which I had once gained have I ever lost. * * I wrote neither to suit the manners, the taste, nor the temper of the age; but I appealed to universal principles, to unperishable affections, to primary elements of our common nature, found wherever man is found in civilised society, wherever his mind has been raised above barbarian ignorance, or his passions purified from brutal selfishness.' In 1830 and 1831 Mr Montgomery was selected to deliver a course of lectures at the Royal Institution on Poetry and General Literature, which he prepared for the press, and published in 1833. A pension of £200 per annum has since been conferred on Mr Montgomery. A collected edition of his works, with autobiographical and illustrative matter, was issued in 1841 in four volumes. A tone of generous and enlightened morality pervades all the writings of this poet. He was the enemy of the slave trade and of every form of oppression, and the warm friend of every scheme of philanthropy and improvement. The pious and devotional feelings displayed in his early effusions have grown with his growth, and form the staple of his poetry. In description, however, he is not less happy; and in his 'Greenland' and 'Pelican Island' there are passages of great beauty, evincing a refined taste and judgment in the selection of his materials. His late works have more vigour and variety than those by which he first became distinguished. Indeed, his fame was long confined to what is termed the religious world, till he showed, by his cultivation of different styles of poetry, that his depth and sincerity of feeling, the simplicity of his taste, and the picturesque beauty of his language, were not restricted to purely spiritual themes. His smaller poems enjoy a popularity almost equal to those of Moore, which, though differing widely in subject, they resemble in their musical flow, and their compendious happy expression and imagery.

Greenland.

'Tis sunset; to the firmament serene
The Atlantic wave reflects a gorgeous scene;
Broad in the cloudless west, a belt of gold
Girds the blue hemisphere; above unrolled
The keen clear air grows palpable to sight,
Embodied in a flush of crimson light,
Through which the evening star, with milder gleam,
Descends to meet her image in the stream.
Far in the east, what spectacle unknown
Allures the eye to gaze on it alone?
Amidst black rocks, that lift on either hand
Their countless peaks, and mark receding land;
Amidst a tortuous labyrinth of seas,
That shine around the Arctic Cyclades;
Amidst a coast of dreariest continent,
In many a shapeless promontory rent;
O'er rocks, seas, islands, promontories spread,
The ice-blink rears its undulated head,[1]
On which the sun, beyond the horizon shrined,
Hath left his richest garniture behind;
Piled on a hundred arches, ridge by ridge,
O'er fixed and fluid strides the alpine bridge,
Whose blocks of sapphire seem to mortal eye
Hewn from cerulean quarries in the sky;
With glacier battlements that crowd the spheres,
The slow creation of six thousand years,
Amidst immensity it towers sublime,
Winter's eternal palace, built by Time:
All human structures by his touch are borne
Down to the dust; mountains themselves are worn
With his light footsteps; here for ever grows,
Amid the region of unmelting snows,
A monument; where every flake that falls
Gives adamantine firmness to the walls.
The sun beholds no mirror in his race,
That shows a brighter image of his face;
The stars, in their nocturnal vigils, rest
Like signal fires on its illumined crest;
The gliding moon around the ramparts wheels,
And all its magic lights and shades reveals;
Beneath, the tide with equal fury raves,
To undermine it through a thousand caves;
Rent from its roof, though thundering fragments oft
Plunge to the gulf, immovable aloft,
From age to age, in air, o'er sea, on land,
Its turrets heighten and its piers expand.

* * *

Hark! through the calm and silence of the scene,
Slow, solemn, sweet, with many a pause between,
Celestial music swells along the air!
No! 'tis the evening hymn of praise and prayer
From yonder deck, where, on the stern retired,
Three humble voyagers,[2] with looks inspired,
And hearts enkindled with a holier flame
Than ever lit to empire or to fame,
Devoutly stand: their choral accents rise
On wings of harmony beyond the skies;
And, 'midst the songs that seraph-minstrels sing,
Day without night, to their immortal king,
These simple strains, which erst Bohemian hills
Echoed to pathless woods and desert rills,
Now heard from Shetland's azure bound—are known
In heaven; and he who sits upon the throne
In human form, with mediatorial power,
Remembers Calvary, and hails the hour
When, by the Almighty Father's high decree,
The utmost north to him shall bow the knee,
And, won by love, an untamed rebel-race
Kiss the victorious sceptre of his grace.
Then to his eye, whose instant glance pervades
Heaven's heights, earth's circle, hell's profoundest
shades,
Is there a group more lovely than those three
Night-watching pilgrims on the lonely sea?

[1] The term ice-blink is generally applied by mariners to the nocturnal illumination in the heavens, which denotes to them the proximity of ice-mountains. In this place a description is attempted of the most stupendous accumulation of ice in the known world, which has been long distinguished by this peculiar name by the Danish navigators.

[2] The first Christian missionaries to Greenland.

Or to his ear, that gathers, in one sound,
The voices of adoring worlds around,
Comes there a breath of more delightful praise
Than the faint notes his poor disciples raise,
Ere on the treacherous main they sink to rest,
Secure as leaning on their Master's breast?
They sleep; but memory wakes; and dreams array
Night in a lively masquerade of day;
The land they seek, the land they leave behind,
Meet on mid-ocean in the plastic mind;
One brings forsaken home and friends so nigh,
That tears in slumber swell the unconscious eye:
The other opens, with prophetic view,
Perils which e'en their fathers never knew
(Though schooled by suffering, long inured to toil,
Outcasts and exiles from their natal soil);
Strange scenes, strange men: untold, untried distress;
Pain, hardships, famine, cold, and nakedness,
Diseases; death in every hideous form,
On shore, at sea, by fire, by flood, by storm;
Wild beasts, and wilder men—unmoved with fear,
Health, comfort, safety, life, they count not dear,
May they but hope a Saviour's love to show,
And warn one spirit from eternal wo:
Nor will they faint, nor can they strive in vain,
Since thus to live is Christ, to die is gain.
'Tis morn: the bathing moon her lustre shrouds;
Wide over the east impends an arch of clouds
That spans the ocean; while the infant dawn
Peeps through the portal o'er the liquid lawn,
That ruffled by an April-gale appears,
Between the gloom and splendour of the spheres,
Dark-purple as the moorland heath, when rain
Hangs in low vapours over the autumnal plain:
Till the full sun, resurgent from the flood,
Looks on the waves, and turns them into blood;
But quickly kindling, as his beams aspire,
The lambent billows play in forms of fire.
Where is the vessel? Shining through the light,
Like the white sea-fowl's horizontal flight,
Yonder she wings, and skims, and cleaves her way
Through refluent foam and iridescent spray.

Night.

Night is the time for rest;
How sweet, when labours close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose,
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
Upon our own delightful bed!

Night is the time for dreams;
The gay romance of life,
When truth that is and truth that seems,
Blend in fantastic strife:
Ah! visions less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by daylight are!

Night is the time for toil:
To plough the classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil
Its wealthy furrows yield;
Till all is ours that sages taught,
That poets sang or heroes wrought.*

Night is the time to weep;
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory where sleep
The joys of other years;
Hopes that were angels in their birth,
But perished young like things on earth!

Night is the time to watch;
On ocean's dark expanse
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
The full moon's earliest glance,
That brings unto the home-sick mind
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care;
Brooding on hours misspent,
To see the spectre of despair
Come to our lonely tent;
Like Brutus, 'midst his slumbering host,
Startled by Cæsar's stalwart ghost.

Night is the time to muse;
Then from the eye the soul
Takes flight, and with expanding views
Beyond the starry pole,
Descries athwart the abyss of night
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray;
Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away;
So will his followers do;
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And hold communion there with God.

Night is the time for death;
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease:
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends—such death be mine!

* Without any wish to make pedantic objections, we may be allowed to remark, that this stanza is inconsistent with natural truth and a just economy of life. *Day* is the time for toil—night is more proper for repose, and, if spent in mental labour, in addition to other duties pursued during the day, must redound to the injury of health.—*Ed.*

[*Picture of a Poetical Enthusiast.*]

[From the 'World Before the Flood.']

Restored to life, one pledge of former joy,
One source of bliss to come, remained—her boy!
Sweet in her eye the cherished infant rose,
At once the seal and solace of her woes;
When the pale widow clasped him to her breast,
Warm gushed the tears, and would not be repressed;
In lonely anguish, when the truant child
Leaped o'er the threshold, all the mother smiled.
In him, while fond imagination viewed
Husband and parents, brethren, friends renewed,
Each vanished look, each well-remembered grace
That pleased in them, she sought in Javan's face;
For quick his eye, and changeable its ray,
As the sun glancing through a vernal day;
And like the lake, by storm or moonlight seen,
With darkening furrows or cerulean mien,
His countenance, the mirror of his breast,
The calm or trouble of his soul expressed.
As years enlarged his form, in moody hours
His mind betrayed its weakness with its powers;
Alike his fairest hopes and strangest fears
Were nursed in silence, or divulged with tears;
The fulness of his heart repressed his tongue,
Though none might rival Javan when he sung.
He loved, in lonely indolence reclined,
To watch the clouds, and listen to the wind.
But from the north when snow and tempest came,
His nobler spirit mounted into flame;
With stern delight he roamed the howling woods,
Or hung in ecstacy over headlong floods.
Meanwhile, excursive fancy longed to view
The world, which yet by fame alone he knew;
The joys of freedom were his daily theme,
Glory the secret of his midnight dream;
That dream he told not; though his heart would ache,
His home was precious for his mother's sake.
With her the lowly paths of peace he ran,
His guardian angel, till he verged to man;
But when her weary eye could watch no more,
When to the grave her lifeless corse he bore,
Not Enoch's counsels could his steps restrain;
He fled, and sojourned in the land of Cain.

There, when he heard the voice of Jubal's lyre,
Instinctive genius caught the ethereal fire;
And soon, with sweetly-modulating skill,
He learned to wind the passions at his will;
To rule the chords with such mysterious art,
They seemed the life-strings of the hearer's heart!
Then glory's opening field he proudly trod,
Forsook the worship and the ways of God,
Round the vain world pursued the phantom Fame,
And cast away his birthright for a name.
Yet no delight the minstrel's bosom knew,
None save the tones that from his harp he drew,
And the warm visions of a wayward mind,
Whose transient splendour left a gloom behind,
Frail as the clouds of sunset, and as fair,
Pageants of light, resolving into air.
The world, whose charms his young affections stole,
He found too mean for an immortal soul;
Wound with his life, through all his feelings wrought,
Death and eternity possessed his thought:
Remorse impelled him, unremitting care
Harassed his path, and stung him to despair.
Still was the secret of his griefs unknown;
Amidst the universe he sighed alone;
The fame he followed and the fame he found,
Healed not his heart's immedicable wound;
Admired, applauded, crowned, where'er he roved,
The bard was homeless, friendless, unbeloved.
All else that breathed below the circling sky,
Were linked to earth by some endearing tie;
He only, like the ocean-weed uptorn,
And loose along the world of waters borne,
Was cast, companionless, from wave to wave,
On life's rough sea—and there was none to save.

[*The Pelican Island.*]

Light as a flake of foam upon the wind,
Keel-upward from the deep emerged a shell,
Shaped like the moon ere half her horn is filled;
Fraught with young life, it righted as it rose,
And moved at will along the yielding water.
The native pilot of this little bark
Put out a tier of oars on either side,
Spread to the wafting breeze a twofold sail,
And mounted up and glided down the billow
In happy freedom, pleased to feel the air,
And wander in the luxury of light.
Worth all the dead creation, in that hour,
To me appeared this lonely Nautilus,
My fellow-being, like myself alive.
Entranced in contemplation, vague yet sweet,
I watched its vagrant course and rippling wake,
Till I forgot the sun amidst the heavens.
It closed, sunk, dwindled to a point, then nothing;
While the last bubble crowned the dimpling eddy,
Through which mine eyes still giddily pursued it,
A joyous creature vaulted through the air—
The aspiring fish that fain would be a bird,
On long, light wings, that flung a diamond-shower
Of dewdrops round its evanescent form,
Sprang into light, and instantly descended.
Ere I could greet the stranger as a friend,
Or mourn his quick departure, on the surge
A shoal of dolphins, tumbling in wild glee,
Glowed with such orient tints, they might have been
The rainbow's offspring, when it met the ocean
In that resplendent vision I had seen.
While yet in ecstacy I hung o'er these,
With every motion pouring out fresh beauties,
As though the conscious colours came and went
At pleasure, glorying in their subtle changes—
Enormous o'er the flood, Leviathan
Looked forth, and from his roaring nostrils sent
Two fountains to the sky, then plunged amain
In headlong pastime through the closing gulf.

The Recluse.

A fountain issuing into light
Before a marble palace, threw
To heaven its column, pure and bright,
Returning thence in showers of dew;
But soon a humbler course it took,
And glid away a nameless brook.

Flowers on its grassy margin sprang,
Flies o'er its eddying surface played,
Birds 'midst the alder-branches sang,
Flocks through the verdant meadows strayed;
The weary there lay down to rest,
And there the halcyon built her nest.

'Twas beautiful to stand and watch
The fountain's crystal turn to gems,
And from the sky such colours catch
As if 'twere raining diadems;
Yet all was cold and curious art,
That charmed the eye, but missed the heart.

Dearer to me the little stream
Whose unimprisoned waters run,
Wild as the changes of a dream,
By rock and glen, through shade and sun;
Its lovely links had power to bind
In welcome chains my wandering mind.

So thought I when I saw the face
By happy portraiture revealed,
Of one adorned with every grace,
Her name and date from me concealed,
But not her story; she had been
The pride of many a splendid scene.

She cast her glory round a court,
And fronted in the gayest ring,
Where fashion's high-born minions sport
Like sparkling fire-flies on the wing;
But thence when love had touched her soul,
To nature and to truth she stole.

From din, and pageantry, and strife,
'Midst woods and mountains, vales and plains,
She treads the paths of lowly life,
Yet in a bosom-circle reigns,
No fountain scattering diamond-showers,
But the sweet streamlet watering flowers.

The Grave.

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil,
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

For misery stole me at my birth,
And cast me helpless on the wild:
I perish; O, my mother earth!
Take home thy child!

On thy dear lap these limbs reclined,
Shall gently moulder into thee;
Nor leave one wretched trace behind
Resembling me.

Hark! a strange sound affrights mine ear;
My pulse, my brain runs wild—I rave:
Ah! who art thou whose voice I hear?
'I am the Grave!

The Grave, that never spake before,
Hath found at length a tongue to chide:
O listen! I will speak no more:
Be silent, pride!

Art thou a wretch, of hope forlorn,
The victim of consuming care?
Is thy distracted conscience torn
By fell despair?

Do foul misdeeds of former times
Wring with remorse thy guilty breast?
And ghosts of unforgiven crimes
Murder thy rest?

Lashed by the furies of the mind,
From wrath and vengeance wouldst thou flee?
Ah! think not, hope not, fool! to find
A friend in me.

By all the terrors of the tomb,
Beyond the power of tongue to tell!
By the dread secrets of my womb!
By death and hell!

I charge thee live! repent and pray;
In dust thine infamy deplore:
There yet is mercy; go thy way,
And sin no more.

Art thou a mourner? Hast thou known
The joy of innocent delights?
Endearing days for ever flown,
And tranquil nights?

O live! and deeply cherish still
The sweet remembrance of the past:
Rely on Heaven's unchanging will
For peace at last.

Art thou a wanderer? Hast thou seen
O'erwhelming tempests drown thy bark?
A shipwrecked sufferer, hast thou been
Misfortune's mark?

Though long of winds and waves the sport,
Condemned in wretchedness to roam,
Live! thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
A quiet home.

To friendship didst thou trust thy fame?
And was thy friend a deadly foe,
Who stole into thy breast, to aim
A surer blow?

Live! and repine not o'er his loss,
A loss unworthy to be told:
Thou hast mistaken sordid dross
For friendship's gold.

Go, seek that treasure, seldom found,
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,
And soothe the bosom's deepest wound
With heavenly balm.

Did woman's charms thy youth beguile,
And did the fair one faithless prove?
Hath she betrayed thee with her smile,
And sold thy love?

Live! 'twas a false bewildering fire:
Too often love's insidious dart
Thrills the fond soul with wild desire,
But kills the heart.

Thou yet shalt know how sweet, how dear,
To gaze on listening beauty's eye!
To ask—and pause in hope and fear
Till she reply!

A nobler flame shall warm thy breast,
A brighter maiden faithful prove;
Thy youth, thine age, shall yet be blest
In woman's love.

Whate'er thy lot, whoe'er thou be,
Confess thy folly—kiss the rod,
And in thy chastening sorrows see
The hand of God.

A bruised reed he will not break;
Afflictions all his children feel;
He wounds them for his mercy's sake;
He wounds to heal!

Humbled beneath his mighty hand,
Prostrate his Providence adore:
'Tis done!—Arise! He bids thee stand,
To fall no more.

Now, traveller in the vale of tears!
To realms of everlasting light,
Through time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight.

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
And while the mouldering ashes sleep
Low in the ground;

The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
A star of day!

The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The soul, immortal as its sire,
Shall never die.'

The Field of the World.

Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow;
The highway furrows stock;
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow;
Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale, by plots, 'tis found;
Go forth, then, everywhere.

Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
When and wherever strown.

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garners in the sky.

Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry—'Harvest home.'

Aspirations of Youth.

Higher, higher, will we climb,
Up to the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
In our country's story;
Happy, when her welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper, let us toil
  In the mines of knowledge;
Nature's wealth and learning's spoil,
  Win from school and college;
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward, may we press
  Through the path of duty;
Virtue is true happiness,
  Excellence true beauty.
Minds are of celestial birth,
Make we then a heaven of earth.

Closer, closer, let us knit
  Hearts and hands together,
Where our fireside comforts sit,
  In the wildest weather;
O! they wander wide who roam
For the joys of life from home.

The Common Lot.

Once, in the flight of ages past,
  There lived a man: and who was he?
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
  That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
  The land in which he died unknown:
His name has perished from the earth,
  This truth survives alone:

That joy, and grief, and hope, and fear,
  Alternate triumphed in his breast;
His bliss and wo—a smile, a tear!
  Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
  The changing spirits' rise and fall;
We know that these were felt by him,
  For these are felt by all.

He suffered—but his pangs are o'er;
  Enjoyed—but his delights are fled;
Had friends—his friends are now no more;
  And foes—his foes are dead.

He loved—but whom he loved the grave
  Hath lost in its unconscious womb:
O she was fair! but nought could save
  Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen;
  Encountered all that troubles thee:
He was—whatever thou hast been;
  He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
  Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life and light,
  To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
  That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
  No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
  Their ruins, since the world began,
Of him afford no other trace
  Than this—there lived a man!

Prayer.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire
  Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
  That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,
  The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
  When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
  That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
  The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
  The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death:
  He enters heaven by prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
  Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
  And say, 'Behold he prays!'

The saints in prayer appear as one,
  In word, and deed, and mind,
When with the Father and his Son
  Their fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone:
  The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
  For sinners intercedes.

O Thou, by whom we come to God,
  The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod:
  Lord, teach us how to pray!

Home.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth:
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend;
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life!
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home!

THE HON. WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER.

The Hon. William Robert Spencer (1770-1834) published occasional poems of that description named *vers de société*, whose highest object is to gild the social hour. They were exaggerated in compliment and adulation, and wittily parodied in the 'Rejected Addresses.' As a companion, Mr Spencer was much prized by the brilliant circles of the metropolis; but falling into pecuniary difficulties, he removed to Paris, where he died. His poems were collected and published in 1835. Sir Walter Scott, who knew and esteemed Spencer, quotes the following 'fine lines' from one of his poems, as expressive of his own feel-

ings amidst the wreck and desolation of his fortunes at Abbotsford:—

The shade of youthful hope is there,
  That lingered long, and latest died;
Ambition all dissolved to air,
  With phantom honours by his side.

What empty shadows glimmer nigh?
  They once were Friendship, Truth, and Love!
Oh! die to thought, to memory die,
  Since lifeless to my heart ye prove!

Mr Spencer translated the Leonora of Burger with great success, and in a vein of similar excellence composed some original ballads, one of which, marked by simplicity and pathos, we subjoin:—

Beth Gêlert, or the Grave of the Greyhound.

The spearmen heard the bugle sound,
  And cheerly smiled the morn;
And many a brach, and many a hound,
  Obeyed Llewelyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
  And gave a lustier cheer,
'Come, Gêlert, come, wert never last
  Llewelyn's horn to hear.

Oh where does faithful Gêlert roam,
  The flower of all his race;
So true, so brave—a lamb at home,
  A lion in the chase?'

'Twas only at Llewelyn's board
  The faithful Gêlert fed;
He watched, he served, he cheered his lord,
  And sentineled his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
  The gift of royal John;
But now no Gêlert could be found,
  And all the chase rode on.

And now, as o'er the rocks and dells
  The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowden's craggy chaos yells
  The many-mingled cries!

That day Llewelyn little loved
  The chase of hart and hare;
And scant and small the booty proved,
  For Gêlert was not there.

Unpleased Llewelyn homeward hied,
  When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gêlert he espied,
  Bounding his lord to greet.

But, when he gained his castle-door,
  Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound all o'er was smeared with gore;
  His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewelyn gazed with fierce surprise;
  Unused such looks to meet,
His favourite checked his joyful guise,
  And crouched, and licked his feet.

Onward, in haste, Llewelyn passed,
  And on went Gêlert too;
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,
  Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view.

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
  With blood-stained covert rent,
And all around the walls and ground
  With recent blood besprent.

He called his child—no voice replied—
  He searched with terror wild;
Blood, blood he found on every side,
  But nowhere found his child.

'Hell-hound! my child's by thee devoured,'
  The frantic father cried;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
  He plunged in Gêlert's side.

His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,
  No pity could impart;
But still his Gêlert's dying yell
  Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gêlert's dying yell,
  Some slumberer wakened nigh:
What words the parent's joy could tell
  To hear his infant's cry!

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap
  His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
  The cherub boy he kissed.

Nor scathe had he, nor harm, nor dread,
  But, the same couch beneath,
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,
  Tremendous still in death.

Ah, what was then Llewelyn's pain!
  For now the truth was clear;
His gallant hound the wolf had slain
  To save Llewelyn's heir:

Vain, vain was all Llewelyn's wo;
  'Best of thy kind adieu!
The frantic blow which laid thee low
  This heart shall ever rue.'

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
  With costly sculpture decked;
And marbles storied with his praise
  Poor Gêlert's bones protect.

There, never could the spearman pass,
  Or forester unmoved;
There, oft the tear-besprinkled grass
  Llewelyn's sorrow proved.

And there he hung his horn and spear,
  And there, as evening fell,
In fancy's ear he oft would hear
  Poor Gêlert's dying yell.

And, till great Snowden's rocks grow old,
  And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
  The name of 'Gêlert's Grave.'

Wife, Children, and Friends.

When the black-lettered list to the gods was presented
  (The list of what fate for each mortal intends),
At the long string of ills a kind goddess relented,
  And slipped in three blessings—wife, children, and
    friends.

In vain surly Pluto maintained he was cheated,
  For justice divine could not compass its ends;
The scheme of man's penance he swore was defeated,
  For earth becomes heaven with—wife, children, and
    friends.

If the stock of our bliss is in stranger hands vested,
  The fund ill secured, oft in bankruptcy ends;
But the heart issues bills which are never protested,
  When drawn on the firm of—wife, children, and
    friends.

Though valour still glows in his life's dying embers,
  The death-wounded tar, who his colours defends,
Drops a tear of regret as he dying remembers
  How blessed was his home with—wife, children, and
    friends.

The soldier, whose deeds live immortal in story,
  Whom duty to far distant latitudes sends,
With transport would barter old ages of glory
  For one happy day with—wife, children, and friends.

Though spice-breathing gales on his caravan hover,
Though for him Arabia's fragrance ascends,
The merchant still thinks of the woodbines that cover
The bower where he sat with—wife, children, and
friends.

The day-spring of youth still unclouded by sorrow,
Alone on itself for enjoyment depends;
But drear is the twilight of age, if it borrow
No warmth from the smile of—wife, children, and
friends.

Let the breath of renown ever freshen and nourish
The laurel which o'er the dead favourite bends;
O'er me wave the willow, and long may it flourish,
Bedewed with the tears of—wife, children, and
friends.

Let us drink, for my song, growing graver and graver,
To subjects too solemn insensibly tends;
Let us drink, pledge me high, love and virtue shall
flavour
The glass which I fill to—wife, children, and friends.

To ——.

Too late I stayed—forgive the crime;
Unheeded flew the hours;
How noiseless falls the foot of Time!
That only treads on flowers!

What eye with clear account remarks
The ebbing of the glass,
When all its sands are diamond sparks,
That dazzle as they pass!

Oh! who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of Paradise have lent
Their plumage for his wings!

Epitaph upon the Year 1806.

'Tis gone, with its thorns and its roses!
With the dust of dead ages to mix!
Time's charnel for ever encloses
The year Eighteen Hundred and Six!

Though many may question thy merit,
I duly thy dirge will perform,
Content if thy heir but inherit
Thy portion of sunshine and storm.

My blame and my blessing thou sharest,
For black were thy moments in part;
But oh! thy fair days were the fairest
That ever have shone on my heart!

If thine was a gloom the completest
That death's darkest cypress could throw,
Thine, too, was a garland the sweetest
That life in full blossom could show!

One hand gave the balmy corrector
Of ills which the other had brewed—
One draught from thy chalice of nectar
All taste of thy bitter subdued.

'Tis gone, with its thorns and its roses!
With mine, tears more precious may mix
To hallow this midnight which closes
The year Eighteen Hundred and Six!

Stanzas.

When midnight o'er the moonless skies
Her pall of transient death has spread,
When mortals sleep, when spectres rise,
And nought is wakeful but the dead:

No bloodless shape my way pursues,
No sheeted ghost my couch annoys;
Visions more sad my fancy views,
Visions of long departed joys!

The shade of youthful hope is there,
That lingered long, and latest died;
Ambition all dissolved to air,
With phantom honours by his side.

What empty shadows glimmer nigh?
They once were Friendship, Truth, and Love!
Oh! die to thought, to memory die,
Since lifeless to my heart ye prove!

LEIGH HUNT.

Leigh Hunt, a poet and essayist of the lively and descriptive, not the *intense* school, was born at Southgate, in Middlesex, October 19, 1784. His father was a West Indian, but being in Pennsylvania



Leigh Hunt.

at the time of the American war, he espoused the British interest with so much warmth, that he had to leave the new world and seek a subsistence in the old. He took orders in the church of England, and was sometime tutor to the nephew of Lord Chandos, near Southgate. His son (who was named after his father's pupil, Mr Leigh) was educated at Christ's Hospital, where he continued till his fifteenth year. 'I was then,' he says, 'first deputy Grecian; and had the honour of going out of the school in the same rank, at the same age, and for the same reason as my friend Charles Lamb. The reason was, that I hesitated in my speech. It was understood that a Grecian was bound to deliver a public speech before he left school, and to go into the church afterwards; and as I could do neither of these things, a Grecian I could not be.' Leigh was then a poet, and his father collected his verses, and published them with a large list of subscribers. He has himself described this volume as a heap of imitations, some of them clever enough for a youth of sixteen, but absolutely worthless in every other respect. In 1805, Mr Hunt's brother set up a paper called the News, and the poet went to live with him, and write the theatrical criticisms in it. Three years afterwards, they established, in joint partnership, the Examiner, a weekly journal still conducted with distinguished

ability. The poet was more literary than political in his tastes and lucubrations; but unfortunately he ventured some strictures on the prince regent, which were construed into a libel, and he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment. The poet's captivity was not without its bright side. He had much of the public sympathy, and his friends (Byron and Moore being of the number) were attentive in their visits. One of his two rooms on the 'ground-floor' he converted into a picturesque and poetical study:—'I papered the walls with a trellis of roses; I had the ceiling coloured with clouds and sky; the barred windows were screened with Venetian blinds; and when my bookcases were set up, with their busts and flowers, and a pianoforte made its appearance, perhaps there was not a handsomer room on that side the water. I took a pleasure, when a stranger knocked at the door, to see him come in and stare about him. The surprise on issuing from the borough, and passing through the avenues of a jail, was dramatic. Charles Lamb declared there was no other such room except in a fairy tale. But I had another surprise, which was a garden. There was a little yard outside, railed off from another belonging to the neighbouring ward. This yard I shut in with green palings, adorned it with a trellis, bordered it with a thick bed of earth from a nursery, and even contrived to have a grass plot. The earth I filled with flowers and young trees. There was an apple-tree from which we managed to get a pudding the second year. As to my flowers, they were allowed to be perfect. A poet from Derbyshire (Mr Moore) told me he had seen no such heart's-ease. I bought the "Parnaso Italiano" while in prison, and used often to think of a passage in it, while looking at this miniature piece of horticulture:—

Mio picciol orto,
A me sei vigna, e campo, e silva, e prato.—*Baldi.*

My little garden,
To me thou'rt vineyard, field, and wood, and meadow.

Here I wrote and read in fine weather, sometimes under an awning. In autumn, my trellises were hung with scarlet runners, which added to the flowery investment. I used to shut my eyes in my arm-chair, and affect to think myself hundreds of miles off. But my triumph was in issuing forth of a morning. A wicket out of the garden led into the large one belonging to the prison. The latter was only for vegetables, but it contained a cherry-tree, which I twice saw in blossom.'*

This is so interesting a little picture, and so fine an example of making the most of adverse circumstances, that it should not be omitted in any life of Hunt. The poet, however, was not so well fitted to battle with the world, and apply himself steadily to worldly business, as he was to dress his garden and nurse his poetical fancies. He fell into difficulties, and has been contending with them ever since. On leaving prison he published his *Story of Rimini*, an Italian tale in verse, containing some exquisite lines and passages. He set up also a small weekly paper called the *Indicator*, on the plan of the periodical essayists, which was well received. He also gave to the world two small volumes of poetry, *Foliage*, and *The Feast of the Poets*. In 1822 Mr Hunt went to Italy to reside with Lord Byron, and to establish the *Liberal*, a crude and violent melange of poetry and politics, both in the extreme of liberalism. This connexion was productive of mutual disappointment and disgust. The 'Liberal' did not sell; Byron's titled and aristocratic friends cried out against so plebeian a partnership; and Hunt found that the noble poet, to whom he was indebted in a pecuniary sense, was cold, sarcastic, and worldly-minded. Still more unfortunate was it that Hunt should afterwards have written the work, *Lord Byron and Some of his Contemporaries*, in which his disappointed feelings found vent, and their expression was construed into ingratitude. His life has been spent in struggling with influences contrary to his nature and poetical temperament. The spirit of the poet, however, is still active and cheerful, as may be readily conceived from perusing the following set of blithe images in a poem written in December 1840, on the birth of the Princess Royal.

Behold where thou dost lie,
Heeding naught, remote on high!
Naught of all the news we sing
Dost thou know, sweet ignorant thing;
Naught of planet's love nor people's;
Nor dost hear the giddy steeples
Carolling of thee and thine,
As if heaven had rained them wine;
Nor dost care for all the pains
Of ushers and of chamberlains,
Nor the doctor's learned looks,
Nor the very bishop's books,
Nor the lace that wraps thy chin,
No, nor for thy rank a pin.
E'en thy father's loving hand
Nowise dost thou understand,
When he makes thee feebly grasp
His finger with a tiny clasp;
Nor dost thou know thy very mother's
Balmy bosom from another's,
Though thy small blind eyes pursue it;
Nor the arms that draw thee to it;
Nor the eyes that, while they fold thee,
Never can enough behold thee!

In 1840 Mr Hunt brought out a drama entitled *A Legend of Florence*, and in 1842 a narrative poem, *The Palfrey*. His poetry, generally, is marked by a profusion of imagery, of sprightly fancy, and animated description. Some quaintness and affectation in his style and manner fixed upon him the name of a Cockney poet; but his studies have lain chiefly in the elder writers, and he has imitated with success the lighter and more picturesque parts of Chaucer and Spenser. Boccaccio, and the gay Italian authors, appear also to have been among his favourites. His prose essays have been collected and published under the title of *The Indicator and the Companion, a Miscellany for the Fields and the Fireside*. They are deservedly popular—full of literary anecdote, poetical feeling, and fine sketches both of town and country life. The egotism of the author is undisguised; but in all Hunt's writings, his peculiar tastes and romantic fancy, his talk of books and flowers, and his love of the domestic virtues and charities (though he has too much imagination for his judgment in the serious matters of life), impart a particular interest and pleasure to his personal disclosures.

[*May Morning at Ravenna.*]

[From 'Rimini.']

The sun is up, and 'tis a morn of May
Round old Ravenna's clear-shown towers and bay.
A morn, the loveliest which the year has seen,
Last of the spring, yet fresh with all its green;
For a warm eve, and gentle rains at night
Have left a sparkling welcome for the light,
And there's a crystal clearness all about;
The leaves are sharp, the distant hills look out;

* Lord Byron and Some of his Contemporaries, vol. ii. p. 258.

A balmy briskness comes upon the breeze;
The smoke goes dancing from the cottage trees;
And when you listen, you may hear a coil
Of bubbling springs about the grassy soil;
And all the scene, in short—sky, earth, and sea,
Breathes like a bright-eyed face, that laughs out openly.
'Tis nature, full of spirits, waked and springing:
The birds to the delicious time are singing,
Darting with freaks and snatches up and down,
Where the light woods go seaward from the town;
While happy faces, striking through the green
Of leafy roads, at every turn are seen;
And the far ships, lifting their sails of white
Like joyful hands, come up with scattery light,
Come gleaming up, true to the wished-for day,
And chase the whistling brine, and swirl into the bay.
Already in the streets the stir grows loud,
Of expectation and a bustling crowd.
With feet and voice the gathering hum contends,
The deep talk heaves, the ready laugh ascends;
Callings, and clapping doors, and curs unite,
And shouts from mere exuberance of delight;
And armed bands, making important way,
Gallant and grave, the lords of holiday,
And nodding neighbours, greeting as they run,
And pilgrims, chanting in the morning sun.

[Funeral of the Lovers in 'Rimini']

The days were then at close of autumn still,
A little rainy, and, towards nightfall, chill;
There was a fitful moaning air abroad;
And ever and anon, over the road,
The last few leaves came fluttering from the trees,
Whose trunks now thronged to sight, in dark varieties.
The people, who from reverence kept at home,
Listened till afternoon to hear them come;
And hour on hour went by, and nought was heard
But some chance horseman or the wind that stirred,
Till towards the vesper hour; and then 'twas said
Some heard a voice, which seemed as if it read;
And others said that they could hear a sound
Of many horses trampling the moist ground.
Still, nothing came—till on a sudden, just
As the wind opened in a rising gust,
A voice of chanting rose, and as it spread,
They plainly heard the anthem for the dead.
It was the choristers who went to meet
The train, and now were entering the first street.
Then turned aside that city, young and old,
And in their lifted hands the gushing sorrow rolled.
But of the older people, few could bear
To keep the window, when the train drew near;
And all felt double tenderness to see
The bier approaching slow and steadily,
On which those two in senseless coldness lay,
Who but a few short months—it seemed a day—
Had left their walls, lovely in form and mind,
In sunny manhood he—she first of womankind.
They say that when Duke Guido saw them come,
He clasped his hands, and looking round the room,
Lost his old wits for ever. From the morrow
None saw him after. But no more of sorrow.
On that same night those lovers silently
Were buried in one grave under a tree;
There, side by side, and hand in hand, they lay
In the green ground: and on fine nights in May
Young hearts betrothed used to go there to pray.

To T. L. H., Six Years Old, During a Sickness.

Sleep breathes at last from out thee,
My little patient boy;
And balmy rest about thee
Smooths off the day's annoy.
I sit me down, and think
Of all thy winning ways:
Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,
That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong pillowed meekness,
Thy thanks to all that aid,
Thy heart in pain and weakness,
Of fancied faults afraid;
The little trembling hand
That wipes thy quiet tears,
These, these are things that may demand
Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I've had severe ones,
I will not think of now;
And calmly 'midst my dear ones,
Have wasted with dry brow;
But when thy fingers press
And pat my stooping head,
I cannot bear the gentleness—
The tears are in their bed.

Ah! first-born of thy mother,
When life and hope were new,
Kind playmate of thy brother,
Thy sister, father, too;
My light, where'er I go,
My bird, when prison bound,
My hand in hand companion—no,
My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say 'He has departed'—
'His voice'—'his face'—'is gone;'
To feel impatient-hearted,
Yet feel we must bear on;
Ah, I could not endure
To whisper of such wo,
Unless I felt this sleep insure
That it will not be so.

Yes, still he's fixed, and sleeping!
This silence too the while—
Its very hush and creeping
Seem whispering us a smile:
Something divine and dim
Seems going by one's ear,
Like parting wings of cherubim,
Who say, 'We've finished here.'

Dirge.

Blessed is the turf, serenely blessed,
Where throbbing hearts may sink to rest,
Where life's long journey turns to sleep,
Nor ever pilgrim wakes to weep.
A little sod, a few sad flowers,
A tear for long-departed hours,
Is all that feeling hearts request
To hush their weary thoughts to rest.
There shall no vain ambition come
To lure them from their quiet home;
Nor sorrow lift, with heart-strings riven,
The meek imploring eye to heaven;
Nor sad remembrance stoop to shed
His wrinkles on the slumberer's head;
And never, never love repair
To breathe his idle whispers there!

To the Grasshopper and the Cricket.

Green little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June,
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass;

Oh, sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
 One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong
 At your clear hearts; and both were sent on earth
To sing in thoughtful ears this natural song—
 In-doors and out, summer and winter, mirth.

The Celebrated Canzone of Petrarch—'Chiare, fresche, e dolce acque.'

Clear, fresh, and dulcet streams,
Which the fair shape, who seems
To me sole woman, haunted at noontide;
Bough, gently interknit
(I sigh to think of it),
Which formed a rustic chair for her sweet side;
And turf, and flowers bright-eyed,
O'er which her folded gown
Flowed like an angel's down;
And you, O holy air and hushed,
Where first my heart at her sweet glances gushed;
Give ear, give ear, with one consenting,
To my last words, my last and my lamenting.

If 'tis my fate below,
And Heaven will have it so,
That love must close these dying eyes in tears,
May my poor dust be laid
In middle of your shade,
While my soul, naked, mounts to its own spheres.
The thought would calm my fears,
When taking, out of breath,
The doubtful step of death;
For never could my spirit find
A stiller port after the stormy wind:
Nor in more calm abstracted bourne,
Slip from my travailed flesh, and from my bones out-worn.

Perhaps, some future hour,
To her accustomed bower
Might come the untamed, and yet the gentle she;
And where she saw me first,
Might turn with eyes athirst,
And kinder joy to look again for me;
Then, O the charity!
Seeing betwixt the stones
The earth that held my bones,
A sigh for very love at last
Might ask of Heaven to pardon me the past;
And Heaven itself could not say nay,
As with her gentle veil she wiped the tears away.

How well I call to mind
When from those bowers the wind
Shook down upon her bosom flower on flower;
And there she sat, meek-eyed,
In midst of all that pride,
Sprinkled and blushing through an amorous shower.
Some to her hair paid dower,
And seemed to dress the curls,
Queen-like, with gold and pearls;
Some, snowing, on her drapery stopped:
Some on the earth, some on the water dropped;
While others, fluttering from above,
Seemed wheeling round in pomp, and saying 'Here reigns Love.'

How often then I said,
Inward, and filled with dread,
'Doubtless this creature came from Paradise!'
For at her look the while,
Her voice, and her sweet smile,
And heavenly air, truth parted from mine eyes:
So that, with long-drawn sighs,
I said, as far from men,
'How came I here—and when?'
I had forgotten; and, alas!
Fancied myself in heaven, not where I was;
And from that time till this, I bear
Such love for the green bower, I cannot rest elsewhere.

JOHN CLARE.

John Clare, one of the most truly uneducated of English poets, and one of the best of our rural describers, was born at Helpstone, a village near Peterborough, in 1793. His parents were peasants—his father a helpless cripple and a pauper. John obtained some education by his own extra work as a ploughboy: from the labour of eight weeks he generally acquired as many pence as paid for a month's schooling. At thirteen years of age he met with Thomson's Seasons, and hoarded up a shilling to purchase a copy. At daybreak on a spring morning, he walked to the town of Stamford—six or seven miles off—to make the purchase, and had to wait some time till the shops were opened. This is a fine trait of boyish enthusiasm, and of the struggles of youthful genius. Returning to his native village with the precious purchase, as he walked through the beautiful scenery of Burghley Park, he composed his first piece of poetry, which he called the *Morning Walk*. This was soon followed by the *Evening Walk*, and some other pieces. A benevolent exciseman instructed the young poet in writing and arithmetic, and he continued his obscure but ardent devotions to his rural muse. 'Most of his poems,' says the writer of a memoir prefixed to his first volume, 'were composed under the immediate impression of his feelings in the fields or on the road sides. He could not trust his memory, and therefore he wrote them down with a pencil on the spot, his hat serving him for a desk; and if it happened that he had no opportunity soon after of transcribing these imperfect memorials, he could seldom decipher them or recover his first thoughts. From this cause several of his poems are quite lost, and others exist only in fragments. Of those which he had committed to writing, especially his earlier pieces, many were destroyed from another circumstance, which shows how little he expected to please others with them; from a hole in the wall of his room where he stuffed his manuscripts, a piece of paper was often taken to hold the kettle with, or light the fire.' In 1817, Clare, while working at Bridge Casterton, in Rutlandshire, resolved on risking the publication of a volume. By hard working day and night, he got a pound saved, that he might have a prospectus printed. This was accordingly done, and a *Collection of Original Trifles* was announced to subscribers, the price not to exceed 3s. 6d. 'I distributed my papers,' he says; 'but as I could get at no way of pushing them into higher circles than those with whom I was acquainted, they consequently passed off as quietly as if they had been still in my possession, unprinted and unseen.' Only seven subscribers came forward! One of these prospectuses, however, led to an acquaintance with Mr Edward Drury, bookseller, Stamford, and through this gentleman the poems were published by Messrs Taylor and Hessey, London, who purchased them from Clare for £20. The volume was brought out in January 1820, with an interesting well-written introduction, and bearing the title, *Poems Descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery*, by John Clare, a Northamptonshire peasant. The attention of the public was instantly awakened to the circumstances and the merits of Clare. The magazines and reviews were unanimous in his favour. 'This interesting little volume,' said the Quarterly Review, 'bears indubit-

able evidence of being composed altogether from the impulses of the writer's mind, as excited by external objects and internal sensations. Here are no tawdry and feeble paraphrases of former poets, no attempts at describing what the author *might* have become acquainted with in his limited reading. The woods, the vales, the brooks, "the crimson spots i' the bottom of a cowslip," or the loftier phenomena of the heavens, contemplated through the alternations of hope and despondency, are the principal sources whence the youth, whose adverse circumstances and resignation under them extort our sympathy, drew the faithful and vivid pictures before us. Examples of minds highly gifted by nature, struggling with, and breaking through the bondage of adversity, are not rare in this country: but privation is not destitution; and the instance before us is, perhaps, one of the most striking of patient and persevering talent existing and enduring in the most forlorn, and seemingly hopeless condition, that literature has at any time exhibited.'

In a short time Clare was in possession of a little fortune. The present Earl Fitzwilliam sent £100 to his publishers, which, with the like sum advanced by them, was laid out in the purchase of stock; the Marquis of Exeter allowed him an annuity of fifteen guineas for life; the Earl of Spencer a further annuity of £10, and various contributions were received from other noblemen and gentlemen, so that the poet had a permanent allowance of £30 per annum. He married his 'Patty of the Vale,' 'the rosebud in humble life,' the daughter of a neighbouring farmer; and in his native cottage at Helpstone, with his aged and infirm parents and his young wife by his side—all proud of his now rewarded and successful genius—Clare basked in the sunshine of a poetical felicity. The writer of this recollects, with melancholy pleasure, paying a visit to the poet at this genial season in company with one of his publishers. The humble dwelling wore an air of comfort and contented happiness. Shelves were fitted up, filled with books, most of which had been sent as presents. Clare read and liked them all! He took us to see his favourite scene, the haunt of his inspiration. It was a low fall of swampy ground, used as a pasture, and bounded by a dull rushy brook, overhung with willows. Yet here Clare strayed and mused delighted.

Flow on, thou gently-plashing stream,
  O'er weed-beds wild and rank;
Delighted I've enjoyed my dream
  Upon thy mossy bank:
Bemoistening many a weedy stem,
  I've watched thee wind so clearly,
And on thy bank I found the gem
  That makes me love thee dearly.

In 1821 Clare came forward again as a poet. His second publication was entitled *The Village Minstrel and other Poems*, in two volumes. The first of these pieces is in the Spenserian stanza, and describes the scenes, sports, and feelings of rural life—the author himself sitting for the portrait of Lubin, the humble rustic who 'hummed his lowly dreams'

Far in the shade where poverty retires.

The descriptions of scenery, as well as the expression of natural emotion and generous sentiment in this poem, exalted the reputation of Clare as a true poet. He afterwards contributed short pieces to the annuals and other periodicals, marked by a more choice and refined diction. The poet's prosperity was, alas! soon over. His discretion was not equal to his fortitude: he speculated in farming, wasted his little hoard, and amidst accumulating difficulties sank into nervous despondency and despair. He is now, we believe, in a private asylum—hopeless, but not dead to passing events. This sad termination of so bright a morning it is painful to contemplate. Amidst the native wild flowers of his song we looked not for the 'deadly nightshade'—and, though the example of Burns, of Chatterton, and Bloomfield, was better fitted to inspire fear than hope, there was in Clare a naturally lively and cheerful temperament, and an apparent absence of strong and dangerous passions, that promised, as in the case of Allan Ramsay, a life of humble yet prosperous contentment and happiness. Poor Clare's muse was the true offspring of English country life. He was a faithful painter of rustic scenes and occupations, and he noted every light and shade of his brooks, meadows, and green lanes. His fancy was buoyant in the midst of labour and hardship; and his imagery, drawn directly from nature, is various and original. Careful finishing could not be expected from the rustic poet, yet there is often a fine delicacy and beauty in his pieces, and his moral reflections and pathos win their way to the heart. 'It is seldom,' as one of his critics remarked, 'that the public have an opportunity of learning the unmixed and unadulterated impression of the loveliness of nature on a man of vivid perception and strong feeling, equally unacquainted with the art and reserve of the world, and with the riches, rules, and prejudices of literature.' Clare was strictly such a man. His reading before his first publication had been extremely limited, and did not either form his taste or bias the direction of his powers. He wrote out of the fulness of his heart; and his love of nature was so universal, that he included all, weeds as well as flowers, in his picturesque catalogues of her charms. In grouping and forming his pictures, he has recourse to new and original expressions—as, for example—

Brisk winds the lightened branches shake
  By pattering, plashing drops confessed;
And, where oaks dripping shade the lake,
  Paint *crimping dimples* on its breast.

A sonnet to the glow-worm is singularly rich in this vivid word-painting:—

Tasteful illumination of the night,
Bright scattered, twinkling star of spangled earth!
Hail to the nameless coloured dark and light,
The witching nurse of thy illumined birth.
In thy still hour how dearly I delight
To rest my weary bones, from labour free;
In lone spots, out of hearing, out of sight,
To sigh day's smothered pains; and pause on thee,
Bedecking dangling brier and ivied tree,
Or diamonds tipping on the grassy spear;
Thy pale-faced glimmering light I love to see,
Gilding and glistering in the dewdrop near:
O still-hour's mate! my easing heart sobs free,
While tiny bents low bend with many an added tear.

In these happy microscopic views of nature, Grahame, the author of the Sabbath, is the only poet who can be put in competition with Clare. The delicacy of some of his sentimental verses, mixed up in careless profusion with others less correct or pleasing, may be seen from the following part of a ballad, *The Fate of Amy*:—

The flowers the sultry summer kills
  Spring's milder suns restore;
But innocence, that fickle charm,
  Blooms once, and blooms no more.

The swains who loved no more admire,
  Their hearts no beauty warms;
And maidens triumph in her fall
  That envied once her charms.

Lost was that sweet simplicity;
  Her eye's bright lustre fled;
And o'er her checks, where roses bloomed,
  A sickly paleness spread.

So fades the flower before its time,
  Where cankerworms assail;
So droops the bud upon its stem
  Beneath the sickly gale.

What is Life?

And what is Life? An hour-glass on the run,
A mist retreating from the morning sun,
A busy, bustling, still-repeated dream.
  Its length? A minute's pause, a moment's thought.
And Happiness? A bubble on the stream,
  That in the act of seizing shrinks to nought.

And what is Hope? The puffing gale of morn,
  That robs each flowret of its gem—and dies;
A cobweb, hiding disappointment's thorn,
  Which stings more keenly through the thin disguise.

And what is Death? Is still the cause unfound?
That dark mysterious name of horrid sound?
  A long and lingering sleep the weary crave.
And Peace? Where can its happiness abound?
  No where at all, save heaven and the grave.

Then what is Life? When stripped of its disguise,
  A thing to be desired it cannot be;
Since everything that meets our foolish eyes
  Gives proof sufficient of its vanity.
'Tis but a trial all must undergo,
  To teach unthankful mortals how to prize
That happiness vain man's denied to know,
  Until he's called to claim it in the skies.

Summer Morning.

'Tis sweet to meet the morning breeze,
  Or list the giggling of the brook;
Or, stretched beneath the shade of trees,
  Peruse and pause on nature's book.

When nature every sweet prepares
  To entertain our wished delay—
The images which morning wears,
  The wakening charms of early day!

Now let me tread the meadow paths,
  Where glittering dew the ground illumes,
As sprinkled o'er the withering swaths
  Their moisture shrinks in sweet perfumes.

And hear the beetle sound his horn,
  And hear the skylark whistling nigh,
Sprung from his bed of tufted corn,
  A hailing minstrel in the sky.

First sunbeam, calling night away
  To see how sweet thy summons seems;
Split by the willow's wavy gray,
  And sweetly dancing on the streams.

How fine the spider's web is spun,
  Unnoticed to vulgar eyes:
Its silk thread glittering in the sun
  Arts bungling vanity defies.

Roaming while the dewy fields
  'Neath their morning burthen lean,
While its crop my searches shields,
  Sweet I scent the blossomed bean.

Making oft remarking stops;
  Watching tiny nameless things
Climb the grass's spiry tops
  Ere they try their gauzy wings.

So emerging into light,
  From the ignorant and vain
Fearful genius takes her flight,
  Skimming o'er the lowly plain.

The Primrose—A Sonnet.

Welcome, pale primrose! starting up between
  Dead matted leaves of ash and oak that strew
  The every lawn, the wood, and spinney through,
'Mid creeping moss and ivy's darker green;
  How much thy presence beautifies the ground!
How sweet thy modest unaffected pride
Glows on the sunny bank and wood's warm side!
  And where thy fairy flowers in groups are found,
The schoolboy roams enchantedly along,
  Plucking the fairest with a rude delight:
While the meek shepherd stops his simple song,
  To gaze a moment on the pleasing sight;
O'erjoyed to see the flowers that truly bring
The welcome news of sweet returning spring.

The Thrush's Nest—A Sonnet.

Within a thick and spreading hawthorn bush
  That overhung a molehill large and round,
I heard from morn to morn a merry thrush
  Sing hymns of rapture, while I drank the sound
With joy—and oft an unintruding guest,
  I watched her secret toils from day to day;
How true she warped the moss to form her nest,
  And modelled it within with wood and clay.
And by and by, like heath-bells gilt with dew,
  There lay her shining eggs as bright as flowers,
Ink-spotted over, shells of green and blue:
  And there I witnessed, in the summer hours,
A brood of nature's minstrels chirp and fly,
Glad as the sunshine and the laughing sky.*

First-Love's Recollections.

First-love will with the heart remain
  When its hopes are all gone by;
As frail rose-blossoms still retain
  Their fragrance when they die:
And joy's first dreams will haunt the mind
  With the shades 'mid which they sprung,
As summer leaves the stems behind
  On which spring's blossoms hung.

Mary, I dare not call thee dear,
  I've lost that right so long;
Yet once again I vex thine ear
  With memory's idle song.
I felt a pride to name thy name,
  But now that pride hath flown,
And burning blushes speak my shame,
  That thus I love thee on.

How loath to part, how fond to meet,
  Had we two used to be;
At sunset, with what eager feet
  I hastened unto thee!
Scarce nine days passed us ere we met
  In spring, nay, wintry weather;
Now nine years' suns have risen and set,
  Nor found us once together.

Thy face was so familiar grown,
  Thyself so often nigh,
A moment's memory when alone,
  Would bring thee in mine eye;

* Montgomery says quaintly but truly of this sonnet, 'Here we have in miniature the history and geography of a thrush's nest, so simply and naturally set forth, that one might think such strains

No more difficile
Than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle.

But let the heartless critic who despises them try his own hand either at a bird's nest or a sonnet like this; and when he has succeeded in making the one, he may have some hope of being able to make the other.'

But now my very dreams forget
That witching look to trace;
Though there thy beauty lingers yet,
It wears a stranger's face.

When last that gentle cheek I prest,
And heard thee feign adieu,
I little thought that seeming jest
Would prove a word so true!
A fate like this hath oft befell
Even loftier hopes than ours;
Spring bids full many buds to swell,
That ne'er can grow to flowers.

Dawnings of Genius.

In those low paths which poverty surrounds,
The rough rude ploughman, off his fallow grounds
(That necessary tool of wealth and pride),
While moiled and sweating, by some pasture's side,
Will often stoop, inquisitive to trace
The opening beauties of a daisy's face;
Oft will he witness, with admiring eyes,
The brook's sweet dimples o'er the pebbles rise;
And often bent, as o'er some magic spell,
He'll pause and pick his shapëd stone and shell:
Raptures the while his inward powers inflame,
And joys delight him which he cannot name;
Ideas picture pleasing views to mind,
For which his language can no utterance find;
Increasing beauties, freshening on his sight,
Unfold new charms, and witness more delight;
So while the present please, the past decay,
And in each other, losing, melt away.
Thus pausing wild on all he saunters by,
He feels enraptured, though he knows not why;
And hums and mutters o'er his joys in vain,
And dwells on something which he can't explain.
The bursts of thought with which his soul's perplexed,
Are bred one moment, and are gone the next;
Yet still the heart will kindling sparks retain,
And thoughts will rise, and Fancy strive again.
So have I marked the dying ember's light,
When on the hearth it fainted from my sight,
With glimmering glow oft redden up again,
And sparks crack brightening into life in vain;
Still lingering out its kindling hope to rise,
Till faint, and fainting, the last twinkle dies.
Dim burns the soul, and throbs the fluttering heart,
Its painful pleasing feelings to impart;
Till by successless sallies wearied quite,
The memory fails, and Fancy takes her flight:
The wick, confined within its socket, dies,
Borne down and smothered in a thousand sighs.

[*Scenes and Musings of the Peasant Poet.*]

[From the 'Village Minstrel.']

Each opening season, and each opening scene,
On his wild view still teemed with fresh delight;
E'en winter's storms to him have welcome been,
That brought him comfort in its long dark night,
As joyful listening, while the fire burnt bright,
Some neighbouring labourer's superstitious tale,
How 'Jack-a-lantern,' with his wisp alight,
To drown a 'nighted traveller once did fail,
He knowing well the brook that whimpered down the vale.

And tales of fairyland he loved to hear,
Those mites of human forms, like skimming bees,
That fly and flirt about but everywhere;
The mystic tribes of night's unnerving breeze,
That through a lock-hole even creep with ease:
The freaks and stories of this elfin crew,
Ah! Lubin gloried in such things as these;
How they rewarded industry he knew,
And how the restless slut was pinchëd black and blue.

How ancient dames a fairy's anger feared,
From gossip's stories Lubin often heard;
How they on every night the hearthstone cleared,
And, 'gainst their visits, all things neat prepared,
As fays nought more than cleanliness regard;
When in the morn they never failed to share
Or gold or silver as their meet reward,
Dropt in the water superstition's care,
To make the charm succeed, had cautious placëd there.

And thousands such the village keeps alive;
Beings that people superstitious earth,
That e'er in rural manners will survive,
As long as wild rusticity has birth
To spread their wonders round the cottage-hearth.
On Lubin's mind these deeply were impressed;
Oft fear forbade to share his neighbour's mirth:
And long each tale, by fancy newly dressed,
Brought fairies in his dreams, and broke his infant rest.

He had his dreads and fears, and scarce could pass
A churchyard's dreary mounds at silent night,
But footsteps trampled through the rustling grass,
And ghosts 'hind grave-stones stood in sheets of white;
Dread monsters fancy moulded on his sight;
Soft would he step lest they his tread should hear,
And creep and creep till past his wild affright;
Then on wind's wings would rally, as it were,
So swift the wild retreat of childhood's fancied fear.

And when fear left him, on his corner-seat
Much would he chatter o'er each dreadful tale;
Tell how he heard the sound of 'proaching feet,
And warriors jingling in their coats of mail;
And lumping knocks as one would thump a flail;
Of spirits conjured in the charnel floor;
And many a mournful shriek and hapless wail,
Where maids, self-murdered, their false loves deplore;
And from that time would vow to tramp on nights no more.

O! who can speak his joys when spring's young morn,
From wood and pasture, opened on his view!
When tender green buds blush upon the thorn,
And the first primrose dips its leaves in dew:
Each varied charm how joyed would he pursue,
Tempted to trace their beauties through the day;
Gray-girdled eve and morn of rosy hue
Have both beheld him on his lonely way,
Far, far remote from boys, and their unpleasing play.

Sequestered nature was his heart's delight;
Him would she lead through wood and lonely plain,
Searching the pooty from the rushy dike;
And while the thrush sang her long-silenced strain,
He thought it sweet, and mocked it o'er again;
And while he plucked the primrose in its pride,
He pondered o'er its bloom 'tween joy and pain;
And a rude sonnet in its praise he tried,
Where nature's simple way the aid of art supplied.

The freshened landscapes round his routes unfurled,
The fine-tinged clouds above, the woods below,
Each met his eye a new-revealing world,
Delighting more as more he learned to know;
Each journey sweeter, musing to and fro.
Surrounded thus, not Paradise more sweet;
Enthusiasm made his soul to glow;
His heart with wild sensations used to beat;
As nature seemly sang, his mutterings would repeat.

Upon a molehill oft he dropt him down,
To take a prospect of the circling scene,
Marking how much the cottage roof's thatch brown
Did add its beauty to the budding green

Of sheltering trees it humbly peeped between;
The stone-rocked wagon with its rumbling sound;
The windmill's sweeping sails at distance seen;
And every form that crowds the circling round,
Where the sky, stooping, seems to kiss the meeting
ground.

And dear to him the rural sports of May,
When each cot-threshold mounts its hailing bough,
And ruddy milkmaids weave their garlands gay,
Upon the green to crown the earliest cow;
When mirth and pleasure wear a joyful brow;
And join the tumult with unbounded glee,
The humble tenants of the pail and plough:
He loved 'old sports,' by them revived, to see,
But never cared to join in their rude revelry.

O'er brook-banks stretching, on the pasture-sward
He gazed, far distant from the jocund crew;
'Twas but their feats that claimed a slight regard;
'Twas his—his pastimes lonely to pursue—
Wild blossoms creeping in the grass to view,
Scarce peeping up the tiny bent as high,
Betinged with glossy yellow, red or blue,
Unnamed, unnoticed but by Lubin's eye,
That like low genius sprang, to bloom their day and die.

O! who can tell the sweets of May-day's morn,
To waken rapture in a feeling mind;
When the gilt east unveils her dappled dawn,
And the gay woodlark has its nest resigned,
As slow the sun creeps up the hill behind;
Morn reddening round, and daylight's spotless hue,
As seemingly with rose and lily lined;
While all the prospect round beams fair to view,
Like a sweet opening flower with its unsullied dew.

Ah! often brushing through the dripping grass,
Has he been seen to catch this early charm,
Listening the 'love-song' of the healthy lass
Passing with milk-pail on her well-turned arm;
Or meeting objects from the rousing farm
The jingling plough-teams driving down the steep,
Wagon and cart; and shepherd-dogs' alarm,
Raising the bleatings of unfolding sheep,
As o'er the mountain top the red sun 'gins to peep.

Nor could the day's decline escape his gaze;
He loved the closing as the rising day,
And oft would stand to catch the setting rays,
Whose last beams stole not unperceived away;
When, hesitating like a stag at bay,
The bright unwearied sun seemed loath to drop,
Till chaos' night-hounds hurried him away,
And drove him headlong from the mountain top,
And shut the lovely scene, and bade all nature stop.

With contemplation's stores his mind to fill,
O doubly happy would he roam as then,
When the blue eve crept deeper round the hill,
While the coy rabbit ventured from his den,
And weary labour sought his rest again;
Lone wanderings led him haply by the stream,
Where unperceived he 'joyed his hours at will,
Musing the cricket twittering o'er its dream,
Or watching o'er the brook the moonlight's dancing
beam.

And here the rural muse might aptly say,
As sober evening sweetly siles along,
How she has chased black ignorance away,
And warmed his artless soul with feelings strong,
To teach his reed to warble forth a song;
And how it echoed on the even-gale,
All by the brook the pasture-flowers among:
But ah! such trifles are of no avail—
There's few to notice him, or hear his simple tale.

O Poverty! thy frowns were early dealt
O'er him who mourned thee, not by fancy led
To whine and wail o'er woes he never felt,
Staining his rhymes with tears he never shed,
And heaving sighs a mock song only bred:
Alas! he knew too much of every pain
That showered full thick on his unsheltered head;
And as his tears and sighs did erst complain,
His numbers took it up, and wept it o'er again.

JAMES AND HORACE SMITH.

JAMES SMITH (1775-1839) was a lively and amusing author both in prose and verse. His father, Mr Robert Smith, was an eminent legal practitioner in London, and solicitor to the Board of Ordnance—a gentleman of learning and accomplishments, whose



James Smith.

latter years were gratified by the talents and reputation of his two sons, James and Horace. James, the eldest, was educated at a school at Chigwell, in Essex, and was usually at the head of his class. For this retired 'schoolboy spot' he ever retained a strong affection, rarely suffering, as his brother relates, a long interval to elapse without paying it a visit, and wandering over the scenes that recalled the truant excursions of himself and chosen playmates, or the solitary rambles and musings of his youth. Two of his latest poems are devoted to his reminiscences of Chigwell. After the completion of his education, James Smith was articled to his father, was taken into partnership in due time, and eventually succeeded to the business, as well as to the appointment of solicitor to the Ordnance. With a quick sense of the ridiculous, a strong passion for the stage and the drama, and a love of London society and manners, Smith became a town wit and humorist—delighting in parodies, theatrical colloquies, and fashionable criticism. His first pieces appear to have been contributed to the Pic-Nic newspaper established by Colonel Henry Greville, which afterwards merged into *The Cabinet*, both being solely calculated for the topics and feelings of the day. A selection from the Pic-Nic papers, in two small volumes, was published in 1803. He next joined the writers for the London Review—a journal established by Cumberland the dramatist, on the novel principle of affixing the writer's name to his critique.

The Review proved a complete failure. The system of publishing names was an unwise innovation, destroying equally the harmless curiosity of the reader, and the critical independence of the author; and Cumberland, besides, was too vain, too irritable and poor, to secure a good list of contributors. Smith then became a constant writer in the Monthly Mirror (wherein Henry Kirke White first attracted the notice of what may be termed the literary world), and in this work appeared a series of poetical imitations, entitled *Horace in London*, the joint production of James and Horace Smith. These parodies were subsequently collected and published in one volume in 1813, after the success of the *Rejected Addresses* had rendered the authors famous. Some of the pieces display a lively vein of town levity and humour, but many of them also are very trifling and tedious. In one stanza, James Smith has given a true sketch of his own tastes and character:—

Me toil and ease alternate share,
Books, and the converse of the fair,
(To see is to adore 'em) ;
With these, and London for my home,
I envy not the joys of Rome,
The Circus or the Forum !

To London he seems to have been as strongly attached as Dr Johnson himself. 'A confirmed metropolitan in all his tastes and habits, he would often quaintly observe, that London was the best place in summer, and the only place in winter; or quote Dr Johnson's dogma—"Sir, the man that is tired of London is tired of existence." At other times he would express his perfect concurrence with Dr Mosley's assertion, that in the country one is always maddened with the noise of nothing: or laughingly quote the Duke of Queensberry's rejoinder on being told one sultry day in September that London was exceedingly empty—"Yes, but it's fuller than the country." He would not, perhaps, have gone quite so far as his old friend Jekyll, who used to say, that "if compelled to live in the country, he would have the approach to his house paved like the streets of London, and hire a hackney-coach to drive up and down the street all day long;" but he would relate, with great glee, a story showing the general conviction of his dislike to ruralities. He was sitting in the library at a country house, when a gentleman, informing him that the family were all out, proposed a quiet stroll into the pleasure-grounds. "Stroll! why, don't you see my gouty shoe?" "Yes, but what then? you don't really mean to say that you have got the gout? I thought you had only put on that shoe to avoid being shown over the improvements."'* There is some good-humoured banter and exaggeration in this dislike of ruralities; and accordingly we find that, as Johnson found his way to the remote Hebrides, Smith occasionally transported himself to Yorkshire and other places, the country seats of friends and noblemen. The 'Rejected Addresses' appeared in 1812, having engaged James and Horace Smith six weeks, and proving 'one of the luckiest hits in literature.' The directors of Drury Lane theatre had offered a premium for the best poetical address to be spoken on opening the new edifice; and a casual hint from Mr Ward, secretary to the theatre, suggested to the witty brothers the composition of a series of humorous addresses, professedly composed by the principal authors of the day. The work was ready by the opening of the theatre, and its success was almost unexampled. Eighteen editions have been sold; and the copyright, which had been originally offered to Mr Murray for L.20, was purchased by that gentleman, in 1819, after the sixteenth edition, for L.131. The articles written by James Smith consisted of imitations of Wordsworth, Cobbett, Southey, Coleridge, Crabbe, and a few travesties. Some of them are inimitable, particularly the parodies on Cobbett and Crabbe, which were also among the most popular. Horace Smith contributed imitations of Walter Scott, Moore, Monk Lewis, Lord Byron, W. T. Fitzgerald (whose 'Loyal Effusion' is irresistibly ludicrous for its extravagant adulation and fustian), Dr Johnson, &c. The amount of talent displayed by the two brothers was pretty equal; for none of James Smith's parodies are more felicitous than that of Scott by Horace. The popularity of the 'Rejected Addresses' seems to have satisfied the ambition of the elder poet. He afterwards confined himself to short anonymous pieces in the New Monthly Magazine and other periodicals, and to the contribution of some humorous sketches and anecdotes towards Mr Mathews's theatrical entertainments, the authorship of which was known only to a few. The *Country Cousins*, *Trip to France*, and *Trip to America*, mostly written by Smith, and brought out by Mathews at the English Opera House, not only filled the theatre, and replenished the treasury, but brought the witty writer a thousand pounds—a sum to which, we are told, the receiver seldom made allusion without shrugging up his shoulders, and ejaculating, 'A thousand pounds for nonsense!' Mr Smith was still better paid for a trifling exertion of his muse; for, having met at a dinner party the late Mr Strahan, the king's printer, then suffering from gout and old age, though his faculties remained unimpaired, he sent him next morning the following *jeu d'esprit*:—

"Your lower limbs seemed far from stout
When last I saw you walk ;
The cause I presently found out
When you began to talk.

The power that props the body's length,
In due proportion spread,
In you mounts upwards, and the strength
All settles in the head.

Mr Strahan was so much gratified by the compliment, that he made an immediate codicil to his will, by which he bequeathed to the writer the sum of L.3000! Horace Smith, however, mentions that Mr Strahan had other motives for his generosity, for he respected and loved the man quite as much as he admired the poet. James made a happier, though, in a pecuniary sense, less lucky epigram on Miss Edgeworth:—

We every-day bards may 'anonymous' sign—
That refuge, Miss Edgeworth, can never be thine.
Thy writings, where satire and moral unite,
Must bring forth the name of their author to light.
Good and bad join in telling the source of their birth;
The bad own their EDGE, and the good own their WORTH.

The easy social bachelor-life of James Smith was much impaired by hereditary gout. He lived temperately, and at his club-dinner restricted himself to his half-pint of sherry; but as a professed joker and 'diner out,' he must often have been tempted to over-indulgence and irregular hours. Attacks of gout began to assail him in middle life, and he gradually lost the use and the very form of his limbs, bearing all his sufferings, as his brother states, with 'an undeviating and unexampled patience.' One of

* Memoir prefixed to Smith's Comic Miscellanies, 2 vols. 1841.

the stanzas in his poem on Chigwell displays his philosophic composure at this period of his life:—

World, in thy ever busy mart
I've acted no unnoticed part—
Would I resume it? oh no!
Four acts are done, the jest grows stale;
The waning lamps burn dim and pale,
And reason asks—*Cui bono?*

He held it a humiliation to be ill, and never complained or alluded to his own sufferings. He died on the 24th December 1839, aged 65. Lady Blessington said, 'If James Smith had not been a *witty man*, he must have been a *great man*.' His extensive information and refined manners, joined to an inexhaustible fund of liveliness and humour, and a happy uniform temper, rendered him a fascinating companion. The writings of such a man give but a faint idea of the original; yet in his own walk of literature James Smith has few superiors. Anstey comes most directly into competition with him; yet it may be safely said that the 'Rejected Addresses' will live as long as the 'New Bath Guide.'

The surviving partner of this literary duumvirate—the most constant and interesting, perhaps, since that of Beaumont and Fletcher, and more affectionate from the relationship of the parties—has distinguished himself by his novels and historical romances, and by his generosity to various literary men. Mr Horace Smith has also written some copies of verses, one of which, the Address to the Mummy, is a felicitous compound of fact, humour, and sentiment, forcibly and originally expressed.

The Theatre.—By the Rev. G. C. [*Crabbe.*]

'Tis sweet to view, from half-past five to six,
Our long wax candles, with short cotton wicks,
Touched by the lamplighter's Promethean art,
Start into light, and make the lighter start:
To see red Phœbus through the gallery pane
Tinge with his beam the beams of Drury Lane,
While gradual parties fill our widened pit,
And gape, and gaze, and wonder, ere they sit.
What various swains our motley walls contain!
Fashion from Moorfields, honour from Chick Lane;
Bankers from Paper Buildings here resort,
Bankrupts from Golden Square and Riches Court;
From the Haymarket canting rogues in grain,
Gulls from the Poultry, sots from Water Lane;
The lottery cormorant, the auction shark,
The full-price master, and the half-price clerk;
Boys who long linger at the gallery door,
With pence twice five, they want but twopence more;
Till some Samaritan the twopence spares,
And sends them jumping up the gallery stairs.
Critics we boast who ne'er their malice baulk,
But talk their minds, we wish they'd mind their talk;
Big worded bullies, who by quarrels live,
Who give the lie, and tell the lie they give;
Jews from St Mary Axe, for jobs so wary,
That for old clothes they'd even axe St Mary;
And bucks with pockets empty as their pate,
Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait;
Who oft, when we our house lock up, carouse
With tippling tipstaves in a lock-up house.
Yet here, as elsewhere, chance can joy bestow,
Where scowling fortune seemed to threaten wo.
John Richard William Alexander Dwyer
Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire;
But when John Dwyer listed in the Blues,
Emanuel Jennings polished Stubbs's shoes.
Emanuel Jennings brought his youngest boy
Up as a corn cutter—a safe employ;
In Holywell Street, St Pancras, he was bred
(At number twenty-seven, it is said),
Facing the pump, and near the Granby's head.
He would have bound him to some shop in town,
But with a premium he could not come down:
Pat was the urchin's name, a red-haired youth,
Fonder of purl and skittle-grounds than truth.
Silence, ye gods! to keep your tongues in awe,
The muse shall tell an accident she saw.
Pat Jennings in the upper gallery sat;
But, leaning forward, Jennings lost his hat;
Down from the gallery the beaver flew,
And spurned the one, to settle in the two.
How shall he act? Pay at the gallery door
Two shillings for what cost when new but four?
Or till half price, to save his shilling, wait,
And gain his hat again at half-past eight?
Now, while his fears anticipate a thief,
John Mullins whispers, Take my handkerchief.
Thank you, cries Pat, but one won't make a line;
Take mine, cried Wilson; and, cried Stokes, take mine.
A motley cable soon Pat Jennings ties,
Where Spitalfields with real India vies.
Like Iris' bow, down darts the painted hue,
Starred, striped, and spotted, yellow, red, and blue,
Old calico, torn silk, and muslin new.
George Green below, with palpitating hand,
Loops the last 'kerchief to the beaver's band;
Upsoars the prize; the youth, with joy unfeigned,
Regained the felt, and felt what he regained,
While to the applauding galleries grateful Pat
Made a low bow, and touched the ransomed hat.

The Baby's Début.—By W. W. [*Wordsworth.*]

[Spoken in the character of Nancy Lake, a girl eight years of age, who is drawn upon the stage in a child's chaise by Samuel Hughes, her uncle's porter.]

My brother Jack was nine in May,
And I was eight on New Year's Day;
So in Kate Wilson's shop
Papa (he's my papa and Jack's)
Bought me, last week, a doll of wax,
And brother Jack a top.

Jack's in the pouts, and this it is,
He thinks mine came to more than his,
So to my drawer he goes,
Takes out the doll, and, oh my stars!
He pokes her head between the bars,
And melts off half her nose!

Quite cross, a bit of string I beg,
And tie it to his peg top's peg,
And bang, with might and main,
Its head against the parlour door:
Off flies the head, and hits the floor,
And breaks a window-pane.

This made him cry with rage and spite;
Well, let him cry, it serves him right.
A pretty thing, forsooth!
If he's to melt, all scalding hot,
Half my doll's nose, and I am not
To draw his peg top's tooth!

Aunt Hannah heard the window break,
And cried, 'O naughty Nancy Lake,
Thus to distress your aunt:
No Drury Lane for you to-day!'
And while papa said, 'Pooh, she may!'
Mamma said, 'No, she shan't!'

Well, after many a sad reproach,
They got into a hackney coach,
And trotted down the street.
I saw them go: one horse was blind;
The tails of both hung down behind;
Their shoes were on their feet.

The chaise in which poor brother Bill
Used to be drawn to Pentonville,
Stood in the lumber room:
I wiped the dust from off the top,
While Molly mopped it with a mop,
And brushed it with a broom.

My uncle's porter, Samuel Hughes,
Came in at six to black the shoes
(I always talk to Sam):
So what does he, but takes and drags
Me in the chaise along the flags,
And leaves me where I am.

My father's walls are made of brick,
But not so tall, and not so thick
As these; and, goodness me!
My father's beams are made of wood,
But never, never half so good
As these that now I see.

What a large floor! 'tis like a town!
The carpet, when they lay it down,
Won't hide it, I'll be bound:
And there's a row of lamps; my eye!
How they do blaze! I wonder why
They keep them on the ground.

At first I caught hold of the wing,
And kept away; but Mr Thing-
Umbob, the prompter man,
Gave with his hand my chaise a shove,
And said, 'Go on, my pretty love;
Speak to 'em, little Nan.

You've only got to curtsey, whisp-
er, hold your chin up, laugh and lisp,
And then you're sure to take:
I've known the day when brats not quite
Thirteen got fifty pounds a-night,
Then why not Nancy Lake?'

But while I'm speaking, where's papa?
And where's my aunt? and where's mamma?
Where's Jack? Oh, there they sit!
They smile, they nod; I'll go my ways,
And order round poor Billy's chaise,
To join them in the pit.

And now, good gentlefolks, I go
To join mamma, and see the show;
So, bidding you adieu,
I curtsey, like a pretty miss,
And if you'll blow to me a kiss,
I'll blow a kiss to you.

[*Blows kiss, and exit.*

A Tale of Drury Lane.—By W. S. [*Scott.*]

* * *

As chaos which, by heavenly doom,
Had slept in everlasting gloom,
Started with terror and surprise,
When light first flashed upon her eyes:
So London's sons in nightcap woke,
In bedgown woke her dames,
For shouts were heard mid fire and smoke,
And twice ten hundred voices spoke,
'The playhouse is in flames.'
And lo! where Catherine Street extends,
A fiery tail its lustre lends
To every window-pane:
Blushes each spout in Martlet Court,
And Barbican, moth-eaten fort,
And Covent Garden kennels sport,
A bright ensanguined drain;
Meux's new brewhouse shows the light,
Rowland Hill's chapel, and the height
Where patent shot they sell:
The Tennis Court, so fair and tall,
Partakes the ray, with Surgeons' Hall,
The Ticket Porters' house of call,
Old Bedlam, close by London Wall,
Wright's shrimp and oyster shop withal,
And Richardson's hotel.

Nor these alone, but far and wide
Across the Thames's gleaming tide,
To distant fields the blaze was borne;
And daisy white and hoary thorn,
In borrowed lustre seemed to sham
The rose or red sweet Wil-li-am.
To those who on the hills around
Beheld the flames from Drury's mound,
As from a lofty altar rise;
It seemed that nations did conspire,
To offer to the god of fire
Some vast stupendous sacrifice!
The summoned firemen woke at call,
And hied them to their stations all.
Starting from short and broken snoose,
Each sought his ponderous hobnailed shoes;
But first his worsted hosen plied,
Plush breeches next in crimson dyed,
His nether bulk embraced;
Then jacket thick of red or blue,
Whose massy shoulder gave to view
The badge of each respective crew,
In tin or copper traced.
The engines thundered through the street,
Fire-hook, pipe, bucket, all complete,
And torches glared, and clattering feet
Along the pavement paced. * *

E'en Higginbottom now was posed,
For sadder scene was ne'er disclosed;
Without, within, in hideous show,
Devouring flames resistless glow,
And blazing rafters downward go,
And never halloo 'Heads below!'
Nor notice give at all:
The firemen, terrified, are slow
To bid the pumping torrent flow,
For fear the roof should fall.
Back, Robins, back! Crump, stand aloof!
Whitford, keep near the walls!
Huggins, regard your own behoof,
For, lo! the blazing rocking roof
Down, down in thunder falls!

An awful pause succeeds the stroke,
And o'er the ruins volumed smoke,
Rolling around its pitchy shroud,
Concealed them from the astonished crowd.
At length the mist awhile was cleared,
When lo! amid the wreck upreared,
Gradual a moving head appeared,
And Eagle firemen knew
'Twas Joseph Muggins, name revered,
The foreman of their crew.
Loud shouted all in signs of wo,
'A Muggins to the rescue, ho!'
And poured the hissing tide:
Meanwhile the Muggins fought amain,
And strove and struggled all in vain,
For rallying but to fall again,
He tottered, sunk, and died!
Did none attempt, before he fell,
To succour one they loved so well?
Yes, Higginbottom did aspire
(His fireman's soul was all on fire)
His brother chief to save;
But ah! his reckless generous ire
Served but to share his grave!
'Mid blazing beams and scalding streams,
Through fire and smoke he dauntless broke,

Where Muggins broke before.
But sulphury stench and boiling drench
Destroying sight, o'erwhelmed him quite;
He sunk to rise no more
Still o'er his head, while Fate he braved,
His whizzing water-pipe he waved,
'Whitford and Mitford ply your pumps,
You, Clutterbuck, come, stir your stumps,
Why are you in such doleful dumps?
A fireman, and afraid of bumps!
What are they feared on? fools—'od rot 'em!'
Were the last words of Higginbottom * *

The Upas in Marybone Lane

[By James Smith]

A tree grew in Java, whose pestilent rind
A venom distilled of the deadliest kind,
The Dutch sent their felons its juices to draw,
And who returned safe, pleaded pardon by law

Face-muffled, the culprits crept into the vale,
Advancing from windward to 'scape the death gale,
How few the reward of their victory earned!
For ninety-nine perished for one who returned

Britannia this Upas tree bought of Mynheer,
Removed it through Holland, and planted it here,
'Tis now a stock plant of the genus wolf-bane,
And one of them blossoms in Marybone Lane

The house that surrounds it stands first in the row,
Two doors at right angles swing open below,
And the children of misery daily steal in,
And the poison they draw they denominate Gin

There enter the prude, and the reprobate boy,
The mother of grief, and the daughter of joy,
The serving maid slim, and the serving man stout,
They quickly steal in, and they slowly reel out

Surcharged with the venom, some walk forth erect,
Apparently baffling its deadly effect,
But, sooner or later, the reckoning arrives,
And ninety-nine perish for one who survives

They cautious advance with slouched bonnet and hat,
They enter at this door, they go out at that,
Some bear off their burden with riotous glee,
But most sink in sleep at the foot of the tree

Tax, Chancellor Van, the Batavian to thwart,
This compound of crime at a sovereign a quart,
Let gin fetch per bottle the price of champagne,
And hew down the Upas in Marybone Lane

Address to the Mummy in Belzoni's Exhibition

[By Horace Smith]

And thou hast walked about (how strange a story!)
In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous!

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy,
Thou hast a tongue, come, let us hear its tune,
Thou'rt standing on thy legs above ground, mummy!
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—
To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade—
Then say, what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?
Perhaps thou wert a priest—if so my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass;
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled,
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run

Thou could'st develope, if that withered tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
And the great deluge still had left it green,
Or was it then so old, that history's pages
Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent, incommunicative elf!
Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows,
But prithee tell us something of thyself,
Reveal the secrets of thy prison house,
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,
What hast thou seen—what strange adventures numbered?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations
The Roman empire has begun and ended,
New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations,
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
Whilst not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfold
A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled
Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?

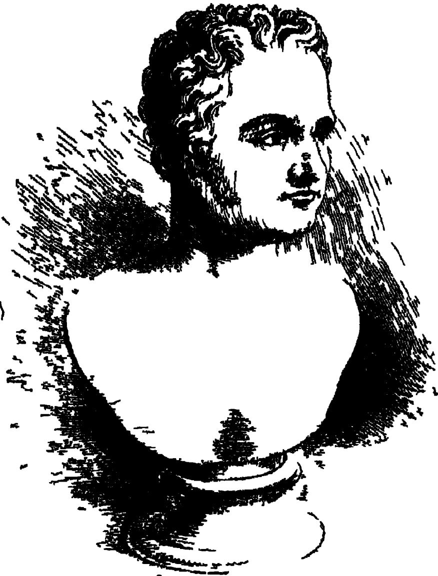
Statue of flesh—immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, who quit'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence,
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost for ever?
Oh, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue, that, when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom *

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JOHN WILSON

PROFESSOR WILSON, the distinguished occupant of the chair of moral philosophy in the university of Edinburgh, earned his first laurels by his poetry



He was born in the year 1 [illegible] in the town of Paisley, where his father [illegible] attained to opulence [illegible] manufacturer. At the [illegible] of thirteen, the poet was sent [illegible] of his [illegible] university, whence in due time he was [illegible] to Magdalene college, Oxford. Here he carried off the Newdigate prize from [illegible] competitors for the best English poem of fifty lines. Mr Wilson was distinguished in these youthful years by his fine athletic frame, and a face at once handsome and expressive of genius. A noted capacity for knowledge and remarkable literary powers were at the same time united to a singular taste for gymnastic exercises and rural sports. After four years' residence at Oxford, the poet purchased a small but beautiful estate named Elleray, on the banks of the lake Windermere, where he [illegible] to reside. He married—built [illegible] house and [illegible] enjoyed himself among the magnificent scenery of the Lakes—wrote poetry—and cultivated the society of Wordsworth. These must have been happy days. With youth, robust health, fortune, and inexhaustless imagination, Wilson must, in such a spot, have been blest even up to the dreams of a poet. Some reverses however came, and, after entering himself of the Scottish bar, he sought and obtained his moral philosophy chair. He connected himself also with Blackwood's Magazine, and in this miscellany poured forth the riches of his fancy, learning, and taste—displaying also the peculiarities of his sanguine and impetuous temperament. The most valuable of these contributions have been collected and published (1842) in three volumes, under the title of *The Recreations of Christopher North*. The criticisms on poetry understood to be from the pen of Wilson, are often highly eloquent and conceived in a truly kindred spirit. A series of papers on Spenser and Homer are equally remarkable for their discrimination and imaginative luxuriance. In reference to these 'golden spoils' of criticism, Mr Hallam has characterised the professor as 'a living writer of the most ardent and enthusiastic genius, whose eloquence is as the rush of mighty waters.' The poetical works of Wilson have been collected in two volumes. They consist of the *Isle of Palms* (1812), the *City of the Plague* (1816), and several smaller pieces. The broad humour and satire of some of his prose papers form a contrast to the delicacy and tenderness of his acknowledged writings—particularly his poetry. He has an outer and an inner man—one shrewd, bitter, observant, and full of untamed energy, the other calm, graceful, and meditative—'all conscience and tender heart.' He deals generally in extremes, and the prevailing defect of his poetry is its uniform sweetness and feminine softness of character. 'Almost the only passions,' says Jeffrey, 'with which his poetry is conversant, are the gentler sympathies of our nature—tender compassion, confiding affection, and guiltless sorrow. From all these there results, along with a most touching and tranquillising sweetness, a certain monotony and languor, which, to those who read poetry for amusement merely, will be apt to appear like dulness, and must be felt as a defect by all who have been used to the variety, rapidity, and energy of the popular poetry of the day.' Some of the scenes in the City of the Plague are, however, exquisitely drawn, and his descriptions of lake and mountain scenery, though [illegible] by his imagination, are not unworthy of Wordsworth. The *prose* descriptions of Wilson have obscured his *poetical*, because in the former he gives the reins to his fancy, and, while preserving the general outline and distinctive features of the landscape, adds a number of subsidiary charms and illustrations.

[Home among the Mountains.]

[From the 'City of the Plague.']

MAGDALENE AND ISABEL.

Magd. How bright and fair that afternoon returns
When last we parted! I even now I feel
Its dewy freshness in my soul! Sweet breeze!
That hymning like a spirit up the lake,
Came through the tall pines on yon little isle
Across to us upon the vernal shore
With a kind friendly greeting. Frankfort blest
The unseen musician floating through the air,
And smiling, said, 'Wild harper of the hill!
[illegible] mayst thou play thy ditty when once more
This lake I do revisit.' As he spoke,
Away died the music in the firmament,
And unto silence left our parting hour.
No breeze will ever [illegible] from nature's heart
So sweet again to me.
Whate'er my doom,
It cannot be unhappy. God hath given me
The boon of resignation. I could die,
Though doubtless human fears would cross my soul,
Calmly even now; yet if it be ordained
That I return unto my native valley,
And live with Frankfort there, why should I fear
To say I might be happy—happier far
Than I deserve to be. Sweet Rydal lake!
Am I again to visit thee? to hear
Thy glad waves murmuring all around my soul?
Isabel. Methinks I see us in a cheerful group
Walking along the margin of the bay,
Where our lone summer-house——
Magd. Sweet mossy cell!
So cool—so shady—silent and composed!
A constant evening full of gentle dreams!
Where joy was felt like sadness, and our grief
A melancholy pleasant to be borne.
Hath the green linnet built her nest this spring
In her own rose-bush near the quiet door?
Bright solitary bird! she oft will miss

Her human friends: our orchard now must be
A wilderness of sweets, by none beloved.
Isabel. One blessed week would soon restore its beauty,
Were we at home. Nature can work no wrong
The very weeds how lovely! the confusion
Doth speak of breezes, sunshine, and the dew
Magd. I hear the murmuring of a thousand bees
In that bright odorous honeysuckle wall
That once enclosed the happiest family
That ever lived beneath the blessed skies
Where is that family now? O Isabel,
I feel my soul descending to the grave,
And all these loveliest rural images
Fade, like waves breaking on a dreary shore!
Isabel. Even now I see a stream of sunshine bathing
The bright moss-roses round our parlour window!
Oh! were we sitting in that room once more!
Magd. 'Twould seem inhuman to be happy there
And both my parents dead How could I walk
On what I used to call my father's walk,
He in his grave! or look upon that tree,
Each year so full of blossoms or of fruit,
Planted by my mother, and her holy name
Graven on its stem by mine own infant hands.

A Sleeping Child.

Art thou a thing of mortal birth,
Whose happy home is on our earth?
Does human blood with life imbue
Those wandering veins of heavenly blue
That stray along thy forehead fair,
Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair?
Oh! can that light and airy breath
Steal from a being doomed to death,
Those features to the grave be sent
In sleep thus mutely eloquent?
Or art thou what thy form would seem
The phantom of a blessed dream?

Oh! that my spirit's eye could see
Whence burst those gleams of ecstacy!
That light of dreaming soul appears
To play from thoughts above thy years
Thou smil'st as if thy soul were soaring
To heaven, and heaven's God adoring!
And who can tell what visions high
May bless an infant's sleeping eye?
What brighter throne can brightness find
To reign on than an infant's mind,
Ere sin destroy or error dim
The glory of the seraphim?

Oh! vision fair! that I could be
Again as young, as pure as thee!
Vain wish! the rainbow's radiant form
May view, but cannot brave the storm
Years can bedim the gorgeous dyes
That paint the bird of Paradise,
And years, so fate hath ordered, roll
Clouds o'er the summer of the soul
Fair was that face as break of dawn,
When o'er its beauty sleep was drawn
Like a thin veil that half concealed
The light of soul, and half revealed
While thy hushed heart with visions wrought,
Each trembling eyelash moved with thought,
And things we dream, but ne'er can speak,
Like clouds came floating o'er thy cheek,
Such summer-clouds as travel light,
When the soul's heaven lies calm and bright;
Till thou awok'st—then to thine eye
Thy whole heart leapt in ecstacy!
And lovely is that heart of thine,
Or sure these eyes could never shine
With such a wild, yet bashful glee,
Gay, half-o'ercome timidity!

Address to a Wild Deer.

Magnificent creature! so stately and bright!
In the pride of thy spirit pursuing thy flight;
For what hath the child of the desert to dread,
Wafting up his own mountains that far-beaming head;
Or borne like a whirlwind down on the vale!
Hail! king of the wild and the beautiful!—hail!
Hail! idol divine!—whom nature hath borne
O'er a hundred hill-tops since the mists of the morn,
Whom the pilgrim lone wandering on mountain and moor,
As the vision glides by him, may blameless adore
For the joy of the happy, the strength of the free,
Are spread in a garment of glory o'er thee,
Up! up to yon cliff! like a king to his throne!
O'er the black silent forest piled lofty and lone—
A throne which the eagle is glad to resign
Unto footsteps so fleet and so fearless as thine
There the bright heather springs up in love of thy breast,
Lo! the clouds in the depths of the sky are at rest,
And the race of the wild winds is o'er on the hill!
In the hush of the mountains, ye antlers lie still!—
Though your branches now toss in the storm of delight,
Like the arms of the pine on yon shelterless height,
One moment—thou bright apparition—delay!
Then melt o'er the crags, like the sun from the day

His voyage is o'er—as if struck by a spell
He motionless stands in the hush of the dell,
There softly and slowly sinks down on his breast,
In the midst of his pastime enamoured of rest
A stream in a clear pool that endeth its race—
A dancing ray chained to one sunshiny place—
A cloud by the winds to calm solitude driven—
A hurricane dead in the silence of heaven

Fit couch of repose for a pilgrim like thee
Magnificent prison enclosing the free,
With rock wall encircled—with precipice crowned—
Which, awoke by the sun, thou canst clear at a bound
'Mid the fern and the heather kind nature doth keep
One bright spot of green for her favourite's sleep,
And close to that covert, as clear to the skies
When their blue depths are cloudless, a little lake lies,
Where the creature at rest can his image behold,
Looking up through the radiance as bright and as bold.

Yes fierce looks thy nature even hushed in repose—
In the depths of thy desert regardless of foes,
Thy bold antlers call on the hunter afar
With a haughty defiance to come to the war
No outrage is war to a creature like thee,
The bugle-horn fills thy wild spirit with glee,
As thou bearest thy neck on the wings of the wind,
And the laggardly gaze-hound is toiling behind
In the beams of thy forehead that glitter with death,
In feet that draw power from the touch of the heath—
In the wide-raging torrent that lends thee its roar—
In the cliff that once trod, must be trodden no more—
Thy trust—'mid the dangers that threaten thy reign
—But what if the stag on the mountain be slain?
On the brink of the rock—lo! he standeth at bay,
Like a victor that falls at the close of the day—
While the hunter and hound in their terror retreat
From the death that is spurned from his furious feet,
And his last cry of anger comes back from the skies,
As nature's fierce son in the wilderness dies

Lines written in a Lonely Burial Ground in the Highlands

How mournfully this burial ground
Sleeps 'mid old Ocean's solemn sound,
Who rolls his bright and sunny waves
All round these deaf and silent graves!

The cold wan light that glimmers here,
The sickly wild flowers may not cheer;
If here, with solitary hum,
The wandering mountain-bee doth come,
'Mid the pale blossoms short his stay,
To brighter leaves he booms away.
The sea-bird, with a wailing sound,
Alighteth softly on a mound,
And, like an image, sitting there
For hours amid the doleful air,
Seemeth to tell of some dim union,
Some wild and mystical communion,
Connecting with his parent sea
This lonesome stoneless cemetery.

This may not be the burial-place
Of some extinguished kingly race,
Whose name on earth no longer known,
Hath mouldered with the mouldering stone.
That nearest grave, yet brown with mould,
Seems but one summer-twilight old;
Both late and frequent hath the bier
Been on its mournful visit here;
And yon green spot of sunny rest
Is waiting for its destined guest.

I see no little kirk—no bell
On Sabbath tinkleth through this dell;
How beautiful those graves and fair,
That, lying round the house of prayer,
Sleep in the shadow of its grace!
But death hath chosen this rueful place
For his own undivided reign!
And nothing tells that e'er again
The sleepers will forsake their bed—
Now, and for everlasting dead,
For Hope with Memory seems fled!

Wild-screaming bird! unto the sea
Winging thy flight reluctantly,
Slow floating o'er these grassy tombs
So ghost-like, with thy snow-white plumes,
At once from thy wild shriek I know
What means this place so steeped in wo!
Here, they who perished on the deep
Enjoy at last unrocking sleep;
For ocean, from his wrathful breast,
Flung them into this haven of rest,
Where shroudless, coffinless, they lie—
'Tis the shipwrecked seaman's cemetery.

Here seamen old, with grizzled locks,
Shipwrecked before on desert rocks,
And by some wandering vessel taken
From sorrows that seem God-forsaken,
Home bound, here have met the blast
That wrecked them on death's shore at last!
Old friendless men, who had no tears
To shed, nor any place for fears
In hearts by misery fortified,
And, without terror, sternly died.
Here many a creature moving bright
And glorious in full manhood's might,
Who dared with an untroubled eye
The tempest brooding in the sky,
And loved to hear that music rave,
And danced above the mountain-wave,
Hath quaked on this terrific strand,
All flung like sea-weeds to the land;
A whole crew lying side by side,
Death-dashed at once in all their pride.
And here the bright-haired fair-faced boy,
Who took with him all earthly joy,
From one who weeps both night and day
For her sweet son borne far away,
Escaped at last the cruel deep,
In all his beauty lies asleep;
While she would yield all hopes of grace
For one kiss of his pale cold face!

Oh! I could wail in lonely fear,
For many a woful ghost sits here,
All weeping with their fixed eyes!
And what a dismal sound of sighs
Is mingling with the gentle roar
Of small waves breaking on the shore;
While ocean seems to sport and play
In mockery of its wretched prey!

And lo! a white-winged vessel sails
In sunshine, gathering all the gales
Fast freshening from yon isle of pines
That o'er the clear sea waves and shines.
I turn me to the ghostly crowd,
All smeared with dust, without a shroud,
And silent every blue-swollen lip!
Then gazing on the sunny ship,
And listening to the gladsome cheers
Of all her thoughtless mariners,
I seem to hear in every breath
The hollow under-tones of death,
Who, all unheard by those who sing,
Keeps tune with low wild murmuring,
And points with his lean bony hand
To the pale ghosts sitting on this strand,
Then dives beneath the rushing prow,
Till on some moonless night of wo
He drives her shivering from the steep,
Down—down a thousand fathoms deep.

[The Shipwreck.]

[From the 'Isle of Palms.']

But list! a low and moaning sound
At distance heard, like a spirit's song,
And now it reigns above, around,
As if it called the ship along.
The moon is sunk; and a clouded gray
Declares that her course is run,
And like a god who brings the day,
Up mounts the glorious sun.
Soon as his light has warmed the seas,
From the parting cloud fresh blows the breeze;
And that is the spirit whose well-known song
Makes the vessel to sail in joy along.
No fears hath she; her giant form
O'er wrathful surge, through blackening storm,
Majestically calm would go
'Mid the deep darkness white as snow!
But gently now the small waves glide
Like playful lambs o'er a mountain's side.
So stately her bearing, so proud her array,
The main she will traverse for ever and aye.
Many ports will exult at the gleam of her mast;—
Hush! hush! thou vain dreamer! this hour is her last.
Five hundred souls in one instant of dread
  Are hurried o'er the deck;
And fast the miserable ship
  Becomes a lifeless wreck.
Her keel hath struck on a hidden rock,
  Her planks are torn asunder,
And down come her masts with a reeling shock,
  And a hideous crash like thunder.
Her sails are draggled in the brine,
  That gladdened late the skies,
And her pendant, that kissed the fair moonshine,
  Down many a fathom lies.
Her beauteous sides, whose rainbow hues
  Gleamed softly from below,
And flung a warm and sunny flush
  O'er the wreaths of murmuring snow,
To the coral-rocks are hurrying down,
To sleep amid colours as bright as their own.
Oh! many a dream was in the ship
  An hour before her death;
And sights of home with sighs disturbed
  The sleeper's long-drawn breath.

Instead of the murmur of the sea,
The sailor heard the humming tree
Alive through all its leaves,
The hum of the spreading sycamore
That grows before his cottage-door,
And the swallow's song in the eaves.
His arms enclosed a blooming boy,
Who listened with tears of sorrow and joy
To the dangers his father had passed;
And his wife—by turns she wept and smiled,
As she looked on the father of her child,
Returned to her heart at last.
He wakes at the vessel's sudden roll,
And the rush of waters is in his soul.
Astounded, the reeling deck he paces,
'Mid hurrying forms and ghastly faces;
The whole ship's crew are there!
Wailings around and overhead,
Brave spirits stupified or dead,
And madness and despair.

* * *

Now is the ocean's bosom bare,
Unbroken as the floating air;
The ship hath melted quite away,
Like a struggling dream at break of day.
No image meets my wandering eye,
But the new-risen sun and the sunny sky.
Though the night-shades are gone, yet a vapour dull
Bedims the waves so beautiful:
While a low and melancholy moan
Mourns for the glory that hath flown.

MRS HEMANS.

Mrs Hemans (Felicia Dorothea Browne) was born at Liverpool on the 25th September 1793. Her



father was a merchant; but, experiencing some reverses, he removed with his family to Wales, and there the young poetess imbibed that love of nature which is displayed in all her works. In her fifteenth year she ventured on publication. Her first volume was far from successful; but she persevered, and in 1812 published another, entitled *The Domestic Affections, and other Poems.* The same year she was married to Captain Hemans; but the union does not seem to have been a happy one. She continued her studies, acquiring several languages, and still cultivating poetry. In 1818 Captain Hemans removed to Italy for the benefit of his health. His accomplished wife remained in England, and they never met again. In



Rhyllon—the residence of Mrs Hemans in Wales.

1819 she obtained a prize of £50 offered by some patriotic Scotsman for the best poem on the subject of Sir William Wallace. Next year she published *The Sceptic.* In June 1821 she obtained the prize awarded by the Royal Society of Literature for the best poem on the subject of Dartmoor. Her next effort was a tragedy, the *Vespers of Palermo,* which was produced at Covent Garden, December 12, 1823; but though supported by the admirable acting of Kemble and Young, it was not successful. In 1826 appeared her best poem, the *Forest Sanctuary,* and in 1828, *Records of Woman.* She afterwards produced *Lays of Leisure Hours, National Lyrics,* &c. In 1829 she paid a visit to Scotland, and was received with great kindness by Sir Walter Scott, Jeffrey, and others of the Scottish literati. In 1830 appeared her *Songs of the Affections.* The same year she visited Wordsworth, and appears to have been much struck with the secluded beauty of Rydal Lake and Grasmere—

O vale and lake, within your mountain urn
Smiling so tranquilly, and set so deep!
Oft doth your dreamy loveliness return,
Colouring the tender shadows of my sleep
With light Elysian; for the hues that steep
Your shores in melting lustre, seem to float
On golden clouds from spirit lands remote—
Isles of the blest—and in our memory keep
Their place with holiest harmonies.

Wordsworth said to her one day, 'I would not give up the mists that spiritualise our mountains for all the blue skies of Italy'—an original and poetical expression. On her return from the lakes, Mrs Hemans went to reside in Dublin, where her brother, Major Browne, was settled. The education of her family (five boys) occupied much of her time and attention. Ill health, however, pressed heavily on her, and she soon experienced a premature decay of the springs of life. In 1834 appeared her little

volume of *Hymns for Childhood*, and a collection of *Scenes and Hymns of Life*. She also published some sonnets, under the title of *Thoughts during Sickness*. Her last strain, produced only about three weeks before her death, was the following fine sonnet dictated to her brother on Sunday the 26th of April:—

How many blessed groups this hour are bending,
Through England's primrose meadow-paths, their way
Toward spire and tower, 'midst shadowy elms ascending,
Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallowed day!
The halls, from old heroic ages gray,
Pour their fair children forth; and hamlets low,
With whose thick orchard blooms the soft winds play,
Send out their inmates in a happy flow,
Like a freed vernal stream. *I* may not tread
With them those pathways—to the feverish bed
Of sickness bound; yet, O my God! I bless
Thy mercy that with Sabbath peace hath filled
My chastened heart, and all its throbbings stilled
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness.

This admirable woman and sweet poetess died on the 16th May 1835, aged forty-one. She was interred in St Anne's church, Dublin, and over her grave was inscribed some lines from one of her own dirges—

Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit! rest thee now!
Even while with us thy footsteps trode,
His seal was on thy brow.
Dust to its narrow house beneath!
Soul to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.

A complete collection of the works of Mrs Hemans, with a memoir by her sister, has been published in six volumes. Though highly popular, and in many respects excellent, we do not think that much of the poetry of Mrs Hemans will descend to posterity. There is, as Scott hinted, 'too many flowers for the fruit;' more for the ear and fancy, than for the heart and intellect. Some of her shorter pieces and her lyrical productions are touching and beautiful both in sentiment and expression. Her versification is always melodious; but there is an oppressive sameness in her longer poems which fatigues the reader; and when the volume is closed, the effect is only that of a mass of glittering images and polished words, a graceful melancholy and feminine tenderness, but no strong or permanent impression. The passions are seldom stirred, however the fancy may be soothed or gratified. In description, Mrs Hemans had considerable power; she was both copious and exact; and often, as Jeffrey has observed, 'a lovely picture serves as a foreground to some deep or lofty emotion.' Her imagination was chivalrous and romantic, and delighted in picturing the woods and halls of England, and the ancient martial glory of the land. The purity of her mind is seen in all her works; and her love of nature, like Wordsworth's, was a delicate blending of our deep inward emotions with their splendid symbols and emblems without.

The Voice of Spring.

I come, I come! ye have called me long,
I come o'er the mountains with light and song;
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers;
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains.
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have passed o'er the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds through the pasture free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my step has been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a gentle sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep-blue sky,
From the night bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-bough into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain;
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain-brows,
They are flinging spray on the forest-boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come!
Where the violets lie may now be your home.
Ye of the rose-cheek and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly;
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay.

Away from the dwellings of careworn men,
The waters are sparkling in wood and glen;
Away from the chamber and dusky hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth;
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
And Youth is abroad in my green domains.

The summer is hastening, on soft winds borne,
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn;
For me I depart to a brighter shore—
Ye are marked by care, ye are mine no more.
I go where the loved who have left you dwell,
And the flowers are not Death's—fare ye well, farewell!

The Homes of England.

The stately Homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land.
The deer across their greensward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry Homes of England!
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light!
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told,
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed Homes of England!
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath-hours!
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime
Floats through their woods at morn;
All other sounds, in that still time,
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage Homes of England!
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves,
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair Homes of England!
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallowed wall!
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God!

The Graves of a Household.

They grew in beauty, side by side,
They filled one home with glee;
Their graves are severed, far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow;
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?

One, 'midst the forests of the west,
By a dark stream is laid—
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are drest
Above the noble slain:
He wrapt his colours round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers,
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who played
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth—
Alas! for love, if *thou* wert all,
And nought beyond, on earth!

The Treasures of the Deep.

What hidest thou in thy treasure-caves and cells,
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main?
Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-coloured shells,
Bright things which gleam unrecked of and in vain!
Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea!
We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more! What wealth untold,
Far down, and shining through their stillness, lies!
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
Won from ten thousand royal Argosies.
Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main!
Earth claims not these again!

Yet more, the depths have more! Thy waves have rolled
Above the cities of a world gone by!
Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,
Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry!
Dash o'er them, Ocean! in thy scornful play,
Man yields them to decay!

Yet more! the billows and the depth have more!
High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast!
They hear not now the booming waters roar—
The battle thunders will not break their rest.
Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave!
Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely! those for whom
The place was kept at board and hearth so long,
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song!
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown—
But all is not thine own!

To thee the love of woman hath gone down,
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
O'er youth's bright locks and beauty's flowery crown!
Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the Dead!
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee!—
Restore the Dead, thou Sea!

Bernard Barton [illegible] member of the Society of Friends, published [illegible] miscellaneous poems, [illegible] elegant simplicity [illegible] because [illegible] the staple of the [illegible] Edinburgh Review [illegible] description of quiet [illegible] wrought [illegible] tenderness, [illegible] terminating in [illegible] the condition [illegible] Barton was employed [illegible] at Woodbridge, [illegible] contemplated [illegible] his life. On [illegible] as follows: "[illegible] without any rational plan [illegible] chance employ of booksellers [illegible] yourself rather [illegible] steep Tarpeian rock, slap-dash headlong [illegible]. If you have but five [illegible] minutes between the desk and the bed [illegible] live a century in them, rather than turn [illegible] the booksellers. They are Turks and Tartars when they have poor authors at their beck. [illegible] you have been at arm's length from them [illegible] not within their grasp. I have known many authors want for bread—some repining, others enjoying the blessed security of a spunging-house; all agreeing they had rather have been tailors, weavers—what not?—rather than the things they were. I have known some starved, some to go mad, one dear friend literally dying in a workhouse. Oh, you know not—may you never know—the miseries of subsisting by authorship!" There is some exaggeration here. We have known authors by profession who lived cheerfully and comfortably, labouring at the stated sum per sheet as regularly as the weaver at his loom, or the tailor on his board, but dignified with the consciousness of following a high and ennobling occupation, with all the mighty minds of past ages as their daily friends and companions. The bane of such a life, when actual genius is involved, is

its uncertainty and its temptations, and the almost invariable incompatibility of the poetical temperament with habits of business and steady application. Yet let us remember the examples of Shakspeare, Dryden, and Pope—all regular and constant labourers—and, in our own day, of Scott, Southey, Moore, and many others. The fault is more generally with the author than with the bookseller. In the particular case of Bernard Barton, however, Lamb counselled wisely. He has not the vigour and popular talents requisite for *marketable* literature; and of this he would seem to have been conscious, for he abandoned his dream of exclusive authorship. Mr Barton has since appeared before the public as author of several volumes of miscellaneous poetry, but without adding much to his reputation. He is still what Jeffrey pronounced him—'a man of a fine and cultivated, rather than of a bold and original mind.' His poetry is highly honourable to his taste and feelings as a man.

To the Evening Primrose.

Fair flower, that shunn'st the glare of day,
Yet lov'st to open, meekly bold,
To evening's hues of sober gray,
Thy cup of paly gold;

Be thine the offering owing long
To thee, and to this pensive hour,
Of one brief tributary song,
Though transient as thy flower.

I love to watch, at silent eve,
Thy scattered blossoms' lonely light,
And have my inmost heart receive
The influence of that sight.

I love at such an hour to mark
Their beauty greet the night-breeze chill,
And shine, 'mid shadows gathering dark,
The garden's glory still.

For such, 'tis sweet to think the while,
When cares and griefs the breast invade,
Is friendship's animating smile
In sorrow's dark'ning shade.

Thus it bursts forth, like thy pale cup,
Glist'ning amid its dewy tears,
And bears the sinking spirit up
Amid its chilling fears.

But still more animating far,
If meek Religion's eye may trace,
Even in thy glimmering earth-born star,
The holier hope of Grace.

The hope, that as thy beauteous bloom
Expands to glad the close of day,
So through the shadows of the tomb
May break forth Mercy's ray.

Stanzas on the Sea.

Oh! I shall not forget, until memory depart,
When first I beheld it, the glow of my heart;
The wonder, the awe, the delight that stole o'er me,
When its billowy boundlessness opened before me.
As I stood on its margin, or roamed on its strand,
I felt new ideas within me expand,
Of glory and grandeur, unknown till that hour,
And my spirit was mute in the presence of power!
In the surf-beaten sands that encircled it round,
In the billow's retreat, and the breaker's rebound,
In its white-drifted foam, and its dark-heaving green,
Each moment I gazed, some fresh beauty was seen.
And thus, while I wandered on ocean's bleak shore,
And surveyed its vast surface, and heard its waves roar,
I seemed wrapt in a dream of romantic delight,
And haunted by majesty, glory, and might!

Power and Gentleness, or the Cataract and the Streamlet.

Noble the mountain stream,
Bursting in grandeur from its vantage-ground;
Glory is in its gleam
Of brightness—thunder in its deafening sound!

Mark, how its foamy spray,
Tinged by the sunbeams with reflected dyes,
Mimics the bow of day
Arching in majesty the vaulted skies;

Thence, in a summer-shower,
Steeping the rocks around—O! tell me where
Could majesty and power
Be clothed in forms more beautifully fair!

Yet lovelier, in my view,
The streamlet flowing silently serene;
Traced by the brighter hue,
And livelier growth it gives—itself unseen!

It flows through flowery meads,
Gladdening the herds which on its margin browse;
Its quiet beauty feeds
The alders that o'ershade it with their boughs.

Gently it murmurs by
The village churchyard: its low, plaintive tone,
A dirge-like melody,
For worth and beauty modest as its own.

More gaily now it sweeps
By the small school-house in the sunshine bright;
And o'er the pebbles leaps,
Like happy hearts by holiday made light.

May not its course express,
In characters which they who run may read,
The charms of gentleness,
Were but its still small voice allowed to plead?

What are the trophies gained
By power, alone, with all its noise and strife,
To that meek wreath, unstained,
Won by the charities that gladden life?

Niagara's streams might fail,
And human happiness be undisturbed;
But Egypt would turn pale,
Were her still Nile's o'erflowing bounty curbed!

The Solitary Tomb.

Not a leaf of the tree which stood near me was stirred,
Though a breath might have moved it so lightly;
Not a farewell note from a sweet singing bird
Bade adieu to the sun setting brightly.

The sky was cloudless and calm, except
In the west, where the sun was descending;
And there the rich tints of the rainbow slept,
As his beams with their beauty were blending.

And the evening star, with its ray so clear,
So tremulous, soft, and tender,
Had lit up its lamp, and shot down from its sphere
Its dewy delightful splendour.

And I stood all alone on that gentle hill,
With a landscape so lovely before me;
And its spirit and tone, so serene and still,
Seemed silently gathering o'er me.

Far off was the Deben, whose briny flood
By its winding banks was sweeping;
And just at the foot of the hill where I stood,
The dead in their damp graves were sleeping.

How lonely and lovely their resting-place seemed!
An enclosure which care could not enter;
And how sweetly the gray lights of evening gleamed
On the solitary tomb in its centre!

When at morn or at eve I have wandered near,
And in various lights have viewed it,
With what differing forms, unto friendship dear,
Has the magic of fancy endued it!

Sometimes it has seemed like a lonely sail,
A white spot on the emerald billow;
Sometimes like a lamb, in a low grassy vale,
Stretched in peace on its verdant pillow.

But no image of gloom, or of care, or strife,
Has it ever given birth to one minute;
For lamented in death, as beloved in life,
Was he who now slumbers within it.

He was one who in youth on the stormy seas
Was a far and a fearless ranger;
Who, borne on the billow, and blown by the breeze,
Counted lightly of death or of danger.

Yet in this rude school had his heart still kept
All the freshness of gentle feeling;
Nor in woman's warm eye has a tear ever slept
More of softness and kindness revealing.

And here, when the bustle of youth was past,
He lived, and he loved, and he died too;
Oh! why was affection, which death could outlast,
A more lengthened enjoyment denied to?

But here he slumbers! and many there are
Who love that lone tomb and revere it;
And one far off who, like eve's dewy star,
Though at distance, in fancy dwells near it.

BRYAN WALTER PROCTER.

Bryan Walter Procter, better known by his assumed name of Barry Cornwall, published, in 1815, a small volume of dramatic scenes of a domestic character, 'in order,' he says, 'to try the effect of a more natural style than that which had for a long time prevailed in our dramatic literature.' The experiment was successful; chiefly on account of the pathetic and tender scenes in Mr Procter's sketches. He has since published *Marcian Colonna*, *The Flood of Thessaly*, and other poems: also a tragedy, *Mirandola*, which was brought out with success at Covent Garden theatre. Mr Procter's later productions have not realised the promise of his early efforts. His professional avocations (for the poet is a barrister) may have withdrawn him from poetry, or at least prevented his studying it with that earnestness and devotion which can alone insure success. Still, Mr Procter is a graceful and accomplished writer. His poetical style seems formed on that of the Elizabethan dramatists, and some of his lyrical pieces are exquisite in sentiment and diction.

Address to the Ocean.

O thou vast Ocean! ever sounding sea!
Thou symbol of a drear immensity!
Thou thing that windest round the solid world
Like a huge animal, which, downward hurled
From the black clouds, lies weltering and alone,
Lashing and writhing till its strength be gone.
Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep
Is as a giant's slumber, loud and deep.
Thou speakest in the east and in the west
At once, and on thy heavily laden breast
Fleets come and go, and shapes that have no life
Or motion, yet are moved and meet in strife.
The earth hath nought of this: no chance or change
Ruffles its surface, and no spirits dare
Give answer to the tempest-wakened air;
But o'er its wastes the weakly tenants range
At will, and wound its bosom as they go:
Ever the same, it hath no ebb, no flow:
But in their stated rounds the seasons come,
And pass like visions to their wonted home;
And come again, and vanish; the young Spring
Looks ever bright with leaves and blossoming;
And Winter always winds his sullen horn,
When the wild Autumn, with a look forlorn,
Dies in his stormy manhood; and the skies
Weep, and flowers sicken, when the summer flies.
Oh! wonderful thou art, great element:
And fearful in thy spleeny humours bent,
And lovely in repose; thy summer form
Is beautiful, and when thy silver waves
Make music in earth's dark and winding caves,
I love to wander on thy pebbled beach,
Marking the sunlight at the evening hour,
And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach—
Eternity—Eternity—and Power.

Marcelia.

It was a dreary place. The shallow brook
That ran throughout the wood, there took a turn
And widened: all its music died away,
And in the place a silent eddy told
That there the stream grew deeper. There dark trees
Funereal (cypress, yew, and shadowy pine,
And spicy cedar) clustered, and at night
Shook from their melancholy branches sounds
And sighs like death: 'twas strange, for through the day
They stood quite motionless, and looked, methought,
Like monumental things, which the sad earth
From its green bosom had cast out in pity,
To mark a young girl's grave. The very leaves
Disowned their natural green, and took black
And mournful hue; and the rough brier, stretching
His straggling arms across the rivulet,
Lay like an armed sentinel there, catching
With his tenacious leaf straws, withered boughs,
Moss that the banks had lost, coarse grasses which
Swam with the current, and with these it hid
The poor Marcelia's deathbed. Never may net
Of venturous fisher be cast in with hope,
For not a fish abides there. The slim deer
Snorts as he ruffles with his shortened breath
The brook, and panting flies the unholy place,
And the white heifer lows, and passes on;
The foaming hound laps not, and winter birds
Go higher up the stream. And yet I love
To loiter there: and when the rising moon
Flames down the avenue of pines, and looks
Red and dilated through the evening mists,
And chequered as the heavy branches sway
To and fro with the wind, I stay to listen,
And fancy to myself that a sad voice,
Praying, comes moaning through the leaves, as 'twere
For some misdeed. The story goes—that some
Neglected girl (an orphan whom the world
Frowned upon) once strayed thither, and 'twas thought
Cast herself in the stream: you may have heard
Of one Marcelia, poor Nolina's daughter, who
Fell ill and came to want? No! Oh, she loved
A wealthy man, who marked her not. He wed,
And then the girl grew sick, and pined away,
And drowned herself for love.

Night.

Now to thy silent presence, Night!
 Is this my first song offered [illegible] oh! to thee,
That lookest with thy thousand eyes of light—
 To thee, and thy starry nobility
That float with a delicious murmuring,
 (Though unheard here) about thy forehead blue,
 And as they ride along in [illegible]
Circling the round globe in their wandering,
To thee their ancient queen and mother sing [illegible]
Mother of beauty! veiled queen!
Feared and sought, and never seen
Without a heart imposing feeling,
Whither art thou gently stealing!
In thy smiling presence, I
Kneel in star-struck idolatry,
And turn me to thine eye (the moon)
Fretting that it must change so [illegible]
Toying with this idle rhyme,
I scorn that bearded villain Time,
Thy old [illegible] enemy,
And build my linked verse to thee
Not dull and cold and dark [illegible]
Who that beholds thy [illegible]
Indiademed with gentle [illegible]
 Of fleecy silvered cloud, [illegible]
Thee, fair as when the [illegible] sun [illegible]
And from his [illegible]
 And lights upon the [illegible]
But must feel thy powers
Mightier than the [illegible]
Fairer than the [illegible]
 That smile when the [illegible]
Her rose leaves on the [illegible]
And bids her [illegible]
Not Apollo, when he [illegible],
In the wild [illegible]
 Red and [illegible]
In his meridian beauty [illegible]
 Over the bosom of the waters,
And turns the blue and burning [illegible]
 To silver, is [illegible] for thee,
 In thy full regality

The [illegible]

 Upon a couch of silk [illegible]
 A pale [illegible] lady lies,
 And o'er her many a frown [illegible] fold
 Of crimson shade [illegible]
 And shadowy [illegible]
 And ghosts of women [illegible],
 And many a phantom [illegible] flies,
 And lovers slain—ah, [illegible]!

 The lady [illegible] as new she [illegible],
 An age upon that [illegible] hath [illegible],
 Yet in one spot a spirit keep
 His mansion, like a [illegible],
 And, when lovers' ghosts complain,
 Blushes like a new-born flower,
 Or as some bright [illegible] of pain
 Dawneth through the [illegible]

 Once—but many a thought hath fled,
 Since the time whereof I speak—
 Once the sleeping lady [illegible]
 Beauty in her burning cheek,
 And the lovely morn did break
 Through the azure of her eyes,
 And her heart was warm and meek,
 And her hope was in the skies.

 But the lady loved at last,
 And the passion pained her soul,
 And her hope away was cast,
 Far beyond her own control;
 And the clouded thoughts that roll
 Through the midnight of the mind,
 O'er her eyes of azure stole,
 Till they grew deject and blind.

 He to whom her heart was given,
 When May music was in tune,
 Dared forsake that amorous heaven,
 Changed and careless soon!
 O, what is all beneath the moon
 When his heart will answer not!
 What are all the dreams of noon
 With our love forgot!

 Heedless of the world she went,
 Sorrow's daughter, meek and lone,
 Till some spirit downwards bent
 And struck her to this sleep of stone.
 Look! Did old Pygmalion
 Sculpture thus, or more prevail,
 When he drew the living tone
 From the marble pale?

[illegible] Invocation to Birds

Come, all ye feathery people of mid air,
Who sleep [illegible], or on the mountain summits
[illegible] with the wild winds, and ye who build
Your homes amidst green leaves by grottos cool,
And ye who on the flat sands hoard your eggs
For suns to ripen, come! O phoenix rare!
If death hath spared, or philosophic search
Permit thee still to [illegible] thy haunted nest,
Perfect [illegible] nightingale!
Dusk creature, who art silent all day long,
But when [illegible] thy clear throat, loosest
Thy twilight [illegible] dreaming boughs
Until they waken,—and thou, cuckoo bird,
Who art [illegible], having no shape
[illegible] far and near,
[illegible] the woods deny
Sight [illegible]—come all to my slow charm!
Come thou, sky-climbing bird, wakener of morn,
Who [illegible] like a thought unto the sun,
And from his golden floods dost gather wealth
([illegible] and thin lark-like song),
And with it [illegible] ears, come all to me,
Beneath the chamber where my lady lies,
And, in your several musics, whisper—Love!

[illegible] Wentworth

SCENE I. A Room. WENTWORTH—AMELIA.

[illegible] You have determined, then, on sending Charles
[illegible]

Wentworth. Yes.

Amel. Poor boy! he looks so sad and pale,
He'll never live there. 'Tis a cruel lot
At best to leave the land that gave us birth,
And sheltered us for many a pleasant year;
The friends that loved us, and the spots we loved,
For such a distant country. He will die.
Remember—'tis Amelia's prophecy.
Oh! do not be so harsh to the poor youth.
Do not desert your better nature. Nay—
You will not send him, Wentworth!

Went. He will sail
In twenty days.

Amel. How can you be so cruel!
He shall not go.

Went. Madam, you interest
Yourself too much, methinks, for this young man.
His doom is settled; that be sure of.

Amel. Sir!

Went. I say your tenderness, your—folly for
This boy becomes you not.

Amel. Away, away.

Went. Madam, while you are Godfrey Wentworth's wife,
These tender—friendships must be laid aside
Oh! you can smile. By——

Amel. Mr Wentworth, you
(I must believe it) jest, you jest with me.

Went. Go on, go on: you think me quite a fool
Woman, my eyes are open, wide awake
To you and all my infamy By heaven
I will not be a by-word and a mock
In all the mouths of men for any—— Pshaw!
I still respect your ears, you see, I —

Amel. You
Insult me, sir

Went Forgive me I indeed
Am somewhat of a pru[illegible], you'll scorn me for it
I still think women mo[illegible] [illegible] the miss

Amel Sir—Mr Wentworth—you have used me ill
Yourself you have used ill You have for[illegible] t
All—what is due to me—what to your wife
You have forgot—for[illegible] [illegible] I [illegible]
All that I sacrificed for you?—my youth,
My home, my heart—(you know, you [illegible])
In sad obedience to my father's will?
You promised to that father (how you kept
That promise, now remember) [illegible]
His age from poverty He had [illegible]
In splendour, and he could not bow him down,
Like men who never felt the [illegible]
He gave me up, a victim, [illegible]
Myself (ah! how I shuddered) [illegible]
By you, the evil angel of my life,
To a portentous splendour [illegible]
A pining bride, a wretch—a slave [illegible]
Your host of passions, but [illegible]
Forgive me!) to love you [illegible]
Another, and you knew it Yes, you knew
My heart was given away, [illegible]
Leave me, sir!

Went Have you done? Woman [illegible]
This mummery is to work me [illegible]
My settled will? Mistress, I [illegible]
But this remember, that your minion [illegible]
I do not heed your frowning—[illegible]
Will visit India shortly, [illegible]
(You are his guide) a prison here, [illegible]
Farewell

Amel Yet stay—a word [illegible]
I do beseech you (though my [illegible]
And my proud spirit ill can stoop to this)
You take your malediction from this youth
He is as innocent—I *think* he's innocent
Of the least ill toward you • [illegible]
Too innocent to sue, yet let me say
Since the sad hour I wed you, I have been
As faithful to our cold communion
As though my heart had from the first been y[illegible]
Or you been generous after Once more, sir,
I would implore you—for your comfort—for
Your honour and my name, to spare this boy
In the calm tone of one who has not erred
I do require this of you

Went. You but steel
My heart against him. Woman, is your pleading
Always as warm as now? By earth and heaven,
Had I but wavered in his destiny
This would have fixed me Seek your chamber now,
And in your meditations think how well
Your name may sound (my [illegible]!) held up to scorn.
It may be worth your care. Thus long I've hid
My wrath, and let you wander at your will
You have grown bold in guilt, be prudent now
Save a fair name, or I must tell the world
How ill you keep your secrets. [*Exit Went*

Amel He is gone,
And I am here—oh! such a weary wretch.
Oh! father, father, what a heart had you
To cast me on the wide and bitter world
With such a friend as this! I would have toiled
From the pale morning till the dusk of night,
And lived as poorly, and smiled cheerfully,
Keeping out sorrow from our cottage home
And there was one who would have loved you too,
And aided with his all our wreck of fortune
You would not hear him, and—and I did *I* hear
His passionate petitioning, and I see
His s[illegible] [illegible], and fling myself away
Upon a wintry bosom, that held yours
Doubling my own What matters it?—'tis past
I will be still myself wh[illegible]'s there?

[CHARLES enters.]

Ch [illegible] I
[illegible] ?

Amel Away [illegible] the blinds,
The summer [illegible] warmly on us
[illegible]

Ch [illegible]
It fill[illegible] with perfume 'tis [illegible],
And [illegible] beautiful,
[illegible] —

Amel [illegible], or my own
[illegible]

Ch [illegible]
[illegible] talk Who has been here?

Amel [illegible] I will not tell I've made a vow,
[illegible] until I'm pressed

Ch Then let me [illegible]

Amel [illegible], away

Ch [illegible] violets

Ch [illegible] hair

Amel [illegible]
[illegible], are [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] has [illegible] earned,
[illegible] them

Ch [illegible]
[illegible]

Amel [illegible]

Ch [illegible] place?

Amel Why [illegible] Look how it [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] favourite flowers
[illegible] Away—
[illegible] you look,
[illegible]

Ch [illegible]

Amel [illegible] Charles

Ch [illegible]

Amel [illegible] Charles, I have [illegible]
[illegible] while [illegible] my dark husband's frown
[illegible] You must go
[illegible] Charles, from the one friend who loves you
[illegible]

Ch [illegible]

Amel [illegible],
I shall think of you often, my dear Charles
Think of me sometimes When your trumpet sounds,
You'll recollect the coward you knew once,
Over the seas in England?

Ch Spare my heart

Amel I do not think you have a heart 'tis buried

Ch Amelia, oh! Amelia, will you never
Know the poor heart that breaks and bursts for you?
Oh! do not take it ill, but now believe
How fond, and true, and faithful——

Amel. Is this jest?
You act well, sir; or—but if it be true,
Then what am I?
Ch. Oh! by these burning tears,
By all my haunted days and wakeful nights,
Oh! by yourself I swear, dearest of all,
I love—love you, my own Amelia!
Once I *will* call you so. Do—do not scorn me
And blight my youth—I do not ask for love,
I dare not. Trample not upon my heart,
My untouched heart—I gave it all to you,
Without a spot of care or sorrow on it.
My spirit became yours—I worshipped you,
And for your sake in silence. Say but once
You hate me not, for this. Speak, speak!
Amel. Alas!
Ch. Weep not for me, my gentle love. You said
Your husband threatened you. Come, then, to me;
I have a shelter and a heart for you,
Where, ever and for ever you shall reign.
Amelia, dear Amelia! speak a word
Of kindness and consenting to me—Speak!
If but a word, or though it be not kindness,
Speak hope, doubt, fear—but not despair, or say
That some day you *may* love, or that if ever
Your cruel husband dies, you'll think of me;
Or that you wish me happy, or that perhaps
Your heart—nay, speak to me, Amelia.
Amel. Is, then, your love so deep?
Ch. So deep? It is
Twined with my life, it is my life—my soul—
The natural element wherein I breathe.
My madness—my heart's madness—it is all.
—Oh! what a picture have I mused upon,
My sandy wishes. I have thought at times
That you and I in some far distant country
Might live together, blessing and beloved;
And I have shaped such plans of happiness,
For us and all around us (you smiled,
Ever the sweet superior spirit there),
That were you always—fair Amelia,
You listen with a melancholy smile?
Amel. Let me hear all: 'tis fit I should hear all.
Alas, alas!
Ch. Weep not for me, my love.
I—I am nought—not worth a single tear.
I will depart. Or may I kiss away
Those drops of rain? Well, well, I will not pain you.
And yet—oh! what a paradise is love,
Secure, requited love. I will not go.
Or we will go together. There are haunts
For young and happy spirits—you and I
Will thither fly, and dwell beside some stream
That runs in music 'neath the Indian suns,
Ay, some sweet island still shall be our home,
Where fruits and flowers are born through all the year,
And Summer, Autumn, Spring are ever young,
Where Winter comes not, and where nought abides
But Nature in her beauty revelling.
You shall be happy, sweet Amelia,
At last; and I—it is too much to think of.
Forgive me while I look upon thee now,
And swear to thee by Love, and Night, and all
The gliding hours of soft and starry night,
How much—how absolutely I am thine.
My pale and gentle beauty—what a heart
Had he to wrong thee or upbraid thee! He
Was guilty—nay, nay, look not so.
Amel. I have
Been guilty of a cruel act toward you.
Charles, I indeed am guilty. When to-day
My husband menaced me, and told me of
Public and broad disgrace, it met my scorn.
But have I, my poor youth, been so unkind
To you as not to see this—love before!
Charles, I have driven you from your early home;
I see it now: I only—hate me for it.
Ch. I'll love you, like bright heaven. The fixed stars
Shall never be so constant. I am all
Your own. Not sin, nor sorrow, nor the grave,
Not the cold hollow grave shall chill my love.
It will survive beyond the bounds of death.
The spirit of the shadow which may there
Perhaps do penance for my deeds of ill.
Amel. Stay this wild talk.
Ch. Men have been known to love
Through years of absence, ay, in pain and peril;
And one did cast life and a world away
For a loose woman's smile: nay, love has dwelt,
A sweet inhabitant in a demon's breast,
Lonely, amidst bad passions; burning there,
Like a most holy and sepulchral light,
And almost hallowing its dark tenement.
Why may not I——
Amel. I thought I heard a step.
How strangely you speak now—again, again.
Leave me, quick, leave me.
Ch. 'Tis your tyrant coming:
I'll rather you——
Amel. If you have pity, go.
Ch. Farewell, then: yet, should he repulse you—
Amel. Then
I will—but go, you torture me.
Ch. I am gone. [*Exit.*
Amel. Farewell, farewell, poor youth; so desolate
That even I can spare a tear for you.
My husband comes not. I will meet him, then,
Armed in my innocence and wrongs. Alas!
'Tis hard to suffer where we ought to judge,
And pray to those who should petition us.
'Tis a base world, I see. Power and wrong
Go hand in hand resistless and abhorred,
And patient virtue and pale modesty,
Like the sad flowers of the too early spring,
Are cropped before they blossom—or trod down,
Or by the fierce wind withered. Is it so?—
But *I* have flaunted in the sun, and cast
My smiles in prodigality away:
And now, and now—no matter: I have done.
Whether I live scorned or beloved—Beloved!
Better be hated, could my pride abate
And I consent to fly. It may be thus.

SCENE II. A Chamber—Night.

A considerable period of time is supposed to have elapsed between this and the preceding scene.

AMELIA—MARIAN.

Mar. Are you awake, dear lady?
Amel. Wide awake.
There are the stars abroad, I see. I feel
As though I had been sleeping many a day.
What time o' the night is it?
Mar. About the stroke
Of midnight.
Amel. Let it come. The skies are calm
And bright; and so, at last, my spirit is.
Whether the heavens have influence on the mind
Through life, or only in our days of death,
I know not; yet, before, ne'er did my soul
Look upwards with such hope of joy, or pine
For that hope's deep completion. Marian!
Let me see more of heaven. There—enough.
Are you not well, sweet girl?
Mar. Oh! yes: but you
Speak now so strangely. You were wont to talk
Of plain familiar things, and cheer me: now
You set my spirit drooping.
Amel. I have spoke
Nothing but cheerful words, thou idle girl.

Look, look! above: the canopy of the sky,
Spotted with stars, shines like a bridal dress.
A queen might envy that so regal blue
Which wraps the world o' nights Alas, alas!
I do remember in my follying days
What wild and wanton wishes once were mine,
Slaves—radiant gems—and beauty with no peer,
And friends (a ready host)—but I forget
I shall be dreaming soon, as once I dreamt,
When I had hope to light me Have you no [illegible],
My gentle girl, for a sick woman's ear?
There's one I've heard you sing 'They said his eye'—
No, that's not it the words are hard to hit
'His eye like the mid-day sun was bright'—
Mar. 'Tis so.
You've a good memory Well, listen to me
I must not trip, I see
Amel. I hearken Now

Song

His eye like the mid-day sun was bright,
Hers had a proud but a milder light,
Clear and sweet like the cloudless moon
Alas! and must it fade so soon!

His voice was like the breath of war,
But hers was fainter—softer far,
And yet, when he [illegible],
She laughed to scorn [illegible]

Mar There is another [illegible],
But indistinct—like the low [illegible]
Of summer winds in the evening thus it runs

They said he died upon the wave,
And his bed was the wild and bounding billow
Her bed shall be a dry earth grave
Prepare it quick, for she wants her pillow

Amel How slowly and how silently doth [illegible]
Float on his starry journey Still he goes,
And goes, and goes, and doth not pass away
He rises with the golden morning, calmly,
And with the moon at night Methinks I see
Him stretching wide abroad his mighty wings,
Floating for ever o'er the crowds of men,
Like a huge vulture with its prey beneath
Lo! I am here, and time [illegible]
To-morrow I shall be a breathless thing
Yet he will still be here, and the blue hours
Will laugh as gaily on the busy world
As though I were alive to welcome them
There's one will shed some tears Poor Charles!

[Charles enters]

Ch. I am here
Did you not call?
Amel. You come in time My thoughts
Were full of you, dear Charles Your mother (now
I take that title), in her dying hour
Has privilege to speak unto your youth
There's one thing pains me, and I would be clear.
My husband has been harsh unto me—yet
He is my husband, and you'll think of this
If any sterner feeling move your heart?
Seek no revenge for me. You will not?—Nay,
Is it so hard to grant my last request?
He is my husband: he was father, too,
Of the blue-eyed boy you were so fond of once
Do you remember how his eyelids closed
When the first summer rose was opening?
'Tis now two years ago—more, more and I—
I now am hastening to him. Pretty boy!
He was my only child How fair he looked
In the white garment that encircled him—
'Twas like a marble slumber; and when we
Laid him beneath the green earth in his bed,
I thought my heart was breaking—yet I lived:
But I am weary now
Mar. You must not talk,
Indeed, dear lady, nay—
Ch Indeed you must not
Amel Well, then, I will be silent, yet not so
For ere we journey, ever should we take
A sweet leave of our friends, and wish them well,
And tell them to take heed, and bear in mind
Our blessings So, in your breast, dear Charles,
Wear the remembrance of Amelia
She ever loved you—ever, so as might
Become [illegible] tender love no more
Charles, I have lived in this too bitter world
Now almost thirty seasons you have been
A child to me for one third of that time
I took you to my bosom, when a boy,
Who scarce had seen eight springs come forth and vanish
You have a warm heart, Charles, and the base crowd
Will feed upon it—but you must make
That heart [illegible] deep
Its [illegible]
Ch I will!
All that you wish [illegible], but you cannot die
And leave me!
Amel [illegible] Death
Will [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] that fill the sky,
And yet they [illegible] hour—
Ch Oh [illegible]
So, no [illegible]
[illegible] Will you break my heart?
Amel No I would caution [illegible] to change,
[illegible] Only let us talk
When I am [illegible]
Ch [illegible]
Amel [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] you talk
Of war and [illegible]

[illegible]

Mar [illegible]
Ch Oh! [illegible] You here?
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] [*She dies*
[illegible]
Ch [illegible]
Mar [illegible]
Ch It is all [illegible]
Mother, revive, revive!
Mar It is in vain
Ch Is it then so? My soul is sick and faint.
Oh! mother, mother, I [illegible] weep
Oh [illegible] dim eyes,
So I might not gaze on her And has death
Indeed, indeed struck thee?—so beautiful!
So wronged, and [illegible] beloved
By one—who now has nothing left to love.
Oh! thou bright heaven, if thou art calling now
Thy brightest angels to thy bosom—rest,
For lo! the brightest of thy host is gone—
Departed and the earth is dark below.
And now I'll wander far and far away,
Like one that hath no country I shall find
A sullen pleasure in that life, and when
I say 'I have no friend in all the world,'
My heart will swell with pride, and make a show
Unto itself of happiness and in truth
There is, in that same solitude, a taste
Of pleasure which the social never know
From land to land I'll roam, in all a stranger,
And, as the body gains a bruter look,

By staring in the face of all the winds,
So from the sad aspects of different things
My soul shall pluck a courage, and bear up
Against the past. And now—for Hindostan.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

The Rev. HENRY HART MILMAN, vicar of St Mary, in the town of Reading, is author of several poems and dramas, recently collected and published in three volumes. He first appeared as an author in 1817, when his tragedy of *Fazio* was published. It was afterwards acted with success at Drury Lane theatre. In 1820 Mr Milman published a dramatic poem, the *Fall of Jerusalem*, and to this succeeded three other dramas, *Belshazzar*, the *Martyr of Antioch*, and *Anne Boleyn*; but none of these were designed for the stage. He has also written a narrative poem, *Samor, Lord of the Bright City*, and several smaller pieces. To our prose literature Mr Milman has contributed a *History of the Jews*, in three volumes, and an edition of Gibbon's Rome, with notes and corrections. Mr Milman is a native of London, son of an eminent physician, Sir Francis Milman, and was born in the year 1791. He distinguished himself as a classical scholar, and in 1815 was made a fellow of Brazen-nose college, Oxford. He also held (1821) the office of professor of poetry in the university. The taste and attainments of Mr Milman are seen in his poetical works; but he wants the dramatic spirit, and also that warmth of passion and imagination which is necessary to vivify his sacred learning and his classic descriptions.

[*Jerusalem before the Siege.*]

Titus. It must be—
And yet it moves me, Romans! it confounds
The counsel of my firm philosophy,
That Ruin's merciless ploughshare must pass o'er,
And barren salt be sown on yon proud city.
As on our olive-crowned hill we stand,
Where Kedron at our feet its scanty waters
Distils from stone to stone with gentle motion,
As through a valley sacred to sweet peace,
How boldly doth it front us! how majestically!
Like a luxurious vineyard, the hill-side
Is hung with marble fabrics, line o'er line,
Terrace o'er terrace, nearer still, and nearer
To the blue heavens. There bright and sumptuous palaces,
With cool and verdant gardens interspersed;
There towers of war that frown in massy strength;
While over all hangs the rich purple eve,
As conscious of its being her last farewell
Of light and glory to that fated city.
And, as our clouds of battle, dust and smoke,
Are melted into air, behold the temple
In undisturbed and lone serenity,
Finding itself a solemn sanctuary
In the profound of heaven! It stands before us
A mount of snow, fretted with golden pinnacles!
The very sun, as though he worshipped there,
Lingers upon the gilded cedar roofs,
And down the long and branching porticos,
On every flowery-sculptured capital,
Glitters the homage of his parting beams.
By Hercules! the sight might almost win
The offended majesty of Rome to mercy.

[*Hymn of the Captive Jews.*]

[From 'Belshazzar.']

God of the thunder! from whose cloudy seat
The fiery winds of desolation flow;
Father of vengeance! that with purple feet,
Like a full wine-press, tread'st the world below:
The embattled armies wait thy sign to slay,
Nor springs the beast of havock on his prey,
Nor withering Famine walks his blasted way,
Till thou the guilty land hast sealed for wo.

God of the rainbow! at whose gracious sign
The billows of the proud their rage suppress;
Father of mercies! at one word of thine
An Eden blooms in the waste wilderness!
And fountains sparkle in the arid sands,
And timbrels ring in maidens' glancing hands,
And marble cities crown the laughing lands,
And pillared temples rise thy name to bless.

O'er Judah's land thy thunders broke, O Lord!
The chariots rattled o'er her sunken gate,
Her sons were wasted by the Assyrian sword,
Even her foes wept to see her fallen state;
And heaps her ivory palaces became,
Her princes wore the captive's garb of shame,
Her temples sank amid the smouldering flame,
For thou didst ride the tempest cloud of fate.

O'er Judah's land thy rainbow, Lord, shall beam,
And the sad city lift her crownless head;
And songs shall wake, and dancing footsteps gleam,
Where broods o'er fallen streets the silence of the dead.
The sun shall shine on Salem's gilded towers,
On Carmel's side our maidens cull the flowers,
To deck, at blushing eve, their bridal bowers,
And angel feet the glittering Sion tread.

Thy vengeance gave us to the stranger's hand,
And Abraham's children were led forth for slaves;
With fettered steps we left our pleasant land,
Envying our fathers in their peaceful graves.
The stranger's bread with bitter tears we steep,
And when our weary eyes should sink to sleep,
'Neath the mute midnight we steal forth to weep,
Where the pale willows shade Euphrates' waves.

The born in sorrow shall bring forth in joy;
Thy mercy, Lord, shall lead thy children home;
He that went forth a tender yearling boy,
Yet, ere he die, to Salem's streets shall come.
And Canaan's vines for us their fruits shall bear,
And Hermon's bees their honied stores prepare;
And we shall kneel again in thankful prayer,
Where, o'er the cherub-seated God, full blazed the irradiate dome.

[*Summons of the Destroying Angel to the City of Babylon.*]

The hour is come! the hour is come! With voice
Heard in thy inmost soul, I summon thee,
Cyrus, the Lord's anointed! And thou river,
That flowest exulting in thy proud approach
To Babylon, beneath whose shadowy walls,
And brazen gates, and gilded palaces,
And groves, that gleam with marble obelisks,
Thy azure bosom shall repose, with lights
Fretted and chequered like the starry heavens:
I do arrest thee in thy stately course,
By Him that poured thee from thine ancient fountain,
And sent thee forth, even at the birth of time,
One of his holy streams, to lave the mounts
Of Paradise. Thou hear'st me: thou dost check
Abrupt thy waters as the Arab chief
His headlong squadrons. Where the unobserved
Yet toiling Persian breaks the ruining mound,
I see thee gather thy tumultuous strength;
And, through the deep and roaring Naharmalcha,
Roll on as proudly conscious of fulfilling
The omnipotent command! While, far away,
The lake, that slept but now so calm, nor moved,
Save by the rippling moonshine, heaves on high

Its foaming surface like a whirlpool-gulf,
And boils and whitens with the unwonted tide.
But silent as thy billows used to flow,
And terrible, the hosts of Elam move,
Winding their darksome way profound, where man
Ne'er trod, nor light e'er shone, nor air from heaven
Breathed. Oh! ye secret and unfathomed depths,
How are ye now a smooth and royal way
For the army of God's vengeance! Fellow slaves
And ministers of the Eternal purpose,
Not guided by the treacherous, injured sons
Of Babylon, but by my mightier arm,
Ye come, and spread your banners, and display
Your glittering arms as ye advance, all white
Beneath the admiring moon. Come on! the gates
Are open—not for banqueters in blood
Like you! I see on either side o'erflow
The living deluge of armed men, and cry,
Begin, begin! with fire and sword begin
The work of wrath. Upon my shadowy wing
I pause, and float a little while, to see
Mine human instruments fulfil my task
Of final ruin. Then I mount, I fly,
And sing my proud song, as I ride the clouds,
That stars may hear, and all the hosts of worlds,
That live along the interminable space,
Take up Jehovah's everlasting triumph!

[The Lonely Child.]

(From 'Samor, Lord of the Bright City.')

Sunk was the sun, and up the eastern heaven,
Like maiden on a lonely pilgrimage,
Moved the meek star of eve; the [illegible]
Breathed odours; wood, and waveless lake, like man,
Slept, weary of the garish, babbling day.
Dove of the wilderness, thy snowy wing
Droops not in slumber; Lilian, thou alone,
'Mid the deep quiet, wakest. Dost [illegible],
Idolatrous of yon majestic moon,
That like a crystal-throned queen in heaven,
Seems with her present deity to hush
To beauteous adoration all the earth?
Might seem the solemn silent mountain tops
Stand up and worship! the translucent streams
Down the hills glittering, cherish the pure light
Beneath the shadowy foliage o'er them flung
At intervals; the lake, so silver white,
Glistens; all indistinct the snowy swans
Bask in the radiance cool. Doth Lilian muse
To that apparent queen her vesper hymn?
Nursling of solitude, her infant couch
Never did mother watch, within the grave
She slept unwaking. Scornful turned aloof
Caswallon, of those pure instinctive joys
By fathers felt, when playful infant grace,
Touched with a feminine softness, round the heart
Winds its light maze of undefined delight,
Contemptuous; he with haughty joy beheld
His boy, fair Malwyn, him in bossy shield
Rocked proudly, him upbore to mountain steep
Fierce and undaunted, for their dangerous nest
To battle with the eagle's clamorous brood.
But she, the while, from human tenderness
Estranged, and gentler feelings that light up
The cheek of youth with rosy joyous smile,
Like a forgotten lute, played on alone
By chance-caressing airs, amid the wild
Beauteously pale and sadly playful grew,
A lonely child, by not one human heart
Beloved, and loving none; nor strange if learnt
Her native fond affections to embrace
Things senseless and inanimate; she loved
All flowrets that with rich embroidery fair
Enamel the green earth—the odorous thyme,
Wild rose, and roving eglantine; nor spared
To mourn their fading forms with childish tears.
Gray birch and aspen light she loved, that droop
Fringing the crystal stream; the sportive breeze
That wantoned with her brown and glossy locks;
The sunbeam chequering the fresh bank; ere dawn
Wandering, and wandering still at dewy eve,
By Glenderamakin's flower-empurpled marge,
Derwent's blue lake, or Greta's wildering glen.
Rare sound to her was human voice, scarce heard,
Save of her aged nurse or shepherd mild
Soothing the child with simple tale or song.
Hence all she knew of earthly hopes and fears,
Life's sins and sorrows: better known the voice
Beloved of lark from misty morning cloud
Blithe carolling, and wild melodious notes
Heard mingling in the summer wood, or plaint
By moonlight, of the lone night-warbling bird.
Nor they of love unconscious, all around
Fearless, familiar they their descants sweet
Tuned emulous; her knew all living shapes
That tenant wood or rock, dun roe or deer,
Sunning his dappled side, at noontide crouched,
Courting her fond caress; nor fled her gaze
The brooding dove, but murmured sounds of joy.

The Day of Judgment.

Even thus amid thy pride and luxury,
Oh earth! shall that last coming burst on thee,
That secret coming of the Son of Man,
When all the cherub-throning clouds shall shine,
Irradiate with his bright advancing sign:
When that Great Husbandman shall wave his fan,
Sweeping, like chaff, thy wealth and pomp away;
Still to the noontide of that nightless day
Shalt thou thy wonted dissolute course maintain.
Along the busy mart and crowded street,
The buyer and the seller still shall meet,
And marriage feasts begin their jocund strain:
Still to the pouring out the cup of woe;
Till earth, a drunkard, reeling to and fro,
And mountains molten by his burning feet,
And heaven his presence own, all red with furnace heat.

The hundred-gated cities then,
The towers and temples, named of men
Eternal, and the thrones of kings;
The gilded summer palaces,
The courtly bowers of love and ease,
Where still the bird of pleasure sings;
Ask ye the destiny of them?
Go, gaze on fallen Jerusalem!
Yea, mightier names are in the fatal roll,
'Gainst earth and heaven God's standard is unfurled;
The skies are shrivelled like a burning scroll,
And one vast common tomb [illegible] sepulchres the world.
Oh! who shall then survive?
Oh! who shall stand and live?
When all that hath been is no more:
When for the round earth hung in air,
With all its constellations fair
In the sky's azure canopy,
When for the breathing earth, and sparkling sea,
Is but a fiery deluge without shore,
Heaving along the abyss profound and dark—
A fiery deluge, and without an ark?

Lord of all power, when thou art there alone
On thy eternal fiery-wheeled throne,
That in its high meridian noon
Needs not the perished sun nor moon:
When thou art there in thy presiding state,
Wide-sceptred monarch o'er the realm of doom:
When from the sea-depths, from earth's darkest womb,
The dead of all the ages round thee wait:

And when the tribes of wickedness are strewn
Like forest-leaves in the autumn of thine ire:
Faithful and True! thou still wilt save thine own!
The saints shall dwell within the unharming fire,
Each white robe spotless, blooming every palm.
Even safe as we, by this still fountain's side,
So shall the church, thy bright and mystic bride,
Sit on the stormy gulf a halcyon bird of calm.
Yes, 'mid yon angry and destroying signs,
O'er us the rainbow of thy mercy shines;
We hail, we bless the covenant of its beam,
Almighty to avenge, almightiest to redeem!

REV. GEORGE CROLY.

The Rev. George Croly, rector of St Stephen's, Walbrook, London, is, like Mr Milman, a correct and eloquent poet, but deficient in interest, and consequently little read. His poetical works are, *Paris in 1815; The Angel of the World; Gems from the Antique*, &c. Mr Croly has published several works in prose: *Salathiel*, a romance founded on the old legend of the Wandering Jew; a *Life of Burke*, in two volumes; and a work on the Apocalypse of St John. This gentleman is a native of Ireland, and was educated at Trinity college, Dublin.

Pericles and Aspasia.

This was the ruler of the land,
  When Athens was the land of fame;
This was the light that led the band,
  When each was like a living flame;
The centre of earth's noblest ring,
Of more than men, the more than king.

Yet not by fetter, nor by spear,
  His sovereignty was held or won:
Feared—but alone as freemen fear;
  Loved—but as freemen love alone;
He waved the sceptre o'er his kind
By nature's first great title—mind!

Resistless words were on his tongue,
  Then Eloquence first flashed below;
Full armed to life the portent sprung,
  Minerva from the Thunderer's brow!
And his the sole, the sacred hand,
That shook her Ægis o'er the land.

And throned immortal by his side,
  A woman sits with eye sublime,
Aspasia, all his spirit's bride;
  But, if their solemn love were crime,
Pity the beauty and the sage,
Their crime was in their darkened age.

He perished, but his wreath was won;
  He perished in his height of fame:
Then sunk the cloud on Athens' sun,
  Yet still she conquered in his name.
Filled with his soul, she could not die;
Her conquest was Posterity!

[*The French Army in Russia.*]

[From 'Paris in 1815.']

Magnificence of ruin! what has time
In all it ever gazed upon of war,
Of the wild rage of storm, or deadly clime,
Seen, with that battle's vengeance to compare?
How glorious shone the invader's pomp afar!
Like pampered lions from the spoil they came;
The land before them silence and despair,
The land behind them massacre and flame;
Blood will have tenfold blood. What are they now?
  A name.

Homeward by hundred thousands, column-deep,
Broad square, loose squadron, rolling like the flood
When mighty torrents from their channels leap,
Rushed through the land the haughty multitude,
Billow on endless billow; on through wood,
O'er rugged hill, down sunless, marshy vale,
The death-devoted moved, to clangour rude
Of drum and horn, and dissonant clash of mail,
Glancing disastrous light before that sunbeam pale.

Again they reached thee, Borodino! still
Upon the loaded soil the carnage lay,
The human harvest, now stark, stiff, and chill,
Friend, foe, stretched thick together, clay to clay;
In vain the startled legions burst away;
The land was all one naked sepulchre;
The shrinking eye still glanced on grim decay,
Still did the hoof and wheel their passage tear,
Through cloven helms and arms, and corpses mouldering drear,

The field was as they left it; fosse and fort
Steaming with slaughter still, but desolate;
The cannon flung dismantled by its port;
Each knew the mound, the black ravine whose strait
Was won and lost, and thronged with dead, till fate
Had fixed upon the victor—half undone.
There was the hill, from which their eyes elate
Had seen the burst of Moscow's golden zone;
But death was at their heels; they shuddered and rushed on.

The hour of vengeance strikes. Hark to the gale!
As it bursts hollow through the rolling clouds,
That from the north in sullen grandeur sail
Like floating Alps. Advancing darkness broods
Upon the wild horizon, and the woods,
Now sinking into brambles, echo shrill,
As the gust sweeps them, and those upper floods
Shoot on their leafless boughs the sleet-drops chill,
That on the hurrying crowds in freezing showers distil.

They reach the wilderness! The majesty
Of solitude is spread before their gaze,
Stern nakedness—dark earth and wrathful sky.
If ruins were there, they long had ceased to blaze;
If blood was shed, the ground no more betrays,
Even by a skeleton, the crime of man;
Behind them rolls the deep and drenching haze,
Wrapping their rear in night; before their van
The struggling daylight shows the unmeasured desert wan.

Still on they sweep, as if their hurrying march
Could bear them from the rushing of His wheel
Whose chariot is the whirlwind. Heaven's clear arch
At once is covered with a livid veil;
In mixed and fighting heaps the deep clouds reel;
Upon the dense horizon hangs the sun,
In sanguine light, an orb of burning steel;
The snows wheel down through twilight, thick and dun;
Now tremble, men of blood, the judgment has begun!

The trumpet of the northern winds has blown,
And it is answered by the dying roar
Of armies on that boundless field o'erthrown:
Now in the awful gusts the desert hoar
Is tempested, a sea without a shore,
Lifting its feathery waves. The legions fly;
Volley on volley down the hailstones pour;
Blind, famished, frozen, mad, the wanderers die,
And dying, hear the storm but wilder thunder by.

Such is the hand of Heaven! A human blow
Had crushed them in the fight, or flung the chain
Round them where Moscow's stately towers were low
And all bestilled. But Thou! thy battle-plain

Was a whole empire; that devoted train
Must war from day to day with storm and gloom
(Man following, like the wolves, to rend the slain),
Must lie from night to night as in a tomb,
Must fly, toil, bleed for home; yet never see that home.

To the Memory of a Lady.

'Thou thy worldly task hast done.'—*Shakspeare.*

High peace to the soul of the dead,
From the dream of the world she has gone!
On the stars in her glory to tread,
To be bright in the blaze of the throne.

In youth she was lovely; and Time,
When her rose with the cypress he twined,
Left the heart all the warmth of its prime,
Left her eye all the light of her mind.

The summons came forth—and she died!
Yet her parting was gentle, for those
Whom she loved mingled tears at her side—
Her death was the mourner's repose.

Our weakness may weep o'er her bier,
But her spirit has gone on the wing
To triumph for agony here,
To rejoice in the joy of its King.

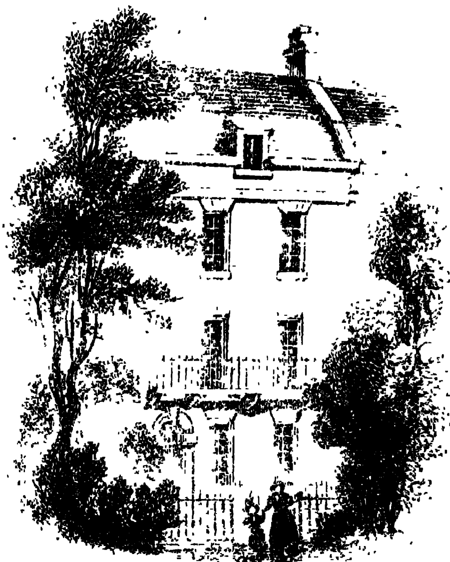
LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

This lady, generally known as 'L. E. L.' in consequence of having first published with her initials only, has attained an eminent place among the female poets of our age. Her earliest compositions



L. E. Landon

were *Poetical Sketches*, which appeared in the Literary Gazette: afterwards (1824) she published the *Improvisatrice*, which was followed by two more volumes of poetry. She also contributed largely to magazines and annuals, and was the authoress of a novel entitled *Romance and Reality*. From a publication of her *Life and Literary Remains*, edited by Mr L. Blanchard, it appears that her history was in the main a painful one; and yet it is also asserted that the melancholy of her verses was a complete contrast to the vivacity and playfulness of her manners in private life. She was born at Hans Place, Chelsea, in 1802, the daughter of Mr Landon, a partner in the house of Adairs, army agents. Lively, susceptible, and romantic, she early commenced writing poetry. The friendship of Mr Jerdan, of the Literary Gazette, facilitated her introduction to the



Birthplace of Miss Landon.

world of letters; but it also gave rise to some reports injurious to her character, which caused her the most exquisite pain. Her father died, and she not only maintained herself, but assisted her relations by her literary labours, which she never relaxed for a moment. In 1838 she was married to Mr George Maclean, governor of Cape-Coast castle, and shortly afterwards sailed for Cape-Coast with her husband. She landed there in August, and was resuming her literary engagements in her solitary African home, when one morning, after writing the previous night some cheerful and affectionate letters to her friends in England, she was (October 16) found dead in her room, lying close to the door, having in her hand a bottle which had contained prussic acid, a portion of which she had taken. From the investigation which took place into the circumstances of this melancholy event, it was conjectured that she had undesigningly taken an over-dose of the fatal medicine, as a relief from spasms in the stomach. Having surmounted her early difficulties, and achieved an easy competence and a daily extending reputation, much might have been expected from the genius of L. E. L., had not her life been prematurely terminated. Her latter works are more free, natural, and forcible than those by which she first attracted notice.

Change.

I would not care, at least so much, sweet Spring,
For the departing colour of thy flowers—
The green leaves early falling from thy boughs—
Thy birds so soon forgetful of their songs—
Thy skies, whose sunshine ends in heavy showers;
But thou dost leave thy memory, like a ghost,
To haunt the ruined heart, which still recurs
To former beauty; and the desolate
Is doubly sorrowful when it recalls
It was not always desolate.

When those eyes have forgotten the smile they wear now,
When care shall have shadowed that beautiful brow;
When thy hopes and thy roses together lie dead,
And thy heart turns back pining to days that are fled—

Then wilt thou remember what now seems to pass
Like the moonlight on water, the breath-stain on glass;
Oh! maiden, the lovely and youthful, to thee,
How rose-touched the page of thy future must be!

By the past, if thou judge it, how little is there
But blossoms that flourish, but hopes that are fair;
And what is thy present? a southern sky's spring,
With thy feelings and fancies like birds on the wing.

As the rose by the fountain flings down on the wave
Its blushes, forgetting its glass is its grave;
So the heart sheds its colour on life's early hour;
But the heart has its fading as well as the flower.

The charmèd light darkens, the rose-leaves are gone,
And life, like the fountain, floats colourless on.
Said I, when thy beauty's sweet vision was fled,
How wouldst thou turn, pining, to days like the dead!

Oh! long ere one shadow shall darken that brow,
Wilt thou weep like a mourner o'er all thou lov'st now;
When thy hopes, like spent arrows, fall short of their mark;
Or, like meteors at midnight, make darkness more dark:

When thy feelings lie fettered like waters in frost,
Or, scattered too freely, are wasted and lost:
For aye cometh sorrow, when youth hath passed by—
Ah! what saith the proverb? Its memory's a sigh.

Crescentius.

I looked upon his brow—no sign
Of guilt or fear was there;
He stood as proud by that death-shrine
As even o'er despair
He had a power; in his eye
There was a quenchless energy,
A spirit that could dare
The deadliest form that death could take,
And dare it for the daring's sake.

He stood, the fetters on his hand,
He raised them haughtily;
And had that grasp been on the brand,
It could not wave on high
With freer pride than it waved now;
Around he looked with changeless brow
On many a torture nigh;
The rack, the chain, the axe, the wheel,
And, worst of all, his own red steel.

I saw him once before; he rode
Upon a coal-black steed,
And tens of thousands thronged the road,
And bade their warrior speed.
His helm, his breastplate, were of gold,
And graved with many dint, that told
Of many a soldier's deed;
The sun shone on his sparkling mail,
And danced his snow-plume on the gale.

But now he stood chained and alone,
The headsman by his side,
The plume, the helm, the charger gone;
The sword, which had defied
The mightiest, lay broken near;
And yet no sign or sound of fear
Came from that lip of pride;
And never king or conqueror's brow
Wore higher look than did his now.

He bent beneath the headsman's stroke
With an uncovered eye;
A wild shout from the numbers broke
Who thronged to see him die.
It was a people's loud acclaim,
The voice of anger and of shame,
A nation's funeral cry,
Rome's wail above her only son,
Her patriot and her latest one.

The Grasp of the Dead.

'Twas in the battle-field, and the cold pale moon
Looked down on the dead and dying;
And the wind passed o'er with a dirge and a wail,
Where the young and brave were lying.

With his father's sword in his red right hand,
And the hostile dead around him,
Lay a youthful chief: but his bed was the ground,
And the grave's icy sleep had bound him.

A reckless rover, 'mid death and doom,
Passed a soldier, his plunder seeking.
Careless he stept, where friend and foe
Lay alike in their life-blood reeking.

Drawn by the shine of the warrior's sword,
The soldier paused beside it:
He wrenched the hand with a giant's strength,
But the grasp of the dead defied it.

He loosed his hold, and his English heart
Took part with the dead before him;
And he honoured the brave who died sword in hand,
As with softened brow he leant o'er him.

'A soldier's death thou hast boldly died,
A soldier's grave won by it:
Before I would take that sword from thine hand,
My own life's blood should dye it.

Thou shalt not be left for the carrion crow,
Or the wolf to batten o'er thee;
Or the coward insult the gallant dead,
Who in life had trembled before thee.'

Then dug he a grave in the crimson earth,
Where his warrior foe was sleeping;
And he laid him there in honour and rest,
With his sword in his own brave keeping!

[*From 'The Improvisatrice.'*]

I loved him as young Genius loves,
When its own wild and radiant heaven
Of starry thought burns with the light,
The love, the life, by passion given.
I loved him, too, as woman loves—
Reckless of sorrow, sin, or scorn:
Life had no evil destiny
That, with him, I could not have borne!
I had been nursed in palaces;
Yet earth had not a spot so drear,
That I should not have thought a home
In Paradise, had he been near!
How sweet it would have been to dwell,
Apart from all, in some green dell
Of sunny beauty, leaves and flowers;
And nestling birds to sing the hours!
Our home, beneath some chestnut's shade,
But of the woven branches made:
Our vesper hymn, the low wone wail
The rose hears from the nightingale;
And waked at morning by the call
Of music from a waterfall.
But not alone in dreams like this,
Breathed in the very hope of bliss,
I loved: my love had been the same
In hushed despair, in open shame.
I would have rather been a slave,
In tears, in bondage by his side,
Than shared in all, if wanting him,
This world had power to give beside!
My heart was withered—and my heart
Had ever been the world to me:
And love had been the first fond dream,
Whose life was in reality.
I had sprung from my solitude,
Like a young bird upon the wing,

To meet the arrow; so I met
  My poisoned shaft of suffering.
And as that bird, with drooping crest
And broken wing, will seek his nest,
But seek in vain: so vain I sought
My pleasant home of song and thought.
There was one spell upon my brain,
Upon my pencil, on my strain;
But one face to my colours came;
My chords replied to but one name—
Lorenzo!—all seemed vowed to thee,
To passion, and to misery!

[Last Verses of L. E. L.]

[Alluding to the Pole Star, which, in her voyage to Africa, she had nightly watched till it sunk below the horizon.]

A star has left the kindling sky—
  A lovely northern light;
How many planets are on high,
  But that has left the night.

I miss its bright familiar face,
  It was a friend to me;
Associate with my native place,
  And those beyond the sea.

It rose upon our English sky,
  Shone o'er our English land,*
And brought back many a loving eye,
  And many a gentle hand.

It seemed to answer to my thought,
  It called the past to mind,
And with its welcome presence brought
  All I had left behind.

The voyage it lights no longer, ends
  Soon on a foreign shore;
How can I but recall the friends
  That I may see no more?

Fresh from the pain it was to part—
  How could I bear the pain?
Yet strong the omen in my heart
  That says—We meet again.

Meet with a deeper, dearer love;
  For absence shows the worth
Of all from which we then remove,
  Friends, home, and native earth.

Thou lovely polar star, mine eyes
  Still turned the first on thee,
Till I have felt a sad surprise,
  That none looked up with me.

But thou hast sunk upon the wave,
  Thy radiant place unknown;
I seem to stand beside a grave,
  And stand by it alone.

Farewell! ah, would to me were given
  A power upon thy light!
What words upon our English heaven
  Thy loving rays should write!

Kind messages of love and hope
  Upon thy rays should be;
Thy shining orbit should have scope
  Scarcely enough for me.

Oh, fancy vain, as it is fond,
  And little needed too;
My friends! I need not look beyond
  My heart to look for you.

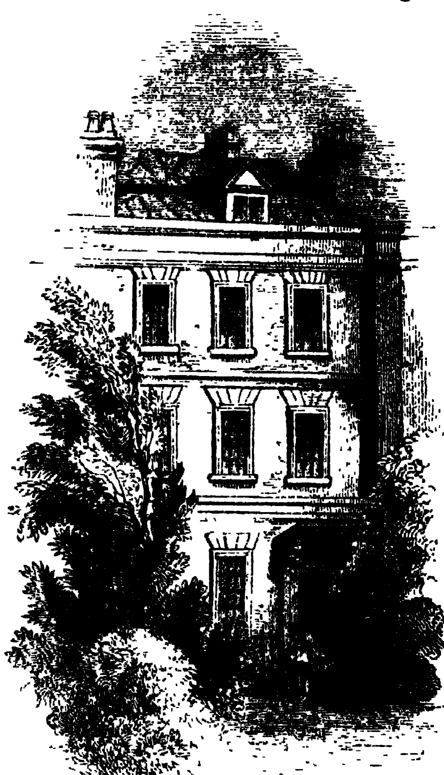
* These expressions, it is almost unnecessary to say, are not true to natural facts, as the Pole Star has not a quotidian rising anywhere, and it shines on the whole northern hemisphere in common with England.—*Ed.*

JOANNA BAILLIE.

Besides her dramatic writings, to be noticed in another section, Miss Baillie has presented to the

J Baillie

world at different times a sufficient quantity of miscellaneous poetry, including songs, to constitute a single volume, which was published in 1841. The pieces of the latter class are distinguished by a peculiar softness of diction, which makes them fall meltingly on the ear; yet few of them have become favourites with vocalists or in the drawing-room.



Miss Baillie's House, Hampstead.

Her poem entitled *The Kitten*, which appeared in an early volume of the Edinburgh Annual Register, has a truth to nature which ranks it among the best pieces of the kind in our language.

The Kitten.

Wanton droll, whose harmless play
Beguiles the rustic's closing day,
When drawn the evening fire about,
Sit aged Crone and thoughtless Lout,
And child upon his three-foot stool,
Waiting till his supper cool;
And maid, whose cheek outblooms the rose,
As bright the blazing fagot glows,
Who, bending to the friendly light,
Plies her task with busy sleight;
Come, show thy tricks and sportive graces,
Thus circled round with merry faces.
  Backward coiled, and crouching low,
With glaring eyeballs watch thy foe,
The housewife's spindle whirling round,
Or thread, or straw, that on the ground

Its shadow throws, by urchin sly
Held out to lure thy roving eye;
Then, onward stealing, fiercely spring
Upon the futile, faithless thing.
Now, wheeling round, with bootless skill,
Thy bo-peep tail provokes thee still,
As oft beyond thy curving side
Its jetty tip is seen to glide;
Till, from thy centre starting fair,
Thou sidelong rear'st, with rump in air,
Erected stiff, and gait awry,
Like madam in her tantrums high:
Though ne'er a madam of them all,
Whose silken kirtle sweeps the hall,
More varied trick and whim displays,
To catch the admiring stranger's gaze.

* * *

The featest tumbler, stage-bedight,
To thee is but a clumsy wight,
Who every limb and sinew strains
To do what costs thee little pains;
For which, I trow, the gaping crowd
Requites him oft with plaudits loud.
But, stopped the while thy wanton play,
Applauses, too, *thy* feats repay:
For then beneath some urchin's hand,
With modest pride thou tak'st thy stand,
While many a stroke of fondness glides
Along thy back and tabby sides.
Dilated swells thy glossy fur,
And loudly sings thy busy pur,
As, timing well the equal sound,
Thy clutching feet bepat the ground,
And all their harmless claws disclose,
Like prickles of an early rose;
While softly from thy whiskered cheek
Thy half-closed eyes peer mild and meek.
But not alone by cottage-fire
Do rustics rude thy feats admire;
The learned sage, whose thoughts explore
The widest range of human lore,
Or, with unfettered fancy, fly
Through airy heights of poesy,
Pausing, smiles with altered air
To see thee climb his elbow-chair,
Or, struggling on the mat below,
Hold warfare with his slippered toe.
The widowed dame, or lonely maid,
Who in the still, but cheerless shade
Of home unsocial, spends her age,
And rarely turns a lettered page;
Upon her hearth for thee lets fall
The rounded cork, or paper-ball,
Nor chides thee on thy wicked watch
The ends of ravelled skein to catch,
But lets thee have thy wayward will,
Perplexing oft her sober skill.
Even he, whose mind of gloomy bent,
In lonely tower or prison pent,
Reviews the coil of former days,
And loathes the world and all its ways;
What time the lamp's unsteady gleam
Doth rouse him from his moody dream,
Feels, as thou gambol'st round his seat,
His heart with pride less fiercely beat,
And smiles, a link in thee to find
That joins him still to living kind.
Whence hast thou, then, thou witless Puss,
The magic power to charm us thus?
Is it, that in thy glaring eye,
And rapid movements, we descry,
While we at ease, secure from ill,
The chimney-corner snugly fill,
A lion, darting on the prey,
A tiger, at his ruthless play?
Or is it, that in thee we trace,
With all thy varied wanton grace,
An emblem viewed with kindred eye,
Of tricksy, restless infancy?
Ah! many a lightly sportive child,
Who hath, like thee, our wits beguiled,
To dull and sober manhood grown,
With strange recoil our hearts disown.
Even so, poor Kit! must thou endure,
When thou becomest a cat demure,
Full many a cuff and angry word,
Chid roughly from the tempting board.
And yet, for that thou hast, I ween,
So oft our favoured playmate been,
Soft be the change which thou shalt prove,
When time hath spoiled thee of our love;
Still be thou deemed, by housewife fat,
A comely, careful, mousing cat,
Whose dish is, for the public good,
Replenished oft with savoury food.
Nor, when thy span of life is past,
Be thou to pond or dunghill cast;
But gently borne on good man's spade,
Beneath the decent sod be laid,
And children show, with glistening eyes,
The place where poor old Pussy lies.

Address to Miss Agnes Baillie on her Birthday.

[In order thoroughly to understand and appreciate the following verses, the reader must be aware that the author and her sister, daughters of a former minister of Bothwell on the Clyde, in Lanarkshire, have lived to an advanced age constantly in each other's society.]

Dear Agnes, gleamed with joy and dashed with tears
O'er us have glided almost sixty years
Since we on Bothwell's bonny braes were seen,
By those whose eyes long closed in death have been—
Two tiny imps who scarcely stooped to gather
The slender harebell on the purple heather;
No taller than the foxglove's spiky stem,
That dew of morning studs with silvery gem.
Then every butterfly that crossed our view
With joyful shout was greeted as it flew;
And moth, and lady-bird, and beetle bright,
In sheeny gold, were each a wondrous sight.
Then as we paddled barefoot, side by side,
Among the sunny shallows of the Clyde,*
Minnows or spotted parr with twinkling fin,
Swimming in mazy rings the pool within.
A thrill of gladness through our bosoms sent,
Seen in the power of early wonderment.

A long perspective to my mind appears,
Looking behind me to that line of years;
And yet through every stage I still can trace
Thy visioned form, from childhood's morning grace
To woman's early bloom—changing, how soon!
To the expressive glow of woman's noon;
And now to what thou art, in comely age,
Active and ardent. Let what will engage
Thy present moment—whether hopeful seeds
In garden-plat thou sow, or noxious weeds
From the fair flower remove, or ancient lore
In chronicle or legend rare explore,
Or on the parlour hearth with kitten play,
Stroking its tabby sides, or take thy way
To gain with hasty steps some cottage door,
On helpful errand to the neighbouring poor.
Active and ardent, to my fancy's eye
Thou still art young, in spite of time gone by.
Though oft of patience brief and temper keen,
Well may it please me, in life's latter scene,
To think what now thou art and long to me hast been.

* The Manse of Bothwell was at some considerable distance from the Clyde, but the two little girls were sometimes sent there in summer to bathe and wade about.

'Twas thou who woo'dst me first to look
Upon the page of printed book,
That thing by me abhorred, and with address
Didst win me from my thoughtless idleness,
When all too old become with bootless haste
In fitful sports the precious time to waste.
Thy love of tale and story was the stroke
At which my dormant fancy first awoke,
And ghosts and witches in my busy brain
Arose in sombre show a motley train.
This new-found path attempting, proud was I
Lurking approval on thy face to spy,
Or hear thee say, as grew thy roused attention,
'What! is this story all thine own invention?'

Then, as advancing through this mortal span,
Our intercourse with the mixed world began;
Thy fairer face and sprightlier courtesy
(A truth that from my youthful vanity
Lay not concealed) did for the sisters twain,
Where'er we went, the greater favour gain;
While, but for thee, vexed with its tossing tide,
I from the busy world had shrunk aside.
And now, in later years, with better grace,
Thou help'st me still to hold a welcome place
With those whom nearer neighbourhood have made
The friendly cheerers of our evening shade.

With thee my humours, whether grave or gay,
Or gracious or untoward, have their way.
Silent if dull—oh precious privilege!—
I sit by thee; or if, culled from the page
Of some huge ponderous tome which, but thyself,
None e'er had taken from its dusty shelf,
Thou read'st me curious passages to speed
The winter night, I take but little heed,
And thankless say, 'I cannot listen now,'
'Tis no offence; albeit, much do I owe
To these, thy nightly offerings of affection,
Drawn from thy ready talent for selection;
For still it seemed in thee a natural gift
The lettered grain from lettered chaff to sift.

By daily use and circumstance endeared,
Things are of value now that once appeared
Of no account, and without notice passed,
Which o'er dull life a simple cheering cast;
To hear thy morning steps the stair descending,
Thy voice with other sounds domestic blending;
After each stated nightly absence, met
To see thee by the morning table set,
Pouring from smoky spout the amber stream
Which sends from saucered cup its fragrant steam:
To see thee cheerly on the threshold stand,
On summer morn, with trowel in thy hand
For garden-work prepared; in winter's gloom
From thy cold noonday walk to see thee come,
In furry garment lapt, with spattered feet,
And by the fire resume thy wonted seat;
Ay, even o'er things like these soothed age has thrown
A sober charm they did not always own—
As winter hoarfrost makes minutest spray
Of bush or hedgeweed sparkle to the day
In magnitude and beauty, which, bereaved
Of such investment, eye had ne'er perceived.

The change of good and evil to abide,
As partners linked, long have we, side by side,
Our earthly journey held; and who can say
How near the end of our united way?
By nature's course not distant; sad and 'reft
Will she remain—the lonely pilgrim left.
If thou art taken first, who can to me
Like sister, friend, and home-companion be?
Or who, of wonted daily kindness shorn,
Shall feel such loss, or mourn as I shall mourn?
And if I should be fated first to leave
This earthly house, though gentle friends may grieve,
And he above them all, so truly proved
A friend and brother, long and justly loved,
There is no living wight, of woman born,
Who then shall mourn for me as thou wilt mourn.

Thou ardent, liberal spirit! quickly feeling
The touch of sympathy, and kindly dealing
With sorrow or distress, for ever sharing
The unhoarded mite, nor for to-morrow caring—
Accept, dear Agnes, on thy natal day,
An unadorned, but not a careless lay.
Nor think this tribute to thy virtues paid
From tardy love proceeds, though long delayed.
Words of affection, howsoe'er expressed,
The latest spoken still are deemed the best:
Few are the measured rhymes I now may write;
These are, perhaps, the last I shall indite.

WILLIAM KNOX.

WILLIAM KNOX, a young poet of considerable talent, who died in Edinburgh in 1825, aged thirty-six, was author of *The Lonely Hearth; Songs of Israel; The Harp of Zion*, &c. Sir Walter Scott thus mentions Knox in his diary:—'His father was a respectable yeoman, and he himself succeeding to good farms under the Duke of Buccleuch, became too soon his own master, and plunged into dissipation and ruin. His talent then showed itself in a fine strain of pensive poetry.' Knox spent his latter years in Edinburgh, under his father's roof, and, amidst all his errors, was ever admirably faithful to the domestic affections—a kind and respectful son, and an attached brother. He experienced on several occasions substantial proofs of that generosity of Scott towards his less fortunate brethren, which might have redeemed his infinite superiority in Envy's own bosom. It was also remarkable of Knox, that, from the force of early impressions of piety, he was able, in the very midst of the most deplorable dissipation, to command his mind at intervals to the composition of verses alive with sacred fire, and breathing of Scriptural simplicity and tenderness. The feelings of the poet's heart, at a particular crisis of his family history, are truly expressed in the two first of the following specimens:—

[*Opening of the 'Songs of Israel.'*]

Harp of Zion, pure and holy,
Pride of Judah's eastern land,
May a child of guilt and folly
Strike thee with a feeble hand?
May I to my bosom take thee,
Trembling from the prophet's touch,
And with throbbing heart awake thee
To the strains I love so much?

I have loved thy thrilling numbers,
Since the dawn of childhood's day;
Since a mother soothed my slumbers
With the cadence of thy lay;
Since a little blooming sister
Clung with transport round my knee,
And my glowing spirit blessed her
With a blessing caught from thee!

Mother—sister—both are sleeping
Where no heaving hearts respire,
Whilst the eve of age is creeping
Round the widowed spouse and sire.
He and his, amid their sorrow,
Find enjoyment in thy strain:
Harp of Zion, let me borrow
Comfort from thy chords again!

[*Conclusion of the 'Songs of Israel.'*]

My song hath closed, the holy dream
That raised my thoughts o'er all below,
Hath faded like the lunar beam,
And left me 'mid a night of wo—
To look and long, and sigh in vain
For friends I ne'er shall meet again.

And yet the earth is green and gay;
And yet the skies are pure and bright;
But, 'mid each gleam of pleasure gay,
Some cloud of sorrow dims my sight:
For weak is now the tenderest tongue
That might my simple songs have sung.

And like Gilead's drops of balm,
They for a moment soothed my breast;
But earth hath not a power to calm
My spirit in forgetful rest,
Until I lay me side by side
With those that loved me, and have died.

They died—and this a world of wo,
Of anxious doubt and chilling fear;
I wander onward to the tomb,
With scarce a hope to linger here:
But with a prospect to rejoin
The friends beloved, that once were mine.

Dirge of Rachel.

[Genesis, xxxv. 19.]

And Rachel lies in Ephrath's land,
Beneath her lonely oak of weeping;
With mouldering heart and withering hand,
The sleep of death for ever sleeping.

The spring comes smiling down the vale,
The lilies and the roses bringing;
But Rachel never more shall hail
The flowers that in the world are springing.

The summer gives his radiant day,
And Jewish dames the dance are treading;
But Rachel on her couch of clay,
Sleeps all unheeded and unheeding.

The autumn's ripening sunbeam shines,
And reapers to the field is calling;
But Rachel's voice no longer joins
The choral song at twilight's falling.

The winter sends his drenching shower,
And sweeps his howling blast around her;
But earthly storms possess no power
To break the slumber that hath bound her.

A Virtuous Woman.

[Proverbs, xii. 4.]

Thou askest what hath changed my heart,
And where hath fled my youthful folly?
I tell thee, Tamar's virtuous art
Hath made my spirit holy.

Her eye—as soft and blue as even,
When day and night are calmly meeting—
Beams on my heart like light from heaven,
And purifies its beating.

The accents fall from Tamar's lip
Like dewdrops from the rose-leaf dripping,
When honey-bees all crowd to sip,
And cannot cease their sipping.

The shadowy blush that tints her cheek,
For ever coming—ever going,
May well the spotless fount bespeak
That sets the stream aflowing.

Her song comes o'er my thrilling breast
Even like the harp-string's holiest measures,
When dreams the soul of lands of rest
And everlasting pleasures.

Then ask not what hath changed my heart,
Or where hath fled my youthful folly—
I tell thee, Tamar's virtuous art
Hath made my spirit holy.

THOMAS PRINGLE.

Thomas Pringle was born in Roxburghshire in 1788. He was concerned in the establishment of Blackwood's Magazine, and was author of *Scenes of Teviotdale, Ephemerides*, and other poems, all of which display fine feeling and a cultivated taste. Although, from lameness, ill fitted for a life of roughness or hardship, Mr Pringle, with his father, and several brothers, emigrated to the Cape of Good Hope in the year 1820, and there established a little township or settlement named Glen Lynden. The poet afterwards removed to Cape Town, the capital; but, wearied with his Caffreland exile, and disagreeing with the governor, he returned to England, and subsisted by his pen. He was some time editor of the literary annual, entitled *Friendship's Offering*. His services were also engaged by the African Society, as secretary to that body, a situation which he continued to hold until within a few months of his death. In the discharge of its duties he evinced a spirit of active humanity, and an ardent love of the cause to which he was devoted. His last work was a series of *African Sketches*, containing an interesting personal narrative, interspersed with verse. Mr Pringle died on the 5th of December 1834.

Afar in the Desert.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And, sick of the present, I turn to the past;
And the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years;
And the shadows of things that have long since fled,
Flit over the brain like the ghosts of the dead—
Bright visions of glory that vanished too soon—
Day-dreams that departed ere manhood's noon—
Attachments by fate or by falsehood reft—
Companions of early days lost or left—
And my Native Land! whose magical name
Thrills to my heart like electric flame;
The home of my childhood—the haunts of my prime;
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time,
When the feelings were young and the world was new,
Like the fresh bowers of Paradise opening to view!
All—all now forsaken, forgotten, or gone;
And I, a lone exile, remembered of none,
My high aims abandoned, and good acts undone—
Aweary of all that is under the sun;
With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
I fly to the Desert afar from man.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife;
The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear;
And the scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear;
And malice, and meanness, and falsehood, and folly,
Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy;
When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high;
And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh—

Oh, then! there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
Afar in the Desert alone to ride!
There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
And to bound away with the eagle's speed,
With the death-fraught firelock in my hand
(The only law of the Desert land);
But 'tis not the innocent to destroy,
For I hate the huntsman's savage joy.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
Away—away from the dwellings of men,
By the wild deer's haunt, and the buffalo's glen;
By valleys remote, where the oribi plays;
Where the gnoo, the gazelle, and the hartebeest graze;
And the gemsbok and eland unhunted recline
By the skirts of gray forests o'ergrown with wild vine;
And the elephant browses at peace in his wood;
And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood;
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
In the *Vley*, where the wild ass is drinking his fill.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
O'er the brown Karroo where the bleating cry
Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively;
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
In fields seldom freshened by moisture or rain;
And the stately koodoo exultingly bounds,
Undisturbed by the bay of the hunter's hounds;
And the timorous quagha's wild whistling neigh
Is heard by the brak fountain far away;
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste;
And the vulture in circles wheels high overhead,
Greedy to scent and to gorge on the dead;
And the grisly wolf, and the shrieking jackal,
Howl for their prey at the evening fall;
And the fiend-like laugh of hyenas grim,
Fearfully startles the twilight dim.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
Away—away in the wilderness vast,
Where the white man's foot hath never passed,
And the quivered Koranna or Bechuan
Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan:
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
Which man hath abandoned from famine and fear;
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
And the bat flitting forth from his old hollow stone;
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot:
And the bitter melon, for food and drink,
Is the pilgrim's fare, by the Salt Lake's brink:
A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osiered sides;
Nor reedy pool, nor mossy fountain,
Nor shady tree, nor cloud-capped mountain,
Are found—to refresh the aching eye:
But the barren earth and the burning sky,
And the black horizon round and round,
Without a living sight or sound,
Tell to the heart, in its pensive mood,
That this is—Nature's Solitude.

And here—while the night-winds round me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit apart by the caverned stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone,
And feel as a moth in the Mighty Hand
That spread the heavens and heaved the land—
A 'still small voice' comes through the wild
(Like a father consoling his fretful child),
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear—
Saying 'Man is distant, but God is near!'

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

The Rev. Robert Montgomery has obtained a numerous circle of readers and admirers. His works, *The Omnipresence of the Deity, Satan, Luther, &c.*, display great command of poetical language and fluent versification, but are deficient in originality and chasteness of style. The literary labours of Mr Montgomery seem to have been wholly devoted to the service of religion, of the truths of which he is an able and eloquent expounder in the pulpit.

[Description of a Maniac.]

Down yon romantic dale, where hamlets few
Arrest the summer pilgrim's pensive view—
The village wonder, and the widow's joy—
Dwells the poor mindless, pale-faced maniac boy:
He lives and breathes, and rolls his vacant eye,
To greet the glowing fancies of the sky;
But on his cheek unmeaning shades of wo
Reveal the withered thoughts that sleep below!
A soulless thing, a spirit of the woods,
He loves to commune with the fields and floods:
Sometimes along the woodland's winding glade,
He starts, and smiles upon his pallid shade;
Or scolds with idiot threat the roaming wind,
But rebel music to the ruined mind!
Or on the shell-strewn beach delighted strays,
Playing his fingers in the noontide rays:
And when the sea-waves swell their hollow roar,
He counts the billows plunging to the shore;
And oft beneath the glimmer of the moon,
He chants some wild and melancholy tune;
Till o'er his softening features seems to play
A shadowy gleam of mind's reluctant sway.
Thus, like a living dream, apart from men,
From morn to eve he haunts the wood and glen;
But round him, near him, wheresoe'er he rove,
A guardian angel tracks him from above!
Nor harm from flood or fen shall e'er destroy
The mazy wanderings of the maniac boy.

[The Starry Heavens.]

Ye quenchless stars! so eloquently bright,
Untroubled sentries of the shadowy night,
While half the world is lapped in downy dreams,
And round the lattice creep your midnight beams,
How sweet to gaze upon your placid eyes,
In lambent beauty looking from the skies!
And when, oblivious of the world, we stray
At dead of night along some noiseless way,
How the heart mingles with the moonlit hour,
As if the starry heavens suffused a power!
Full in her dreamy light, the moon presides,
Shrined in a halo, mellowing as she rides;
And far around, the forest and the stream
Bathe in the beauty of her emerald beam;
The lulled winds, too, are sleeping in their caves,
No stormy murmurs roll upon the waves;
Nature is hushed, as if her works adored,
Stilled by the presence of her living Lord!
And now, while through the ocean-mantling haze
A dizzy chain of yellow lustre plays,
And moonlight loveliness hath veiled the land,
Go, stranger, muse thou by the wave-worn strand:
Centuries have glided o'er the balanced earth,
Myriads have blessed, and myriads cursed their birth;
Still, yon sky-beacons keep a dimless glare,
Unsullied as the God who throned them there!
Though swelling earthquakes heave the astounded world,
And king and kingdom from their pride are hurled,
Sublimely calm, they run their bright career,
Unheedful of the storms and changes here.
We want no hymn to hear, or pomp to see,
For all around is deep divinity!

[*Picture of War.*]

Spirit of light and life! when battle rears
Her fiery brow and her terrific spears;
When red-mouthed cannon to the clouds uproar,
And gasping thousands make their beds in gore,
While on the billowy bosom of the air
Roll the dead notes of anguish and despair!
Unseen, thou walk'st upon the smoking plain,
And hear'st each groan that gurgles from the slain!

List! war-peals thunder on the battle-field;
And many a hand grasps firm the glittering shield,
As on, with helm and plume, the warriors come,
And the glad hills repeat their stormy drum!
And now are seen the youthful and the gray,
With bosoms firing to partake the fray;
The first, with hearts that consecrate the deed,
All eager rush to vanquish or to bleed!
Like young waves racing in the morning sun,
That rear and leap with reckless fury on!

But mark yon war-worn man, who looks on high,
With thought and valour mirrored in his eye!
Not all the gory revels of the day
Can fright the vision of his home away;
The home of love, and its associate smiles,
His wife's endearment, and his baby's wiles:
Fights he less brave through recollected bliss,
With step retreating, or with sword remiss?
Ah no! remembered home's the warrior's charm,
Speed to his sword, and vigour to his arm;
For this he supplicates the god afar,
Fronts the steeled foe, and mingles in the war!

The cannon's hushed!—nor drum, nor clarion sound;
Helmet and hauberk gleam upon the ground;
Horseman and horse lie weltering in their gore;
Patriots are dead, and heroes dare no more;
While solemnly the moonlight shrouds the plain,
And lights the lurid features of the slain!

And see! on this rent mound, where daisies sprung,
A battle-steed beneath his rider flung;
Oh! never more he'll rear with fierce delight,
Roll his red eyes, and rally for the fight!
Pale on his bleeding breast the warrior lies,
While from his ruffled lids the white swelled eyes
Ghastly and grimly stare upon the skies!

Afar, with bosom bared unto the breeze,
White lips, and glaring eyes, and shivering knees,
A widow o'er her martyred soldier moans,
Loading the night-wind with delirious groans!
Her blue-eyed babe, unconscious orphan he!
So sweetly prattling in his cherub glee,
Leers on his lifeless sire with infant wile,
And plays and plucks him for a parent's smile!

But who, upon the battle-wasted plain,
Shall count the faint, the gasping, and the slain?
Angel of Mercy! ere the blood-fount chill,
And the brave heart be spiritless and still,
Amid the havoc thou art hovering nigh,
To calm each groan, and close each dying eye,
And waft the spirit to that halcyon shore,
Where war's loud thunders lash the winds no more!

Lost Feelings.

Oh! weep not that our beauty wears
  Beneath the wings of Time;
That age o'erclouds the brow with cares
  That once was raised sublime.

Oh! weep not that the beamless eye
  No dumb delight can speak;
And fresh and fair no longer lie
  Joy-tints upon the cheek.

No! weep not that the ruin-trace
  Of wasting time is seen,
Around the form and in the face
  Where beauty's bloom has been.

But mourn the inward wreck we feel
  As hoary years depart,
And Time's effacing fingers steal
  Young feelings from the heart!

WILLIAM HERBERT.

The HON. and REV. WILLIAM HERBERT published in 1806 a series of translations from the Norse, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. Those from the Norse, or Icelandic tongue, were generally admired, and the author was induced to venture on an original poem founded on Scandinavian history and manners. The work was entitled *Helga*, and was published in 1815. We extract a few lines descriptive of a northern spring, bursting out at once into verdure:—

Yestreen the mountain's rugged brow
Was mantled o'er with dreary snow;
The sun set red behind the hill,
And every breath of wind was still;
But ere he rose, the southern blast
A veil o'er heaven's blue arch had cast;
Thick rolled the clouds, and genial rain
Poured the wide deluge o'er the plain.
Fair glens and verdant vales appear,
And warmth awakes the budding year.
O 'tis the touch of fairy hand
That wakes the spring of northern land!
It warms not there by slow degrees,
With changeful pulse, the uncertain breeze;
But sudden on the wondering sight
Bursts forth the beam of living light,
And instant verdure springs around,
And magic flowers bedeck the ground.
Returned from regions far away,
The red-winged throstle pours his lay;
The soaring snipe salutes the spring,
While the breeze whistles through his wing;
And, as he hails the melting snows,
The heathcock claps his wings and crows.

After a long interval of silence Mr Herbert came forward in 1838 with an epic poem entitled *Attila*, founded on the establishment of Christianity by the discomfiture of the mighty attempt of the Gothic king to establish a new antichristian dynasty upon the wreck of the temporal power of Rome at the end of the term of 1200 years, to which its duration had been limited by the forebodings of the heathens.

Musings on Eternity.

[From 'Attila.']

How oft, at midnight, have I fixed my gaze
Upon the blue unclouded firmament,
With thousand spheres illumined; each perchance
The powerful centre of revolving worlds!
Until, by strange excitement stirred, the mind
Hath longed for dissolution, so it might bring
Knowledge, for which the spirit is athirst,
Open the darkling stores of hidden time,
And show the marvel of eternal things,
Which, in the bosom of immensity,
Wheel round the God of nature. Vain desire!

* * *

Enough
To work in trembling my salvation here,
Waiting thy summons, stern mysterious Power,
Who to thy silent realm hast called away
All those whom nature twined around my heart
In my fond infancy, and left me here
Denuded of their love!

Where are ye gone,
And shall we wake from the long sleep of death,
To know each other, conscious of the ties
That linked our souls together, and draw down
The secret dewdrop on my cheek, whene'er
I turn unto the past? or will the change
That comes to all renew the altered spirit
To other thoughts, making the strife or love
Of short mortality a shadow past,
Equal illusion? Father, whose strong mind
Was my support, whose kindness as the spring
Which never tarries! Mother, of all forms
That smiled upon my budding thoughts, most dear!
Brothers! and thou, mine only sister! gone
To the still grave, making the memory
Of all my earliest time a thing wiped out,
Save from the glowing spot, which lives as fresh
In my heart's core as when we last in joy
Were gathered round the blithe paternal board!
Where are ye? Must your kindred spirits sleep
For many a thousand years, till by the trump
Roused to new being? Will old affections then
Burn inwardly, or all our loves gone by
Seem but a speck upon the roll of time,
Unworthy our regard? This is too hard
For mortals to unravel, nor has He
Vouchsafed a clue to man, who bade us trust
To Him our weakness, and we shall wake up
After His likeness, and be satisfied.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Ebenezer Elliott, sprung from the manufacturing poor of England, and early accustomed to toil and privation, derived, like Clare, a love of poetry from the perusal of Thomson. Being thrown among a town population, he became a politician, and imbibed opinions rarely found among the peasantry.



Ebenezer Elliott.

He has followed Crabbe in depicting the condition of the poor as miserable and oppressed, tracing most of the evils he deplores to the social and political institutions of his country. The laws relating to the importation of corn have been denounced by Elliott as specially afflictive of the people, and this he has done with a fervour of manner and a harshness of phraseology, which ordinary minds feel as repulsive, even while acknowledged as flowing from the offended benevolence of the poet.

For thee, my country, thee, do I perform,
Sternly, the duty of a man born free,
Heedless, though ass, and wolf, and venomous worm,
Shake ears and fangs, with brandished bray, at me.

Fortunately the genius of Elliott has redeemed his errors of taste: his delineation of humble virtue and affection, and his descriptions of English scenery, are excellent. He writes from genuine feelings and impulses, and often rises into pure sentiment and eloquence. The Corn-Law Rhymer, as he has been called, was born in 1781 at Masbrough, a village near Sheffield. He has passed an industrious youth and middle age in a branch of the well known manufactures of his native district, from which manual toil was not in his case excluded; and he now enjoys the comparatively easy circumstances merited by his labours as well as his genius.

To the Bramble Flower.

Thy fruit full well the schoolboy knows,
 Wild bramble of the brake!
So put thou forth thy small white rose;
 I love it for his sake.
Though woodbines flaunt and roses glow
 O'er all the fragrant bowers,
Thou needst not be ashamed to show
 Thy satin-threaded flowers;
For dull the eye, the heart is dull,
 That cannot feel how fair,
Amid all beauty beautiful,
 Thy tender blossoms are!
How delicate thy gauzy frill!
 How rich thy branchy stem!
How soft thy voice when woods are still,
 And thou sing'st hymns to them;
While silent showers are falling slow,
 And 'mid the general hush,
A sweet air lifts the little bough,
 Lone whispering through the bush!
The primrose to the grave is gone;
 The hawthorn flower is dead;
The violet by the mossed gray stone
 Hath laid her weary head;
But thou, wild bramble! back dost bring
 In all their beauteous power,
The fresh green days of life's fair spring,
 And boyhood's blossomy hour.
Scorned bramble of the brake! once more
 Thou bidd'st me be a boy,
To gad with thee the woodlands o'er,
 In freedom and in joy.

The Excursion.

Bone-weary, many-childed, trouble-tried!
Wife of my bosom, wedded to my soul!
Mother of nine that live, and two that died!
This day, drink health from nature's mountain bowl;
Nay, why lament the doom which mocks control?
The buried are not lost, but gone before.
Then dry thy tears, and see the river roll
O'er rocks, that crowned yon time-dark heights of yore,
Now, tyrant like, dethroned, to crush the weak no more.

The young are with us yet, and we with them:
O thank the Lord for all he gives or takes—
The withered bud, the living flower, or gem!
And he will bless us when the world forsakes!
Lo! where thy fisher-born, abstracted, takes,
With his fixed eyes, the trout he cannot see!
Lo! starting from his earnest dream, he wakes!
While our glad Fanny, with raised foot and knee,
Bears down at Noe's side the bloom-bowed hawthorn tree.

Dear children! when the flowers are full of bees;
When sun-touched blossoms shed their fragrant snow;
When song speaks like a spirit, from the trees
Whose kindled greenness hath a golden glow;
When, clear as music, rill and river flow,
With trembling hues, all changeful, tinted o'er
By that bright pencil which good spirits know
Alike in earth and heaven—'tis sweet, once more,
Above the sky-tinged hills to see the storm-bird soar.

'Tis passing sweet to wander, free as air,
Blithe truants in the bright and breeze-blessed day,
Far from the town—where stoop the sons of care
O'er plans of mischief, till their souls turn gray,
And dry as dust, and dead-alive are they—
Of all self-buried things the most unblessed:
O Morn! to them no blissful tribute pay!
O Night's long-courted slumbers! bring no rest
To men who laud man's foes, and deem the basest best!

God! would they handcuff thee? and, if they could
Chain the free air, that, like the daisy, goes
To every field; and bid the warbling wood
Exchange no music with the willing rose
For love-sweet odours, where the woodbine blows
And trades with every cloud, and every beam
Of the rich sky! Their gods are bonds and blows,
Rocks, and blind shipwreck; and they hate the stream
That leaves them still behind, and mocks their changeless dream.

They know ye not, ye flowers that welcome me,
Thus glad to meet, by trouble parted long!
They never saw ye—never may they see
Your dewy beauty, when the throstle's song
Floweth like starlight, gentle, calm, and strong!
Still, Avarice, starve their souls! still, lowest Pride,
Make them the meanest of the basest throng!
And may they never, on the green hill's side,
Embrace a chosen flower, and love it as a bride!

Blue Eyebright!* loveliest flower of all that grow
In flower-loved England! Flower, whose hedge-side gaze
Is like an infant's! What heart doth not know
Thee, clustered smiler of the bank! where plays
The sunbeam with the emerald snake, and strays
The dazzling rill, companion of the road
Which the lone bard most loveth, in the days
When hope and love are young? O come abroad,
Blue Eyebright! and this rill shall woo thee with an ode.

Awake, blue Eyebright, while the singing wave
Its cold, bright, beauteous, soothing tribute drops
From many a gray rock's foot and dripping cave;
While yonder, lo, the starting stone-chat hops!
While here the cottar's cow its sweet food crops;
While black-faced ewes and lambs are bleating there;
And, bursting through the briers, the wild ass stops—
Kicks at the strangers—then turns round to stare—
Then lowers his large red ears, and shakes his long dark hair.

[*Pictures of Native Genius.*]

O faithful love, by poverty embraced!
Thy heart is fire, amid a wintry waste;
Thy joys are roses, born on Hecla's brow;
Thy home is Eden, warm amid the snow;
And she, thy mate, when coldest blows the storm,
Clings then most fondly to thy guardian form;
E'en as thy taper gives intensest light,
When o'er thy bowed roof darkest falls the night.
Oh, if thou e'er hast wronged her, if thou e'er
From those mild eyes hast caused one bitter tear
To flow unseen, repent, and sin no more!
For richest gems compared with her, are poor;
Gold, weighed against her heart, is light—is vile;
And when thou sufferest, who shall see her smile?
Sighing, ye wake, and sighing, sink to sleep,
And seldom smile, without fresh cause to weep;
(Scarce dry the pebble, by the wave dashed o'er,
Another comes, to wet it as before);
Yet while in gloom your freezing day declines,
How fair the wintry sunbeam when it shines!
Your foliage, where no summer leaf is seen,
Sweetly embroiders earth's white veil with green;
And your broad branches, proud of storm-tried strength,
Stretch to the winds in sport their stalwart length,
And calmly wave, beneath the darkest hour,
The ice-born fruit, the frost-defying flower.
Let luxury, sickening in profusion's chair,
Unwisely pamper his unworthy heir,
And, while he feeds him, blush and tremble too!
But love and labour, blush not, fear not you!
Your children (splinters from the mountain's side),
With rugged hands, shall for themselves provide.
Parent of valour, cast away thy fear!
Mother of men, be proud without a tear!
While round your hearth the wo-nursed virtues move,
And all that manliness can ask of love;
Remember Hogarth, and abjure despair;
Remember Arkwright, and the peasant Clare.
Burns, o'er the plough, sung sweet his wood-notes wild,
And richest Shakspeare was a poor man's child.
Sire, green in age, mild, patient, toil-inured,
Endure thine evils as thou hast endured.
Behold thy wedded daughter, and rejoice!
Hear hope's sweet accents in a grandchild's voice!
See freedom's bulwarks in thy sons arise,
And Hampden, Russell, Sidney, in their eyes!
And should some new Napoleon's curse subdue
All hearths but thine, let him behold them too,
And timely shun a deadlier Waterloo.
Northumbrian vales! ye saw, in silent pride,
The pensive brow of lowly Akenside,
When, poor, yet learned, he wandered young and free,
And felt within the strong divinity.
Scenes of his youth, where first he wooed the Nine,
His spirit still is with you, vales of Tyne!
As when he breathed, your blue-belled paths along,
The soul of Plato into British song.
Born in a lowly hut an infant slept,
Dreamful in sleep, and, sleeping, smiled or wept:
Silent the youth—the man was grave and shy:
His parents loved to watch his wondering eye:
And lo! he waved a prophet's hand, and gave,
Where the winds soar, a pathway to the wave!
From hill to hill bade air-hung rivers stride,
And flow through mountains with a conqueror's pride:
O'er grazing herds, lo! ships suspended sail,
And Brindley's praise hath wings in every gale!
The worm came up to drink the welcome shower;
The redbreast quaffed the raindrop in the bower;
The flaskering duck through freshened lilies swam;
The bright roach took the fly below the dam;
Ramped the glad colt, and cropped the pensile spray;
No more in dust uprose the sultry way;
The lark was in the cloud; the woodbine hung
More sweetly o'er the chaffinch while he sung;
And the wild rose, from every dripping bush,
Beheld on silvery Sheaf the mirrored blush;
When calmly seated on his panniered ass,
Where travellers hear the steel hiss as they pass,
A milkboy, sheltering from the transient storm,
Chalked, on the grinder's wall, an infant's form;
Young Chantrey smiled; no critic praised or blamed;
And golden promise smiled, and thus exclaimed:—
'Go, child of genius! rich be thine increase;
Go—be the Phidias of the second Greece!'

* The Germander Speedwell.

[Apostrophe to Futurity.]

Ye rocks! ye elements! thou shoreless main,
In whose blue depths, worlds, ever voyaging,
Freighted with life and death, of fate complain.
Things of immutability! ye bring
Thoughts that with terror and with sorrow wring
The human breast. Unchanged, of sad decay
And deathless change ye speak, like prophets old,
Foretelling evil's ever-present day;
And as when Horror lays his finger cold
Upon the heart in dreams, appal the bold.
O thou Futurity! our hope and dread,
Let me unveil thy features, fair or foul!
Thou who shalt see the grave untenanted,
And commune with the re-embodied soul!
Tell me thy secrets, ere thy ages roll
Their deeds, that yet shall be on earth, in heaven,
And in deep hell, where rabid hearts with pain
Must purge their plagues, and learn to be forgiven!
Show me the beauty that shall fear no stain,
And still, through age-long years, unchanged remain!
As one who dreads to raise the pallid sheet
Which shrouds the beautiful and tranquil face
That yet can smile, but never more shall meet,
With kisses warm, his ever fond embrace;
So I draw nigh to thee, with timid pace,
And tremble, though I long to lift thy veil.

A Poet's Prayer.

Almighty Father! let thy lowly child,
Strong in his love of truth, be wisely bold—
A patriot bard, by sycophants reviled,
Let him live usefully, and not die old!
Let poor men's children, pleased to read his lays,
Love, for his sake, the scenes where he hath been.
And when he ends his pilgrimage of days,
Let him be buried where the grass is green,
Where daisies, blooming earliest, linger late
To hear the bee his busy note prolong;
There let him slumber, and in peace await
The dawning morn, far from the sensual throng,
Who scorn the windflower's blush, the redbreast's lonely song.

MRS NORTON.

The family of Sheridan has been prolific of genius, and MRS NORTON, granddaughter of Richard Brinsley, has well sustained the family honours. Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Sheridan was, at the age of nineteen, married to the Honourable George Chapple Norton, brother to Lord Grantley, and himself a police magistrate in London. This union was dissolved in 1840, after Mrs Norton had been the object of suspicion and persecution of the most painful description. In her seventeenth year, this lady had composed her poem, *The Sorrows of Rosalie*, a pathetic story of village life. Her next work was a poem founded on the ancient legend of the Wandering Jew, which she termed *The Undying One*. A third volume appeared from her pen in 1840, entitled *The Dream, and other Poems*. 'This lady,' says a writer in the Quarterly Review, 'is the Byron of our modern poetesses. She has very much of that intense personal passion by which Byron's poetry is distinguished from the larger grasp and deeper communion with man and nature of Wordsworth. She has also Byron's beautiful intervals of tenderness, his strong practical thought, and his forceful expression. It is not an artificial imitation, but a natural parallel.' The truth of this remark, both as to poetical and personal similarity of feeling, will be seen from the following impassioned verses, addressed by Mrs Norton to the Duchess of Sutherland, to whom she has dedicated her poems. The simile of the swan flinging aside the 'turbid drops' from her snowy wing is certainly worthy of Byron.

[To the Duchess of Sutherland.]

Once more, my harp! once more, although I thought
Never to wake thy silent strings again,
A wandering dream thy gentle chords have wrought,
And my sad heart, which long hath dwelt in pain,
Soars, like a wild bird from a cypress bough,
Into the poet's heaven, and leaves dull grief below!

And unto thee—the beautiful and pure—
Whose lot is cast amid that busy world
Where only sluggish Dulness dwells secure,
And Fancy's generous wing is faintly furled;
To thee—whose friendship kept its equal truth
Through the most dreary hour of my embittered youth—

I dedicate the lay. Ah! never bard,
In days when poverty was twin with song;
Nor wandering harper, lonely and ill-starred,
Cheered by some castle's chief, and harboured long;
Not Scott's Last Minstrel, in his trembling lays,
Woke with a warmer heart the earnest meed of praise!

For easy are the alms the rich man spares
To sons of Genius, by misfortune bent;
But thou gav'st me, what woman seldom dares,
Belief—in spite of many a cold dissent—
When, slandered and maligned, I stood apart
From those whose bounded power hath wrung, not crushed, my heart.

Thou, then, when cowards lied away my name,
And scoffed to see me feebly stem the tide;
When some were kind on whom I had no claim,
And some forsook on whom my love relied,
And some, who might have battled for my sake,
Stood off in doubt to see what turn the world would take—

Thou gav'st me that the poor do give the poor,
Kind words and holy wishes, and true tears;
The loved, the near of kin could do no more,
Who changed not with the gloom of varying years,
But clung the closer when I stood forlorn,
And blunted Slander's dart with their indignant scorn.

For they who credit crime, are they who feel
Their own hearts weak to unresisted sin;
Memory, not judgment, prompts the thoughts which steal
O'er minds like these, an easy faith to win;
And tales of broken truth are still believed
Most readily by those who have themselves deceived.

But like a white swan down a troubled stream,
Whose ruffling pinion hath the power to fling
Aside the turbid drops which darkly gleam
And mar the freshness of her snowy wing—
So thou, with queenly grace and gentle pride,
Along the world's dark waves in purity dost glide:

Thy pale and pearly cheek was never made
To crimson with a faint false-hearted shame;
Thou didst not shrink—of bitter tongues afraid,
Who hunt in packs the object of their blame;
To thee the sad denial still held true,
For from thine own good thoughts thy heart its mercy drew.

And though my faint and tributary rhymes
Add nothing to the glory of thy day,
Yet every poet hopes that after-times
Shall set some value on his votive lay;
And I would fain one gentle deed record,
Among the many such with which thy life is stored.

So when these lines, made in a mournful hour,
Are idly opened to the stranger's eye,
A dream of thee, aroused by Fancy's power,
Shall be the first to wander floating by;
And they who never saw thy lovely face
Shall pause, to conjure up a vision of its grace!

In *The Winter's Walk*, a poem written after walking with Mr Rogers the poet, Mrs Norton has the following brief but graceful and picturesque lines:—

Gleamed the red sun athwart the misty haze
Which veiled the cold earth from its loving gaze,
Feeble and sad as hope in sorrow's hour—
But for thy soul it still had warmth and power;
Not to its cheerless beauty wert thou blind;
To the keen eye of thy poetic mind
Beauty still lives, though nature's flowrets die,
And wintry sunsets fade along the sky!
And nought escaped thee as we strolled along,
Nor changeful ray, nor bird's faint chirping song.
Blessed with a fancy easily inspired,
All was beheld, and nothing unadmired;
From the dim city to the clouded plain,
Not one of all God's blessings given in vain.

The affectionate attachment of Rogers to Sheridan, in his last and evil days, is delicately touched upon by the poetess:—

And when at length he laid his dying head
On the hard rest of his neglected bed,
He found (though few or none around him came
Whom he had toiled for in his hour of fame—
Though by his prince unroyally forgot,
And left to struggle with his altered lot)
By sorrow weakened, by disease unnerved—
Faithful at least the friend he had *not* served:
For the same voice essayed that hour to cheer,
Which now sounds welcome to his grandchild's ear;
And the same hand, to aid that life's decline,
Whose gentle clasp so late was linked in mine.

[*Picture of Twilight.*]

Oh, twilight! Spirit that dost render birth
To dim enchantments; melting heaven with earth,
Leaving on craggy hills and running streams
A softness like the atmosphere of dreams;
Thy hour to all is welcome! Faint and sweet
Thy light falls round the peasant's homeward feet,
Who, slow returning from his task of toil,
Sees the low sunset gild the cultured soil,
And, though such radiance round him brightly glows,
Marks the small spark his cottage-window throws.
Still as his heart forestalls his weary pace,
Fondly he dreams of each familiar face,
Recalls the treasures of his narrow life—
His rosy children and his sunburnt wife,
To whom *his* coming is the chief event
Of simple days in cheerful labour spent.
The rich man's chariot hath gone whirling past,
And these poor cottagers have only cast
One careless glance on all that show of pride,
Then to their tasks turned quietly aside;
But *him* they wait for, him they welcome home,
Fixed sentinels look forth to see him come;
The fagot sent for when the fire grew dim,
The frugal meal prepared, are all for him;
For him the watching of that sturdy boy,
For him those smiles of tenderness and joy,
For him—who plods his sauntering way along,
Whistling the fragment of some village song!
Dear art thou to the lover, thou sweet light,
Fair fleeting sister of the mournful night!
As in impatient hope he stands apart,
Companioned only by his beating heart,
And with an eager fancy oft beholds
The vision of a white robe's fluttering folds.

The Mother's Heart.

When first thou camest, gentle, shy, and fond,
My eldest born, first hope, and dearest treasure,
My heart received thee with a joy beyond
All that it yet had felt of earthly pleasure;
Nor thought that any love again might be
So deep and strong as that I felt for thee.

Faithful and true, with sense beyond thy years,
And natural piety that leaned to heaven;
Wrung by a harsh word suddenly to tears,
Yet patient of rebuke when justly given—
Obedient, easy to be reconciled,
And meekly cheerful—such wert thou, my child.

Not willing to be left: still by my side
Haunting my walks, while summer-day was dying;
Nor leaving in thy turn; but pleased to glide
Through the dark room, where I was sadly lying;
Or by the couch of pain, a sitter meek,
Watch the dim eye, and kiss the feverish cheek.

O boy! of such as thou are oftenest made
Earth's fragile idols; like a tender flower,
No strength in all thy freshness—prone to fade—
And bending weakly to the thunder shower—
Still round the loved, thy heart found force to bind,
And clung like woodbine shaken in the wind.

Then thou, my merry love, bold in thy glee
Under the bough, or by the firelight dancing,
With thy sweet temper and thy spirit free,
Didst come as restless as a bird's wing glancing,
Full of a wild and irrepressible mirth,
Like a young sunbeam to the gladdened earth!

Thine was the shout! the song! the burst of joy!
Which sweet from childhood's rosy lip resoundeth;
Thine was the eager spirit nought could cloy
And the glad heart from which all grief reboundeth;
And many a mirthful jest and mock reply
Lurked in the laughter of thy dark-blue eye!

And thine was many an art to win and bless,
The cold and stern to joy and fondness warming;
The coaxing smile—the frequent soft caress—
The earnest, tearful prayer all wrath disarming!
Again my heart a new affection found,
But thought that love with thee had reached its bound.

At length thou camest—thou, the last and least,
Nicknamed 'the emperor' by thy laughing brothers,
Because a haughty spirit swelled thy breast,
And thou didst seek to rule and sway the others;
Mingling with every playful infant wile
A mimic majesty that made us smile.

And oh! most like a regal child wert thou!
An eye of resolute and successful scheming—
Fair shoulders, curling lip, and dauntless brow—
Fit for the world's strife, not for poet's dreaming;
And proud the lifting of thy stately head,
And the firm bearing of thy conscious tread.

Different from both! yet each succeeding claim,
I, that all other love had been forswearing,
Forthwith admitted, equal and the same;
Nor injured either by this love's comparing,
Nor stole a fraction for the newer call,
But in the mother's heart found room for all.

MRS SOUTHEY.

Mrs Southey (Caroline Bowles) is one of the most pleasing and natural poetesses of the day. She has published various works—*Ellen Fitzarthur* (1820), *The Widow's Tale and other Poems* (1822), *The Birthday and other Poems* (1836), *Solitary Hours* (1839), &c. The following are excellent both in thought and versification:—

The Pauper's Deathbed.

Tread softly—bow the head—
In reverent silence bow—
No passing bell doth toll—
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger! however great,
With lowly reverence bow;
There's one in that poor shed—
One by that paltry bed—
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his state:
Enter—no crowds attend—
Enter—no guards defend
This palace gate.

That pavement damp and cold
No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands
Lifting with meagre hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppressed—again
That short deep gasp, and then
The parting groan.

Oh! change—oh! wondrous change—
Burst are the prison bars—
This moment there, so low,
So agonised, and now
Beyond the stars!

Oh! change—stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod:
The sun eternal breaks—
The new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.

Mariner's Hymn.

Launch thy bark, mariner!
Christian, God speed thee!
Let loose the rudder-bands—
Good angels lead thee!
Set thy sails warily,
Tempests will come;
Steer thy course steadily;
Christian, steer home!

Look to the weather-bow,
Breakers are round thee;
Let fall the plummet now,
Shallows may ground thee.
Reef in the foresail, there!
Hold the helm fast!
So—let the vessel wear—
There swept the blast.

'What of the night, watchman?
What of the night?'
'Cloudy—all quiet—
No land yet—all's right.'
Be wakeful, be vigilant—
Danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth
Securest to thee.

How! gains the leak so fast?
Clean out the hold—
Hoist up thy merchandise,
Heave out thy gold;
There—let the ingots go—
Now the ship rights;
Hurra! the harbour's near—
Lo! the red lights!

Slacken not sail yet
At inlet or island;
Straight for the beacon steer,
Straight for the high land;
Crowd all thy canvass on,
Cut through the foam—
Christian! cast anchor now—
Heaven is thy home!

ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

MISS ELIZABETH B. BARRETT, a learned lady, has published *Prometheus Bound*, a translation from the Greek of Eschylus; and written two original works, *The Seraphim and other Poems* (1838), and *The Romaunt of the Page* (1839).

Cowper's Grave.

It is a place where poets crowned
May feel the heart's decaying—
It is a place where happy saints
May weep amid their praying—
Yet let the grief and humbleness,
As low as silence languish;
Earth surely now may give her calm
To whom she gave her anguish.

O poets! from a maniac's tongue
Was poured the deathless singing!
O Christians! at your cross of hope
A hopeless hand was clinging!
O men! this man in brotherhood,
Your weary paths beguiling,
Groaned inly while he taught you peace,
And died while ye were smiling.

And now, what time ye all may read
Through dimming tears his story—
How discord on the music fell,
And darkness on the glory—
And how, when, one by one, sweet sounds
And wandering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face,
Because so broken-hearted.

He shall be strong to sanctify
The poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down
In meeker adoration;
Nor ever shall he be in praise
By wise or good forsaken;
Named softly as the household name
Of one whom God hath taken!

With sadness that is calm, not gloom,
I learn to think upon him;
With meekness that is gratefulness,
On God, whose heaven hath won him.
Who suffered once the madness-cloud
Towards his love to blind him;
But gently led the blind along,
Where breath and bird could find him;

And wrought within his shattered brain
Such quick poetic senses,
As hills have language for, and stars
Harmonious influences!
The pulse of dew upon the grass
His own did calmly number;
And silent shadow from the trees
Fell o'er him like a slumber.

The very world, by God's constraint,
From falsehood's chill removing,
Its women and its men became
Beside him true and loving!

And timid hares were drawn from woods
 To share his home-caresses,
Uplooking in his human eyes,
 With sylvan tendernesses.

But while in darkness he remained,
 Unconscious of the guiding,
And things provided came without
 The sweet sense of providing,
He testified this solemn truth,
 Though frenzy desolated—
Nor man nor nature satisfy
 Whom only God created.

MARY HOWITT.

This lady, the wife of William Howitt, an industrious miscellaneous writer, is distinguished for her happy imitations of the ancient ballad manner. In 1823 she and her husband published a volume of poems with their united names, and made the following statement in the preface: 'The history of our poetical bias is simply what we believe, in reality, to be that of many others. Poetry has been our youthful amusement, and our increasing daily enjoyment in happy, and our solace in sorrowful hours. Amidst the vast and delicious treasures of our national literature, we have revelled with growing and unsatiated delight; and, at the same time, living chiefly in the quietness of the country, we have watched the changing features of nature; we have felt the secret charm of those sweet but unostentatious images which she is perpetually presenting, and given full scope to those workings of the imagination and of the heart, which natural beauty and solitude prompt and promote. The natural result was the transcription of those images and scenes.'

A poem in this volume serves to complete a happy picture of studies pursued by a married pair in concert:—

Away with the pleasure that is not partaken!
 There is no enjoyment by one only ta'en:
I love in my mirth to see gladness awaken
 On lips, and in eyes, that reflect it again.
When we sit by the fire that so cheerily blazes
 On our cozy hearthstone, with its innocent glee,
Oh! how my soul warms, while my eye fondly gazes,
 To see my delight is partaken by thee!

And when, as how often, I eagerly listen
 To stories thou read'st of the dear olden day,
How delightful to see our eyes mutually glisten,
 And feel that affection has sweetened the lay.
Yes, love—and when wandering at even or morning,
 Through forest or wild, or by waves foaming white,
I have fancied new beauties the landscape adorning,
 Because I have seen thou wast glad in the sight.

And how often in crowds, where a whisper offendeth,
 And we fain would express what there might not be said,
How dear is the glance that none else comprehendeth,
 And how sweet is the thought that is secretly read!
Then away with the pleasure that is not partaken!
 There is no enjoyment by one only ta'en:
I love in my mirth to see gladness awaken
 On lips, and in eyes, that reflect it again.

Mrs Howitt again appeared before the world in 1834, with a poetical volume entitled *The Seven Temptations*, representing a series of efforts, by the impersonation of the Evil Principle, to reduce human souls to his power. 'The idea of the poem originated,' she says, 'in a strong impression of the immense value of the human soul, and of all the varied modes of its trials, according to its own infinitely varied modifications, as existing in different individuals. We see the awful mass of sorrow and of crime in the world, but we know only in part—in a very small degree, the fearful weight of solicitations and impulses of passion, and the vast constraint of circumstances, that are brought into play against suffering humanity. In the luminous words of my motto,

What's done we partly may compute,
 But know not what's resisted.

Thus, without sufficient reflection, we are furnished with data on which to condemn our fellow-creatures, but without sufficient grounds for their palliation and commiseration. It is necessary, for the acquisition of that charity which is the soul of Christianity, for us to descend into the depths of our own nature; to put ourselves into many imaginary and untried situations, that we may enable ourselves to form some tolerable notion how we might be affected by them; how far we might be tempted—how far deceived—how far we might have occasion to lament the evil power of circumstances, to weep over our own weakness, and pray for the pardon of our crimes; that, having raised up this vivid perception of what we might do, suffer, and become, we may apply the rule to our fellows, and cease to be astonished, in some degree, at the shapes of atrocity into which some of them are transformed; and learn to bear with others as brethren, who have been tried tenfold beyond our own experience, or perhaps our strength.'

Mrs Howitt has since presented several volumes in both prose and verse, chiefly designed for young people. The whole are marked by a graceful intelligence and a simple tenderness which at once charm the reader and win his affections for the author.

Mountain Children.

 Dwellers by lake and hill!
Merry companions of the bird and bee!
 Go gladly forth and drink of joy your fill,
With unconstrained step and spirits free!

 No crowd impedes your way,
No city wall impedes your further bounds;
 Where the wild flock can wander, ye may stray
The long day through, 'mid summer sights and sounds.

 The sunshine and the flowers,
And the old trees that cast a solemn shade;
 The pleasant evening, the fresh dewy hours,
And the green hills whereon your fathers played.

 The gray and ancient peaks
Round which the silent clouds hang day and night;
 And the low voice of water as it makes,
Like a glad creature, murmurings of delight.

 These are your joys! Go forth—
Give your hearts up unto their mighty power;
 For in his spirit God has clothed the earth,
And speaketh solemnly from tree and flower.

 The voice of hidden rills
Its quiet way into your spirits finds;
 And awfully the everlasting hills
Address you in their many-toned winds.

 Ye sit upon the earth
Twining its flowers, and shouting full of glee;
 And a pure mighty influence, 'mid your mirth,
Moulds your unconscious spirits silently.

Hence is it that the lands
Of storm and mountain have the noblest sons;
Whom the world reverences. The patriot bands
Were of the hills like you, ye little ones!

Children of pleasant song
Are taught within the mountain solitudes;
For hoary legends to your wilds belong,
And yours are haunts where inspiration broods.

Then go forth—earth and sky
To you are tributary; joys are spread
Profusely, like the summer flowers that lie
In the green path, beneath your gamesome tread!

The Fairies of the Caldon-Low.—A Midsummer Legend.

'And where have you been, my Mary,
And where have you been from me?'
'I've been to the top of the Caldon-Low,
The Midsummer night to see!'

'And what did you see, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon-Low?'
'I saw the blithe sunshine come down,
And I saw the merry winds blow.'

'And what did you hear, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon-Hill?'
'I heard the drops of the water made,
And the green corn ears to fill.'

'Oh, tell me all, my Mary—
All, all that ever you know;
For you must have seen the fairies,
Last night on the Caldon-Low.'

'Then take me on your knee, mother,
And listen, mother of mine:
A hundred fairies danced last night,
And the harpers they were nine.

And merry was the glee of the harp-strings,
And their dancing feet so small;
But, oh, the sound of their talking
Was merrier far than all!'

'And what were the words, my Mary,
That you did hear them say?'
'I'll tell you all, my mother—
But let me have my way!

And some they played with the water,
And rolled it down the hill;
"And this," they said, "shall speedily turn
The poor old miller's mill;

For there has been no water
Ever since the first of May;
And a busy man shall the miller be
By the dawning of the day!

Oh, the miller, how he will laugh,
When he sees the mill-dam rise!
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh,
Till the tears fill both his eyes!"

And some they seized the little winds,
That sounded over the hill,
And each put a horn into his mouth,
And blew so sharp and shrill:—

"And there," said they, "the merry winds go,
Away from every horn;
And those shall clear the mildew dank
From the blind old widow's corn:

Oh, the poor, blind old widow—
Though she has been blind so long,
She'll be merry enough when the mildew's gone,
And the corn stands stiff and strong!"

And some they brought the brown lintseed,
And flung it down from the Low—
"And this," said they, "by the sunrise,
In the weaver's croft shall grow!

Oh, the poor, lame weaver,
How will he laugh outright,
When he sees his dwindling flax-field
All full of flowers by night!"

And then upspoke a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin—
"I have spun up all the tow," said he,
"And I want some more to spin.

I've spun a piece of hempen cloth,
And I want to spin another—
A little sheet for Mary's bed,
And an apron for her mother!"

And with that I could not help but laugh,
And I laughed out loud and free;
And then on the top of the Caldon-Low
There was no one left but me.

And all, on the top of the Caldon-Low,
The mists were cold and gray,
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones
That round about me lay.

But, as I came down from the hill-top,
I heard, afar below,
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how merry the wheel did go!

And I peeped into the widow's field;
And, sure enough, was seen
The yellow ears of the mildewed corn
All standing stiff and green.

And down by the weaver's croft I stole,
To see if the flax were high;
But I saw the weaver at his gate
With the good news in his eye!

Now, this is all I heard, mother,
And all that I did see;
So, prithee, make my bed, mother,
For I'm tired as I can be!'

The Monkey.

[From Sketches of Natural History.]

Monkey, little merry fellow,
Thou art Nature's Punchinello;
Full of fun as Puck could be—
Harlequin might learn of thee!

* * *

In the very ark, no doubt,
You went frolicking about;
Never keeping in your mind
Drownëd monkeys left behind!

Have you no traditions—none,
Of the court of Solomon?
No memorial how ye went
With Prince Hiram's armament?

Look now at him!—slyly peep;
He pretends he is asleep;
Fast asleep upon his bed,
With his arm beneath his head.

Now that posture is not right,
And he is not settled quite;
There! that's better than before—
And the knave pretends to snore!

Ha! he is not half asleep;
See, he slyly takes a peep.
Monkey, though your eyes were shut,
You could see this little nut.

You shall have it, pigmy brother!
What, another! and another!
Nay, your cheeks are like a sack—
Sit down, and begin to crack.

There the little ancient man
Cracks as fast as crack he can!
Now good-by, you merry fellow,
Nature's primest Punchinello.

THOMAS HOOD.

THOMAS HOOD (1798-1845) appeared before the public chiefly as a comic poet and humorist, but several of his compositions, of a different nature, show that he was also capable of excelling in the grave, pathetic, and sentimental. He had thoughts 'too deep for tears,' and rich imaginative dreams and fancies, which were at times embodied in continuous strains of pure and exquisite poetry, but more frequently thrown in, like momentary shadows, among his light and fantastic effusions. His wit and sarcasm were always genial and well applied. This ingenious and gifted man was a native of London, son of one of the partners in the bookselling firm of Vernor, Hood, and Sharpe. He was educated for the counting-house, and at an early age was placed under the charge of a city merchant. His health, however, was found unequal to the close confinement and application required at the merchant's desk, and he was sent to reside with some relatives in Dundee, of which town his father was a native. While resident there, Mr Hood evinced his taste for literature. He contributed to the local newspapers, and also to the Dundee Magazine, a periodical of considerable merit. On the re-establishment of his health, he returned to London, and was put apprentice to a relation, an engraver. At this employment he remained just long enough to acquire a taste for drawing, which was afterwards of essential service to him in illustrating his poetical productions. About the year 1821 he had adopted literature as a profession, and was installed as regular assistant to the London Magazine, which at that time was left without its founder and ornament, Mr John Scott, who was unhappily killed in a duel. On the cessation of this work, Mr Hood wrote for various periodicals. He was some time editor of the New Monthly Magazine, and also of a magazine which bore his own name. His life was one of incessant exertion, embittered by ill health and all the disquiets and uncertainties incidental to authorship. When almost prostrated by disease, the government stept in to relieve him with a small pension; and after his premature death in May 1845, his literary friends contributed liberally towards the support of his widow and family.

Mr Hood's productions are in various styles and forms. His first work, *Whims and Oddities*, attained to great popularity. Their most original feature was the use which the author made of puns—a figure generally too contemptible for literature, but which, in Hood's hands, became the basis of genuine humour, and often of the purest pathos. He afterwards (1827) tried a series of *National Tales*, but his prose was less attractive than his verse. A regular novel, *Tylney Hall*, was a more decided failure. In poetry he made a great advance. *The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies* is a rich imaginative work, superior to his other productions. As editor of the *Comic Annual*, and also of some of the literary annuals, Mr Hood increased his reputation for sportive humour and poetical fancy; and he continued the same vein in his *Up the Rhine*—a satire on the absurdities of English travellers. In 1843 he issued two volumes of *Whimsicalities, a Periodical Gathering*, collected chiefly from the New Monthly Magazine. His last production of any importance was the *Song of the Shirt*, which first appeared in *Punch*, and was as admirable in spirit as in composition. This striking picture of the miseries of the poor London sempstresses struck home to the heart, and aroused the benevolent feelings of the public. In most of Hood's works, even in his puns and levities, there is a 'spirit of good' directed to some kindly or philanthropic object. He had serious and mournful jests, which were the more effective from their strange and unexpected combinations. Those who came to laugh at folly, remained to sympathise with want and suffering.

Of Hood's graceful and poetical puns, it would be easy to give abundant specimens. The following stanzas form part of an inimitable burlesque, *Lament for the Decline of Chivalry*:—

Well hast thou said, departed Burke,
All chivalrous romantic work
Is ended now and past!
That iron age, which some have thought
Of mettle rather overwrought,
Is now all over-cast.

Ay! where are those heroic knights
Of old—those armadillo wights
Who wore the plated vest?
Great Charlemagne and all his peers
Are cold—enjoying with their spears
An everlasting rest.

The bold King Arthur sleepeth sound;
So sleep his knights who gave that Round
Old Table such eclat!
Oh, Time has plucked the plumy brow!
And none engage at turneys now
But those that go to law!

* * *

Where are those old and feudal clans,
Their pikes, and bills, and partisans;
Their hauberks, jerkins, buffs?
A battle was a battle then,
A breathing piece of work; but men
Fight now with powder puffs!

The curtal axe is out of date!
The good old cross-bow bends to Fate;
'Tis gone the archer's craft!
No tough arm bends the springing yew,
And jolly draymen ride, in lieu
Of Death, upon the shaft.

* * *

In cavils when will cavaliers
Set ringing helmets by the ears,
And scatter plumes about?
Or blood—if they are in the vein?
That tap will never run again—
Alas, the *casque* is out!

No iron-crackling now is scored
By dint of battle-axe or sword,
To find a vital place;

Though certain doctors still pretend,
Awhile, before they kill a friend,
To labour through his case!

Farewell then, ancient men of might!
Crusader, errant-squire, and knight!
Our coats and customs soften;
To rise would only make you weep;
Sleep on in rusty iron sleep,
As in a safety-coffin!

The grave, lofty, and sustained style of Hood is much more rare than this punning vein; but a few verses will show how truly poetical at times was his imagination—how rapt his fancy. The diction of the subjoined stanzas is rich and musical, and may recall some of the finest flights of the Elizabethan poets. We quote from an *Ode to the Moon.*

Mother of light! how fairly dost thou go
Over those hoary crests, divinely led!
Art thou that huntress of the silver bow
Fabled of old? Or rather dost thou tread
Those cloudy summits thence to gaze below,
Like the wild chamois on her Alpine snow,
Where hunter never climbed—secure from dread?
A thousand ancient fancies I have read
Of that fair presence, and a thousand wrought,
Wondrous and bright,
Upon the silver light,
Tracing fresh figures with the artist thought.

What art thou like? Sometimes I see thee ride
A far-bound galley on its perilous way;
Whilst breezy waves toss up their silvery spray:
Sometimes behold thee glide,
Clustered by all thy family of stars,
Like a lone widow through the welkin wide,
Whose pallid cheek the midnight sorrow mars:
Sometimes I watch thee on from steep to steep,
Timidly lighted by thy vestal torch,
Till in some Latinian cave I see thee creep,
To catch the young Endymion asleep,
Leaving thy splendour at the jagged porch.

O thou art beautiful, howe'er it be!
Huntress, or Dian, or whatever named—
And *he* the veriest Pagan who first framed
A silver idol, and ne'er worshipped thee;
It is too late, or thou shouldst have my knee—
Too late now for the old Ephesian vows,
And not divine the crescent on thy brows;
Yet, call thee nothing but the mere mild moon,
Behind those chestnut boughs,
Casting their dappled shadows at my feet;
I will be grateful for that simple boon,
In many a thoughtful verse and anthem sweet,
And bless thy dainty face whene'er we meet.

In the Gem, a literary annual for 1829, Mr Hood published a ballad entitled *The Dream of Eugene Aram*, which is also remarkable for its exhibition of the secrets of the human heart, and its deep and powerful moral feeling. It is perhaps to be regretted that an author, who had undoubted command of the higher passions and emotions, should so seldom have frequented this sacred ground, but have preferred the gaieties of mirth and fancy. He probably saw that his originality was more apparent in the latter, and that popularity was in this way more easily attained. Immediate success was of importance to him; and until the position of literary men be rendered more secure and unassailable, we must often be content to lose works which can only be the ripened fruits of wise delay.'

The following is one of Hood's most popular effusions in that style which the public identified as peculiarly his own:—

A Parental Ode to my Son, aged Three Years and Five Months.

Thou happy, happy elf!
(But stop—first let me kiss away that tear)
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)
Thou merry, laughing sprite!
With spirits feather light,
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin,
(Good heavens! the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little tricksy Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air,
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents (Drat the boy!
There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub—but of earth;
Fit playfellow for Fays by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail!)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,
(Another tumble—that's his precious nose!)
Thy father's pride and hope!
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope!)
With pure heart newly stamped from nature's mint,
(Where *did* he learn that squint!)

Thou young domestic dove!
(He'll have that jug off with another shove!)
Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest!
(Are those torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man!
(He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan!)
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life,
(He's got a knife!)
Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin John!

Toss the light ball—bestride the stick,
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk
With many a lamb-like frisk,
(He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)
Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
Balmy, and breathing music like the south,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,
(I wish that window had an iron bar!)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,
(I'll tell you what, my love,
I cannot write, unless he's sent above!)

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Alfred Tennyson, son of a Lincolnshire clergyman, and educated at Trinity college, Cambridge, published a volume of poetry in 1830, while still a very young man. It met with rather severe treatment from one or more of the most influential reviews. Four years later, he issued another volume, which met a reception as unfavourable. For ten years after this he ceased to publish; his name did not appear in magazines or annuals as a contributor, neither was he mentioned in anyway in the catalogues of

the publishers. He was not, however, forgotten. During the interval, there had been growing in many minds a sense of his merits In the year 1842 appeared a reprint of the most of his pieces, some having been omitted, in consequence probably of the strictures of the reviewers, and some of them having been slightly altered, together with a series of new poems, the whole forming two small octavo volumes Without external aid of any kind, these volumes found favour with the public and in three years ran through as many editions Suddenly it became the fashion to consider Alfred Tennyson as a great poet, if not as the 'poet of the age,' meaning, we presume, the greatest poet of the age for in no other respect can the phrase be applicable, seeing that the age is one of hope and of progress while Mr Tennyson's genius is essentially retrospective The true poet of our age will be one of a more popular character than Mr Tennyson

The prevailing characteristic of his style is a quaint and quiet elegance, and of his mind a gentle melancholy, with now and then touches of strong dramatic power, the whole coloured by the peculiar scenery of that part of England where he has long resided Any attentive reader of his poetry, who may have been ignorant that he is a dweller amid the fens of Lincolnshire, would soon suspect this to be the case when he found such constant pictures of fens and morasses quiet rivers, and sighing reeds as he so beautifully introduces The exquisitely modulated poem of the *Dying Swan* affords a picture drawn, we think, with wonderful delicacy —

Some blue peaks in the distance rose,
And white against the cold-white sky
Shone out their crowning snows.
One willow over the river wept,
And shook the wave as the wind did sigh;
Above, in the wind, was the swallow,
Chasing itself at its own wild will,
And far through the marish green and still,
The tangled water-courses slept,
Shot over with purple, and green, and yellow.

The ballad of *New Year's Eve* introduces similar scenery —

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning light,
You'll never see me more in the long gray fields at night,
When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass and the bulrush in the pool.

Another characteristic of Mr Tennyson's style is his beautiful simplicity Let no one underrate so great a merit The first poetry of barbarism, and the most refined poetry of advancing civilisation, have it in common As a specimen of great power and great simplicity, we make the following extracts from his poem on the old legend of the Lady Godiva.—

She sought her lord, and found him where he stood
About the hall, among his dogs, alone. * *
* * She told him of their tears,
And prayed him, 'If they pay this tax, they starve.'
Whereat he stared, replying, half amazed,
'*You would not let your little finger ache*
For such as these?' 'But I would die,' said she
He laughed, and swore by Peter and by Paul,
Then filliped at the diamond in her ear
'Oh ay, oh ay, you talk!' 'Alas!' she said,
'But prove me what it is I would not do'
And from a heart as rough as Esau's hand,
He answered, 'Ride you naked through the town,
And I repeal it,' and nodding, as in scorn,
He parted * *
So, left alone, the passions of her mind—
As winds from all the compass shift and blow—
Made war upon each other for an hour,
Till pity won She sent a herald forth,
And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet, all
The hard condition, but that she would loose
The people Therefore, as they loved her well,
From then till noon no foot should pace the street,
No eye look down, she passing; but that all
Should keep within, door shut, and window barred.
Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclasped the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim earl's gift, but ever at a breath
She lingered, looking like a summer moon
Half dipt in cloud anon she shook her head,
And showered the rippled ringlets to her knee;
Unclad herself in haste, adown the stair
Stole on, and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid
From pillar unto pillar, until she reached
The gateway, there she found her palfrey trapped
In purple, blazoned with armorial gold.
Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity,
The deep air listened round her as she rode,
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.
The little wide-mouthed heads upon the spouts
Had cunning eyes to see the barking cur
Made her cheek flame her palfrey's footfall shot
Light horrors through her pulses the blind walls
Were full of chinks and holes, and overhead
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared but she
Not less through all bore up, till last she saw
The white-flowered elder-thicket from the field
Gleam through the Gothic archways in the wall.
Then she rode back clothed on with chastity;
And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
The fatal byword of all years to come,
Boring a little auger-hole in fear,
Peeped—but his eyes, before they had their will,
Were shrivelled into darkness in his head,
And dropt before him So the powers, who wait
On noble deeds, cancelled a sense misused;
And she that knew not, passed; and all at once,
With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon
Was clashed and hammered from a hundred towers
One after one, but even then she gained
Her bower whence reissuing, robed and crowned,
To meet her lord, she took the tax away,
And built herself an everlasting name.

The ballad of *Lady Clara Vere de Vere* might also be cited as a specimen of extreme simplicity united with great force, but we prefer making an extract from a poem less known. *The Talking Oak* is the title of a fanciful and beautiful ballad of seventy-five stanzas, in which a lover and an oak-tree converse upon the charms of a sweet maiden named Olivia The oak-tree thus describes to the lover her visit to the park in which it grew.—

'Then ran she, gamesome as the colt,
And livelier than the lark,
She sent her voice through all the holt
Before her, and the park.

* * *

And here she came and round me played,
And sang to me the whole
Of those three stanzas that you made
About my "giant bole,"

And in a fit of frolic mirth,
She strove to span my waist;
Alas! I was so broad of girth,
I could not be embraced.

I wished myself the fair young beech,
That here beside me stands,
That round me, clasping each in each,
She might have locked her hands.'
* * *

'Oh muffle round thy knees with fern,
And shadow Sumner chase—
Long may thy topmost branch discern
The roofs of Sumner place!

But tell me, did she read the name
I carved with many vows,
When last with throbbing heart I came
To rest beneath thy boughs?'

'Oh yes; she wandered round and round
These knotted knees of mine,
And found, and kissed the name she found,
And sweetly murmured thine.

A tear-drop trembled from its source,
And down my surface crept,
My sense of touch is something coarse,
But I believe she wept.

Then flushed her cheek with rosy light,
She glanced across the plain,
But not a creature was in sight—
She kissed me once again.

Her kisses were so close and kind,
That, trust me, on my word,
Hard wood I am, and wrinkled rind,
But yet my sap was stirred.

And even into my inmost ring
A pleasure I discerned,
Like those blind motions of the spring,
That show the year is turned.
* * *

I, rooted here among the groves,
But languidly adjust
My vapid vegetable loves
With anthers and with dust.

For ah! the Dryad days were brief
Whereof the poets talk,
When that which breathes within the leaf
Could slip its bark and walk.

But could I, as in times foregone,
From spray, and branch, and stem,
Have sucked and gathered into one
The life that spreads in them,

She had not found me so remiss,
But lightly issuing through,
I would have paid her kiss for kiss,
With usury thereto.'

'Oh flourish high with leafy towers,
And overlook the lea,
Pursue thy loves among the bowers,
But leave thou mine to me.

Oh flourish, hidden deep in fern,
Old oak, I love thee well,
A thousand thanks for what I learn,
And what remains to tell.'
* * *

The poem of *Saint Simeon Stylites* is of another character, and portrays the spiritual pride of an ancient fanatic with a simple and savage grandeur of words and imagery which is rarely surpassed. It is too long for entire quotation, but the following extracts will show its beauty:—

Although I be the basest of mankind,
From scalp to sole one slough and crust of sin;
Unfit for earth, unfit for heaven, scarce meet
For troops of devils mad with blasphemy,
I will not cease to grasp the hope I hold
Of saintdom, and to clamour, mourn, and sob,
Battering the gates of heaven with storms of prayer—
Have mercy, Lord, and take away my sin.
Let this avail, just, dreadful, mighty God;
This not be all in vain, that thrice ten years,
Thrice multiplied by superhuman pangs
In hungers and in thirsts, fevers and cold;
In coughs, aches, stitches, ulcerous throes and cramps;
A sign betwixt the meadow and the cloud,
Patient on this tall pillar I have borne
Rain, wind, frost, heat, hail, damp, and sleet, and snow,
And I had hoped that ere this period closed,
Thou wouldst have caught me up into thy rest,
Denying not these weather beaten limbs
The meed of saints—the white robe and the palm
Oh! take the meaning, Lord. I do not breathe,
Not whisper any murmur of complaint
Pain heaped ten hundredfold to this were still
Less burden, by ten hundredfold, to bear
Than were those lead-like tons of sin that crushed
My spirit flat before thee.
Oh Lord, Lord!
Thou knowest I bore this better at the first,
For I was strong and hale of body then,
And though my teeth which now are dropt away,
Would chatter with the cold and all my beard
Was tagged with icy fringes in the moon,
I drowned the whoopings of the owl with sound
Of pious hymns and psalms, and sometimes saw
An angel stand and watch me as I sang.
* *

Good people, you do ill to kneel to me
What is it I can have done to merit this?
I am a sinner viler than you all.
It may be I have wrought some miracles,
And cured some halt and maimed, but what of that?
It may be no one, even among the saints,
May match his pains with mine, but what of that?
Yet do not rise, for you may look on me,
And in your looking you may kneel to God.
Speak, is there any of you halt or maimed?
I think you know I have some power with Heaven
From my long penance. Let him speak his wish.
Yes, I can heal him. Power goes forth from me.
They say that they are healed. Ah, hark! they shout
'Saint Simeon Stylites!' Why, if so,
God reaps a harvest in me. * *
It cannot be but that I shall be saved,
Yea, crowned a saint. They shout 'Behold a saint!'
And lower voices saint me from above.
Courage, Saint Simeon, this dull chrysalis
Cracks into shining wings. * *
Oh, my sons, my sons!
I, Simeon of the pillar, by surname
Stylites among men—I, Simeon,
The watcher on the column till the end—
I, Simeon, whose brain the sunshine bakes—
I, whose bald brows in silent hours become
Unnaturally hoar with rime—do now,
From my high nest of penance, here proclaim
That Pontius and Iscariot by my side
Showed fair like seraphs.
* * * *

While I spake then, a sting of shrewdest pain
Ran shrivelling through me, and a cloud-like change
In passing, with a grosser film made thick
These heavy, horny eyes. The end! the end!
Surely the end! What's here? A shape, a shade,
A flash of light. Is that the angel there
That holds a crown? Come, blessed brother, come!
I know thy glittering face. I've waited long!
My brows are ready! What! deny it now?
'Tis gone—'tis here again: the crown! the crown!
So, now, 'tis fitted on, and grows to me,
And from it melt the dews of Paradise.
* * *

Speak, if there be a priest, a man of God
Among you there, and let him presently
Approach, and lean a ladder on the shaft,
And climbing up into mine airy home,
Deliver me the blessed sacrament;
For by the warning of the Holy Ghost
I prophesy that I shall die to-night
A quarter before twelve.
But thou, oh Lord,
Aid all this foolish people: let them take
Example, pattern—lead them to Thy light.

One more extract, from the *Lotos Eaters*, will give a specimen of our poet's exquisite modulations of rhythm. This poem represents the luxurious lazy sleepiness of mind and body supposed to be produced in those who feed upon the lotos, and contains passages not surpassed by the finest descriptions in the Castle of Indolence. It is rich in striking and appropriate imagery, and is sung to a rhythm which is music itself:—

Why are we weighed upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness?
All things have rest. Why should we toil alone?
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown.
* * *

Lo! in the middle of the wood
The folded leaf is wooed from out the bud
With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
Sun-steeped at noon, and in the moon
Nightly dew-fed; and turning yellow
Falls and floats adown the air.
Lo! sweetened with the summer light,
The full-juiced apple, waxing over mellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night.
All is allotted length of days;
The flower ripens in its place,
Ripens, and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.
* * *

Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone. What is it that will last?
All things are taken from us and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful past.
Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evil? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?
All things have rest, and ripen towards the grave;
In silence ripen, fall, and cease;
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease.

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream!
To hear each other's whispered speech;
Eating the lotos, day by day;
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray;
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;
To muse and brood, and live again in memory
With those old faces of our infancy,
Heaped over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass.
* * *

THOMAS B. MACAULAY.

MR THOMAS B. MACAULAY, who held an important office in the administration of Lord Melbourne, and is one of the most brilliant writers in the Edinburgh Review, gratified and surprised the public by a volume of poetry in 1842. He had previously, in his young collegiate days, thrown off a few spirited ballads (one of which, *The War of the League*, is here subjoined); and in all his prose works there are indications of strong poetical feeling and fancy. No man paints more clearly and vividly to the eye, or is more studious of the effects of contrast and the proper grouping of incidents. He is generally picturesque, eloquent, and impressive. His defects are a want of simplicity and tenderness, and an excessive love of what Izaak Walton called *strong writing*. The same characteristics pervade his recent work, *The Lays of Ancient Rome*. Adopting the theory of Niebuhr (now generally acquiesced in as correct), that the heroic and romantic incidents related by Livy of the early history of Rome, are founded merely on ancient ballads and legends, he selects four of these incidents as themes for his verse. Identifying himself with the plebeians and tribunes, he makes them chant the martial stories of Horatius Cocles, the battle of the Lake Regillus, the death of Virginia, and the prophecy of Capys. The style is homely, abrupt, and energetic, carrying us along like the exciting narratives of Scott, and presenting brief but striking pictures of local scenery and manners. The *truth* of these descriptions is strongly impressed upon the mind of the reader, who seems to witness the heroic scenes so clearly and energetically described. The masterly ballads of Mr Macaulay must be read continuously, to be properly appreciated; for their merit does not lie in particular passages, but in the rapid and progressive interest of the story, and the Roman spirit and bravery which animate the whole. The following are parts of the first Lay:—

[*The Desolation of the Cities whose Warriors have marched against Rome.*]

Tall are the oaks whose acorns
Drop in dark Auser's rill;
Fat are the stags that champ the boughs
Of the Ciminian hill;
Beyond all streams, Clitumnus
Is to the herdsman dear;
Best of all pools the fowler loves
The great Volsinian mere.

But now no stroke of woodman
Is heard by Auser's rill;
No hunter tracks the stag's green path
Up the Ciminian hill;
Unwatched along Clitumnus
Grazes the milk-white steer;
Unharmed the water-fowl may dip
In the Volsinian mere.

The harvests of Arretium,
This year old men shall reap;
This year young boys in Umbro
Shall plunge the struggling sheep;
And in the vats of Luna,
This year the must shall foam
Round the white feet of laughing girls,
Whose sires have marched to Rome.

[Horatius offers to defend the Bridge.]

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The captain of the gate:
'To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods,

And for the tender mother
  Who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses
  His baby at her breast,
And for the holy maidens
  Who feed the eternal flame,
To save them from false Sextus
  That wrought the deed of shame?

Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
  With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
  Will hold the foe in play.
In yon straight path a thousand
  May well be stopped by three.
Now, who will stand on either hand,
  And keep the bridge with me?'

Then out spake Spurius Lartius;
  A Ramnian proud was he;
'Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
  And keep the bridge with thee.'
And out spake strong Herminius;
  Of Titian blood was he:
'I will abide on thy left side,
  And keep the bridge with thee.'

'Horatius,' quoth the Consul,
  'As thou say'st, so let it be.'
And straight against that great array
  Forth went the dauntless three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
  Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
  In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party;
  Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor,
  And the poor man loved the great:
Then lands were fairly portioned;
  Then spoils were fairly sold;
The Romans were like brothers
  In the brave days of old.

Now Roman is to Roman
  More hateful than a foe,
And the tribunes beard the high,
  And the fathers grind the low.
As we wax hot in faction,
  In battle we wax cold;
Wherefore men fight not as they fought
  In the brave days of old.

[The Fate of the first Three who advance against the Heroes of Rome.]

Aunus from green Tifernum,
  Lord of the Hill of Vines;
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
  Sicken in Ilva's mines;
And Picus, long to Clusium,
  Vassal in peace and war,
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
From that gray crag where, girt with towers,
The fortress of Nequinum lowers
  O'er the pale waves of Nar.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
  Into the stream beneath:
Herminius struck at Seius,
  And clove him to the teeth;
At Picus brave Horatius
  Darted one fiery thrust;
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
  Clashed in the bloody dust.

Then Ocnus of Falerii
  Rushed on the Roman Three;
And Lausulus of Urgo,
  The rover of the sea;
And Aruns of Volsinium,
  Who slew the great wild boar,
The great wild boar that had his den
Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,
  Along Albinia's shore.

Herminius smote down Aruns:
  Lartius laid Ocnus low:
Right to the heart of Lausulus
  Horatius sent a blow.
'Lie there,' he cried, 'fell pirate!
  No more, aghast and pale,
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
The track of thy destroying bark.
No more Campania's hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns when they spy
  Thy thrice accursed sail.'

[Horatius, wounded by Astur, revenges himself.]

He reeled, and on Herminius
  He leaned one breathing-space;
Then, like a wild cat mad with wounds,
  Sprang right at Astur's face.
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet,
  So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a handbreath out
  Behind the Tuscan's head.

And the great Lord of Luna
  Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus
  A thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest
  The giant arms lie spread;
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
  Gaze on the blasted head.
On Astur's throat Horatius
  Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain,
  Ere he wrenched out the steel.
'And see,' he cried, 'the welcome,
  Fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucumo comes next
  To taste our Roman cheer?'

[The Bridge falls, and Horatius is alone.]

Alone stood brave Horatius,
  But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
  And the broad flood behind.
'Down with him!' cried false Sextus,
  With a smile on his pale face.
'Now yield thee,' cried Lars Porsena,
  'Now yield thee to our grace.'

Round turned he, as not deigning
  Those craven ranks to see;
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
  To Sextus nought spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
  The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
  That rolls by the towers of Rome.

'Oh, Tiber, Father Tiber!
  To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
  Take thou in charge this day!'
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
  The good sword by his side,
And, with his harness on his back,
  Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
 Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
 Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
 They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
 Could scarce forbear to cheer.

[How Horatius was Rewarded.]

They gave him of the corn-land,
 That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
 Could plough from morn till night:
And they made a molten image,
 And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
 To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,
 Plain for all folk to see;
Horatius in his harness,
 Halting upon one knee:
And underneath is written,
 In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
 In the brave days of old.

And still his name sounds stirring
 Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
 To charge the Volscian home:
And wives still pray to Juno
 For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
 In the brave days of old.

And in the nights of winter,
 When the cold north winds blew,
And the long howling of the wolves
 Is heard amidst the snow;
When round the lonely cottage
 Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
 Roar louder yet within;

When the oldest cask is opened,
 And the largest lamp is lit,
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
 And the kid turns on the spit;
When young and old in circle
 Around the firebrands close;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
 And the lads are shaping bows;

When the goodman mends his armour,
 And trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
 Goes flashing through the loom;
With weeping and with laughter
 Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
 In the brave days of old.

The War of the League.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, oh pleasant land of France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war,
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and King Henry of Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land!
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand;
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The king is come to marshal us, in all his armour drest;
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, 'God save our lord the King.'
'And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may—
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray—
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme, to-day, the helmet of Navarre.'

Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies now—upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned his rein.
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish Count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.

And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,
'Remember St Bartholomew,' was passed from man to man;
But out spake gentle Henry, 'No Frenchman is my foe:
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go.'
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!

Ho! maidens of Vienna! Ho! matrons of Lucerne!
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls!
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright!
Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night!
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valour of the brave.
Then glory to his holy name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

Mr Bayly was, next to Moore, the most successful song-writer of our age. His most attractive lyrics turned on the distresses of the victims of the affections in elegant life; but his muse had also her airy and cheerful strain, and he composed a surprising number of light dramas, some of which show a likelihood of maintaining their ground on the stage. He was born in 1797, the son of an eminent and wealthy solicitor, near Bath. Destined for the church, he studied for some time at Oxford, but could not settle to so sober a profession, and ultimately came to depend chiefly on literature for support. His latter years were marked by misfortunes, under the pressure of which he addressed some beautiful verses to his wife:—

Oh! hadst thou never shared my fate,
  More dark that fate would prove,
My heart were truly desolate
  Without thy soothing love.

But thou hast suffered for my sake,
  Whilst this relief I found,
Like fearless lips that strive to take
  The poison from a wound.

My fond affection thou hast seen,
  Then judge of my regret,
To think more happy thou hadst been
  If we had never met!

And has that thought been shared by thee?
  Ah, no! that smiling cheek
Proves more unchanging love for me
  Than laboured words could speak.

But there are true hearts which the sight
  Of sorrow summons forth;
Though known in days of past delight,
  We knew not half their worth.

How unlike some who have professed
  So much in friendship's name,
Yet calmly pause to think how best
  They may evade her claim.

But ah! from them to thee I turn,
  They'd make me loathe mankind,
Far better lessons I may learn
  From thy more holy mind.

The love that gives a charm to home,
  I feel they cannot take:
We'll pray for happier years to come,
  For one another's sake.

This amiable poet died of jaundice in 1839. His songs contain the pathos of a section of our social system; but they are more calculated to attract attention by their refined and happy diction, than to melt us by their feeling. Several of them, as 'She wore a wreath of roses,' 'Oh no, we never mention her,' and 'We met—'twas in a crowd,' attained to an extraordinary popularity. Of his livelier ditties, 'I'd be a butterfly' was the most felicitous: it expresses the Horatian philosophy in terms exceeding even Horace in gaiety.

What though you tell me each gay little rover
  Shrinks from the breath of the first autumn day:
Surely 'tis better, when summer is over,
  To die when all fair things are fading away.
Some in life's winter may toil to discover
  Means of procuring a weary delay—
I'd be a butterfly, living a rover,
  Dying when fair things are fading away!

The same light-heartedness is expressed in a less familiarly known lyric.

Think not of the Future.

Think not of the future, the prospect is uncertain;
  Laugh away the present, while laughing hours remain:
Those who gaze too boldly through Time's mystic curtain,
  Soon will wish to close it, and dream of joy again.
I, like thee, was happy, and, on hope relying,
  Thought the present pleasure might revive again:
But receive my counsel—Time is always flying;
  Then laugh away the present, while laughing hours remain.

I have felt unkindness, keen as that which hurts thee;
  I have met with friendship, fickle as the wind;
Take what friendship offers, ere its warmth deserts thee;
  Well I know the kindest may not long be kind.
Would you waste the pleasure of the summer-season,
  Thinking that the winter must return again?
If our summer's fleeting, surely that's a reason
  For laughing off the present, while laughing hours remain.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

Hartley Coleridge, son of the great poet, published in 1833 a volume of *Poems*, not unworthy his high descent. There are few sonnets in the language more exquisite in thought or structure than the following:—

What was't awakened first the untried ear
Of that sole man who was all humankind?
Was it the gladsome welcome of the wind,
Stirring the leaves that never yet were sere?
The four mellifluous streams which flowed so near,
Their lulling murmurs all in one combined?
The note of bird unnamed? The startled hind
Bursting the brake—in wonder, not in fear,
Of her new lord? Or did the holy ground
Send forth mysterious melody to greet
The gracious presence of immaculate feet?
Did viewless seraphs rustle all around,
Making sweet music out of air as sweet?
Or his own voice awake him with its sound?

Sonnet on Shakspeare.

The soul of man is larger than the sky,
Deeper than ocean—or the abysmal dark
Of the unfathomed centre. Like that ark,
Which in its sacred hold uplifted high,
O'er the drowned hills, the human family,
And stock reserved of every living kind,
So, in the compass of the single mind,
The seeds and pregnant forms in essence lie,
That make all worlds. Great poet, 'twas thy art
To know thyself, and in thyself to be
Whate'er Love, Hate, Ambition, Destiny,
Or the firm fatal purpose of the heart
Can make of man. Yet thou wert still the same,
Serene of thought, unhurt by thy own flame.

Sonnets to a Friend.

When we were idlers with the loitering rills,
The need of human love we little noted:
Our love was nature; and the peace that floated
On the white mist, and dwelt upon the hills,
To sweet accord subdued our wayward wills:
One soul was ours, one mind, one heart devoted,
That, wisely doting, asked not why it doted,
And ours the unknown joy, which knowing kills.
But now I find how dear thou wert to me;
That man is more than half of nature's treasure,
Of that fair beauty which no eye can see,
Of that sweet music which no ear can measure;
And now the streams may sing for other's pleasure,
The hills sleep on in their eternity.

In the great city we are met again,
Where many souls there are that breathe and die,
Scarce knowing more of nature's potency
Than what they learn from heat, or cold, or rain—
The sad vicissitude of weary pain:
For busy man is lord of ear and eye,
And what hath Nature but the vast void sky,
And the thronged river toiling to the main?
Oh! say not so, for she shall have her part
In every smile, in every tear that falls,
And she shall hide her in the secret heart,
Where love persuades, and sterner duty calls:
But worse it were than death, or sorrow's smart,
To live without a friend within these walls.

We parted on the mountains, as two streams
From one clear spring pursue their several ways;
And thy fleet course hath been through many a maze
In foreign lands, where silvery Padus gleams
To that delicious sky, whose glowing beams
Brightened the tresses that old poets praise;
Where Petrarch's patient love and artful lays,
And Ariosto's song of many themes,
Moved the soft air. But I, a lazy brook,
As close pent up within my native dell,
Have crept along from nook to shady nook,
Where flowrets blow and whispering Naiads dwell.
Yet now we meet, that parted were so wide,
O'er rough and smooth to travel side by side.

To Certain Golden Fishes.

Restless forms of living light,
Quivering on your lucid wings,
Cheating still the curious sight
With a thousand shadowings;
Various as the tints of even,
Gorgeous as the hues of heaven,
Reflected on your native streams
In flitting, flashing, billowy gleams.
Harmless warriors clad in mail
Of silver breastplate, golden scale;
Mail of Nature's own bestowing,
With peaceful radiance mildly glowing;
Keener than the Tartar's arrow,
Sport ye in your sea so narrow.
Was the sun himself your sire?
Were ye born of vital fire?
Or of the shade of golden flowers,
Such as we fetch from eastern bowers,
To mock this murky clime of ours?
Upwards, downwards, now ye glance,
Weaving many a mazy dance;
Seeming still to grow in size,
When ye would elude our eyes.
Pretty creatures! we might deem
Ye were happy as ye seem,
As gay, as gamesome, and as blithe,
As light, as loving, and as lithe,
As gladly earnest in your play,
As when ye gleamed in fair Cathay;
And yet, since on this hapless earth
There's small sincerity in mirth,
And laughter oft is but an art
To drown the outcry of the heart,
It may be, that your ceaseless gambols,
Your wheelings, dartings, divings, rambles,
Your restless roving round and round
The circuit of your crystal bound,
Is but the task of weary pain,
An endless labour, dull and vain;
And while your forms are gaily shining,
Your little lives are inly pining!
Nay—but still I fain would dream
That ye are happy as ye seem.

At the present time the greater poets of the age have passed either beyond the bourne of life, or into the honoured leisure befitting an advanced period of life. For twenty years, there have arisen no lights of such fresh and original lustre as Southey, Scott, Wordsworth, Campbell, and Byron; nor do we readily detect in those which exist any aspirant likely to take the high ground occupied by these names. This is a phenomenon in literary history by no means unexampled; for, after the age of Pope and his associates, there likewise followed one in which no stars of primary magnitude appeared. It must, however, be admitted, that the present time, if not marked by any greatly original poet in the bloom of his reputation, is remarkable for the wide diffusion of a taste for elegant verse-writing; insomuch that the most ordinary periodical works now daily present poetry which, fifty years ago, would have formed the basis of a high reputation. It is only unfortunate of these compositions, that they are so uniform in their style of sentiment, and even in their diction, that a long series of them may be read with scarcely any impression at the end beyond that of an abundance of pleasing images and thoughts, and fine phraseology.

It has been thought proper here to advert, in brief terms, to some of the younger of our living poets, in combination with those whom worldly duties and the little encouragement given to the publication of poetry, may be supposed to have prevented from cultivating their powers to a high degree. Amongst the former may be cited JOHN STERLING, author of a volume of miscellaneous poems, published in 1839; W. MONCKTON MILNES, M.P., who has given two small volumes of poems to the world; and CHARLES MACKAY, author of *The Hope of the World* (1840), and *The Salamandrine* (1842). Mr Sterling has formed himself more peculiarly on the genius and style of Coleridge; Mr Milnes on that of Wordsworth; and Mr Mackay belongs to the school of Pope and Goldsmith. All are men of undoubted talents, from whom our poeti-

cal literature may yet look for rich and varied contributions. In this class may also be included MR D. M. MOIR (the *Delta* of Blackwood's Magazine), author of the *Legend of Genevieve and other Poems*, 1825, and *Domestic Verses*, 1843, besides a vast number of contributions to the periodical literature of the day. Mr Moir is a poet of amiable and refined feeling, who has only been prevented by causes which redound to his honour, from taking that more conspicuous place in our literature to which his talents are entitled.

Of the other class, the most noted are, MR N. T. CARRINGTON, MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL, MR ALARIC A. WATTS, MR WILLIAM KENNEDY, MR THOMAS AIRD, MR CHARLES SWAIN, and MR T. K. HERVEY. The late MR JOHN MALCOLM may be added to this series. From a scarcely less extensive list of female poetesses, may be selected the names of ELIZA COOK, LADY EMMELINE WORTLEY, MRS HENRY COLERIDGE, and MRS BROOKE.

Joan of Arc.

[From Sterling's Poems.]

Faithful maiden, gentle heart!
Thus our thoughts of grief depart;
Vanishes the place of death;
Sounds no more thy painful breath;
O'er the unbloody stream of Meuse
Melt the silent evening dews,
And along the banks of Loire
Rides no more the armed destroyer.
But thy native waters flow
Through a land unnamed below,
And thy woods their verdure wave
In the vale beyond the grave,
Where the deep-dyed western sky
Looks on all with tranquil eye,
And on distant dateless hills
Each high peak with radiance fills.
There amid the oak-tree shadow,
And o'er all the beech-crowned meadow,
Those for whom the earth must mourn,
In their peaceful joy sojourn.
Joined with Fame's selected few,
Those whom Rumour never knew,
But no less to Conscience true:
Each grave prophet soul sublime,
Pyramids of elder Time;
Bards with hidden fire possessed,
Flashing from a wo-worn breast;
Builders of man's better lot,
Whom their hour acknowledged not,
Now with strength appeased and pure,
Feel whate'er they loved is sure.
These and such as these the train,
Sanctified by former pain,
'Mid those softest yellow rays
Sphered afar from mortal praise;
Peasant, matron, monarch, child,
Saint undaunted, hero mild,
Sage whom pride has ne'er beguiled:
And with them the Champion-maid
Dwells in that serenest glade;
Danger, toil, and grief no more
Touch her life's unearthly shore;
Gentle sounds that will not cease,
Breathe but peace, and ever peace;
While above the immortal trees
Michael and his host she sees
Clad in diamond panoplies;
And more near, in tenderer light,
Honoured Catherine, Margaret bright,
Agnes, whom her loosened hair
Robes like woven amber air—
Sisters of her childhood come
To her last eternal home.

The Men of Old.

[From Milnes's Poems.]

I know not that the men of old
  Were better than men now,
Of heart more kind, of hand more bold,
  Of more ingenuous brow:
I heed not those who pine for force
  A ghost of time to raise,
As if they thus could check the course
  Of these appointed days.

Still is it true, and over true,
  That I delight to close
This book of life self-wise and new,
  And let my thoughts repose
On all that humble happiness
  The world has since foregone—
The daylight of contentedness
  That on those faces shone!

With rights, though not too closely scanned,
  Enjoyed, as far as known—
With will, by no reverse unmanned—
  With pulse of even tone—
They from to-day and from to-night
  Expected nothing more,
Than yesterday and yesternight
  Had proffered them before.

To them was life a simple art
  Of duties to be done,
A game where each man took his part,
  A race where all must run;
A battle whose great scheme and scope
  They little cared to know,
Content, as men at arms, to cope
  Each with his fronting foe.

Man now his virtue's diadem
  Puts on, and proudly wears—
Great thoughts, great feelings, came to them,
  Like instincts unawares:
Blending their souls' sublimest needs
  With tasks of every day,
They went about their gravest deeds,
  As noble boys at play.

* * *

A man's best things are nearest him,
  Lie close about his feet.
It is the distant and the dim
  That we are sick to greet:
For flowers that grow our hands beneath
  We struggle and aspire—
Our hearts must die, except they breathe
  The air of fresh desire.

But, brothers, who up reason's hill
  Advance with hopeful cheer—
O! loiter not, those heights are chill,
  As chill as they are clear;
And still restrain your haughty gaze,
  The loftier that ye go,
Remembering distance leaves a haze
  On all that lies below.

The Long-ago.

[From the same.]

On that deep-retiring shore
  Frequent pearls of beauty lie,
Where the passion-waves of yore
  Fiercely beat and mounted high:
Sorrows that are sorrows still
  Lose the bitter taste of wo;
Nothing's altogether ill
  In the griefs of Long-ago.

Tombs where lonely love repines,
Ghastly tenements of tears,
Wear the look of happy shrines
Through the golden mist of years:
Death, to those who trust in good,
Vindicates his hardest blow;
Oh! we would not, if we could,
Wake the sleep of Long-ago!

Though the doom of swift decay
Shocks the soul where life is strong,
Though for frailer hearts the day
Lingers sad and overlong—
Still the weight will find a leaven,
Still the spoiler's hand is slow,
While the future has its heaven,
And the past its Long-ago.

The Autumn Leaf.

[From the 'Hope of the World, and other Poems,' by Charles Mackay.]

Pauvre feuille desséchée! où vas-tu?—*Arnault.*

Poor autumn leaf! down floating
Upon the blustering gale;
Torn from thy bough,
Where goest now,
Withered, and shrunk, and pale!

'I go, thou sad inquirer,
As list the winds to blow,
Sear, sapless, lost,
And tempest-tost,
I go where all things go.

The rude winds bear me onward
As suiteth them, not me,
O'er dale, o'er hill,
Through good, through ill,
As destiny bears thee.

What though for me one summer,
And threescore for thy breath—
I live my span,
Thou thine, poor man!
And then adown to death?

And thus we go together;
For lofty as thy lot,
And lowly mine,
My fate is thine,
To die and be forgot!'

[*The Parting of Lovers.*]

[From 'The Salamandrine,' by Charles Mackay.]

Now, from his eastern couch, the sun,
Erewhile in cloud and vapour hidden,
Rose in his robes of glory dight;
And skywards, to salute his light,
Upsprang a choir, unbidden,
Of joyous larks, that, as they shook
The dewdrops from their russet pinions,
Pealed forth a hymn so glad and clear,
That darkness might have paused to hear
(Pale sentinel on morn's dominions),
And envied her the flood of song
Those happy minstrels poured along.

The lovers listened. Earth and heaven
Seemed pleased alike to hear the strain;
And Gilbert, in that genial hour,
Forgot his momentary pain:
'Happy,' said he, 'beloved maid,
Our lives might flow 'mid scenes like this;
Still eve might bring us dreams of joy,
And morn awaken us to bliss.
I could forgive thy jealous brother;
And Mora's quiet shades might be
Blessed with the love of one another,
A Paradise to thee and me.

Yes, Peace and Love might build a nest
For us amid these vales serene,
And Truth should be our constant guest
Among these pleasant wild-woods green.
My heart should never nurse again
The once fond dreams of young Ambition,
And Glory's light should lure in vain,
Lest it should lead to Love's perdition;
Another light should round me shine,
Beloved, from those eyes of thine!'

'Ah, Gilbert! happy should I be
This hour to die, lest fate reveal
That life can never give a joy
Such as the joy that now I feel.
Oh! happy! happy! now to die,
And go before thee to the sky;
Losing, maybe, some charm of life,
But yet escaping all its strife;
And, watching for thy soul above,
There to renew more perfect love,
Without the pain and tears of this—
Eternal, never palling bliss!'

And more she yet would say, and strives to speak,
But warm, fast tears begin to course her cheek,
And sobs to choke her; so, reclining still
Her head upon his breast, she weeps her fill:
And all so lovely in those joyous tears
To his impassioned eyes the maid appears;
He cannot dry them, nor one word essay
To soothe such sorrow from her heart away.

At last she lifts her drooping head,
And, with her delicate fingers, dashes
The tears away that hang like pearls
Upon her soft eyes' silken lashes:
Then hand in hand they take their way
O'er the green meadows gemmed with dew,
And up the hill, and through the wood,
And by the streamlet, bright and blue,
And sit them down upon a stone
With mantling mosses overgrown,
That stands beside her cottage door,
And oft repeat,
When next they meet,
That time shall never part them more.

He's gone! Ah no! he lingers yet,
And all her sorrow, who can tell?
As gazing on her face he takes
His last and passionate farewell?
'One kiss!' said he, 'and I depart
With thy dear image in my heart;
One more—to soothe a lover's pain,
And think of till I come again!
One more.' Their red lips meet and tremble,
And she, unskilful to dissemble,
Allows, deep blushing, while he presses,
The warmest of his fond caresses.

The Pixies of Devon.

[By N. T. Carrington.]

[The age of pixies, like that of chivalry, is gone. There is, perhaps, at present, scarcely a house which they are reputed to visit. Even the fields and lanes which they formerly frequented seem to be nearly forsaken. Their music is rarely heard; and they appear to have forgotten to attend their ancient midnight dance.—*Drew's Cornwall.*]

They are flown,
Beautiful fictions of our fathers, wove
In Superstition's web when Time was young,
And fondly loved and cherished: they are flown,
Before the wand of Science! Hills and vales,
Mountains and moors of Devon, ye have lost
The enchantments, the delights, the visions all,
The elfin visions that so blessed the sight
In the old days romantic. Nought is heard,

Now, in the leafy world, but earthly strains—
Voices, yet sweet, of breeze, and bird, and brook,
And waterfall, the day is silent else,
And night is strangely mute! the hymnings high—
The immortal music, men of ancient times
Heard ravished oft, are flown! O ye have lost,
Mountains, and moors, and meads, the radiant throngs
That dwelt in your green solitudes, and filled
The air, the fields, with beauty and with joy
Intense; with a rich mystery that awed
The mind, and flung around a thousand hearths
Divinest tales, that through the enchanted year
Found passionate listeners!
The very streams
Brightened with visitings of these so sweet
Ethereal creatures! They were seen to rise
From the charmed waters which still brighter grew
As the pomp passed to land, until the eye
Scarce bore the unearthly glory. Where they trod
Young flowers, but not of this world's growth, arose,
And fragrance, as of amaranthine bowers,
Floated upon the breeze. And mortal eye
Looked on their revels all the luscious night,
And, unreproved, upon their ravishing forms
Gazed wistfully, as in the dance they moved,
Voluptuous to the thrilling touch of harp
Elysian!
And by gifted eyes were seen
Wonders—in the still air; [illegible]
And beautiful, more beautiful [illegible]
[illegible]
The sunbeam, and [illegible]
Of the sweet summer [illegible]
The earth's delighted bosom, and the glades
Seemed greener, fairer—and the enraptured woods
Gave a glad leafy murmur—and the rills
Leaped in the ray for joy; and all the birds
Threw into the intoxicating air their song,
All soul. The very archings of the grove,
Clad in ethereal gloom from [illegible],
Lightened with living splendours; and the flowers
Tinged with new hues and lovelier, upsprung
By millions in the grass, that rustled now
To gales of Araby!
The seasons came
In bloom or blight, in glory or in shade;
The shower or sunbeam fell or glanced as pleased
The potent elves. They steered the gilded cloud
Through heaven at will, and with the meteor flash
Came down in death, or sport; ay, when the storm
Shook the old woods, they rode on rainbow wings,
The tempest, and, anon, they reined its rage
In its fierce mid career. But ye have flown,
Beautiful fictions of our fathers! flown
Before the wand of Science! and the hearths
Of Devon, [illegible] the disenchanted year,
Are passionless and silent!

Langsyne

[By Delta—D. M. Moir.]

Langsyne!—how doth the word come back
With magic meaning to the heart,
As memory roams the sunny track,
From which hope's dreams were loath to part!
No joy like by-past joy appears;
For what is gone we fret and pine
Were life spun out a thousand years,
It could not match Langsyne!

Langsyne!—the days of childhood warm,
When, tottering by a mother's knee,
Each sight and sound had power to charm,
And hope was high, and thought was free.
Langsyne!—the merry schoolboy days—
How sweetly then life's sun did shine!
Oh! for the glorious pranks and plays,
The raptures of Langsyne.

Langsyne!—yes, in the sound I hear
The rustling of the summer grove;
And view those angel features near
Which first awoke the heart to love.
How sweet it is in pensive mood,
At windless midnight to recline,
And fill the mental solitude
With spectres from Langsyne!

Langsyne!—ah, where are they who shared
With us its pleasures bright and blithe?
Kindly with some hath fortune fared,
And some have bowed beneath the scythe
Of death, while others scattered far
O'er foreign lands at fate repine,
Oft wandering forth, 'neath twilight's star,
To muse on dear Langsyne!

Langsyne!—the heart can never be
Again so full of guileless truth;
Langsyne!—the eyes no more shall see,
Ah me! the rainbow hopes of youth:
Langsyne!—with thee resides a spell
To raise the spirit, and refine;
Farewell!—there can be no farewell
To thee, beloved Langsyne!

Casa Wappy.

[By the same.]

[Casa Wappy was the self-conferred pet name of an infant son of the poet, snatched away after a very brief illness.]

And hast thou sought thy heavenly home,
Our fond, dear boy—
The realms where sorrow dare not come,
Where life is joy?
Pure at thy death as at thy birth,
Thy spirit caught no taint from earth;
Even by its bliss we mete our death,
Casa Wappy!

Despair was in our last farewell,
As closed thine eye;
Tears of our anguish may not tell
When thou didst die;
Words may not paint our grief for thee,
Sighs are but bubbles on the sea
Of our unfathomed agony,
Casa Wappy!

Thou wert a vision of delight,
To bless us given;
Beauty embodied to our sight,
A type of heaven:
So dear to us thou wert, thou art
Even less thine own self than a part
Of mine, and of thy mother's heart,
Casa Wappy!

Thy bright brief day knew no decline,
'Twas cloudless joy;
Sunrise and night alone were thine,
Beloved boy!
This morn beheld thee blithe and gay,
That found thee prostrate in decay,
And e'er a third shone, clay was clay,
Casa Wappy!

Gem of our hearth, our household pride,
Earth's undefiled,
Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,
Our dear, sweet child!
Humbly we bow to Fate's decree;
Yet had we hoped that Time should see
Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,
Casa Wappy!

Do what I may, go where I will,
Thou meet'st my sight;
There dost thou glide before me still—
A form of light!
I feel thy breath upon my cheek—
I see thee smile, I hear thee speak—
Till oh! my heart is like to break,
Casa Wappy!

Methinks thou smil'st before me now,
With glance of stealth;
The hair thrown back from thy full brow
In buoyant health:
I see thine eyes' deep violet light,
Thy dimpled cheek carnationed bright,
Thy clasping arms so round and white,
Casa Wappy!

The nursery shows thy pictured wall,
Thy bat, thy bow,
Thy cloak and bonnet, club and ball;
But where art thou!
A corner holds thine empty chair,
Thy playthings idly scattered there,
But speak to us of our despair,
Casa Wappy!

Even to the last thy every word—
To glad, to grieve—
Was sweet as sweetest song of bird
On summer's eve;
In outward beauty undecayed,
Death o'er thy spirit cast no shade,
And like the rainbow thou didst fade,
Casa Wappy!

We mourn for thee when blind blank night
The chamber fills;
We pine for thee when morn's first light
Reddens the hills:
The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea,
All, to the wall-flower and wild pea,
Are changed—we saw the world through thee,
Casa Wappy!

And though, perchance, a smile may gleam
Of casual mirth,
It doth not own, whate'er may seem,
An inward birth:
We miss thy small step on the stair;
We miss thee at thine evening prayer!
All day we miss thee, everywhere,
Casa Wappy!

Snows muffled earth when thou didst go,
In life's spring bloom,
Down to the appointed house below,
The silent tomb.
But now the green leaves of the tree,
The cuckoo and 'the busy bee,'
Return—but with them bring not thee,
Casa Wappy!

'Tis so; but can it be (while flowers
Revive again)—
Man's doom, in death that we and ours
For aye remain?
Oh! can it be, that o'er the grave
The grass renewed, should yearly wave,
Yet God forget our child to save?—
Casa Wappy!

It cannot be: for were it so
Thus man could die,
Life were a mockery, Thought were wo,
And Truth a lie;
Heaven were a coinage of the brain,
Religion frenzy, Virtue vain,
And all our hopes to meet again,
Casa Wappy!

Then be to us, O dear, lost child!
With beam of love,
A star, death's uncongenial wild
Smiling above;
Soon, soon thy little feet have trod
The skyward path, the seraph's road,
That led thee back from man to God,
Casa Wappy!

Yet 'tis sweet balm to our despair,
Fond, fairest boy,
That heaven is God's, and thou art there,
With him in joy:
There past are death and all its woes,
There beauty's stream for ever flows,
And pleasure's day no sunset knows,
Casa Wappy!

Farewell, then—for a while, farewell—
Pride of my heart!
It cannot be that long we dwell,
Thus torn apart:
Time's shadows like the shuttle flee:
And, dark howe'er life's night may be,
Beyond the grave I'll meet with thee,
Casa Wappy!

Ten Years Ago.

[By Alaric A. Watts.]

That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures! Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur. Other gifts
Have followed for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense.—*Wordsworth.*

Ten years ago, ten years ago,
Life was to us a fairy scene;
And the keen blasts of worldly wo
Had seared not then its pathway green.
Youth and its thousand dreams were ours,
Feelings we ne'er can know again;
Unwithered hopes, unwasted powers,
And frames unworn by mortal pain:
Such was the bright and genial flow
Of life with us—ten years ago!

Time has not blanched a single hair
That clusters round thy forehead now;
Nor hath the cankering touch of care
Left even one furrow on thy brow.
Thine eyes are blue as when we met,
In love's deep truth, in earlier years;
Thy cheek of rose is blooming yet,
Though sometimes stained by secret tears;
But where, oh! where's the spirit's glow,
That shone through all—ten years ago?

I, too, am changed—I scarce know why—
Can feel each flagging pulse decay;
And youth and health, and visions high,
Melt like a wreath of snow away;
Time cannot sure have wrought the ill;
Though worn in this world's sickening strife,
In soul and form, I linger still
In the first summer month of life;
Yet journey on my path below,
Oh! how unlike—ten years ago!

But look not thus: I would not give
The wreck of hopes that thou must share,
To bid those joyous hours revive
When all around me seemed so fair.
We've wandered on in sunny weather,
When winds were low, and flowers in bloom,
And hand in hand have kept together,
And still will keep, 'mid storm and gloom;
Endeared by ties we could not know
When life was young—ten years ago!

Has fortune frowned? Her frowns were vain,
For hearts like ours she could not chill;
Have friends proved false? Their love might wane,
But ours grew fonder, firmer still.
Twin barks on this world's changing wave,
Steadfast in calms, in tempests tried;
In concert still our fate we'll brave,
Together cleave life's fitful tide;
Nor mourn, whatever winds may blow,
Youth's first wild dreams—ten years ago!

Have we not knelt beside his bed,
And watched our first-born blossom die?
Hoped, till the shade of hope had fled,
Then wept till feeling's fount was dry?
Was it not sweet, in that dark hour,
To think, 'mid mutual tears and sighs,
Our bud had left its earthly bower,
And burst to bloom in Paradise?
What to the thought that soothed that wo
Were heartless joys—ten years ago?

Yes, it is sweet, when heaven is bright,
To share its sunny beams with thee;
But sweeter far, 'mid clouds and blight,
To have thee near to weep with me.
Then dry those tears—though something changed
From what we were in earlier youth,
Time, that hath hopes and friends estranged,
Hath left us love in all its truth;
Sweet feelings we would not forego
For life's best joys—ten years ago.

My Mother's Grave.

[By Thomas Aird.]

O rise and sit in soft attire,
Wait but to know my soul's desire!
I'd call thee back to days of strife,
To wrap my soul around thy life!
Ask thou this heart for monument,
And mine shall be a large content.

A crown of brightest stars to thee!
How did thy spirit wait for me,
And nurse thy waning light, in faith
That I would stand 'twixt thee and death;
Then tarry on thy bowing shore,
Till I have asked thy sorrows o'er.

I came not—and I cry to save
Thy life from out the oblivious grave,
One day; that I may well declare,
How I have thought of all thy care,
And love thee more than I have done;
And make thy day with gladness run.

I'd tell thee where my youth hath been;
Of perils past—of glories seen:
I'd speak of all my youth hath done—
And ask of things, to choose and shun;
And smile at all thy needless fears,
But bow before thy solemn tears.

Come, walk with me, and see fair earth,
The ways of men, and join their mirth!
Sleep on—for mirth is now a jest;
Nor dare I call thee from thy rest;
Well hast thou done thy worldly task;
Thy mouth hath nought of me to ask!

Men wonder till I pass away—
They think not but of useless clay:
Alas! for age, this memory!
But I have other thoughts of thee;
And I would wade thy dusty grave,
To kiss the head I cannot save.

O life and power! that I might see
Thy visage swelling to be free!
Come near, O burst that earthly cloud,
And meet my visage lowly bowed.
Alas!—in corded stiffness pent,
Darkly I guess thy lineament.

I might have lived, and thou on earth,
And been to thee like stranger's birth—
Thou feeble thing of eld! but gone,
I feel as in the world alone.
The wind that lifts the streaming tree—
The skies seem cold, and new to me.

I feel a hand untwist the chain,
Of mother's love, with strange cold pain
From round my heart: this bosom's bare,
And less than wonted life is there.
O, well may flow these tears of strife,
O'er broken fountains of my life;

Because my life of thee was part,
And decked with blood-drops of thy heart:
I was the channel of thy love,
Where more than half thy soul did move:
How strange, yet just o'er me thy claim,
Thou aged head! my life and name.

Because I know there is not one
To think of me as thou hast done
From morn till starlight, year by year:
From me thy smile repaid thy tear;
And fears for me—and no reproof,
When once I dared to stand aloof.

My punishment—that I was far
When God unloosed thy weary star:
My name was in thy faintest breath,
And I was in thy dream of death:
And well I know what raised thy head,
When came the mourner's muffled tread.

Alas! I cannot tell thee now,
I could not come to bind thy brow:
And wealth is late, nor aught I've won,
Were worth to hear thee call thy son,
In that dark hour when bands remove,
And none are named but names of love.

Alas for me! that hour is old,
My hands, for this, shall miss their hold:
For thee—nor spring, nor silver rain
Unbutton thy dark grave again.
No sparrow on the sunny thatch
Shall chirp for thee her lonely watch.

Yet, sweet thy rest from mortal strife,
And cruel cares that spanned thy life!
Turn to thy God—and blame thy son—
To give thee more than I have done.
Thou God, with joy beyond all years,
Fill high the channels of her tears.

Thou carest not now for soft attire,
Yet wilt thou hear my last desire;
For earth I dare not call thee more;
But speak from off thy awful shore—
O ask this heart for monument,
And mine shall be a large content.

The Death of the Warrior King.

[By Charles Swain.]

There are noble heads bowed down and pale,
Deep sounds of wo arise,
And tears flow fast around the couch
Where a wounded warrior lies;

The hue of death is gathering dark
Upon his lofty brow,
And the arm of might and valour falls,
Weak as an infant's now.

I saw him 'mid the battling hosts,
Like a bright and leading star,
Where banner, helm, and falchion gleamed,
And flew the bolts of war.
When, in his plenitude of power
He trod the Holy Land,
I saw the routed Saracens
Flee from his blood-dark brand.

I saw him in the banquet hour
Forsake the festive throng,
To seek his favourite minstrel's haunt,
And give his soul to song;
For dearly as he loved renown,
He loved that spell-wrought strain
Which bade the brave of perished days
Light conquest's torch again.

Then seemed the bard to cope with Time,
And triumph o'er his doom—
Another world in freshness burst
Oblivion's mighty tomb!
Again the hardy Britons rushed
Like lions to the fight,
While horse and foot—helm, shield, and lance,
Swept by his visioned sight!

But battle shout and waving plume,
The drum's heart-stirring beat,
The glittering pomp of prosperous war,
The rush of million feet,
The magic of the minstrel's song,
Which told of victories o'er,
Are sights and sounds the dying king
Shall see—shall hear no more!

It was the hour of deep midnight,
In the dim and quiet sky,
When, with sable cloak and 'broidered pall,
A funeral train swept by;
Dull and sad fell the torches' glare
On many a stately crest—
They bore the noble warrior king
To his last dark home of rest.

The Convict Ship.

[By T. K. Hervey.]

Morn on the waters! and, purple and bright,
Bursts on the billows the flushing of light;
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on;
Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
And her pennon streams onward, like hope, in the gale;
The winds come around her, in murmur and song,
And the surges rejoice as they bear her along:
See! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,
And the sailor sings gaily aloft in the shrouds:
Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray,
Over the waters—away, and away!
Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,
Passing away, like a dream of the heart!
Who—as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,
Music around her, and sunshine on high—
Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,
Oh! there be hearts that are breaking below!

Night on the waves!—and the moon is on high,
Hung, like a gem, on the brow of the sky,
Treading its depths in the power of her might,
And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light!
Look to the waters!—asleep on their breast,
Seems not the ship like an island of rest?
Bright and alone on the shadowy main,
Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate plain!
Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,
A phantom of beauty—could deem with a sigh,
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
And that souls that are smitten lie bursting within?
Who, as he watches her silently gliding,
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing
Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,
Hearts which are parted and broken for ever?
Or deems that he watches, afloat on the wave,
The deathbed of hope, or the young spirit's grave?

'Tis thus with our life, while it passes along,
Like a vessel at sea, amidst sunshine and song!
Gaily we glide, in the gaze of the world,
With streamers afloat, and with canvass unfurled;
All gladness and glory, to wandering eyes,
Yet chartered by sorrow, and freighted with sighs:
Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
As the smiles we put on, just to cover our tears;
And the withering thoughts which the world cannot know,
Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below;
Whilst the vessel drives on to that desolate shore,
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished and o'er.

Prayer.

[By W. Beckford, author of 'Vathek.']

Like the low murmur of the secret stream,
Which through dark alders winds its shaded way,
My suppliant voice is heard: Ah! do not deem
That on vain toys I throw my hours away.

In the recesses of the forest vale,
On the wild mountain, on the verdant sod,
Where the fresh breezes of the morn prevail,
I wander lonely, communing with God.

When the faint sickness of a wounded heart
Creeps in cold shudderings through my sinking frame,
I turn to thee—that holy peace impart,
Which soothes the invokers of thy awful name!

O all-pervading Spirit! sacred beam!
Parent of life and light! Eternal Power!
Grant me through obvious clouds one transient gleam
Of thy bright essence in my dying hour!

Sonnet written on the Burial-ground of his Ancestors.

[By Walter Paterson.]

Never, O never on this sacred ground
Can I let fall my eye, but it will gaze,
As if no power again its beam could raise,
To look on aught above, or all around;
And aye upon the greenest, oldest mound,
That lies on those who lived in earliest days,
To me the most unknown, it most delays,
With strongest spell of strange enchantment bound.
Sure not for those whom I did never know,
Can I let fall so big and sad a tear.
No, 'tis the foretaste of a future wo;
The oldest grave receives the soonest bier:
It is not for the dead my tears do flow,
But for the living that must soon lie here.

Ode on the Duke of Wellington, 1814.

[By John Wilson Croker.]

Victor of Assaye's orient plain,
Victor of all the fields of Spain,
Victor of France's despot reign,
Thy task of glory done!
Welcome! from dangers greatly dared;
From triumphs with the vanquished shared;
From nations saved, and nations spared;
Unconquered Wellington!

Unconquered! yet thy honours claim
A nobler than a conqueror's name:
At the red wreaths of guilty fame
Thy generous soul had blushed:
The blood—the tears the world has shed—
The throngs of mourners—piles of dead—
The grief—the guilt—are on his head,
The tyrant thou hast crushed.

Thine was the sword which Justice draws;
Thine was the pure and generous cause,
Of holy rites and human laws,
The impious thrall to burst;
And thou wast destined for thy part!
The noblest mind, the firmest heart—
Artless—but in the warrior's art—
And in that art the first.

And we, who in the eastern skies
Beheld thy sun of glory rise,
Still follow with exulting eyes
His proud meridian height.
Late, on thy grateful country's breast,
Late may that sun descend to rest,
Beaming through all the golden west
The memory of his light.

[*The November Fog of London.*]

[By Henry Luttrel.]

First, at the dawn of lingering day,
It rises of an ashy gray;
Then deepening with a sordid stain
Of yellow, like a lion's mane.
Vapour importunate and dense,
It wars at once with every sense.
The ears escape not. All around
Returns a dull unwonted sound.
Loath to stand still, afraid to stir,
The chilled and puzzled passenger,
Oft blundering from the pavement, fails
To feel his way along the rails;
Or at the crossings, in the roll
Of every carriage dreads the pole.
Scarce an eclipse, with pall so dun,
Blots from the face of heaven the sun.
But soon a thicker, darker cloak
Wraps all the town, behold, in smoke,
Which steam-compelling trade disgorges
From all her furnaces and forges
In pitchy clouds, too dense to rise,
Descends rejected from the skies;
Till struggling day, extinguished quite,
At noon gives place to candle-light.
O Chemistry, attractive maid,
Descend, in pity, to our aid:
Come with thy all-pervading gases,
Thy crucibles, retorts, and glasses,
Thy fearful energies and wonders,
Thy dazzling lights and mimic thunders;
Let Carbon in thy train be seen,
Dark Azote and fair Oxygen,
And Wollaston and Davy guide
The car that bears thee at thy side.
If any power can, any how,
Abate these nuisances, 'tis thou;
And see, to aid thee in the blow,
The bill of Michael Angelo;
O join (success a thing of course is)
Thy heavenly to his mortal forces;
Make all chimneys chew the cud
Like hungry cows, as chimneys should!
And since 'tis only smoke we draw
Within our lungs at common law,
Into their thirsty tubes be sent
Fresh air, by act of parliament.

In this period many translations from classic and foreign poets have appeared, at the head of which stands the version of Dante by the REV. H. F. CARY—universally acknowledged to be one of the most felicitous attempts ever made to transfuse the spirit and conceptions of a great poet into a foreign tongue. The *third* edition of this translation was published in 1831. Versions of Homer, the Georgics of Virgil, and the Oberon of the German poet Wieland, have been published by WILLIAM SOTHEBY, whose original poems have already been noticed. The comedies of Aristophanes have been well translated, with all their quaint drollery and sarcasm, by MR MITCHELL, late fellow of Sidney-Sussex college, Cambridge. LORD STRANGFORD has given translations from the Portuguese poet Camoens; and DR JOHN BOWRING, specimens of Russian, Dutch, ancient Spanish, Polish, Servian, and Hungarian poetry. A good translation of Tasso has been given by J. H. WIFFEN, and of Ariosto by MR STEWART ROSE. LORD FRANCIS EGERTON, MR BLACKIE, and others, have translated the Faust of Goethe; and the general cultivation of the German language in England has led to the translation of various imaginative and critical German works in prose. MR J. G. LOCKHART's translation of Spanish ballads has enriched our lyrical poetry with some romantic songs. The ballads of Spain, like those of Scotland, are eminently *national* in character and feeling, and bear testimony to the strong passions and chivalrous imagination of her once high-spirited people.

SCOTTISH POETS.

ROBERT BURNS.

After the publication of Fergusson's poems, in a collected shape, in 1773, there was an interval of about thirteen years, during which no writer of eminence arose in Scotland who attempted to excel in the native language of the country. The intellectual taste of the capital ran strongly in favour of metaphysical and critical studies; but the Doric muse was still heard in the rural districts linked to some popular air, some local occurrence or favourite spot, and was much cherished by the lower and middling classes of the people. In the summer of 1786, ROBERT BURNS, the Shakspeare of Scotland, issued his first volume from the obscure press of Kilmarnock, and its influence was immediately felt, and is still operating on the whole imaginative literature of the kingdom.* Burns was

* The edition consisted of 600 copies. A second was published in Edinburgh in April 1787, no less than 2800 copies being subscribed for by 1500 individuals. After his unexampled popularity in Edinburgh, Burns took the farm of Ellisland, near Dumfries, married his 'bonny Jean,' and entered upon his new occupation at Whitsunday 1788. He had obtained an appointment as an exciseman, but the duties of this office, and his own convivial habits, interfered with his management of the farm, and he was glad to abandon it. In 1791 he removed to the town of Dumfries, subsisting entirely on his situation in

then in his twenty-seventh year, having been born in the parish of Alloway, near Ayr on the 25th of January 1759 His father was a poor farmer, a man of sterling worth and intelligence, who gave his son what education he could afford The whole, however, was but a small foundation on which to erect the miracles of genius [illegible] was taught



English well and [illegible] the time he was [illegible] eleven years of age he was [illegible] and particles He was [illegible] a fortnight's French, and was [illegible] at land surveying [illegible] which were the Spectator, Pope's Works, Allan Ramsay, and [illegible] (about his twenty third year) his reading was enlarged with the important addition of [illegible] Shenstone, Sterne and Mackenzie Other [illegible] soon followed As the advantages of [illegible] education were not within his reach [illegible] regretted that his library was at first small What books he had, he read [illegible] his attention was not distracted by a multitude of volumes—and his mind grew up with original and robust vigour It is impossible to contemplate the life of Burns at this time without a strong feeling of affectionate admiration and respect His manly integrity of character (which as a peasant he guarded with jealous dignity) and his warm and true heart, elevate him in our conceptions almost as much as the native force and beauty of his poetry

the excise which yielded [illegible] 70 per annum [illegible] in 1793, a third edition of his poems with [illegible] o' Shanter, and other pieces [illegible] He died at Dumfries on the 21st of July 1796 [illegible] thirty seven years and about six months The story of his life is so well known that even this brief statement [illegible] In 1798 a fourth edition of his works [illegible] Edinburgh Two years afterwards, in 1800 [illegible] complete edition of Dr Currie in four volumes, containing the correspondence of the poet, and a number of songs contributed to Johnson's Scots Musical Museum, and Thomson's Select Scottish Melodies. The editions of Burns since 1800 could with difficulty be ascertained, they were reckoned a few years ago at about a hundred His poems circulate in every shape, and have not yet gathered all their fame

We see him in the veriest shades of obscurity toiling, when a mere youth, 'like a galley-slave,' to support his virtuous parents and their household, yet grasping at every opportunity of acquiring knowledge from men and books—familiar with the history of his country and loving its very soil—worshipping the memory of Scotland's ancient patriots and defenders, and exploring every scene and memorial of departed greatness—loving also the simple peasantry around him, 'the sentiments and manners he felt and saw in himself and his rustic compeers.' Burning with a desire to do something for old Scotland's sake, with a heart beating with warm and generous emotions, a strong and clear understanding, and a spirit abhorring all meanness, insincerity, and oppression, Burns, in his early days, might have furnished the subject for a great and instructive moral poem The true elements of poetry were in his life as in his writings The wild stirrings of his ambition (which he so nobly compared to the 'blind gropings of Homer's Cyclops round the walls of his cave') the precocious maturity of his passions and his intellect his manly frame, that led him to fear no competitor at the plough, and his exquisite sensibility and tenderness that made him weep over even the destruction of a daisy's flower or a mouse's nest, these are all [illegible] contrasts and blendings that [illegible] to the spirit of romantic poetry His [illegible] were but the fragments of [illegible] outpourings of a full [illegible] fashion- [illegible] to be cast into [illegible] some errors and frailties [illegible] image but [illegible] destroyed The [illegible] and now that the mists [illegible] cleared away, its just proportions and [illegible] symmetry are recognised with [illegible] countrymen

[illegible] auxiliary or fellow-worker with Cowper in bringing poetry into the channels of truth and nature There were only two years between the [illegible] *Cotter's Saturday Night* No poetry was ever more instantaneously or universally popular among a people than that of Burns in Scotland It seemed as if a new realm had been added to the dominions of the British muse—a new and glorious creation fresh from the hand of nature [illegible] was the humour of Smollett, the pathos and tenderness of Sterne or Richardson, the real life of Fielding and the description of Thomson—all united in delineations of Scottish manners and scenery by an Ayrshire ploughman [illegible] The volume contained matter for all minds for the lively and sarcastic, the wild and the thoughtful, the poetical enthusiast and the man of the world So eagerly was the book sought after, that where copies of it could not be obtained many of the poems were transcribed and sent round in manuscript among admiring circles The subsequent productions of the poet did not materially affect the estimate of his powers formed from his first volume His life was at once too idle and too busy for continuous study, and, alas! it was too brief for the full maturity and development of his talents Where the intellect predominates equally with the imagination (and this was the case with Burns) increase of years generally adds to the strength and variety of the poet's powers; and we have no doubt that, in ordinary circumstances, Burns, like Dryden, would have improved with age, and added greatly to his fame, had he not fallen at so early a period, before his imagination could be enriched with the riper fruits of knowledge and experience He meditated a national drama, but we might have looked with more

confidence for a series of tales like *Tam o' Shanter*, which (with the elegy on Captain Matthew Henderson, one of the most highly finished and most precious of his works) was produced in his happy residence at Ellisland. Above two hundred songs



Burns's House, Dumfries

were, however, thrown off by Burns in his latter years, and they embraced poetry of all kinds. Mr Moore became a writer of lyrics, as he informs his readers, that he might express what music conveyed to himself. Burns had little or no technical knowledge of music. Whatever pleasure he derived from it, was the result of personal associations—the words to which airs were adapted, or the locality with which they were connected. His whole soul, however, was full of the finest harmony. So quick and genial were his sympathies, that he was easily stirred into lyrical melody by whatever was good and beautiful in nature. Not a bird sung on a bush, not a burn glanced in the sun, but it was eloquence and music to his ear. He fell in love with every fine female face he saw; and thus kindled up, his feelings took the shape of song, and the words fell as naturally into their places as if prompted by the most perfect knowledge of music. The inward melody needed no artificial accompaniment. An attempt at a longer poem would have chilled his ardour; but a song embodying some one leading idea, some burst of passion, love, patriotism, or humour, was exactly suited to the impulsive nature of Burns's genius, and to his situation and circumstances. His command of language and imagery, always the most appropriate, musical, and graceful, was a greater marvel than the creations of a Handel or Mozart. The Scottish poet, however, knew many old airs—still more old ballads: and a few bars of the music, or a line of the words, served as a key-note to his suggestive fancy. He improved nearly all he touched. The arch humour, gaiety, simplicity, and genuine feeling of his original songs, will be felt as long as 'rivers roll and woods are green.' They breathe the natural character and spirit of the country, and must be coeval with it in existence. Wherever the words are chanted, a picture is presented to the mind; and whether the tone be plaintive and sad, or joyous and exciting, one overpowering feeling takes possession of the imagination. The susceptibility of the poet inspired him with real emotions and passion, and his genius reproduced them with the glowing warmth and truth of nature.

'Tam o' Shanter' is usually considered to be Burns's masterpiece: it was so considered by himself, and the judgment has been confirmed by Campbell, Wilson, Montgomery, and almost every critic. It displays more various powers than any of his other productions, beginning with low comic humour and Bacchanalian revelry (the dramatic scene at the commencement is unique, even in Burns), and ranging through the various styles of the descriptive, the terrible, the supernatural, and the ludicrous. The originality of some of the phrases and sentiments, as

> Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious—
> O'er a' the ills of life victorious!

the felicity of some of the similes, and the elastic force and springiness of the versification, must also be considered as aiding in the effect. The poem reads as if it were composed in one transport of inspiration, before the bard had time to cool or to slacken in his fervour; and such we know was actually the case. Next to this inimitable 'tale of truth' in originality, and in happy grouping of images, both familiar and awful, we should be disposed to rank the *Address to the Deil*. The poet adopted the common superstitions of the peasantry as to the attributes of Satan; but though his Address is purely ludicrous, he intersperses passages of the highest beauty, and blends a feeling of tenderness and compunction with his objurgation of the Evil One. The effect of contrast was never more happily displayed than in the conception of such a being straying in lonely glens and rustling among trees—in the familiarity of sly humour with which the poet lectures so awful and mysterious a personage (who had, as he says, almost overturned the infant world, and ruined all), and in that strange and inimitable outbreak of sympathy in which a hope is expressed for the salvation, and pity for the fate, even of Satan himself—

> But fare you weel, auld Nickie-ben!
> Oh! wad ye tak a thought and men'!
> Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
> Still hae a stake;
> I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
> Even for your sake!

The *Jolly Beggars* is another strikingly original production. It is the most dramatic of his works, and the characters are all finely sustained. Of the Cotter's Saturday Night, the Mountain Daisy, or the Mouse's Nest, it would be idle to attempt any eulogy. In these Burns is seen in his fairest colours—not with all his strength, but in his happiest and most heartfelt inspiration—his brightest sunshine and his tenderest tears. The workmanship of these leading poems is equal to the value of the materials. The peculiar dialect of Burns being a composite of Scotch and English, which he varied at will (the Scotch being generally reserved for the comic and tender, and the English for the serious and lofty), his diction is remarkably rich and copious. No poet is more picturesque in expression. This was the result equally of accurate observation, careful study, and strong feeling. His energy and truth stamp the highest value on his writings. He is as literal as Cowper. The banks of the Doon are described as faithfully as those of the Ouse; and his views of human life and manners are as real and as finely moralised. His range of subjects, however, was

infinitely more diversified, including a varied and romantic landscape, the customs and superstitions of his country, the delights of good fellowship and boon society, the aspirations of youthful ambition, and, above all, the emotions of love, which he depicted with such mingled fervour and delicacy. This ecstacy of passion was unknown to the author of the Task. Nor could the latter have conceived anything so truly poetical as the image of Coila, the tutelar genius and inspirer of the peasant youth in his clay-built hut, where his heart and fancy overflowed with love and poetry. Cowper read and appreciated Burns, and we can picture his astonishment and delight on perusing such strains as Coila's address:—

'With future hope I oft would gaze
Fond on thy little early ways,
Thy rudely carolled, chiming phrase,
In uncouth rhymes,
Fired at the simple, artless lays,
Of other times.

I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
Delighted with the dashing roar;
Or when the north his fleecy store
Drove through the sky,
I saw grim nature's visage hoar
Strike thy young eye.

Or when the deep green-mantled earth
Warm cherished every flowret's birth,
And joy and music pouring forth
In every grove,
I saw thee eye the general mirth
With boundless love.

When ripened fields and azure skies,
Called forth the reapers' rustling noise,
I saw thee leave their evening joys,
And lonely stalk,
To vent thy bosom's swelling rise
In pensive walk.

When youthful love, warm-blushing, strong,
Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,
Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
The adored Name,
I taught thee how to pour in song,
To soothe thy flame.

I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
Wild send thee pleasure's devious way,
Misled by Fancy's meteor-ray,
By passion driven;
But yet the light that led astray
Was light from Heaven.

I taught thy manner-painting strains,
The loves, the ways of simple swains,
Till now, o'er all my wide domains
Thy fame extends;
And some, the pride of Coila's plains,
Become thy friends.

Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,
To paint with Thomson's landscape glow;
Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
With Shenstone's art;
Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow
Warm on the heart.

Yet, all beneath the unrivalled rose,
The lowly daisy sweetly blows;
Though large the forest's monarch throws
His army shade,
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows
Adown the glade.

Then never murmur nor repine;
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine;
And trust me, not Potosi's mine,
Nor king's regard,
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,
A rustic bard.

To give my counsels all in one—
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;
Preserve the dignity of man,
With soul erect;
And trust, the universal plan
Will all protect.

And wear thou this'—she solemn said,
And bound the holly round my head:
The polished leaves, and berries red,
Did rustling play;
And, like a passing thought, she fled
In light away.

Burns never could have improved upon the grace and tenderness of this romantic vision—the finest revelation ever made of the hope and ambition of a youthful poet. Greater strength, however, he undoubtedly acquired with the experience of manhood. His Tam o' Shanter, and Bruce's Address, are the result of matured powers; and his songs evince a conscious mastery of the art and materials of composition. His Vision of Liberty at Lincluden is a great and splendid fragment. The reflective spirit evinced in his early epistles is found, in his Lines Written in Friars' Carse Hermitage, to have settled into a deep vein of moral philosophy, clear and true as the lines of Swift, and informed with a higher wisdom. It cannot be said that Burns absolutely fails in any kind of composition, except in his epigrams, these are coarse without being pointed or entertaining. Nature, which had lavished on him such powers of humour, denied him wit.

In reviewing the intellectual career of the poet, his correspondence must not be overlooked. His prose style was more ambitious than that of his poetry. In the latter he followed the dictates of nature, warm from the heart, whereas in his letters he aimed at being sentimental, peculiar, and striking; and simplicity was sometimes sacrificed for effect. As Johnson considered conversation to be an intellectual arena, wherein every man was bound to do his best, Burns seems to have regarded letter-writing in much the same light, and to have considered it necessary at times to display all his acquisitions to amuse, gratify, or astonish his patronising correspondents. Considerable deductions must, therefore, be made from his published correspondence, whether regarded as an index to his feelings and situation, or as models of the epistolary style. In *subject*, he adapted himself too much to the character and tastes of the person he was addressing, and in *style*, he was led away by a love of display. A tinge of pedantry and assumption, and of reckless bravado, was thus at times superinduced upon the manly and thoughtful simplicity of his natural character, which sits as awkwardly upon it as the intrusion of Jove or Danae into the rural songs of Allan Ramsay.*

* The scraps of French in his letters to Dr Moore, Mrs Riddell, &c. have an unpleasant effect. 'If he had an affectation in anything,' says Dugald Stewart, 'it was in introducing occasionally [in conversation] a word or phrase from that language.' Campbell makes a similar statement, and relates the following anecdote:—'One of his friends, who carried him into the company of a French lady, remarked, with surprise, that he attempted to converse with her in her own tongue. Their French, however, was mutually unintelligible. As far as Burns could make himself understood, he unfortunately offended the foreign lady. He meant to tell her that she was a

Burns's letters, however, are valuable as memorials of his temperament and genius. He was often distinct, forcible, and happy in expression—rich in sallies of imagination and poetical feeling—at times deeply pathetic and impressive. He lifts the veil from the miseries of his latter days with a hand struggling betwixt pride and a broken spirit. His autobiography, addressed to Dr Moore, written when his mind was salient and vigorous, is as remarkable for its literary talent as for its modest independence and clear judgment; and the letters to Mrs Dunlop (in whom he had entire confidence, and whose lady-like manners and high principle rebuked his wilder spirit) are all characterised by sincerity and elegance. One beautiful letter to this lady we are tempted to copy: it is poetical in the highest degree, and touches with exquisite taste on the mysterious union between external nature and the sympathies and emotions of the human frame:—

'ELLISLAND, *New-Year-Day Morning*, 1789.

This, dear madam, is a morning of wishes, and would to God that I came under the apostle James's description!—*the prayer of a righteous man availeth much.* In that case, madam, you should welcome in a year full of blessings: everything that obstructs or disturbs tranquillity and self enjoyment should be removed, and every pleasure that frail humanity can taste should be yours. I own myself so little a Presbyterian, that I approve of set times and seasons of more than ordinary acts of devotion, for breaking in on that habituated routine of life and thought which is so apt to reduce our existence to a kind of instinct, or even sometimes, and with some minds, to a state very little better than mere machinery.

This day, the first Sunday of May, a breezy, blue-skied noon some time about the beginning, and a hoary morning and calm sunny day about the end of autumn; these, time out of mind, have been with me a kind of holiday.

I believe I owe this to that glorious paper in the Spectator—the Vision of Mirza—a piece that struck my young fancy before I was capable of fixing an idea to a word of three syllables: "On the 5th day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hill of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer."

We know nothing, or next to nothing, of the substance or structure of our souls, so cannot account for those seeming caprices in them, that one should be particularly pleased with this thing, or struck with that, which, on minds of a different cast, makes no extraordinary impression. I have some favourite flowers in spring, among which are the mountain-daisy, the harebell, the foxglove, the wild-brier rose, the budding birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight. I never hear the loud, solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of gray plovers in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry. Tell me, my dear friend, to what can this be owing? Are we a piece of machinery, which, like the Æolian harp, passive, takes the impression of the passing accident? Or do these workings argue something within us above the trodden clod? I own myself partial to such proofs of those awful and important realities—a God that made all things—man's immaterial and immortal nature, and a world of weal or wo beyond death and the grave.'

To the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, Burns seems to have clung with fond tenacity: it survived the wreck or confusion of his early impressions, and formed the strongest and most soothing of his beliefs. In other respects his creed was chiefly practical. 'Whatever mitigates the woes, or increases the happiness of others,' he says, 'this is my criterion of goodness; and whatever injures society at large, or any individual in it, this is my reason of iniquity.' The same feeling he had expressed in one of his early poems—

> But deep this truth impressed my mind,
> Through all his works abroad,
> The heart benevolent and kind
> The most resembles God.

Conjectures have been idly formed as to the probable effect which education would have had on the mind of Burns. We may as well speculate on the change which might be wrought by the engineer, the planter, and agriculturist, in assimilating the wild scenery of Scotland to that of England. Who would wish (if it were possible), by successive graftings, to make the birch or the pine approximate to the oak or the elm? Nature is various in all her works, and has diversified genius as much as she has done her plants and trees. In Burns we have a genuine Scottish poet: why should we wish to mar the beautiful order and variety of nature by making him a Dryden or a Gray? Education could not have improved Burns's songs, his Tam o' Shanter, or any other of his great poems. He would never have written them but for his situation and feelings as a peasant—and could he have written anything better? The whole of that world of passion and beauty which he has laid open to us might have been hid for ever; and the genius which was so well and worthily employed in embellishing rustic life, and adding new interest and glory to his country, would only have swelled the long procession of English poets, stript of his originality, and bearing, though proudly, the ensign of conquest and submission.

charming person, and delightful in conversation, but expressed himself so as to appear to her to mean that she was fond of speaking: to which the Gallic dame indignantly replied, that it was quite as common for poets to be impertinent as for women to be loquacious.' The friend who introduced Burns on this occasion (and who herself related the anecdote to Mr Campbell) was Miss Margaret Chalmers, afterwards Mrs Lewis Hay, who died in 1843. The wonder is, that the dissipated aristocracy of the Caledonian Hunt, and the 'buckish tradesmen of Edinburgh,' left any part of the original plainness and simplicity of his manners. Yet his learned friends saw no change in the proud self-sustained and self-measuring poet. He kept his ground, and he asked no more. 'A somewhat clearer knowledge of men's affairs, scarcely of their characters,' says the quaint but true and searching Thomas Carlyle, 'this winter in Edinburgh did afford him; but a sharper feeling of Fortune's unequal arrangements in their social destiny it also left with him. He had seen the gay and gorgeous arena, in which the powerful are born to play their parts; nay, had himself stood in the midst of it: and he felt more bitterly than ever that here he was but a looker-on, and had no part or lot in that splendid game. From this time a jealous indignant fear of social degradation takes possession of him; and perverts, so far as aught could pervert, his private contentment, and his feelings towards his richer fellows. It was clear to Burns that he had talent enough to make a fortune, or a hundred fortunes, could he but have rightly willed this. It was clear also that he willed something far different, and therefore could not make one. Unhappy it was that he had not power to choose the one and reject the other, but must halt for ever between two opinions, two objects; making hampered advancement towards either. But so it is with many men: "we long for the merchandise, yet would fain keep the price;" and so stand chaffering with Fate, in vexatious altercation, till the night come, and our fair is over!'

[From Burns's Epistles.]

We'll sing auld Coila's plains and fells,
Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells,
Her banks and braes, her dens and dells,
Where glorious Wallace
Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
Frae southron billies.

At Wallace' name what Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
By Wallace' side,
Still pressing onward, red-wat shod,
Or glorious died!

Oh sweet are Coila's haughs and woods,
When lintwhites chant amang the buds,
And jinkin' hares in amorous whids,
Their loves enjoy,
While through the braes the cushat croods
With wailfu' cry!

Even winter bleak has charms to me
When winds rave through the naked tree;
Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree
Are hoary gray;
Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
Darkening the day!

Oh nature! a' thy shows and forms
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms!
Whether the summer kindly warms,
Wi' life and light,
Or winter howls in gusty storms
The lang dark night!

The Muse, nae poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel he learned to wander
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
And no think lang;
Oh sweet, to stray and pensive ponder
A heart-felt sang!

Then farewell hopes o' laurel boughs,
To garland my poetic brows!
Henceforth I'll rove where busy ploughs
Are whistling thrang,
And teach the lanely heights and howes
My rustic sang.

I'll wander on, with tentless heed
How never-halting moments speed,
Till fate shall snap the brittle thread;
Then, all unknown,
I'll lay me with the inglorious dead,
Forgot and gone!

But why o' death begin a tale?
Just now we're living sound and hale,
Then top and maintop crowd the sail,
Heave care o'er side!
And large before enjoyment's gale,
Let's tak the tide.

This life, sae far's I understand,
Is a' enchanted fairy land,
Where pleasure is the magic wand,
That, wielded right,
Maks hours like minutes, hand in hand,
Dance by fu' light.

The magic wand then let us wield;
For, ance that five-and-forty's speeled,
See, crazy, weary, joyless eild,
Wi' wrinkled face,
Comes hostin', hirplin' owre the field,
Wi' creepin' pace.

When ance life's day draws near the gloamin',
Then fareweel vacant careless roamin';
And fareweel cheerfu' tankards foamin',
And social noise;
And fareweel dear, deluding woman!
The joy of joys!

Oh Life! how pleasant in thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning!
Cold pausing caution's lesson scorning,
We frisk away,
Like schoolboys, at the expected warning,
To joy and play.

We wander there, we wander here,
We eye the rose upon the brier,
Unmindful that the thorn is near,
Among the leaves!
And though the puny wound appear,
Short while it grieves.

To a Mountain Daisy,

On turning one down with the plough in April 1786.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour,
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
Wi' speckled breast,
When upward springing, blithe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield;
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble field,
Unseen, alane.

There in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet floweret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betrayed,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starred!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To misery's brink,
Till wrenched of every stay but Heaven,
He, ruined, sink!

Even thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom

On Captain Matthew Henderson.

A gentleman who held the patent for his honours immediately from Almighty God

'Should the poor be flattered'—*Shakespeare.*

But now his radiant course is run,
For Matthew's course was bright
His soul was like the glorious sun,
A matchless heavenly light

Oh Death! thou tyrant fell and bloody!
The meikle devil wi' a woodie
Haurl thee hame to his black smiddie,
O'er hurcheon hides
And like stock fish come o'er his studdie
Wi' thy auld sides!

He's gane! he's gane! he's frae us torn,
The ae best fellow e'er was born!
Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel' shall mourn
By wood and wild,
Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn,
Frae man exiled!

Ye hills, near neibors o' the starns,
That proudly cock your cresting cairns
Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing yearns,[1]
Where echo slumbers!
Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,
My wailing numbers!

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens!
Ye hazelly shaws and briery dens!
Ye burnies, wimplin' down your glens
Wi' toddlin' din,
Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stens,
Frae lin to lin!

Mourn, little harebells o'er the lea
Ye stately foxgloves fair to see,
Ye woodbines hanging bonnilie
In scented bowers
Ye roses on your thorny tree,
The first o' flowers

At dawn, when every grassy blade
Droops with a diamond at its head,
At even, when beans their fragrance shed
I' the rustling gale,
Ye maukins whiddin through the glade,
Come join my wail

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood
Ye grouse that crap the heather bud,
Ye curlews calling through a clud
Ye whistling plover,
And mourn, ye whirring partrick brood!
He's gane for ever

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals,
Ye fisher herons, watching eels,
Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels
Circling the lake
Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
Rair for his sake

Mourn, clamouring craiks at close o' day,
'Mang fields o' flowering clover gay,
And when ye wing your annual way
Frae our cauld shore,
Tell thae far worlds wha lies in clay
Wham we deplore.

Ye houlets, frae your ivy bower,
In some auld tree, or eldritch tower,
What time the moon, wi' silent glower
Sets up her horn,
Wail through the dreary midnight hour
Till waukrife morn!

Oh, rivers, forests, hills, and plains!
Oft have ye heard my canty strains
But now, what else for me remains
But tales of woe?
And frae my een the drapping rains
Maun ever flow

Mourn, spring, thou darling of the year,
Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear
Thou, summer, while each corny spear
Shoots up its head,
Thy gay, green, flowery tresses shear
For him that's dead

Thou autumn wi' thy yellow hair,
In grief thy sallow mantle tear!
Thou, winter, hurling through the air
The roaring blast,
Wide o'er the naked world declare
The worth we've lost

Mourn him thou sun, great source of light!
Mourn, empress of the silent night!
And you, ye twinkling starnies bright,
My Matthew mourn!
For through your orbs he's ta'en his flight,
Ne'er to return

Oh Henderson! the man! the brother!
And art thou gone, and gone for ever?
And hast thou crossed that unknown river,
Life's dreary bound?
Like thee, where shall we find another,
The world around?

Go to your sculptured tombs, ye great,
In a' the tinsel trash o' state
But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
Thou man of worth!
And weep the ae best fellow's fate
E'er lay in earth

[Song.]

Macpherson's Farewell

Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong,
The wretch's destinie!
Macpherson's time will not be long
On yonder gallows tree
Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he,
He played a spring, and danced it round,
Below the gallows tree

Oh what is death but parting breath!
On many a bloody plain
I've dared his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again!

Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword,
And there's no a man in all Scotland,
But I'll brave him at a word

I've lived a life of sturt and strife,
I die by treacherie,
It burns my heart I must depart
And not avenged be

Now farewell light—thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky!
May coward shame distain his name,
The wretch that dares not die!

[1] Eagles

Menie.

Again rejoicing nature sees
Her robe assume its vernal hues,
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
All freshly steeped in morning dews.

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
In vain to me the violets spring;
In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks;
But life to me's a weary dream,
A dream of ane that never wauks.

The wanton coot the water skims,
Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,
The stately swan majestic swims,
And everything is blest but I.

The shepherd steeks his faulding slap,
And owre the moorland whistles shrill;
Wi' wild, unequal, wandering step,
I meet him on the dewy hill.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
Blithe waukens by the daisy's side,
And mounts and sings on flittering wings,
A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.

Come, Winter, with thine angry howl,
And raging bend the naked tree;
Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
When nature all is sad like me!

Ae Fond Kiss.

['These exquisitely affecting stanzas contain the essence of a thousand love tales.'—*Scott.*]

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me,
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy;
But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever,
Ae farewell, alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee!

My Bonnie Mary.

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
And fill it in a silver tassie,
That I may drink, before I go,
A service to my bonnie lassie.
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry,
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are ranked ready,
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes thick and bloody;
But it's not the roar o' sea or shore
Wad make me langer wish to tarry;
Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar—
It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

Mary Morison.

['One of my juvenile works.'—*Burns.* 'Of all the productions of Burns, the pathetic and serious love songs which he has left behind him in the manner of old ballads, are perhaps those which take the deepest and most lasting hold of the mind. Such are the lines of Mary Morison, &c.'—*Hazlitt.*]

Oh Mary, at thy window be,
It is the wished, the trysted hour!
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure poor.
How blithely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun,
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen when to the trembling string
The dance gaed through the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw:
Though this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sighed, and said amang them a',
'Ye are na Mary Morison.'

Oh Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only faut is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown;
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

Bruce's Address.

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do, or die!

ALEXANDER WILSON.

ALEXANDER WILSON, a distinguished naturalist, was also a good Scottish poet. He was a native of Paisley, and born July 6, 1766. He was brought up to the trade of a weaver, but afterwards preferred that of a pedlar, selling muslin and other wares. In 1789 he added to his other commodities a prospectus of a volume of poems, trusting, as he said,

If the pedlar should fail to be favoured with sale,
Then I hope you'll encourage the poet.

He did not succeed in either character; and after publishing his poems he returned to the loom. In 1792 he issued anonymously his best poem, *Watty and Meg*, which was at first attributed to Burns. A foolish personal satire, and a not very wise admiration of the principles of equality disseminated at the time of the French Revolution drove Wilson to America in the year 1794. There he was once more a weaver and a pedlar, and afterwards a schoolmaster. A love of ornithology gained upon him, and he wandered over America, collecting specimens of birds. In 1808 appeared his first volume of the *American Ornithology*, and he continued collecting and publishing, traversing swamps and forests in quest of rare birds, and undergoing the greatest privations and fatigues, till he had committed the eighth volume to the press. He sank under his excessive labours on the 23d of August 1813, and was interred with public honours at Philadelphia. In the Ornithology of Wilson we see the fancy and descriptive powers of the poet. The following extract is part of his account of the bald eagle, and is extremely vivid and striking:—

'The celebrated cataract of Niagara is a noted place of resort for the bald eagle, as well on account of the fish procured there, as for the numerous carcases of squirrels, deer, bears, and various other animals that, in their attempts to cross the river above the falls, have been dragged into the current and precipitated down that tremendous gulf, where, among the rocks that bound the rapids below, they furnish a rich repast for the vulture, the raven, and the bald eagle, the subject of the present account. He has been long known to naturalists, being common to both continents, and occasionally met with from a very high northern latitude to the borders of the torrid zone, but chiefly in the vicinity of the sea, and along the shores and cliffs of our lakes and large rivers. Formed by nature for braving the severest cold, feeding equally on the produce of the sea and of the land, possessing powers of flight capable of outstripping even the tempests themselves, unawed by anything but man, and from the ethereal heights to which he soars, looking abroad at one glance on an immeasurable expanse of forests, fields, lakes, and ocean deep below him, he appears indifferent to the little localities of change of seasons, as in a few minutes he can pass from summer to winter, from the lower to the higher regions of the atmosphere, the abode of eternal cold, and from thence descend at will to the torrid or the arctic regions of the earth. He is, therefore, found at all seasons in the countries he inhabits, but prefers such places as have been mentioned above, from the great partiality he has for fish.

In procuring these, he displays, in a very singular manner, the genius and energy of his character, which is fierce, contemplative, daring, and tyrannical, attributes not exerted but on particular occasions, but when put forth, overpowering all opposition. Elevated on the high dead limb of some gigantic tree that commands a wide view of the neighbouring shore and ocean, he seems calmly to contemplate the motions of the various feathered tribes that pursue their busy avocations below, the snow-white gulls slowly winnowing the air, the busy tringæ coursing along the sands, trains of ducks streaming over the surface, silent and watchful cranes intent and wading, clamorous crows, and all the winged multitudes that subsist by the bounty of this vast liquid magazine of nature. High over all these hovers one whose action instantly arrests his whole attention. By his wide curvature of wing, and sudden suspension in air, he knows him to be the fish hawk, settling over some devoted victim of the deep. His eye kindles at the sight, and balancing himself with half-opened wings on the branch, he watches the result. Down, rapid as an arrow from heaven, descends the distant object of his attention, the roar of its wings reaching the ear as it disappears in the deep, making the surges foam around. At this moment the eager looks of the eagle are all ardour, and levelling his neck for flight, he sees the fish hawk once more emerge, struggling with his prey, and mounting in the air with screams of exultation. These are the signal for our hero, who launching into the air, instantly gives chase, and soon gains on the fish hawk; each exerts his utmost to mount above the other, displaying in these rencontres the most elegant and sublime aerial evolutions. The unencumbered eagle rapidly advances, and is just on the point of reaching his opponent, when, with a sudden scream, probably of despair and honest execration, the latter drops his fish; the eagle poising himself for a moment, as if to take a more certain aim, descends like a whirlwind, snatches it in his grasp ere it reaches the water, and bears his ill-gotten booty silently away to the woods.'

By way of preface, 'to invoke the clemency of the reader,' Wilson relates the following exquisite trait of simplicity and nature:

'In one of my late visits to a friend in the country, I found their youngest son, a fine boy of eight or nine years of age, who usually resides in town for his education, just returning from a ramble through the neighbouring woods and fields, where he had collected a large and very handsome bunch of wild flowers of a great many different colours; and presenting them to his mother, said, "Look, my dear mamma, what beautiful flowers I have found growing on our place! Why, all the woods are full of them! red, orange, and blue, and 'most every colour. Oh! I can gather you a whole parcel of them, much handsomer than these, all growing in our own woods! Shall I, mamma? Shall I go and bring you more?" The good woman received the bunch of flowers with a smile of affectionate complacency; and after admiring for some time the beautiful simplicity of nature, gave her willing consent, and the little fellow went off on the wings of ecstasy to execute his delightful commission.

The similarity of this little boy's enthusiasm to my own struck me, and the reader will need no explanations of mine to make the application. Should my country receive with the same gracious indulgence the specimens which I here humbly present her; should she express a desire for me to go and bring her more, the highest wishes of my ambition will be gratified; for, in the language of my little friend, our whole woods are full of them, and I can collect hundreds more, much handsomer than these.'

The ambition of the poet-naturalist was amply gratified.

[Watty and Meg: scene [illegible]]

I' the thrang o' stories tellin,
Shakin' hands and jokin' queer,
Swith! a chap comes on the hallan—
'Mungo! is our Watty here?'

Maggy's weel-kent tongue and hurry
Darted through him like a knife:
Up the door flew—like a fury
In came Watty's scoldin' wife.

'Nasty, gude-for-naething being!
 O ye snuffy drucken sow!
Bringin wife and weans to ruin,
 Drinkin here wi' sic a crew!

Rise! ye drucken beast o' Bethel!
 Drink's your night and day's desire;
Rise, this precious hour! or faith I'll
 Fling your whisky i' the fire!'

Watty heard her tongue unhallowed,
 Paid his groat wi' little din,
Left the house, while Maggy fallowed,
 Flyting a' the road behin'.

Folk frae every door came lampin,
 Maggy curst them ane and a',
Clapped wi' her hands, and stampin,
 Lost her bauchels[1] i' the snaw.

Hame, at length, she turned the gavel,
 Wi' a face as white's a clout,
Ragin like a very devil,
 Kickin stools and chairs about.

'Ye'll sit wi' your limmers round ye—
 Hang you, sir, I'll be your death!
Little hauds my hands, confound you,
 But I cleave you to the teeth!'

Watty, wha, 'midst this oration,
 Eyed her whiles, but durst na speak,
Sat, like patient Resignation,
 Trembling by the ingle-cheek.

Sad his wee drap brose he sippet,
 (Maggy's tongue gaed like a bell),
Quietly to his bed he slippet,
 Sighin aften to himsel—

'Nane are free frae *some* vexation,
 Ilk ane has his ills to dree;
But through a' the hale creation
 Is nae mortal vexed like me.'

[*A Pedlar's Story.*]

I wha stand here, in this bare scowry coat,
Was ance a packman, worth mony a groat;
I've carried packs as big's your meikle table;
I've scarted pats, and sleepit in a stable:
Sax pounds I wadna for my pack ance taen,
And I could bauldly brag 'twas a' mine ain.
 Ay! thae were days indeed, that gar'd me hope,
Aiblins, through time to warsle up a shop;
And as a wife aye in my noddle ran,
I kenned my Kate wad grapple at me than.
Oh, Kate was past compare! sic cheeks! sic een!
Sic smiling looks! were never, never seen.
Dear, dear I lo'ed her, and whene'er we met,
Pleaded to have the bridal day but set;
Stapped her pouches fu' o' preens and laces,
And thought mysel weel paid wi' twa three kisses:
Yet still she put it aff frae day to day,
And aften kindly in my lug would say,
'Ae half-year langer's no nae unco stop,
We'll marry then, and syne set up a shop.'
 Oh, sir, but lasses' words are saft and fair,
They soothe our griefs and banish ilka care:
Wha wadna toil to please the lass he loes!
A lover true minds *this* in all he does.
Finding her mind was thus sae firmly bent,
And that I couldna get her to relent,
There was nought left but quietly to resign,
To heeze my pack for ae lang hard campaign;
And as the Highlands was the place for meat,
I ventured there in spite o' wind and weet.
 Cauld now the winter blew, and deep the snaw
For three hale days incessantly did fa';
Far in a muir, amang the whirling drift,
Where nought was seen but mountains and the lift,
I lost my road and wandered mony a mile,
Maist dead wi' hunger, cauld, and fright, and toil.
Thus wandering, east or west, I kenned na where,
My mind o'ercome wi' gloom and black despair,
Wi' a fell ringe I plunged at ance, forsooth,
Down through a wreath o' snaw up to my mouth—
Clean owre my head my precious wallet flew,
But whar it gaed, Lord kens—I never knew!
 What great misfortunes are poured down on some!
I thought my fearfu' hinder-end was come!
Wi' grief and sorrow was my saul owercast,
Ilk breath I drew was like to be my last;
For aye the mair I warsled roun' and roun',
I fand mysel aye stick the deeper down;
Till ance, at length, wi' a prodigious pull,
I drew my puir cauld carcass frae the hole.
 Lang, lang I sought and graped for my pack,
Till night and hunger forced me to come back.
For three lang hours I wandered up and down,
Till chance at last conveyed me to a town;
There, wi' a trembling hand, I wrote my Kate
A sad account of a' my luckless fate,
But bade her aye be kind, and no despair,
Since life was left, I soon would gather mair,
Wi' whilk I hoped, within a towmont's date,
To be at hame, and share it a' wi' Kate.
 Fool that I was! how little did I think
That love would soon be lost for faut o' clink!
The loss o' fair-won wealth, though hard to bear,
Afore this ne'er had power to force a tear.
I trusted time would bring things round again,
And Kate, dear Kate! would then be a' mine ain:
Consoled my mind in hopes o' better luck—
But, oh! what sad reverse! how thunderstruck!
When ae black day brought word frae Rab my brither,
That—*Kate was cried and married on anither!*
 Though a' my friends, and ilka comrade sweet,
At ance had drapped cauld dead at my feet;
Or though I'd heard the last day's dreadful ca',
Nae deeper horror owre my heart could fa':
I cursed mysel, I cursed my luckless fate,
And grat—and sabbing cried, Oh Kate! oh Kate!
 Frae that day forth I never mair did weel,
But drank, and ran headforemost to the deil!
My siller vanished, far frae hame I pined,
But Kate for ever ran across my mind;
In *her* were a' my hopes—these hopes were vain,
And now I'll never see her like again.

[1] Old shoes.

HECTOR MACNEILL.

HECTOR MACNEILL (1746–1818) was brought up to a mercantile life, but was unsuccessful in most of his business affairs. He cultivated in secret an attachment to the muses, which at length brought him fame, though not wealth. In 1789 he published a legendary poem, *The Harp*, and in 1795 his moral tale, *Scotland's Skaith, or the History o' Will and Jean*. The object of this production was to depict the evil effects of intemperance. A happy rural pair are reduced to ruin, descending by gradual steps till the husband is obliged to enlist as a soldier, and the wife to beg with her children through the country. The situation of the little ale-house where Will begins his unlucky potations is finely described.

In a howm whose bonny burnie
 Whimpering rowed its crystal flood,
Near the road where travellers turn aye,
 Neat and beild a cot-house stood:

White the wa's wi' roof new theekit,
 Window broads just painted red;
Lown 'mang trees and braes it reekit,
 Haflins seen and haflins hid.

Up the gavel-end thick spreading
Crap the clasping ivy green,
Back owre firs the high craigs cleadin,
Raised a' round a cosey screen

Down below a flowery meadow
Joined the burnie's rambling line,
Here it was that Howe the widow
That same day set up her sign

Brattling down the brae, and near its
Bottom, Will first marvelling sees
'Porter, Ale, and British Spirits,
Painted bright between twa trees

'Godsake, Tam here's weel the ...
Wha can this new comer be?
'Hout,' quo' Tam, 'there's drouth in this
Let's in, Will, and ...'

The rustic friends ... separate till "'tween twa and three" ... A weekly club is set up at Maggy ... paper is procured, and ... Will ... tale, becomes a pothouse politician ... to ruin ... his wife ... to ...

Wha was ance ... Will ...
Wha in ...
Beauty ...
Deadly strength ...

When he first saw Jean ...
Wha wi' ...
Thousands ...
But ...

See them now ...
A' their youthfu' beauty gone
Divered, ...
Worn to ... skin and bone

In the cauld month o' November
(Claise and ... it)
Cowering o'er a dying ember
Wi' ilk face as white ...

Bond and bill and debts ...
Ilka sheaf selt on the ...
Cattle, beds, and blankets ...
Now to pay the laird his ...

No anither night to lodge here
No a friend their case to plead
He's ta'en on to be a sodger,
She wi' weans to beg her bread!

The little domestic drama is happily wound up. Jeanie obtains a cottage and protection from the Duchess of Buccleuch, and Will, after losing a leg in battle, returns, 'placed on Chelsea's bounty,' and finds his wife and family

Sometimes briskly, sometimes ...,
Sometimes helpit, Will ... forth,
On a cart, or in a waggon,
Hirpling aye towards the north.

Tired ae e'ening, stepping hooly,
Pondering on his thrawart fate,
In the bonny month o' July,
Willie, heedless, tint his gate

Saft the southland breeze was blawing,
Sweetly sughed the green aik wood,
Loud the din o' streams fast fa'ing,
Struck the ear wi' thundering thud

Ewes and lambs on braes ran bleating,
Linties chirped on ilka tree,
Frae the west the sun, near setting,
Flamed on Roslin's towers sae hie

Roslin's towers and braes sae bonny!
Craigs and water, woods and glen!
Roslin's banks unpeered by ony,
Save the Muses' Hawthornden!

Ilka sound and charm delighting,
Will (though hardly fit to gang)
Wandered on through scenes inviting,
Listening to the mavis' sang

But at length, the day fast closing,
On a fragrant strawberry steep
... sweet dream to rest ...
... sleep

... the dew ...
... deadly ...
Wound ...
... death!

...
...
... bield ...
...

...
...
...
... the ...

...
...
... cheek ...
...

...
...
...
... hearthstane

...
...
...
...

'... Will ... till her
... can be,
...
... Willie ... see?'

... ringing
...
Quickly ...
... the spray?

... the ...
... fleet?
...
... Willie's feet

After three ...
...
...
... Will to her breast

The simple truth and pathos of descriptions like these appealed to the heart, and soon rendered Macneill's poem universally popular in Scotland. Its moral tendency was also a strong recommendation, and the same causes still operate in procuring readers for the tale, especially in that class best fitted to appreciate its rural beauties and homely pictures, and to receive benefit from the lessons it inculcates. Macneill wrote several Scottish lyrics, but he wanted the true genius for song-writing—the pathos, artlessness, and simple gaiety which should accompany the flow of the music. He published a descriptive poem, entitled *The Links of Forth, or a Parting Peep at the Carse of Stirling*, and some prose tales, in which he laments the effect of modern

change and improvement. The latter years of the poet were spent in comparative comfort at Edinburgh, where he enjoyed the refined and literary society of the Scottish capital till an advanced age.

Mary of Castle Cary.

Saw ye my wee thing? saw ye my ain thing?
Saw ye my true love down on yon lea?
Crossed she the meadow yestreen at the gloaming?
Sought she the burnie where flowers the haw tree?
Her hair it is lint white, her skin it is milk white,
Dark is the blue of her saft rolling ee;
Red, red are her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses,
Where could my wee thing wander frae me?

I saw nae your wee thing, I saw nae your ain thing,
Nor saw I your true love down on yon lea;
But I met my bonnie thing late in the gloaming,
Down by the burnie where flowers the haw tree.
Her hair it was lint white, her skin it was milk white,
Dark was the blue of her saft rolling ee;
Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses,
Sweet were the kisses that she gave to me.

It was nae my wee thing, it was nae my ain thing,
It was nae my true love ye met by the tree;
Proud is her leal heart, and modest her nature,
She never loved ony till ance she loed me.
Her name it is Mary, she's frae Castle Cary,
Aft has she sat when a bairn on my knee;
Fair as your face is, were fifty times fairer,
Young bragger, she ne'er would gie kisses to thee.

It was then your Mary; she's frae Castle Cary;
It was then your true love I met by the tree;
Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
Sweet were the kisses that she gave to me.
Sair gloomed his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,
Wild flashed the fire frae his red rolling ee;
Ye's rue sair this morning your boasts and your scorning,
Defend ye, fause traitor! fu' loudly ye lie.

Away wi' beguiling, cried the youth smiling—
Off went the bonnet, the lint white locks flee,
The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
Fair stood the loved maid wi' the dark rolling ee.
Is it my wee thing? is it my ain thing?
Is it my true love here that I see?
O Jamie, forgie me, your heart's constant to me,
I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

Robert Tannahill, a lyrical poet of a superior order, whose songs rival all but the best of Burns's in popularity, was born in Paisley on the 3d of June 1774. His education was limited, but he was a diligent reader and student. He was early sent to the loom, weaving being the staple trade of Paisley, and continued to follow his occupation in his native town until his twenty-sixth year, when, with one of his younger brothers, he removed to Lancashire. There he continued two years, when the declining state of his father's health induced him to return. He arrived in time to receive the dying blessing of his parent, and a short time afterwards we find him writing to a friend—'My brother Hugh and I are all that now remain at home with our old mother, bending under age and frailty; and but seven years back, nine of us used to sit at dinner together.' Hugh married, and the poet was left alone with his widowed mother. On this occasion he adopted a resolution which he has expressed in the following lines:—

The Filial Vow.

Why heaves my mother oft the deep-drawn sigh?
Why starts the big tear glistening in her eye?
Why oft retire to hide her bursting grief?
Why seeks she not, nor seems to wish relief?
'Tis for my father, mouldering with the dead,
My brother, in bold manhood, lowly laid,
And for the pains which age is doomed to bear,
She heaves the deep drawn sigh, and drops the secret tear.
Yes, partly these her gloomy thoughts employ,
But mostly this o'erclouds her every joy;
She grieves to think she may be burdensome,
Now feeble, old, and tottering to the tomb.

O hear me, Heaven! and record my vow,
Its non-performance let thy wrath pursue!
I swear—of what thy providence may give,
My mother shall her due maintenance have.
'Twas hers to guide me through life's early day,
To point out virtue's paths, and lead the way:
Now, while her powers in frigid languor sleep,
'Tis mine to hand her down life's rugged steep;
With all her little weaknesses to bear,
Attentive, kind, to soothe her every care.
'Tis nature bids, and truest pleasure flows
From lessening an aged parent's woes.

The filial piety of Tannahill is strikingly apparent from this effusion; but the inferiority of the lines to any of his Scottish songs shows how little at home he was in English. His mother outlived him thirteen



Robert Tannahill.

years. Though Tannahill had occasionally composed verses from a very early age, it was not till after this time that he attained to anything beyond mediocrity. Becoming acquainted with Mr R. A. Smith, a musical composer, the poet applied himself sedulously to lyrical composition, aided by the encouragement and the musical taste of his friend. Smith set some of his songs to original and appropriate airs, and in 1807 the poet ventured on the publication of a volume of poems and songs, of which the first impression, consisting of 900 copies, were sold in a few weeks. It is related that in a solitary walk on one occasion, his musings were interrupted

by the voice of a country girl in an adjoining field singing by herself a song of his own—

We'll meet beside the dusky glen, on yon burnside,

and he used to say he was more pleased at this evidence of his popularity, than at any tribute which had ever been paid him. He afterwards contributed some songs to Mr George Thomson's Select Melodies, and exerted himself to procure Irish airs, of which he was very fond. Whilst delighting all classes of his countrymen with his native songs, the poet fell into a state of morbid despondency, aggravated by bodily weakness and a tendency to consumption. He had prepared a new edition of his poems for the press, and sent the manuscript to Mr Constable the publisher; but it was returned by that gentleman, in consequence of his having more new works on hand than he could undertake that season. This disappointment preyed on the spirits of the sensitive poet, and his melancholy became deep and habitual. He burned all his manuscripts, and sunk into a state of mental derangement. Returning from a visit to Glasgow on the 17th of May 1810, the unhappy poet retired to rest; but suspicion having been excited, in about an hour afterwards it was discovered that he had stolen out unperceived. Search was made in every direction, and by the dawn of the morning the coat of the poet was discovered lying at the side of the tunnel of a neighbouring brook, pointing out but too surely where his body was to be found.* Tannahill was a modest and temperate man, devoted to his humble friends, and of unblemished purity and correctness of conduct. His lamentable death was not caused by want or irregularity, but was solely caused by that morbid disease of the mind which at length overthrew his reason. The poems of this ill-fated son of genius are greatly inferior to his songs. They have all a commonplace artificial character. His lyrics, on the other hand, are rich and original both in description and sentiment. His diction is copious and luxuriant, particularly in describing natural objects and the peculiar features of the Scottish landscape. His simplicity is natural and unaffected; and though he appears to have possessed a deeper sympathy with nature than with the workings of human feeling, or even the passion of love, he is often tender and pathetic. His 'Gloomy winter's now awa' is a beautiful concentration of tenderness and melody.

The Braes o' Balquhither.

Let us go, lassie, go,
To the braes o' Balquhither,
Where the blae-berries grow
'Mang the bonnie Highland heather;
Where the deer and the roe,
Lightly bounding together,
Sport the lang summer day
On the braes o' Balquhither.

I will twine thee a bower
By the clear siller fountain,
And I'll cover it o'er
Wi' the flowers of the mountain;
I will range through the wilds,
And the deep glens sae dreary,
And return wi' the spoils
To the bower o' my dearie.

When the rude wintry win'
Idly raves round our dwelling,
And the roar of the linn
On the night breeze is swelling,
So merrily we'll sing,
As the storm rattles o'er us,
Till the dear shieling ring
Wi' the light lilting chorus.

Now the summer's in prime
Wi' the flowers richly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
A' the moorlands perfuming;
To our dear native scenes
Let us journey together,
Where glad innocence reigns
'Mang the braes o' Balquhither.

* Memoir prefixed to Tannahill's Works. Glasgow, 1838.

The Braes o' Gleniffer.

Keen blaws the win' o'er the braes o' Gleniffer,
The auld castle turrets are covered wi' snaw;
How changed frae the time when I met wi' my lover
Amang the broom bushes by Stanley green shaw!
The wild flowers o' simmer were spread a' sae bonnie,
The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree;
But far to the camp they ha'e marched my dear Johnnie,
And now it is winter wi' nature and me.

Then ilk thing around us was blithesome and cheerie,
Then ilk thing around us was bonnie and braw;
Now naething is heard but the wind whistling dreary,
And naething is seen but the wide-spreading snaw.
The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and dowie,
They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they flee,
And chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my Johnnie;
'Tis winter wi' them, and 'tis winter wi' me.

Yon cauld sleety cloud skiffs alang the bleak mountain,
And shakes the dark firs on the steep rocky brae,
While down the deep glen bawls the snaw-flooded fountain,
That murmured sae sweet to my laddie and me.
'Tis no its loud roar on the wintry wind swellin',
'Tis no the cauld blast brings the tears i' my e'e,
For, O gin I saw but my bonnie Scots callan,
The dark days o' winter were summer to me.

Jessie, the Flower o' Dunblane.

The sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond,
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
While lanely I stray in the calm summer gloamin',
To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.
How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft faulding blossom!
And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green;
Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

She's modest as ony, and blithe as she's bonnie,
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;
And far be the villain, divested of feeling,
Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower o' Dunblane.
Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening,
Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen;
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
Is charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie!
The sports o' the city seemed foolish and vain;
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
Till charmed wi' sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.
Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,
If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

Gloomy Winter's now Awa.

Gloomy winter's now awa,
Saft the westlin breezes blaw;
'Mang the birks o' Stanley shaw
The mavis sings fu' cheerie O.
Sweet the craw-flower's early bell
Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
Blooming like thy bonnie sel',
My young, my artless dearie O.
Come, my lassie, let us stray,
O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,
Blithely spend the gowden day
Midst joys that never wearie O.

Towering o'er the Newton woods,
Laverocks fan the snaw-white clouds;
Siller saughs, wi' downie buds,
Adorn the banks sae briery O.
Round the sylvan fairy nooks,
Feathery breckans fringe the rocks,
'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
And ilka thing is cheerie O.
Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
Flowers may bloom, and verdure spring,
Joy to me they canna bring,
Unless wi' thee, my dearie O.

RICHARD GALL.

Contemporary with Tannahill, and possessing a kindred taste in song-writing, was RICHARD GALL (1776–1801), who, whilst employed as a printer in Edinburgh, threw off some Scottish songs that were justly popular. 'My only Jo and Dearie O' for pleasing fancy and musical expression is not unworthy of Tannahill. 'I remember,' says Allan Cunningham, 'when this song was exceedingly popular: its sweetness and ease, rather than its originality and vigour, might be the cause of its success. The third verse contains a very beautiful picture of early attachment—a sunny bank, and some sweet soft school-girl, will appear to many a fancy when these lines are sung.'

My only Jo and Dearie O.

Thy cheek is o' the rose's hue,
My only jo and dearie O;
Thy neck is like the siller-dew
Upon the banks sae briery O;
Thy teeth are o' the ivory,
O sweet's the twinkle o' thine ee!
Nae joy, nae pleasure, blinks on me,
My only jo and dearie O.

The birdie sings upon the thorn
Its sang o' joy, fu' cheerie O,
Rejoicing in the summer morn,
Nae care to mak it eerie O;
But little kens the sangster sweet
Aught o' the cares I hae to meet,
That gar my restless bosom beat,
My only jo and dearie O.

When we were bairnies on yon brae,
And youth was blinking bonnie O,
Aft we wad daff the lee-lang day,
Our joys fu' sweet and mony O.
Aft I wad chase thee o'er the lea,
And round about the thorny tree,
Or pu' the wild flowers a' for thee,
My only jo and dearie O.

I hae a wish I canna tine,
'Mang a' the cares that grieve me O;
I wish thou wert for ever mine,
And never mair to leave me O:
Then I wad daut thee night and day,
Nor ither warldly care wad hae,
Till life's warm stream forgot to play,
My only jo and dearie O.

Farewell to Ayrshire.

[This song of Gall's has been often printed—in consequence of its locality—as the composition of Burns.]

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew,
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Now a sad and last adieu!
Bonny Doon, sae sweet at gloaming,
Fare thee weel before I gang—
Bonny Doon, where, early roaming,
First I weaved the rustic sang!

Bowers adieu! where love decoying,
First enthralled this heart o' mine;
There the saftest sweets enjoying,
Sweets that memory ne'er shall tine!
Friends so dear my bosom ever,
Ye hae rendered moments dear;
But, alas! when forced to sever,
Then the stroke, oh! how severe!

Friends, that parting tear reserve it,
Though 'tis doubly dear to me;
Could I think I did deserve it,
How much happier would I be!
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew,
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Now a sad and last adieu!

JOHN MAYNE.

JOHN MAYNE, author of the *Siller Gun*, *Glasgow*, and other poems, was a native of Dumfries—born in the year 1761, and died in London in 1836. He was brought up to the printing business, and whilst apprentice in the Dumfries Journal office in 1777, in his sixteenth year, he published the germ of his 'Siller Gun' in a quarto page of twelve stanzas. The subject of the poem is an ancient custom in Dumfries, called 'Shooting for the Siller Gun,' the gun being a small silver tube presented by James VI. to the incorporated trades as a prize to the best marksman. This poem Mr Mayne continued to enlarge and improve up to the time of his death. The twelve stanzas expanded in two years to two cantos; in another year (1780) the poem was published—enlarged to three cantos—in Ruddiman's Magazine; and in 1808 it was published in London in four cantos. This edition was seen by Sir Walter Scott, who said (in one of his notes to the Lady of the Lake) 'that it surpassed the efforts of Fergusson, and came near to those of Burns.' In 1836 the 'Siller Gun' was again reprinted with the addition of a fifth canto. Mr Mayne was author of a short poem on *Halloween*, printed in Ruddiman's Magazine in 1780; and in 1781 he published at Glasgow his fine ballad of *Logan Braes*, which Burns had seen, and two lines of which he copied into his Logan Water. The 'Siller Gun' is humorous and descriptive, and is happy in both. The author is a shrewd and lively observer, full of glee, and also of gentle and affectionate recollections of his native town and all its people and pastimes. The ballad of 'Logan Braes' is a simple and beautiful lyric, superior to the more elaborate version of Burns. Though long resident in London (as proprietor of the *Star* newspaper), Mr Mayne retained his Scottish enthusiasm to the last; and to those who, like ourselves, recollect him in advanced life, stopping in the midst of his duties, as a public journalist, to trace some remembrances

of his native Dumfries and the banks of the Nith, or to hum over some rural or pastoral song which he had heard forty or fifty years before, his name, as well as his poetry, recalls the strength and permanency of early feelings and associations

Logan Braes

By Logan streams that rin sae deep,
Fu' aft wi' glee I've herded sheep,
Herded sheep and gathered slaes,
Wi' my dear lad on Logan braes
But wae's my heart, thae days are gane,
And I wi' grief may herd alane,
While my dear lad maun face his f[illegible]
Far, far frae me and Logan braes

Nae mair at Logan kirk will [illegible]
Atween the preachings meet wi' [illegible]
Meet wi' me, or when it's mirk,
Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk
I weel may sing thae days are gane
Frae kirk and fair I come alane
While my dear lad maun face h[illegible],
Far, far frae me and Logan braes

At e'en, when hope amaist is g[illegible]
I dauner out and sit alane,
Sit alane beneath the tree
Where aft he kept his tryst wi' [illegible]
Oh! could I see thae days again
My lover skaithless, and my [illegible]!
Beloved by friends, revered by foes,
We'd live in bliss on Logan braes!

Helen of K[illegible]

[Helen Irving, a young lady of [illegible] plishments, daughter of the laird of Kirkconnel in Annandale, was betrothed to Adam Fleming [illegible] gentleman of rank and fortune in that n[illegible] Walking with her lover on the sweet banks of the Kirtle, she was murdered by a disappointed and sanguinary rival [illegible] trophe took place during the reign of Mary Queen of Scots, and is the subject of three different ballads [illegible] the third is the composition of the author [illegible] It was first inserted in the Edinburgh [illegible] by Sir Walter Scott]

I wish I were where Helen lies,
For, night and day, on me she cries
And, like an angel, to the skies
Still seems to beckon me!
For me she lived, for me she sighed,
For me she wished to be a bride
For me in life's sweet morn she died
On fair Kirkconnel Lee

Where Kirtle waters gently wind,
As Helen on my arm reclined,
A rival with a ruthless mind,
Took deadly aim at me
My love, to disappoint the foe,
Rushed in between me and the blow
And now her corse is lying low
On fair Kirkconnel Lee!

Though heaven forbids my wrath to swell,
I curse the hand by which she fell—
The fiend who made my heaven a hell
And tore my love from me!
For if, where all the graces shine—
Oh! if on earth there's aught divine,
My Helen! all these charms were thine—
They centered all in thee!

Ah! what avails it that, amain,
I clove the assassin's head in twain?
No peace of mind, my Helen slain,
No resting place for me
I see her spirit in the air—
I hear the shriek of wild despair,
When Murder laid her bosom bare,
On fair Kirkconnel Lee

Oh! when I'm sleeping in my grave,
And o'er my head the rank weeds wave,
May He who life and spirit gave
Unite my love and me!
Then from this world of doubts and sighs,
My soul on wings of peace shall rise,
And, joining Helen in the skies,
Forget Kirkconnel Lee!

[illegible] Nith

Hail, gentle stream! for ever dear
Thy rudest murmurs to mine ear!
[illegible] from thy banks, though far I rove,
[illegible] slave of [illegible] and love,
[illegible] shall thy bard, where'er he be,
Without a sigh [illegible] thee!
[illegible]
[illegible] happiest minutes ran
[illegible] friendship time,
[illegible]
[illegible] sweet [illegible] stream
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible],
With [illegible],
[illegible],
[illegible],
[illegible],
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] pursuit [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible] Siller Gun

The lift was clear, the morn serene
[illegible]
When James [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] after!

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible],
[illegible],
The [illegible], like bairns before a fair,
[illegible] up [illegible]!

[illegible] as black as ony raven,
Fresh as the rose, their beards new shaven,
And a' their Sunday's cleeding having
Sae trim and gay,
Forth cam our [illegible], some ora saving
To wair that day

Fair fa' ilk canny, caidgy carl,
Weel may he bruik his new apparel!
And never dree the bitter snarl
O' scowling wife!
But, blest in pantry, barn and barrel,
Be blithe through life!

Heth, sirs! what crowds cam into town,
To see them mustering up and down!
Lasses and lads, sun-burnt and brown—
Women and weans,
Gentle and semple, mingling, crown
The gladsome scenes!

At first, forenent ilk Deacon's hallan,
His ain brigade was made to fall in;
And, while the muster-roll was callin',
And joybells jowing,
Het-pints, weel spiced, to keep the saul in,
Around were flowing!

Broiled kipper, cheese, and bread, and ham,
Laid the foundation for a dram
O' whisky, gin frae Rotterdam,
Or cherry brandy;
Whilk after, a' was fish that cam
To Jock or Sandy.

O! weel ken they wha lo'e their chappin,
Drink maks the auldest swack and strappin';
Gars Care forget the ills that happen—
The blate look spruce—
And even the thowless cock their tappin,
And craw fu' croose!

The muster owre, the different bands
File aff in parties to the sands;
Where, 'mid loud laughs and clapping hands,
Gley'd Geordy Smith
Reviews them, and their line expands
Alang the Nith!

But ne'er, for uniform or air,
Was sic a group reviewed elsewhere!
The short, the tall, fat folk, and spare,
Syde coats, and dockit,
Wigs, queues, and clubs, and curly hair,
Round hats, and cockit!

As to their guns—thae fell engines,
Borrowed or begged, were of a' kinds
For bloody war, or bad designs,
Or shooting cushies—
Lang fowling-pieces, carabines,
And blunderbusses!

Maist feck, though oiled to mak them glimmer,
Hadna been shot for mony a simmer;
And Fame, the story-telling kimmer,
Jocosely hints
That some o' them had bits o' timmer
Instead o' flints!

Some guns, she threeps, within her ken,
Were spiked, to let nae priming ben;
And, as in twenty there were ten
Worm-eaten stocks,
Sae, here and there, a rozit end
Held on their locks!

And then, to show what difference stands
Atween the leaders and their bands,
Swords that, unsheathed since Prestonpans,
Neglected lay,
Were furbished up, to grace the hands
O' chiefs this day!

'Ohon!' says George, and ga'e a grane,
'The age o' chivalry is gane!'
Syne, having owre and owre again
The hale surveyed,
Their route, and a' things else, made plain,
He snuffed, and said:

'Now, gentlemen! now, mind the motion,
And dinna, this time, mak a botion:
Shouther your arms! O! ha'd them tosh on,
And not athraw!
Wheel wi' your left hands to the ocean,
And march awa!'

Wi' that, the dinlin drums rebound,
Fifes, clarionets, and hautboys sound!
Through crowds on crowds, collected round,
The Corporations
Trudge aff, while Echo's self is drowned
In acclamations!

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL.

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL (1775-1822), the eldest son of Johnson's biographer, was author of some amusing songs, which are still very popular. *Auld Gudeman, ye're a Drucken Carle*, *Jenny's Bawbee*, *Jenny Dang the Weaver*, &c. display considerable comic humour and coarse but characteristic painting. The higher qualities of simple rustic grace and elegance he seems never to have attempted. In 1803 Sir Alexander collected his fugitive pieces, and published them under the title of *Songs chiefly in the Scottish Dialect*. In 1810 he published a Scottish dialogue in the style of Fergusson, called *Edinburgh, or the Ancient Royalty; a Sketch of Manners, by Simon Gray*. This Sketch is greatly overcharged. Sir Alexander was an ardent lover of our early literature, and reprinted several works at his private printing-press at Auchinleck. When politics ran high, he unfortunately wrote some personal satires, for one of which he received a challenge from Mr Stuart of Dunearn. The parties met at Auchtertool in Fifeshire; conscious of his error, Sir Alexander resolved not to fire at his opponent; but Mr Stuart's shot took effect, and the unfortunate baronet fell. He died from the wound on the following day, the 26th of March 1822. He had been elevated to the baronetcy only the year previous.

Jenny Dang the Weaver.

At Willie's wedding on the green,
The lassies, bonny witches!
Were a' dressed out in aprons clean,
And braw white Sunday mutches:
Auld Maggie bade the lads tak' tent,
But Jock would not believe her;
But soon the fool his folly kent,
For Jenny dang the weaver.
And Jenny dang, Jenny dang,
Jenny dang the weaver;
But soon the fool his folly kent,
For Jenny dang the weaver.

At ilka country dance or reel,
Wi' her he would be bobbing;
When she sat down, he sat down,
And to her would be gabbing;
Where'er she gaed, baith butt and ben,
The coof would never leave her;
Aye keckling like a clocking hen,
But Jenny dang the weaver.
Jenny dang, &c.

Quo' he, My lass, to speak my mind,
In troth I needna swither;
You've bonny een, and if you're kind,
I'll never seek anither:
He hummed and hawed, the lass cried, Peugh,
And bade the coof no deave her;
Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh,
And dang the silly weaver.
And Jenny dang, Jenny dang,
Jenny dang the weaver;
Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh,
And dang the silly weaver.

Jenny's Bawbee.

I met four chaps yon birks amang,
Wi' hingin' lugs, and faces lang;
I speered at neibour Bauldy Strang,
Wha's thae I see?

Quo' he, ilk cream-faced, pawky chiel,
Thought himsel' cunnin' as the de'il,
And here they cam, awa to steal
Jenny's bawbee.

The first, a captain till his trade,
Wi' skull ill lined, and back weel clad,
Marched round the barn, and by the shed,
And pappit on his knee.

Quo' he, 'My goddess, nymph, and queen,
Your beauty's dazzled baith my een;'
But de'il a beauty he had seen
But—Jenny's bawbee.

A lawyer neist, wi' bletherin' gab,
Wha speeches wove like ony wab,
In ilk ane's corn aye took a dab,
And a' for a fee:

Accounts he had through a' the town,
And tradesmen's tongues nae mair could drown;
Haith now he thought to clout his gown
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A Norland laird neist trotted up,
Wi' bawsened naig and siller whup,
Cried, 'There's my beast, lad, haud the grup,
Or tie't till a tree.

What's gowd to me?—I've walth o' lan';
Bestow on ane o' worth your han';'
He thought to pay what he was awn
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A' spruce frae ban'boxes and tubs,
A Thing cam neist (but life has rubs),
Foul were the roads, and fou the dubs,
Ah! waes me!

A' clatty, squintin' through a glass,
He girned, 'I'faith a bonnie lass!'
He thought to win, wi' front o' brass,
Jenny's bawbee.

She bade the laird gang comb his wig,
The sodger no to strut sae big,
The lawyer no to be a prig,
The fool cried, 'Tehee.

I kent that I could never fail!'
She prined the dish-clout till his tail,
And cooled him wi' a water-pail,
And kept her bawbee.

Good Night, and Joy be wi' ye a'.

[This song is supposed to proceed from the mouth of an aged chieftain.]

Good night, and joy be wi' ye a';
Your harmless mirth has charmed my heart;
May life's fell blasts out owre ye blaw!
In sorrow may ye never part!
My spirit lives, but strength is gone;
The mountain-fires now blaze in vain:
Remember, sons, the deeds I've done,
And in your deeds I'll live again!

When on yon muir our gallant clan
Frae boasting foes their banners tore,
Wha showed himself a better man,
Or fiercer waved the red claymore?
But when in peace—then mark me there—
When through the glen the wanderer came,
I gave him of our lordly fare,
I gave him here a welcome hame.

The auld will speak, the young maun hear;
Be cantie, but be good and leal;
Your ain ills aye hae heart to bear,
Anither's aye hae heart to feel.
So, ere I set, I'll see you shine,
I'll see you triumph ere I fa';
My parting breath shall boast you mine—
Good night, and joy be wi' you a'.

[The High Street of Edinburgh.]

[From 'Edinburgh, or the Ancient Royalty.']

Tier upon tier I see the mansions rise,
Whose azure summits mingle with the skies;
There, from the earth the labouring porters bear
The elements of fire and water high in air;
There, as you scale the steps with toilsome tread,
The dripping barrel madifies your head;
Thence, as adown the giddy round you wheel,
A rising porter greets you with his creel!
Here, in these chambers, ever dull and dark,
The lady gay received her gayer spark,
Who, clad in silken coat, with cautious tread,
Trembled at opening casements overhead;
But when in safety at her porch he trod,
He seized the ring, and rasped the twisted rod.
No idlers then, I trow, were seen to meet,
Linked, six a-row, six hours in Princes Street;
But, one by one, they panted up the hill,
And picked their steps with most uncommon skill;
Then, at the Cross, each joined the motley mob—
'How are ye, Tam? and how's a' wi' ye, Bob?'
Next to a neighbouring tavern all retired,
And draughts of wine their various thoughts inspired.
O'er draughts of wine the beau would moan his love;
O'er draughts of wine the cit his bargain drove;
O'er draughts of wine the writer penned the will;
And legal wisdom counselled o'er a *gill*.

* * *

Yes, mark the street, for youth the great resort,
Its spacious width the theatre of sport.
There, midst the crowd, the jingling hoop is driven;
Full many a leg is hit, and curse is given.
There, on the pavement, mystic forms are chalked,
Defaced, renewed, delayed—but never balked;
There romping Miss the rounded slate may drop,
And kick it out with persevering hop.
There, in the dirty current of the strand,
Boys drop the rival corks with ready hand,
And, wading through the puddle with slow pace,
Watch in solicitude the doubtful race!
And there, an active band, with frequent boast,
Vault in succession o'er each wooden post.
Or a bold stripling, noted for his might,
Heads the array, and rules the mimic fight.
From hand and sling now fly the whizzing stones,
Unheeded broken heads and broken bones.
The rival hosts in close engagement mix,
Drive and are driven by the dint of sticks.
The bicker rages, till some mother's fears
Ring a sad story in a bailie's ears.
Her prayer is heard; the order quick is sped,
And, from that corps which hapless Porteous led,
A brave detachment, probably of two,
Rush, like two kites, upon the warlike crew,
Who, struggling, like the fabled frogs and mice,
Are pounced upon, and carried in a trice.
But, mark that motley group, in various garb—
There vice begins to form her rankling barb;
The germ of gambling sprouts in pitch-and-toss,
And brawl, successive, tells disputed loss.
From hand to hand the whirling halfpence pass,
And, every copper gone, they fly to brass.
Those polished rounds which decorate the coat,
And brilliant shine upon some youth of note,

Offspring of Birmingham's creative art,
Now from the faithful button-holes depart.
To sudden twitch the rending stitches yield,
And Enterprise again essays the field.
So, when a few fleet years of his short span
Have ripened this dire passion in the man,
When thousand after thousand takes its flight
In the short circuit of one wretched night,
Next shall the honours of the forest fall,
And ruin desolate the chieftain's hall;
Hill after hill some cunning clerk shall gain;
Then in a mendicant behold a thane!

JAMES HOGG.

JAMES HOGG, generally known by his poetical name of 'The Ettrick Shepherd,' was perhaps the most creative and imaginative of the uneducated poets. His fancy had a wide range, picturing in its flights scenes of wild aërial magnificence and beauty. His taste was very defective, though he had done much to repair his early want of instruction. His occupation of a shepherd, among solitary hills and glens, must have been favourable to his poetical enthusiasm. He was not, like Burns, thrown into society when young, and forced to combat with misfortune. His destiny was unvaried, until he had arrived at a period when the bent of his genius was fixed for life. Without society during the day, his evening hours were spent in listening to ancient legends and ballads, of which his mother (like Burns's) was a great reciter. This nursery of imagination he has himself beautifully described:—

O list the mystic lore sublime
Of fairy tales of ancient time!
I learned them in the lonely glen,
The last abodes of living men,
Where never stranger came our way
By summer night, or winter day;
Where neighbouring hind or cot was none—
Our converse was with heaven alone—
With voices through the cloud that sung,
And brooding storms that round us hung.
O lady, judge, if judge ye may,
How stern and ample was the sway
Of themes like these when darkness fell,
And gray-haired sires the tales would tell!
When doors were barred, and elder dame
Plied at her task beside the flame
That through the smoke and gloom alone
On dim and umbered faces shone—
The bleat of mountain goat on high,
That from the cliff came quavering by;
The echoing rock, the rushing flood,
The cataract's swell, the moaning wood;
The undefined and mingled hum—
Voice of the desert never dumb!
All these have left within this heart
A feeling tongue can ne'er impart;
A wildered and unearthly flame,
A something that's without a name.

Hogg was descended from a family of shepherds, and born, as he alleged (though the point was often disputed) on the 25th January (Burns's birthday), in the year 1772. When a mere child he was put out to service, acting first as a cow-herd, until capable of taking care of a flock of sheep. He had in all about half a year's schooling. When eighteen years of age he entered the service of Mr Laidlaw, Blackhouse. He was then an eager reader of poetry and romances, and he subscribed to a circulating library in Peebles, the miscellaneous contents of which he perused with the utmost avidity. He was a remarkably fine-looking young man, with a profusion of light-brown hair, which he wore coiled up under his hat or blue bonnet, the envy of all the country maidens. An attack of illness, however, brought on by over-exertion on a hot summer day, completely altered his countenance, and changed the very form of his features. His first literary effort was in song-writing, and in 1801 he published a small volume of pieces. He was introduced to Sir Walter Scott by his master's son, Mr William Laidlaw, and assisted in the collection of old ballads for the Border Minstrelsy. He soon imitated the style of these ancient strains with great felicity, and published another volume of songs and poems under the title of *The Mountain Bard.* He now embarked in sheep-farming, and took a journey to the island of Harris on a speculation of this kind; but all he had saved as a shepherd, or by his publication, was lost in these attempts. He then repaired to Edinburgh, and endeavoured to subsist by his pen. A collection of songs, *The Forest Minstrel*, was his first effort: his second was a periodical called *The Spy*; but it was not till the publication of the *Queen's Wake*, in 1813, that the shepherd established his reputation as an author. This 'legendary poem' consists of a collection of tales and ballads supposed to be sung to Mary Queen of Scots by the native bards of Scotland assembled at a royal wake at Holyrood, in order that the fair queen might prove

The wondrous powers of Scottish song.

The design was excellent, and the execution so varied and masterly, that Hogg was at once placed among the first of our living poets. The different productions of the native minstrels are strung together by a thread of narrative so gracefully written in many parts, that the reader is surprised equally at the delicacy and the genius of the author. At the conclusion of the poem, Hogg alludes to his illustrious friend Scott, and adverts with some feeling to an advice which Sir Walter had once given him, to abstain from his worship of poetry.

The land was charmed to list his lays;
It knew the harp of ancient days.
The border chiefs that long had been
In sepulchres unhearsed and green,
Passed from their mouldy vaults away
In armour red and stern array,
And by their moonlight halls were seen
In visor, helm, and habergeon.
Even fairies sought our land again,
So powerful was the magic strain.
Blest be his generous heart for aye!
He told me where the relic lay;
Pointed my way with ready will
Afar on Ettrick's wildest hill;
Watched my first notes with curious eye,
And wondered at my minstrelsy:
He little weened a parent's tongue
Such strains had o'er my cradle sung.
But when to native feelings true,
I struck upon a chord was new;
When by myself I 'gan to play,
He tried to wile my harp away.
Just when her notes began with skill,
To sound beneath the southern hill,
And twine around my bosom's core,
How could we part for evermore?
'Twas kindness all—I cannot blame—
For bootless is the minstrel flame;
But sure a bard might well have known
Another's feelings by his own!

Scott was grieved at this allusion to his friendly counsel, as it was given at a time when no one dreamed of the shepherd possessing the powers that he displayed in the 'Queen's Wake.' Various works

now proceeded from his pen—*Mador of the Moor*, a poem in the Spenserian stanza; *The Pilgrims of the Sun*, in blank verse; *The Hunting of Badlewe*, *The Poetic Mirror*, *Queen Hynde*, *Dramatic Tales*, &c. Also several novels, as *Winter Evening Tales*, *The Brownie of Bodsbeck*, *The Three Perils of Man*, *The Three Perils of Woman*, *The Confessions of a Sinner*, &c. &c. Hogg's prose is very unequal. He had no skill in arranging incidents or delineating character. He is often coarse and extravagant; yet some of his stories have much of the literal truth and happy minute painting of Defoe. The worldly schemes of the shepherd were seldom successful. Though he had failed as a sheep farmer, he ventured again, and took a large farm, Mount Benger, from the Duke of Buccleuch. Here he also was unsuccessful; and his sole support, for the latter years of his life, was the remuneration afforded by his literary labours. He lived in a cottage which he had built at Altrive, on a piece of moorland (seventy acres) presented to him by the Duchess of Buccleuch. His love of angling and field-sports amounted to a passion, and when he could no longer fish or hunt, he declared his belief that his death was near. In the autumn of 1835 he was attacked with a dropsical complaint; and on the 21st November of that year, after some days of insensibility, he breathed his last as calmly, and with as little pain, as he ever fell asleep in his gray plaid on the hill-side. His death was deeply mourned in the vale of Ettrick, for all rejoiced in his fame; and notwithstanding his personal foibles, the shepherd was generous, kind-hearted, and charitable far beyond his means.

In the activity and versatility of his powers, Hogg resembled Allan Ramsay more than he did Burns. Neither of them had the strength of passion or the grasp of intellect peculiar to Burns; but, on the other hand, their style was more discursive, playful, and fanciful. Burns seldom projects himself, as it were, out of his own feelings and situation, whereas both Ramsay and Hogg are happiest when they soar into the world of fancy or the scenes of antiquity. The Ettrick Shepherd abandoned himself entirely to the genius of old romance and legendary story. He loved, like Spenser, to luxuriate in fairy visions, and to picture scenes of supernatural splendour and beauty, where

The emerald fields are of dazzling glow,
And the flowers of everlasting blow.

His 'Kilmeny' is one of the finest fairy tales that ever was conceived by poet or painter; and passages in the 'Pilgrims of the Sun' have the same abstract remote beauty and lofty imagination. Burns would have scrupled to commit himself to these aerial phantoms. His visions were more material, and linked to the joys and sorrows of actual existence. Akin to this peculiar feature in Hogg's poetry is the spirit of most of his songs—a wild lyrical flow of fancy, that is sometimes inexpressibly sweet and musical. He wanted art to construct a fable, and taste to give due effect to his imagery and conceptions; but there are few poets who impress us so much with the idea of direct inspiration, and that poetry is indeed an art 'unteachable and untaught.'

Bonny Kilmeny.

[From the 'Queen's Wake.']

Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen;
But it wasna to meet Duneira's men,
Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
It was only to hear the yorlin sing,
And pu' the cress-flower round the spring;
The scarlet hypp and the hindberrye,
And the nut that hang frae the hazel tree;
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
But lang may her minny look o'er the wa',
And lang may she seek i' the greenwood shaw;
Lang the laird of Duneira blame,
And lang, lang greet or Kilmeny come hame!
When many a day had come and fled,
When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,
When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,
When the beadsman had prayed, and the dead-bell rung,
Late, late in a gloamin, when all was still,
When the fringe was red on the western hill,
The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
The reek o' the cot hung over the plain
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane;
When the ingle lowed with an eiry leme,
Late, late in the gloamin, Kilmeny came hame!
'Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?
Lang hae we sought baith holt and dean;
By linn, by ford, and greenwood tree,
Yet you are halesome and fair to see.
Where gat ye that joup o' the lily sheen?
That bonny snood of the birk sae green?
And these roses, the fairest that ever were seen?
Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?'
Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;
As still was her look, and as still was her ee,
As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.
For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare;
Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,
Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew,
But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung,
And the airs of heaven played round her tongue,
When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,
And a land where sin had never been.
In yon greenwood there is a waik,
And in that waik there is a wene,
And in that wene there is a maike
That neither hath flesh, blood, nor bane;
And down in yon greenwood he walks his lane!
In that green wene Kilmeny lay,
Her bosom happed wi' the flowrets gay;
But the air was soft, and the silence deep,
And bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep;
She kend nae mair, nor opened her ee,
Till waked by the hymns of a far countrye,
She wakened on couch of the silk sae slim,
All striped wi' the bars of the rainbow's rim;
And lovely beings round were rife,
Who erst had travelled mortal life.
They clasped her waist and her hands sae fair,
They kissed her cheek, and they kamed her hair,
And round came many a blooming fere,
Saying, 'Bonny Kilmeny, ye're welcome here!'

* * *

They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,
And she walked in the light of a sunless day;
The sky was a dome of crystal bright,
The fountain of vision, and fountain of light;
The emerald fields were of dazzling glow,
And the flowers of everlasting blow.
Then deep in the stream her body they laid,
That her youth and beauty never might fade;
And they smiled on heaven when they saw her lie
In the stream of life that wandered by;
And she heard a song, she heard it sung,
She kend not where, but sae sweetly it rung,
It fell on her ear like a dream of the morn.
'O! blest be the day Kilmeny was born!
The sun that shines on the world sae bright,
A borrowed gleid frae the fountain of light;

And the moon that sleeks the sky sae dun,
Like a gowden bow, or a beamless sun,
Shall wear away, and be seen nae mair,
And the angels shall miss them travelling the air.
But lang, lang after baith night and day,
When the sun and the world have elyed away;
When the sinner has gane to his waesome doom,
Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom!'

* * *

Then Kilmeny begged again to see
The friends she had left in her own countrye,
To tell of the place where she had been,
And the glories that lay in the land unseen.
With distant music, soft and deep,
They lulled Kilmeny sound asleep;
And when she awakened, she lay her lane,
All happed with flowers in the greenwood wene.
When seven lang years had come and fled,
When grief was calm and hope was dead,
When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's name,
Late, late in the gloamin Kilmeny came hame!
And oh, her beauty was fair to see,
But still and steadfast was her ee;
Such beauty bard may never declare,
For there was no pride nor passion there;
And the soft desire of maiden's een,
In that mild face could never be seen.
Her seymar was the lily flower,
And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower;
And her voice like the distant melodye,
That floats along the twilight sea.
But she loved to raike the lanely glen,
And keeped afar frae the haunts of men,
Her holy hymns unheard to sing,
To suck the flowers and drink the spring,
But wherever her peaceful form appeared,
The wild beasts of the hill were cheered;
The wolf played blithely round the field,
The lordly bison lowed and kneeled,
The dun deer wooed with manner bland,
And cowered aneath her lily hand.
And when at eve the woodlands rung,
When hymns of other worlds she sung,
In ecstacy of sweet devotion,
Oh, then the glen was all in motion;
The wild beasts of the forest came,
Broke from their bughts and faulds the tame,
And goved around, charmed and amazed;
Even the dull cattle crooned and gazed,
And murmured, and looked with anxious pain
For something the mystery to explain.
The buzzard came with the throstle-cock;
The corby left her houf in the rock;
The blackbird alang wi' the eagle flew;
The hind came tripping o'er the dew;
The wolf and the kid their raike began,
And the tod, and the lamb, and the leveret ran;
The hawk and the hern attour them hung,
And the merl and the mavis forhooyed their young;
And all in a peaceful ring were hurled:
It was like an eve in a sinless world!
When a month and a day had come and gane,
Kilmeny sought the greenwood wene,
There laid her down on the leaves so green,
And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen!

To the Comet of 1811.

How lovely is this wildered scene,
As twilight from her vaults so blue
Steals soft o'er Yarrow's mountains green,
To sleep embalmed in midnight dew!

All hail, ye hills, whose towering height,
Like shadows, scoops the yielding sky!
And thou, mysterious guest of night,
Dread traveller of immensity!

Stranger of heaven! I bid thee hail!
Shred from the pall of glory riven,
That flashest in celestial gale,
Broad pennon of the King of Heaven!

Art thou the flag of wo and death,
From angel's ensign-staff unfurled!
Art thou the standard of his wrath
Waved o'er a sordid sinful world?

No, from that pure pellucid beam,
That erst o'er plains of Bethlehem shone,*
No latent evil we can deem,
Bright herald of the eternal throne!

Whate'er portends thy front of fire,
Thy streaming locks so lovely pale—
Or peace to man, or judgments dire,
Stranger of heaven, I bid thee hail!

Where hast thou roamed these thousand years?
Why sought these polar paths again,
From wilderness of glowing spheres,
To fling thy vesture o'er the wain?

And when thou scal'st the Milky Way,
And vanishest from human view,
A thousand worlds shall hail thy ray
Through wilds of yon empyreal blue!

O! on thy rapid prow to glide!
To sail the boundless skies with thee,
And plough the twinkling stars aside,
Like foam-bells on a tranquil sea!

To brush the embers from the sun,
The icicles from off the pole;
Then far to other systems run,
Where other moons and planets roll!

Stranger of heaven! O let thine eye
Smile on a rapt enthusiast's dream;
Eccentric as thy course on high,
And airy as thine ambient beam!

And long, long may thy silver ray
Our northern arch at eve adorn;
Then, wheeling to the east away,
Light the gray portals of the morn!

When the Kye comes Hame.

Come all ye jolly shepherds
That whistle through the glen,
I'll tell ye of a secret
That courtiers dinna ken;
What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue o' man can name?
'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame.
When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
'Tween the gloamin and the mirk,
When the kye comes hame.

'Tis not beneath the coronet,
Nor canopy of state,
'Tis not on couch of velvet,
Nor arbour of the great—
'Tis beneath the spreading birk,
In the glen without the name,
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie,
When the kye comes hame.

There the blackbird bigs his nest
For the mate he lo'es to see,
And on the topmost bough,
O, a happy bird is he!

* It was reckoned by many that this was the same comet which appeared at the birth of our Saviour.—*Hogg.*

Then he pours his melting ditty,
And love is a' the theme,
And he'll woo his bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame.

When the blewart bears a pearl,
And the daisy turns a pea,
And the bonnie lucken gowan
Has fauldit up her ee,
Then the lavrock frae the blue lift,
Draps down, and thinks nae shame
To woo his bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame.

See yonder pawky shepherd
That lingers on the hill—
His yowes are in the fauld,
And his lambs are lying still;
Yet he downa gang to bed,
For his heart is in a flame
To meet his bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame.

When the little wee bit heart
Rises high in the breast,
And the little wee bit starn
Rises red in the east,
O there's a joy sae dear,
That the heart can hardly frame,
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie,
When the kye comes hame.

Then since all nature joins
In this love without alloy,
O, wha wad prove a traitor
To nature's dearest joy?
Or wha wad choose a crown,
Wi' its perils and its fame,
And miss his bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame.
When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
'Tween the gloamin and the mirk,
When the kye comes hame.

The Skylark.

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth,
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, a happy imitator of the old Scottish ballads, and a man of various talents, was born at Blackwood, near Dalswinton, Dumfriesshire, December 7, 1784. His father was gardener to a neighbouring proprietor, but shortly afterwards became factor or land-steward to Mr Miller of Dalswinton, Burns's landlord at Ellisland. Mr Cunningham had few advantages in his early days, unless it might be residence in a fine pastoral and romantic district, then consecrated by the presence



and the genius of Burns. His uncle having attained some eminence as a country builder, or mason, Allan was apprenticed to him, with a view to joining or following him in his trade; but this scheme did not hold, and in 1810 he removed to London, and connected himself with the newspaper press. In 1814 he was engaged as clerk of the works, or superintendent, to the late Sir Francis Chantrey, the eminent sculptor, in whose establishment he continued till his death, October 29, 1842. Mr Cunningham was an indefatigable writer. He early contributed poetical effusions to the periodical works of the day, and nearly all the songs and fragments of verse in Cromek's Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song (1810) are of his composition, though published by Cromek as undoubted originals. Some of these are warlike and Jacobite, some amatory and devotional (the wild lyrical breathings of Covenanting love and piety among the hills), and all of them abounding in traits of Scottish rural life and primitive manners. As songs, they are not pitched in a key to be popular; but for natural grace and tenderness, and rich Doric simplicity and fervour, these pseudo-antique strains of Mr Cunningham are inimitable. In 1822 he published *Sir Marmaduke Maxwell*, a dramatic poem, founded on Border story and superstition, and afterwards two volumes of *Traditional Tales*. Three novels of a similar description, but more diffuse and improbable—namely, *Paul Jones*, *Sir Michael Scott*, and *Lord Roldan*, also proceeded from his fertile pen. In 1832 he appeared again as a poet, with a 'rustic epic,' in twelve parts, entitled *The Maid of Elvar*. He edited a collection of Scottish songs, in four volumes, and an edition of Burns in eight volumes, to which he prefixed a life of the poet, enriched with new anecdotes and information.

To Murray's Family Library he contributed a series of *Lives of Eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects*, which extended to six volumes, and proved the most popular of all his prose works. His last work (completed just two days before his death) was a *Life of Sir David Wilkie*, the distinguished artist, in three volumes. All these literary labours were produced in intervals from his stated avocations in Chantrey's studio, which most men would have considered ample employment. His taste and attainments in the fine arts were as remarkable a feature in his history as his early ballad strains; and the prose style of Mr Cunningham, when engaged on a congenial subject, was justly admired for its force and freedom. There was always a freshness and energy about the man and his writings that arrested the attention and excited the imagination, though his genius was but little under the control of a correct or critical judgment. Strong nationality and inextinguishable ardour formed conspicuous traits in his character; and altogether, the life of Mr Cunningham was a fine example of successful original talent and perseverance, undebased by any of the alloys by which the former is too often accompanied.

The Young Maxwell.

'Where gang ye, thou silly auld carle?
And what do ye carry there?'
'I'm gaun to the hill-side, thou sodger gentleman,
To shift my sheep their lair.'

Ae stride or twa took the silly auld carle,
An' a gude lang stride took he:
'I trow thou to be a feck auld carle,
Will ye shaw the way to me?'

And he has gane wi' the silly auld carle,
Adown by the greenwood side;
'Light down and gang, thou sodger gentleman,
For here ye canna ride.'

He drew the reins o' his bonnie gray steed,
An' lightly down he sprang:
Of the comeliest scarlet was his weir coat,
Whare the gowden tassels hang.

He has thrown aff his plaid, the silly auld carle,
An' his bonnet frae 'boon his bree;
An' wha was it but the young Maxwell!
An' his gude brown sword drew he!

'Thou killed my father, thou vile South'ron!
An' ye killed my brethren three!
Whilk brake the heart o' my ae sister,
I loved as the light o' my ee!

Draw out yere sword, thou vile South'ron!
Red wat wi' blude o' my kin!
That sword it crapped the bonniest flower
E'er lifted its head to the sun!

There's ae sad stroke for my dear auld father!
There's twa for my brethren three!
An' there's ane to thy heart for my ae sister,
Wham I loved as the light o' my ee.'

Hame, Hame, Hame.

Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!
When the flower is i' the bud, and the leaf is on the tree,
The larks shall sing me hame in my ain countrie;
Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The green leaf o' loyalty 's begun for to fa',
The bonnie white rose it is withering an' a';
But I'll water't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,
An' green it will grow in my ain countrie.
Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

O there's naught frae ruin my country can save,
But the keys o' kind heaven to open the grave,
That a' the noble martyrs wha died for loyaltie,
May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.
Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The great are now gane, a' wha ventured to save,
The new grass is springing on the tap o' their graves;
But the sun through the mirk blinks blithe in my e'e,
'I'll shine on ye yet in yere ain countrie.'
Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
Hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

[Fragment.]

Gane were but the winter-cauld,
And gane were but the snaw,
I could sleep in the wild woods,
Where primroses blaw.

Cauld's the snaw at my head,
And cauld at my feet,
And the finger o' death's at my een,
Closing them to sleep.

Let nane tell my father,
Or my mither sae dear,
I'll meet them baith in heaven
At the spring o' the year.

She's Gane to Dwall in Heaven.

She's gane to dwall in heaven, my lassie,
She's gane to dwall in heaven:
Ye're owre pure, quo' the voice o' God,
For dwalling out o' heaven!

O what'll she do in heaven, my lassie?
O what'll she do in heaven?
She'll mix her ain thoughts wi' angels' sangs,
An' make them mair meet for heaven.

She was beloved by a', my lassie,
She was beloved by a';
But an angel fell in love wi' her,
An' took her frae us a'.

Low there thou lies, my lassie,
Low there thou lies;
A bonnier form ne'er went to the yird,
Nor frae it will arise!

Fu' soon I'll follow thee, my lassie,
Fu' soon I'll follow thee;
Thou left me nought to covet ahin',
But took gudeness sel' wi' thee.

I looked on thy death-cold face, my lassie,
I looked on thy death-cold face;
Thou seemed a lily new cut i' the bud,
An' fading in its place.

I looked on thy death-shut eye, my lassie,
I looked on thy death-shut eye;
An' a lovelier light in the brow of heaven
Fell time shall ne'er destroy.

Thy lips were ruddy and calm, my lassie,
Thy lips were ruddy and calm;
But gane was the holy breath o' heaven
To sing the evening psalm.

There's naught but dust now mine, lassie,
There's naught but dust now mine;
My saul's wi' thee i' the cauld grave,
An' why should I stay behin'!

A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
  A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
  And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
  While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
  Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
  I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
  And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
  The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
  And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
  And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark the music, mariners,
  The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
  The lightning flashing free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
  Our heritage the sea.

My Nanie O.

Red rows the Nith 'tween bank and brae,
  Mirk is the night and rainie O,
Though heaven and earth should mix in storm,
  I'll gang and see my Nanie O;
My Nanie O, my Nanie O;
  My kind and winsome Nanie O,
She holds my heart in love's dear bands,
  And nane can do't but Nanie O.

In preaching time sae meek she stands,
  Sae saintly and sae bonnie O,
I cannot get ae glimpse of grace,
  For thieving looks at Nanie O;
My Nanie O, my Nanie O;
  The world's in love with Nanie O;
That heart is hardly worth the wear
  That wadna love my Nanie O.

My breast can scarce contain my heart,
  When dancing she moves finely O;
I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
  They sparkle sae divinely O;
My Nanie O, my Nanie O;
  The flower o' Nithsdale's Nanie O;
Love looks frae 'neath her lang brown hair,
  And says, I dwell with Nanie O.

Tell not, thou star at gray daylight,
  O'er Tinwald-top so bonnie O,
My footsteps 'mang the morning dew
  When coming frae my Nanie O;
My Nanie O, my Nanie O;
  Nane ken o' me and Nanie O;
The stars and moon may tell't aboon,
  They winna wrang my Nanie O!

The Poet's Bridal-Day Song.

O! my love's like the steadfast sun,
Or streams that deepen as they run;
Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years,
Nor moments between sighs and tears—
Nor nights of thought, nor days of pain,
Nor dreams of glory dreamed in vain—
Nor mirth, nor sweetest song which flows
To sober joys and soften woes,
Can make my heart or fancy flee
One moment, my sweet wife, from thee.

Even while I muse, I see thee sit
In maiden bloom and matron wit—
Fair, gentle as when first I sued,
Ye seem, but of sedater mood;
Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee
As when, beneath Arbigland tree,
We stayed and wooed, and thought the moon
Set on the sea an hour too soon;
Or lingered 'mid the falling dew,
When looks were fond and words were few.

Though I see smiling at thy feet
Five sons and ae fair daughter sweet;
And time, and care, and birth-time woes
Have dimmed thine eye, and touched thy rose;
To thee, and thoughts of thee, belong
All that charms me of tale or song;
When words come down like dews unsought,
With gleams of deep enthusiast thought,
And fancy in her heaven flies free—
They come, my love, they come from thee.

O, when more thought we gave of old
To silver than some give to gold;
'Twas sweet to sit and ponder o'er
What things should deck our humble bower!
'Twas sweet to pull in hope with thee
The golden fruit from Fortune's tree;
And sweeter still to choose and twine
A garland for these locks of thine—
A song-wreath which may grace my Jean,
While rivers flow and woods are green.

At times there come, as come there ought,
Grave moments of sedater thought—
When Fortune frowns, nor lends our night
One gleam of her inconstant light;
And Hope, that decks the peasant's bower,
Shines like the rainbow through the shower,
O, then I see, while seated nigh,
A mother's heart shine in thine eye;
And proud resolve and purpose meek,
Speak of thee more than words can speak:
I think the wedded wife of mine
The best of all that's not divine.

WILLIAM TENNANT.

In 1812 appeared a singular mock heroic poem, *Anster Fair*, written in the *ottava rima* stanza, since made so popular by Byron in his Beppo and Don Juan. The subject was the marriage of Maggie Lauder, the famous heroine of Scottish song, but the author wrote not for the multitude familiar with Maggie's rustic glory. He aimed at pleasing the admirers of that refined conventional poetry, half serious and sentimental, and half ludicrous and satirical, which was cultivated by Berni, Ariosto, and the lighter poets of Italy. There was classic imagery on familiar subjects—supernatural machinery (as in the Rape of the Lock) blended with the ordinary details of domestic life, and with lively and fanciful description. An exuberance of animal spirits seemed to carry the author over the most perilous ascents, and his wit and fancy were rarely at fault. Such a pleasant sparkling volume, in a style then unhackneyed, was sure of success. 'Anster Fair' sold rapidly, and has since been often republished. The author, WILLIAM TENNANT, is a native of Anstruther, or Anster, who, whilst filling the situation of clerk in a mercantile establishment, studied ancient and modern literature, and taught himself Hebrew. His attainments were rewarded in 1813 with an appointment as parish schoolmaster, to which was attached a salary of L.40 per annum—a reward not unlike that conferred on Mr Abraham Adams in Joseph Andrews, who being a scholar and man of virtue, was 'provided with a handsome in-

come of L.23 a-year, which, however, he could not make a great figure with, because he lived in a dear country, and was a little encumbered with a wife and six children.' The author of 'Anster Fair' has since been appointed to a more eligible and becoming situation—teacher of classical and oriental languages in Dollar Institution, and, more recently, a professor in St Mary's college, St Andrews. He has published some other poetical works—a tragedy on the story of Cardinal Beaton, and two poems, the *Thane of Fife*, and the *Dinging Down of the Cathedral*. It was said of Sir David Wilkie that he took most of the figures in his pictures from living characters in the county of Fife, familiar to him in his youth: it is more certain that Mr Tennant's poems are all on native subjects in the same district. Indeed, their strict locality has been against their popularity; but 'Anster Fair' is the most diversified and richly humorous of them all, and besides being an animated, witty, and agreeable poem, it has the merit of being the first work of the kind in our language. The *Monks and Giants* of Mr Frere (published under the assumed name of Whistlecraft), from which Byron avowedly drew his Beppo, did not appear till some time after Mr Tennant's poem. Of the higher and more poetical parts of 'Anster Fair,' we subjoin a specimen:—

I wish I had a cottage snug and neat
  Upon the top of many fountained Ide,
That I might thence, in holy fervour, greet
  The bright-gowned Morning tripping up her side:
And when the low Sun's glory-buskined feet
  Walk on the blue wave of the Ægean tide,
Oh! I would kneel me down, and worship there
The God who garnished out a world so bright and fair!

The saffron-elbowed Morning up the slope
  Of heaven canaries in her jewelled shoes,
And throws o'er Kelly-law's sheep-nibbled top
  Her golden apron dripping kindly dews;
And never, since she first began to hop
  Up heaven's blue causeway, of her beams profuse,
Shone there a dawn so glorious and so gay,
As shines the merry dawn of Anster market-day.

Round through the vast circumference of sky
  One speck of small cloud cannot eye behold,
Save in the east some fleeces bright of dye,
  That stripe the hem of heaven with woolly gold,
Whereon are happy angels wont to lie
  Lolling, in amaranthine flowers enrolled,
That they may spy the precious light of God,
Flung from the blessed East o'er the fair Earth abroad.

The fair Earth laughs through all her boundless range,
  Heaving her green hills high to greet the beam;
City and village, steeple, cot, and grange,
  Gilt as with Nature's purest leaf-gold seem;
The heaths and upland muirs, and fallows, change
  Their barren brown into a ruddy gleam,
And, on ten thousand dew-bent leaves and sprays,
Twinkle ten thousand suns, and fling their petty rays.

Up from their nests and fields of tender corn
  Full merrily the little skylarks spring,
And on their dew-bedabbled pinions borne,
  Mount to the heaven's blue key-stone flickering;
They turn their plume-soft bosoms to the morn,
  And hail the genial light, and cheer'ly sing;
Echo the gladsome hills and valleys round,
As half the bells of Fife ring loud and swell the sound.

For when the first upsloping ray was flung
  On Anster steeple's swallow-harbouring top,
Its bell and all the bells around were rung
  Sonorous, jangling, loud, without a stop;
For, toilingly, each bitter beadle swung,
  Even till he smoked with sweat, his greasy rope,
And almost broke his bell-wheel, ushering in
The morn of Anster Fair with tinkle-tankling din.

And, from our steeple's pinnacle outspread,
  The town's long colours flare and flap on high,
Whose anchor, blazoned fair in green and red,
  Curls, pliant to each breeze that whistles by;
Whilst on the boltsprit, stern, and topmast head
  Of brig and sloop that in the harbour lie,
Streams the red gaudery of flags in air,
All to salute and grace the morn of Anster Fair.

The description of the heroine is equally passionate and imaginative:—

Her form was as the Morning's blithesome star,
  That, capped with lustrous coronet of beams,
Rides up the dawning orient in her car,
  New-washed, and doubly fulgent from the streams—
The Chaldee shepherd eyes her light afar,
  And on his knees adores her as she gleams;
So shone the stately form of Maggie Lauder,
And so the admiring crowds pay homage and applaud her.

Each little step her trampling palfrey took,
  Shaked her majestic person into grace,
And as at times his glossy sides she strook
  Endearingly with whip's green silken lace,
(The prancer seemed to court such kind rebuke,
  Loitering with wilful tardiness of pace),
By Jove, the very waving of her arm
Had power a brutish lout to unbrutify and charm!

Her face was as the summer cloud, whereon
  The dawning sun delights to rest his rays!
Compared with it, old Sharon's vale, o'ergrown
  With flaunting roses, had resigned its praise;
For why? Her face with heaven's own roses shone,
  Mocking the morn, and witching men to gaze;
And he that gazed with cold unsmitten soul,
That blockhead's heart was ice thrice baked beneath the Pole.

Her locks, apparent tufts of wiry gold,
  Lay on her lily temples, fairly dangling,
And on each hair, so harmless to behold,
  A lover's soul hung mercilessly strangling;
The piping silly zephyrs vied to unfold
  The tresses in their arms so slim and tangling,
And thrid in sport these lover-noosing snares,
And played at hide-and-seek amid the golden hairs.

Her eye was as an honoured palace, where
  A choir of lightsome Graces frisk and dance;
What object drew her gaze, how mean soe'er,
  Got dignity and honour from the glance;
Wo to the man on whom she unaware
  Did the dear witchery of her eye-elance!
'Twas such a thrilling, killing, keen regard—
May Heaven from such a look preserve each tender bard!

So on she rode in virgin majesty,
  Charming the thin dead air to kiss her lips,
And with the light and grandeur of her eye
  Shaming the proud sun into dim eclipse;
While round her presence clustering far and nigh,
  On horseback some, with silver spurs and whips,
And some afoot with shoes of dazzling buckles,
Attended knights, and lairds, and clowns with horny knuckles.

His humour and lively characteristic painting are well displayed in the account of the different parties who, gay and fantastic, flock to the fair, as Chaucer's pilgrims did to the shrine of Thomas-à-Becket. The following verses describe the men from the north:—

Comes next from Ross-shire and from Sutherland
  The horny-knuckled kilted Highlandman:
From where upon the rocky Caithness strand
  Breaks the long wave that at the Pole began,
And where Lochfine from her prolific sand
  Her herrings gives to feed each bordering clan,
Arrive the brogue-shod men of generous eye,
Plaided and breechless all, with Esau's hairy thigh.

They come not now to fire the Lowland stacks,
  Or foray on the banks of Fortha's firth;
Claymore and broadsword, and Lochaber axe,
  Are left to rust above the smoky hearth;
Their only arms are bagpipes now and sacks;
  Their teeth are set most desperately for mirth;
And at their broad and sturdy backs are hung
Great wallets, crammed with cheese and bannocks and cold tongue.

Nor staid away the Islanders, that lie
  To buffet of the Atlantic surge exposed;
From Jura, Arran, Barra, Uist, and Skye,
  Piping they come, unshaved, unbreeched, unhosed;
And from that Isle, whose abbey, structured high,
  Within its precincts holds dead kings enclosed,
Where St Columba oft is seen to waddle
Gowned round with flaming fire upon the spire astraddle.

Next from the far-famed ancient town of Ayr,
  (Sweet Ayr! with crops of ruddy damsels blest,
That, shooting up, and waxing fat and fair,
  Shine on thy braes, the lilies of the west!)
And from Dumfries, and from Kilmarnock (where
  Are night-caps made, the cheapest and the best)
Blithely they ride on ass and mule, with sacks
In lieu of saddles placed upon their asses' backs.

Close at their heels, bestriding well-trapped nag,
  Or humbly riding asses' backbone bare,
Come Glasgow's merchants, each with money-bag,
  To purchase Dutch lintseed at Anster Fair—
Sagacious fellows all, who well may brag
  Of virtuous industry and talents rare;
The accomplished men o' the counting-room confest,
And fit to crack a joke or argue with the best.

Nor keep their homes the Borderers, that stay
  Where purls the Jed, and Esk, and little Liddel,
Men that can rarely on the bagpipe play,
  And wake the unsober spirit of the fiddle;
Avowed freebooters, that have many a day
  Stolen sheep and cow, yet never owned they did ill;
Great rogues, for sure that wight is but a rogue
That blots the eighth command from Moses' decalogue.

And some of them in sloop of tarry side,
  Come from North-Berwick harbour sailing out;
Others, abhorrent of the sickening tide,
  Have ta'en the road by Stirling brig about,
And eastward now from long Kirkaldy ride,
  Slugging on their slow-gaited asses stout,
While dangling at their backs are bagpipes hung,
And dangling hangs a tale on every rhymer's tongue.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

William Motherwell (1797-1835) was born in Glasgow, but, after his eleventh year, was brought up under the care of an uncle in Paisley. At the age of twenty-one, he was appointed deputy to the sheriff-clerk at that town. He early evinced a love of poetry, and in 1819 became editor of a miscellany entitled the *Harp of Renfrewshire*. A taste for antiquarian research—

Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose—

divided with the muse the empire of Motherwell's genius, and he attained an unusually familiar acquaintance with the early history of our native literature, particularly in the department of traditionary poetry. The results of this erudition appeared in *Minstrelsy Ancient and Modern* (1827), a collection of Scottish ballads, prefaced by a historical introduction, which must be the basis of all future investigations into the subject. In the following year he became editor of a weekly journal in Paisley, and established a magazine there, to which he contributed some of his happiest poetical effusions. The talent and spirit which he evinced in his editorial duties, were the means of advancing him to the more important office of conducting the Glasgow Courier, in which situation he continued till his death. In 1832 he collected and published his poems in one volume. He also joined with Hogg in editing the works of Burns; and he was collecting materials for a life of Tannahill, when he was suddenly cut off by a fit of apoplexy at the early age of thirty-eight. The taste, enthusiasm, and social qualities of Motherwell, rendered him very popular among his townsmen and friends. As an antiquary, he was shrewd, indefatigable, and truthful. As a poet, he was happiest in pathetic or sentimental lyrics, though his own inclinations led him to prefer the chivalrous and martial style of the old minstrels.

Jeanie Morrison.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
  Through mony a weary way;
But never, never can forget
  The luve of life's young day!
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en,
  May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
  Where first fond luve grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
  The thochts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows owre my path,
  And blind my een wi' tears!
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
  And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
  The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
  'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time!—sad time!—twa bairns at schule,
  Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
  To lear ilk ither lear;
And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed,
  Remembered ever mair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
  When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof locked in loof,
  What our wee heads could think.
When baith bent doun owre ae braid page,
  Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
  My lesson was in thee.

O mind ye how we hung our heads,
  How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the schule-weans, laughin', said,
  We cleeked thegither hame!

And mind ye o' the Saturdays
(The schule then skail't at noon),
When we ran aff to speel the braes—
The broomy braes o' June?

My head rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
O' schule-time and o' thee.
Oh, mornin' life! oh, mornin' luve!
Oh, lichtsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts,
Like simmer blossoms, sprang!

O mind ye, luve, how aft we left
The deavin' dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its water croon?
The simmer leaves hung owre our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin' o' the wud
The throssil whusslit sweet.

The throssil whusslit in the wud,
The burn sung to the trees,
And we with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies;
And on the knowe abune the burn,
For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' vera gladness grat!

Aye, aye, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trinkled doun your cheek,
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak!
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gushed all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled—unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
As ye hae been to me?
Oh! tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine;
Oh! say gin e'er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart,
Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper as it rins,
The luve o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I dee,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
O' bygane days and me!

The Midnight Wind.

Mournfully! oh, mournfully
This midnight wind doth sigh,
Like some sweet plaintive melody
Of ages long gone by:
It speaks a tale of other years—
Of hopes that bloomed to die—
Of sunny smiles that set in tears,
And loves that mouldering lie!

Mournfully! oh, mournfully
This midnight wind doth moan;
It stirs some chord of memory
In each dull heavy tone.
The voices of the much-loved dead
Seem floating thereupon—
All, all my fond heart cherished
Ere death had made it lone.

Mournfully! oh, mournfully
This midnight wind doth swell,
With its quaint pensive minstrelsy,
Hope's passionate farewell
To the dreamy joys of early years,
Ere yet grief's canker fell
On the heart's bloom—ay, well may tears
Start at that parting knell!

Sword Chant of Thorstein Raudi.

'Tis not the gray hawk's flight o'er mountain and mere;
'Tis not the fleet hound's course, tracking the deer;
'Tis not the light hoof-print of black steed or gray,
Though sweltering it gallop a long summer's day,
Which mete forth the lordships I challenge as mine:
Ha! ha! 'tis the good brand
I clutch in my strong hand,
That can their broad marches and numbers define.
LAND GIVER! I kiss thee.

Dull builders of houses, base tillers of earth,
Gaping, ask me what lordships I owned at my birth;
But the pale fools wax mute when I point with my sword
East, west, north, and south, shouting, 'There am I lord!'
Wold and waste, town and tower, hill, valley, and stream,
Trembling, bow to my sway,
In the fierce battle fray,
When the star that rules fate is this falchion's red gleam.
MIGHT GIVER! I kiss thee.

I've heard great harps sounding in brave bower and hall;
I've drank the sweet music that bright lips let fall;
I've hunted in greenwood, and heard small birds sing;
But away with this idle and cold jargoning!
The music I love is the shout of the brave,
The yell of the dying,
The scream of the flying,
When this arm wields death's sickle, and garners the grave.
JOY GIVER! I kiss thee.

Far isles of the ocean thy lightning hath known;
And wide o'er the mainland thy horrors have shone.
Great sword of my father, stern joy of his hand!
Thou hast carved his name deep on the stranger's red strand,
And won him the glory of undying song.
Keen cleaver of gay crests,
Sharp piercer of broad breasts,
Grim slayer of heroes, and scourge of the strong!
FAME GIVER! I kiss thee.

In a love more abiding than that the heart knows
For maiden more lovely than summer's first rose,
My heart's knit to thine, and lives but for thee;
In dreamings of gladness thou'rt dancing with me,
Brave measures of madness, in some battle field,
Where armour is ringing,
And noble blood springing,
And cloven, yawn helmet, stout hauberk, and shield.
DEATH GIVER! I kiss thee.

The smile of a maiden's eye soon may depart;
And light is the faith of fair woman's heart;
Changeful as light clouds, and wayward as wind,
Be the passions that govern weak woman's mind.
But thy metal's as true as its polish is bright:
When ills wax in number,
Thy love will not slumber;
But, starlike, burns fiercer the darker the night.
HEART GLADDENER! I kiss thee.

My kindred have perished by war or by wave;
Now, childless and sireless, I long for the grave.
When the path of our glory is shadowed in death,
With me thou wilt slumber below the brown heath;
Thou wilt rest on my bosom, and with it decay;
While harps shall be ringing,
And Scalds shall be singing
The deeds we have done in our old fearless day.
SONG GIVER! I kiss thee.

ROBERT NICOLL.

ROBERT NICOLL (1814-1837) was a young man of high promise and amiable dispositions, who cultivated literature amidst many discouragements. He was a native of Auchtergaven, in Perthshire. After passing through a series of humble employments, during which he steadily cultivated his mind by reading and writing, he assumed the editorship of the *Leeds Times*, a weekly paper representing the extreme of the liberal class of opinions. He wrote as one of the three hundred might be supposed to have fought at Thermopylæ, animated by the pure love of his species, and zeal for what he thought their interests; but, amidst a struggle which scarcely admitted of a moment for reflection on his own position, the springs of a naturally weak constitution were rapidly giving way, and symptoms of consumption became gradually apparent. The poet died in his twenty-fourth year, deeply regretted by the numerous friends whom his talents and virtues had drawn around him. Nicoll's poems are short occasional pieces and songs—the latter much inferior to his serious poems, yet displaying happy rural imagery and fancy.

We are Brethren a'.

A happy bit hame this auld world would be,
If men, when they're here, could make shift to agree,
An' ilk said to his neighbour, in cottage an' ha',
'Come, gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.'

I ken na why ane wi' anither should fight,
When to 'gree would make a'body cosie an' right,
When man meets wi' man, 'tis the best way ava,
To say, 'Gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.'

My coat is a coarse ane, an' yours may be fine,
And I maun drink water, while you may drink wine;
But we baith ha'e a leal heart, unspotted to shaw:
Sae gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

The knave ye would scorn, the unfaithfu' deride;
Ye would stand like a rock, wi' the truth on your side;
Sae would I, an' nought else would I value a straw;
Then gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

Ye would scorn to do fausely by woman or man;
I haud by the right aye, as weel as I can;
We are ane in our joys, our affections, an' a';
Come, gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

Your mother has lo'ed you as mithers can lo'e;
An' mine has done for me what mithers can do;
We are ane high an' laigh, an' we shouldna be twa:
Sae gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

We love the same simmer day, sunny and fair;
Hame! oh, how we love it, an' a' that are there!
Frae the pure air of heaven the same life we draw—
Come, gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

Frail shakin' auld age will soon come o'er us baith,
An' creeping alang at his back will be death;
Syne into the same mither-yird we will fa':
Come, gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

Thoughts of Heaven.

High thoughts!
They come and go,
Like the soft breathings of a listening maiden,
While round me flow
The winds, from woods and fields with gladness laden:
When the corn's rustle on the ear doth come—
When the eve's beetle sounds its drowsy hum—
When the stars, dewdrops of the summer sky,
Watch over all with soft and loving eye—
While the leaves quiver
By the lone river,
And the quiet heart
From depths doth call
And garners all—
Earth grows a shadow
Forgotten whole,
And Heaven lives
In the blessed soul!

High thoughts!
They are with me,
When, deep within the bosom of the forest,
Thy morning melody
Abroad into the sky, thou, throstle, pourest.
When the young sunbeams glance among the trees—
When on the ear comes the soft song of bees—
When every branch has its own favourite bird
And songs of summer, from each thicket heard!—
Where the owl flitteth,
Where the roe sitteth,
And holiness
Seems sleeping there;
While nature's prayer
Goes up to heaven
In purity,
Till all is glory
And joy to me!

High thoughts!
They are my own
When I am resting on a mountain's bosom,
And see below me strown
The huts and homes where humble virtues blossom;
When I can trace each streamlet through the meadow—
When I can follow every fitful shadow—
When I can watch the winds among the corn,
And see the waves along the forest borne;
Where blue-bell and heather
Are blooming together,
And far doth come
The Sabbath bell,
O'er wood and fell;
I hear the beating
Of nature's heart;
Heaven is before me—
God! Thou art!

High thoughts!
They visit us
In moments when the soul is dim and darkened
They come to bless,
After the vanities to which we hearkened:
When weariness hath come upon the spirit—
(Those hours of darkness which we all inherit)—
Bursts there not through a glint of warm sunshine,
A winged thought, which bids us not repine?

In joy and gladness,
In mirth and sadness,
Come signs and tokens;
Life's angel brings
Upon its wings
Those bright communings
The soul doth keep—
Those thoughts of heaven
So pure and deep!

[*Death.*]

[This poem is supposed to have been the last, or among the last, of Nicoll's compositions.]

The dew is on the summer's greenest grass,
Through which the modest daisy blushing peeps;
The gentle wind that like a ghost doth pass,
A waving shadow on the corn-field keeps;
But I, who love them all, shall never be
Again among the woods, or on the moorland lea!

The sun shines sweetly—sweeter may it shine!—
Blessed is the brightness of a summer day;
It cheers lone hearts; and why should I repine,
Although among green fields I cannot stray!
Woods! I have grown, since last I heard you wave,
Familiar with death, and neighbour to the grave!

These words have shaken mighty human souls—
Like a sepulchre's echo drear they sound—
E'en as the owl's wild whoop at midnight rolls
The ivied remnants of old ruins round.
Yet wherefore tremble? Can the soul decay?
Or that which thinks and feels in aught e'er fade away?

Are there not aspirations in each heart
After a better, brighter world than this?
Longings for beings nobler in each part—
Things more exalted—steeped in deeper bliss?
Who gave us these? What are they? Soul, in thee
The bud is budding now for immortality!

Death comes to take me where I long to be;
One pang, and bright blooms the immortal flower;
Death comes to lead me from mortality,
To lands which know not one unhappy hour;
I have a hope, a faith—from sorrow here
I'm led by Death away—why should I start and fear?

If I have loved the forest and the field,
Can I not love them deeper, better there?
If all that Power hath made, to me doth yield
Something of good and beauty—something fair—
Freed from the grossness of mortality,
May I not love them all, and better all enjoy?

A change from wo to joy—from earth to heaven,
Death gives me this—it leads me calmly where
The souls that long ago from mine were riven
May meet again! Death answers many a prayer.
Bright day, shine on! be glad: days brighter far
Are stretched before my eyes than those of mortals are!

ROBERT GILFILLAN.

Though no Scottish poetry besides that of Burns attracts attention out of its native country, there is not wanting a band of able and warm-hearted men who continue to cultivate it for their own amusement and that of their countrymen. Amongst these may be mentioned MESSRS RODGER, BALLANTYNE, VEDDER, and GRAY: a high place in the class is due to MR ROBERT GILFILLAN, a native of Dunfermline, whose *Poems and Songs* have passed through three editions. The songs of Mr Gilfillan are marked by gentle and kindly feelings, and a smooth flow of versification, which makes them eminently suitable for being expressed in music.

The Exile's Song.

Oh! why left I my hame?
Why did I cross the deep?
Oh! why left I the land
Where my forefathers sleep?
I sigh for Scotia's shore,
And I gaze across the sea,
But I canna get a blink
O' my ain countrie!

The palm-tree waveth high,
And fair the myrtle springs;
And, to the Indian maid,
The bulbul sweetly sings.
But I dinna see the broom
Wi' its tassels on the lea,
Nor hear the lintie's sang
O' my ain countrie!

Oh! here no Sabbath bell
Awakes the Sabbath morn,
Nor song of reapers heard
Amang the yellow corn:
For the tyrant's voice is here,
And the wail of slaverie;
But the sun of freedom shines
In my ain countrie!

There's a hope for every wo,
And a balm for every pain,
But the first joys o' our heart
Come never back again.
There's a track upon the deep,
And a path across the sea;
But the weary ne'er return
To their ain countrie!

In the Days o' Langsyne.

In the days o' langsyne, when we carles were young,
An' nae foreign fashions amang us had sprung;
When we made our ain bannocks, and brewed our ain yill,
An' were clad frae the sheep that gaed white on the hill;
O! the thocht o' thae days gars my auld heart aye fill!

In the days o' langsyne we were happy and free,
Proud lords on the land, and kings on the sea!
To our foes we were fierce, to our friends we were kind,
An' where battle raged loudest, you ever did find
The banner of Scotland float high in the wind!

In the days o' langsyne we aye ranted and sang
By the warm ingle side, or the wild braes amang;
Our lads busked braw, and our lasses looked fine,
An' the sun on our mountains seemed ever to shine;
O! where is the Scotland o' bonnie langsyne!

In the days o' langsyne ilka glen had its tale,
Sweet voices were heard in ilk breath o' the gale;
An' ilka wee burn had a sang o' its ain,
As it trotted alang through the valley or plain;
Shall we e'er hear the music o' streamlets again?

In the days o' langsyne there were feasting and glee,
Wi' pride in ilk heart, and joy in ilk ee;
And the auld, 'mang the nappy, their eild seemed to tyne,
It was your stoup the nicht, and the morn 'twas mine;
O! the days o' langsyne—O! the days o' langsyne.

The Hills o' Gallowa'.

[By Thomas Cunningham.]

[Thomas Cunningham was the senior of his brother Allan by some years, and was a copious author in prose and verse, though with an undistinguished name, long before the author of the Lives of the British Painters was known. He died in 1834.]

Amang the birks sae blithe and gay,
I met my Julia hameward gaun;
The linties chantit on the spray,
The lammies loupit on the lawn;

On ilka howm the sward was mawn,
The braes wi' gowans buskit braw,
And gloamin's plaid o' gray was thrawn
Out owre the hills o' Gallowa'.
Wi' music wild the woodlands rang,
And fragrance winged alang the lea,
As down we sat the flowers amang,
Upon the banks o' stately Dee.
My Julia's arms encircled me,
And saftly slade the hours awa',
Till dawin coost a glimmerin' ee
Upon the hills o' Gallowa'.
It isna owsen, sheep, and kye,
It isna gowd, it isna gear,
This lifted ee wad hae, quoth I,
The warld's drumlie gloom to cheer.
But gi'e to me my Julia dear,
Ye powers wha row this yirthen ba',
And O! sae blithe through life I'll steer,
Amang the hills o' Gallowa'.
Whan gloamin' dauners up the hill,
And our gudeman ca's hame the yowes,
Wi' her I'll trace the mossy rill
That owre tho muir meandering rows;
Or, tint amang the scroggy knowes,
My birkin pipe I'll sweetly blaw,
And sing the streams, the straths, and howes,
The hills and dales o' Gallowa'.
And when auld Scotland's heathy hills,
Her rural nymphs and joyous swains,
Her flowery wilds and wimpling rills,
Awake nae mair my canty strains;
Whare friendship dwells and freedom reigns,
Whare heather blooms and muircocks craw,
O! dig my grave, and hide my banes
Amang the hills o' Gallowa'.

Lucy's Flittin'.

[By William Laidlaw.]

[William Laidlaw is son of the Ettrick Shepherd's master at Blackhouse. All who have read Lockhart's Life of Scott, know how closely Mr Laidlaw was connected with the illustrious baronet of Abbotsford. He was his companion in some of his early wanderings, his friend and land-steward in advanced years, his amanuensis in the composition of some of his novels, and he was one of the few who watched over his last sad and painful moments. *Lucy's Flittin'* is deservedly popular for its unaffected tenderness and simplicity. In printing the song, Hogg added the last four lines to 'complete the story.']

'Twas when the wan leaf frae the birk-tree was fa'in,
And Martinmas dowie had wound up the year,
That Lucy rowed up her wee kist wi' her a' in't,
And left her auld maister and neibours sae dear:
For Lucy had served i' the glen a' the simmer;
She cam there afore the bloom cam on the pea;
An orphan was she, and they had been gude till her,
Sure that was the thing brocht the tear to her ee.

She gaed by the stable where Jamie was stannin';
Richt sair was his kind heart her flittin' to see;
'Fare ye weel, Lucy!' quo' Jamie, and ran in;
The gatherin' tears trickled fast frae her ee.
As down the burn-side she gaed slow wi' her flittin',
'Fare ye weel, Lucy!' was ilka bird's sang;
She heard the craw sayin't, high on the tree sittin',
And Robin was chirpin't the brown leaves amang.

'Oh, what is't that pits my puir heart in a flutter?
And what gars the tears come sae fast to my ee?
If I wasna ettled to be ony better,
Then what gars me wish ony better to be?
I'm just like a lammie that loses its mither;
Nae mither or friend the puir lammie can see;
I fear I hae tint my puir heart a'thegither,
Nae wonder the tear fa's sae fast frae my ee.

Wi' the rest o' my claes I hae rowed up the ribbon,
The bonnie blue ribbon that Jamie gae me;
Yestreen, when he gae me't, and saw I was sabbin',
I'll never forget the wae blink o' his ee.
Though now he said naething but "Fare ye weel, Lucy!"
It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor see:
He couldna say mair but just, "Fare ye weel, Lucy!"
Yet that I will mind till the day that I dee.

The lamb likes the gowan wi' dew when its droukit;
The hare likes the brake and the braird on the lea;
But Lucy likes Jamie;'—she turned and she lookit,
She thocht the dear place she wad never mair see.
Ah, weel may young Jamie gang dowie and cheerless!
And weel may he greet on the bank o' the burn!
For bonnie sweet Lucy, sae gentle and peerless,
Lies cauld in her grave, and will never return!

The Brownie of Blednoch.

[By William Nicholson.]

There cam a strange wight to our town-en',
An' the fient a body did him ken;
He tirled na lang, but he glided ben
Wi' a dreary, dreary hum.

His face did glow like the glow o' the west,
When the drumly cloud has it half o'ercast;
Or the struggling moon when she's sair distrest.
O, sirs! 'twas Aiken-drum.

I trow the bauldest stood aback,
Wi' a gape an' a glower till their lugs did crack,
As the shapeless phantom mum'ling spak—
Hae ye wark for Aiken-drum?

O! had ye seen the bairns' fright,
As they stared at this wild and unyirthly wight;
As they skulkit in 'tween the dark and the light,
And graned out, Aiken-drum!

The black dog growling cowered his tail,
The lassie swarfed, loot fa' the pail;
Rob's lingle brak as he men't the flail,
At the sight o' Aiken-drum.

His matted head on his breast did rest,
A lang blue beard wan'ered down like a vest;
But the glare o' his ee hath nae bard exprest,
Nor the skimes o' Aiken-drum.

Roun' his hairy form there was naething seen
But a philabeg o' the rashes green,
An' his knotted knees played aye knoit between—
What a sight was Aiken-drum!

On his wauchie arms three claws did meet,
As they trailed on the grun' by his taeless feet;
E'en the auld gudeman himsel' did sweat,
To look at Aiken-drum.

But he drew a score, himsel' did sain,
The auld wife tried, but her tongue was gane;
While the young ane closer clasped her wean,
And turned frae Aiken-drum.

But the canny auld wife cam till her breath,
And she deemed the Bible might ward aff scaith,
Be it benshee, bogle, ghaist, or wraith—
But it feared na Aiken-drum.

'His presence protect us!' quoth the auld gudeman;
'What wad ye, whare won ye, by sea or by lan'?
I conjure ye—speak—by the beuk in my han'!'
What a grane ga'e Aiken-drum!

'I lived in a lan' where we saw nae sky,
I dwalt in a spot where a burn rins na by;
But I'se dwall now wi' you if ye like to try—
Hae ye wark for Aiken-drum?

I'll shiel a' your sheep i' the mornin' sune,
I'll berry your crap by the light o' the moon,
An' ba the bairns wi an unkenned tune,
If ye'll keep puir Aiken-drum.

I'll loup the linn when ye canna wade,
I'll kirn the kirn, an' I'll turn the bread;
An' the wildest filly that ever ran rede,
I'se tame't,' quoth Aiken-drum.

To wear the tod frae the flock on the fell,
To gather the dew frae the heather bell,
An' to look at my face in your clear crystal well,
Might gi'e pleasure to Aiken-drum.

I'se seek nae guids, gear, bond, nor mark;
I use nae beddin', shoon, nor sark;
But a cogfu' o' brose 'tween the light an' dark
Is the wage o' Aiken-drum.'

Quoth the wylie auld wife, 'The thing speaks weel;
Our workers are scant—we hae routh o' meal;
Gif he'll do as he says—be he man, be he deil—
Wow! we'll try this Aiken-drum.'

But the wenches skirled, 'He's no be here!
His eldritch look gars us swarf wi' fear;
An' the feint a ane will the house come near,
If they think but o' Aiken-drum.'

'Puir clipmalabors! ye hae little wit;
Is'tna hallowmas now, an' the crap out yet?'
Sae she silenced them a' wi' a stamp o' her fit—
'Sit yer wa's down, Aiken-drum.'

Roun' a' that side what wark was dune
By the streamer's gleam, or the glance o' the moon;
A word, or a wish, an' the brownie cam sune,
Sae helpfu' was Aiken-drum.

On Blednoch banks, an' on crystal Cree,
For mony a day a toiled wight was he;
While the bairns played harmless roun' his knee,
Sae social was Aiken-drum.

But a new-made wife, fu' o' frippish freaks,
Fond o' a' things feat for the five first weeks,
Laid a mouldy pair o' her ain man's breeks
By the brose o' Aiken-drum.

Let the learned decide when they convene,
What spell was him an' the breeks between;
For frae that day forth he was nae mair seen,
An' sair-missed was Aiken-drum.

He was heard by a herd gaun by the Thrieve,
Crying, 'Lang, lang now may I greet an' grieve;
For, alas! I hae gotten baith fee an' leave—
O! luckless Aiken-drum!'

Awa, ye wrangling sceptic tribe,
Wi' your pros an' your cons wad ye decide
'Gain the sponsible voice o' a hale country side,
On the facts 'bout Aiken-drum?

Though the 'Brownie o' Blednoch' lang be gane,
The mark o' his feet's left on mony a stane;
An' mony a wife an' mony a wean
Tell the feats o' Aiken-drum.

E'en now, light loons that jibe an' sneer
At spiritual guests an' a' sic gear,
At the Glashnoch mill hae swat wi' fear,
An' looked roun' for Aiken-drum.

An' guidly folks hae gotten a fright,
When the moon was set, an' the stars gied nae light,
At the roaring linn, in the howe o' the night,
Wi' sughs like Aiken-drum.

Song.

[By Joseph Train.]

[Mr Train will be memorable in our literary history for the assistance he rendered to Sir Walter Scott in the contribution of some of the stories on which the Waverley novels were founded. He entered life as a private soldier, and rose by merit to be a supervisor of excise, from which situation he has now retired on a superannuation allowance.]

Wi' drums and pipes the clachan rang,
I left my goats to wander wide;
And e'en as fast as I could bang,
I bickered down the mountain side.
My hazel rung and haslock plaid
Awa' I flang wi' cauld disdain,
Resolved I would nae langer bide
To do the auld thing o'er again.

Ye barons bold, whose turrets rise
Aboon the wild woods white wi' snaw,
I trow the laddies ye may prize,
Wha fight your battles far awa'.
Wi' them to stan', wi' them to fa',
Courageously I crossed the main;
To see, for Caledonia,
The auld thing weel done o'er again.

Right far a-fiel' I freely fought,
'Gainst mony an outlandish loon;
An' wi' my good claymore I've brought
Mony a beardy birkie down:
While I had pith to wield it roun',
In battle I ne'er met wi' ane
Could danton me, for Britain's crown,
To do the same thing o'er again.

Although I'm marching life's last stage,
Wi' sorrow crowded roun' my brow;
An' though the knapsack o' auld age
Hangs heavy on my shoulders now—
Yet recollection, ever new,
Discharges a' my toil and pain,
When fancy figures in my view
The pleasant auld thing o'er again.

The Cameronian's Dream.

[By James Hislop.]

[James Hislop was born of humble parents in the parish of Kirkconnel, in the neighbourhood of Sanquhar, near the source of the Nith, in July 1798. He was employed as a shepherd-boy in the vicinity of Airsmoss, where, at the gravestone of a party of slain covenanters, he composed the following striking poem. He afterwards became a teacher, and his poetical effusions having attracted the favourable notice of Lord Jeffrey, and other eminent literary characters, he was, through their influence, appointed schoolmaster, first on board the Doris, and subsequently the Tweed man-of-war. He died on the 4th December 1827 from fever caught by sleeping one night in the open air upon the island of St Jago. His compositions display an elegant rather than a vigorous imagination, much chasteness of thought, and a pure but ardent love of nature.]

In a dream of the night I was wafted away,
To the muirland of mist where the martyrs lay;
Where Cameron's sword and his Bible are seen,
Engraved on the stone where the heather grows green.

'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness and blood,
When the minister's home was the mountain and wood;
When in Wellwood's dark valley the standard of Zion,
All bloody and torn 'mong the heather was lying.

'Twas morning; and summer's young sun from the east
Lay in loving repose on the green mountain's breast;
On Wardlaw and Cairntable the clear shining dew,
Glistened there 'mong the heath bells and mountain flowers blue.

And far up in heaven near the white sunny cloud,
The song of the lark was melodious and loud,
And in Glenmuir's wild solitude, lengthened and deep,
Were the whistling of plovers and bleating of sheep.

And Wellwood's sweet valleys breathed music and gladness,
The fresh meadow blooms hung in beauty and redness;
Its daughters were happy to hail the returning,
And drink the delights of July's sweet morning.

But, oh! there were hearts cherished far other feelings,
Illumed by the light of prophetic revealings,
Who drank from the scenery of beauty but sorrow,
For they knew that their blood would bedew it to-morrow.

'Twas the few faithful ones who with Cameron were lying,
Concealed 'mong the mist where the heathfowl was crying,
For the horsemen of Earlshall around them were hovering,
And their bridle reins rung through the thin misty covering.

Their faces grew pale, and their swords were unsheathed,
But the vengeance that darkened their brow was unbreathed;
With eyes turned to heaven in calm resignation,
They sung their last song to the God of Salvation.

The hills with the deep mournful music were ringing,
The curlew and plover in concert were singing;
But the melody died 'mid derision and laughter,
As the host of ungodly rushed on to the slaughter.

Though in mist and in darkness and fire they were shrouded,
Yet the souls of the righteous were calm and unclouded,
Their dark eyes flashed lightning, as, firm and unbending,
They stood like the rock which the thunder is rending.

The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were gleaming,
The helmets were cleft, and the red blood was streaming,
The heavens grew dark, and the thunder was rolling,
When in Wellwood's dark muirlands the mighty were falling.

When the righteous had fallen, and the combat was ended,
A chariot of fire through the dark cloud descended;
Its drivers were angels on horses of whiteness,
And its burning wheels turned on axles of brightness.

A seraph unfolded its doors bright and shining,
All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining,
And the souls that came forth out of great tribulation,
Have mounted the chariots and steeds of salvation.

On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding,
Through the path of the thunder the horsemen are riding;
Glide swiftly, bright spirits! the prize is before ye,
A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory!

DRAMATISTS.

Dramatic literature no longer occupies the prominent place it held in former periods of our history. Various causes have been assigned for this decline—as, the great size of the theatres, the monopoly of the two large London houses, the love of spectacle or scenic display which has usurped the place of the legitimate drama, and the late dinner hours now prevalent among the higher and even the middle classes. The increased competition in business has also made our 'nation of shopkeepers' a busier and harder-working race than their forefathers; and the diffusion of cheap literature may have further tended to thin the theatres, as furnishing intellectual entertainment for the masses at home at a cheaper rate than dramatic performances. The London managers appear to have had considerable influence in this matter. They lavish enormous sums on scenic decoration and particular actors, and aim rather at filling their houses by some ephemeral and dazzling display, than by the liberal encouragement of native talent and genius. To improve, or rather re-establish the acted drama, a periodical writer suggests that there should be a classification of theatres in the metropolis, as in Paris, where each theatre has its distinct species of the drama, and performs it well. 'We believe,' he says, 'that the evil is mainly occasioned by the vain endeavour of managers to succeed by commixing every species of entertainment—huddling together tragedy, comedy, farce, melo-drama, and spectacle—and striving, by alternate exhibitions, to draw all the dramatic public to their respective houses. Imperfect—very imperfect companies for each species are engaged; and as, in consequence of the general imperfection, they are forced to rely on individual excellence, individual performers become of inordinate importance, and the most exorbitant salaries are given to procure them. These individuals are thus placed in a false position, and indulge themselves in all sorts of mannerisms and absurdities. The public is not unreasonably dissatisfied with imperfect companies and bad performances; the managers wonder at their ruin; and critics become elegiacal over the mournful decline of the drama! Not in this way can a theatre flourish; since, if one species of performance proves attractive, the others are at a discount, and their companies become useless burdens; if none of them prove attractive, then the loss ends in ruin.'* Too many instances of this have occurred within the last twenty years. Whenever a play of real excellence has been brought forward, the public has shown no insensibility to its merits; but so many circumstances are requisite to its successful representation—so expensive are the companies, and so capricious the favourite actors—that men of talent are averse to hazard a competition. The true dramatic talent is also a rare gift. Some of the most eminent poets have failed in attempting to portray actual life and passion in interesting situations on the stage; and as Fielding and Smollett proved unsuccessful in comedy (though the former wrote a number of pieces), so Byron and Scott were found wanting in the qualities requisite for the tragic drama. 'It is evident,' says Campbell, 'that Melpomene demands on the stage something, and a good deal more, than even poetical talent, rare as that is. She requires a potent and peculiar faculty for the invention of incident adapted to theatric effect; a faculty which may often exist in those who have been bred to the stage, but which, generally speaking, has seldom been shown by any poets who were not professional players. There are exceptions to the remark, but there are not many. If Shakspeare had not been a player, he would not have been the dramatist that he is.' Dryden, Addison, and Congreve, are conspicuous exceptions to this rule; also Goldsmith in comedy, and, in our own day, Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer in the romantic drama. The Colmans, Sheridan, Morton, and Reynolds, never, we believe, wore the sock or buskin; but they were either managers, or closely connected with the theatre.

* Edinburgh Review for 1843.

In the first year of this period, ROBERT JEPHSON (1736-1803) produced his tragedy of *The Count of Narbonne*, copied from Walpole's Castle of Otranto, and it was highly attractive on the stage. In 1785 Jephson brought out another tragedy, *The Duke of Braganza*, which was equally successful. He wrote three other tragedies, some farces, and operas; but the whole are now utterly neglected. Jephson was no great dramatic writer; but a poetical critic has recorded to his honour, that, 'at a time when the native genius of tragedy seemed to be extinct, he came boldly forward as a tragic poet, and certainly with a spark of talent; for if he has not the full flame of genius, he has at least its scintillating light.' The dramatist was an Irishman by birth, a captain in the army, and afterwards a member of the Irish House of Commons.

The stage was aroused from a state of insipidity or degeneracy by the introduction of plays from the German, which, amidst much false and exaggerated sentiment, appealed to the stronger sympathies of our nature, and drew crowded audiences to the theatres. One of the first of these was *The Stranger*, said to be translated by Benjamin Thompson; but the greater part of it, as it was acted, was the production of Sheridan. It is a drama of domestic life, not very moral or beneficial in its tendencies (for it is calculated to palliate our detestation of adultery), yet abounding in scenes of tenderness and surprise, well adapted to produce effect on the stage. The principal characters were acted by Kemble and Mrs Siddons, and when it was brought out in the season of 1797-8, it was received with immense applause. In 1799 Sheridan adapted another of Kotzebue's plays, *Pizarro*, which experienced still greater success. In the former drama the German author had violated the proprieties of our moral code, by making an injured husband take back his guilty though penitent wife; and in Pizarro he has invested a fallen female with tenderness, compassion, and heroism. The obtrusion of such a character as a prominent figure in the scene was at least indelicate; but, in the hands of Mrs Siddons, the taint was scarcely perceived, and Sheridan had softened down the most objectionable parts. The play was produced with all the aids of splendid scenery, music, and fine acting, and these, together with its displays of generous and heroic feeling on the part of Rolla, and of parental affection in Alonzo and Cora, were calculated to lead captive a general audience. 'Its subject was also new, and peculiarly fortunate. It brought the adventures of the most romantic kingdom of Christendom (Spain) into picturesque combination with the simplicity and superstitions of the transatlantic world; and gave the imagination a new and fresh empire of paganism, with its temples, and rites, and altars, without the stale associations of pedantry.' Some of the sentiments and descriptions in Pizarro are said to have originally formed part of Sheridan's famous speech on the impeachment of Warren Hastings! They are often inflated and bombastic, and full of rhetorical glitter. Thus Rollo soliloquises in Alonzo's dungeon: —'O holy Nature! thou dost never plead in vain. There is not of our earth a creature, bearing form and life, human or savage, native of the forest wild or giddy air, around whose parent bosom *thou* hast not a cord entwined of power to tie them to their offspring's claims, and at thy will to draw them back to thee. On iron pinions borne the blood-stained vulture cleaves the storm, yet is the plumage closest to her heart soft as the cygnet's down; and o'er her unshelled brood the murmuring ring-dove sits not more gently.'

Or the speech of Rolla to the Peruvian army at the consecration of the banners:—'My brave associates! partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame! Can Rolla's words add vigour to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts? No! *you* have judged, as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you. Your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate *their* minds and *ours*. *They*, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule. *We*, for our country, our altars, and our homes. *They* follow an adventurer whom they fear, and a power which they hate. *We* serve a monarch whom we love—a God whom we adore! Where'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress; where'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship. They boast they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error. Yes, *they* will give enlightened freedom to *our* minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride. They offer us their protection; yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them! They call on us to barter all of good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better which they promise. Be our plain answer this: the throne *we* honour is the people's choice; the laws we reverence are our brave fathers' legacy; the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hopes of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this, and tell them, too, we seek no change, and least of all such change as they would bring us.'

Animated apostrophes like these, rolled from the lips of Kemble, and applied, in those days of war, to British valour and patriotism arrayed against France, could hardly fail of an enthusiastic reception. A third drama by Kotzebue was some years afterwards adapted for the English stage by Mrs Inchbald, and performed under the title of *Lovers' Vows*. 'The grand moral of the play is to set forth the miserable consequences which arise from the neglect, and to enforce the watchful care of illegitimate offspring; and surely as the pulpit has not had eloquence to eradicate the crime of seduction, the stage may be allowed a humble endeavour to prevent its most fatal effects.' Lovers' Vows also became a popular acting play, for stage effect was carefully studied, and the scenes and situations skilfully arranged. While filling the theatres, Kotzebue's plays were generally condemned by the critics. They cannot be said to have produced any permanent bad effect on our national morals, but they presented many false and pernicious pictures to the mind. 'There is an affectation,' as Scott remarks, 'of attributing noble and virtuous sentiments to the persons least qualified by habit or education to entertain them; and of describing the higher and better educated classes as uniformly deficient in those feelings of liberality, generosity, and honour, which may be considered as proper to their situation in life. This contrast may be true in particular instances, and being used sparingly, might afford a good moral lesson; but in spite of truth and probability, it has been assumed, upon all occasions, by those authors as the groundwork of a sort of intellectual Jacobinism.' Scott himself, it will be recollected, was fascinated by the German drama, and translated a play of Goëthe. The excesses of Kotzebue were happily ridiculed by Canning and Ellis in their amusing satire, *The Rovers*. At length, after a run of unexampled success, these plays ceased to attract attention, though one or two are still occasionally performed. With all their absurdities, we cannot but believe that they exercised an inspiring influence on the rising genius of that age.

They dealt with passions, not with manners, and awoke the higher feelings and sensibilities of our nature. Good plays were also mingled with the bad: if Kotzebue was acted, Goëthe and Schiller were studied. The Wallenstein was translated by Coleridge, and the influence of the German drama was felt by most of the young poets.

One of those who imbibed a taste for the marvellous and the romantic from this source was MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS, whose drama, *The Castle Spectre*, was produced in 1797, and was performed about sixty successive nights. It is full of supernatural horrors, deadly revenge, and assassination, with touches of poetical feeling, and some well-managed scenes. In the same year Lewis adapted a tragedy from Schiller, entitled *The Minister*; and this was followed by a succession of dramatic pieces —*Rolla*, a tragedy, 1799; *The East Indian*, a comedy, 1800; *Adelmorn, or the Outlaw*, a drama, 1801; *Rugantio*, a melo-drama, 1805; *Adelgitha*, a play, 1806; *Venoni*, a drama, 1809; *One o'Clock, or the Knight and Wood Demon*, 1811; *Timour the Tartar*, a melo-drama, 1812; and *Rich and Poor*, a comic opera, 1812. The Castle Spectre is still occasionally performed; but the diffusion of a more sound and healthy taste in literature has banished the other dramas of Lewis equally from the stage and the press. To the present generation they are unknown. They were fit companions for the ogres, giants, and Blue-beards of the nursery tales, and they have shared the same oblivion.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

The most important addition to the written drama at this time was the first volume of JOANNA BAILLIE'S plays on the passions, published in 1798 under the title of *A Series of Plays: in which it is attempted to Delineate the Stronger Passions of the Mind, each Passion being the subject of a Tragedy and a Comedy.* To the volume was prefixed a long and interesting introductory discourse, in which the authoress discusses the subject of the drama in all its bearings, and asserts the supremacy of simple nature over all decoration and refinement. 'Let one simple trait of the human heart, one expression of passion, genuine and true to nature, be introduced, and it will stand forth alone in the boldness of reality, whilst the false and unnatural around it fades away upon every side, like the rising exhalations of the morning.' This theory (which anticipated the dissertations and most of the poetry of Wordsworth) the accomplished dramatist illustrated in her plays, the merits of which were instantly recognised, and a second edition called for in a few months. Miss Baillie was then in the thirty-fourth year of her age. In 1802 she published a second volume, and in 1812 a third. In the interval she had produced a volume of miscellaneous dramas (1804), and *The Family Legend* (1810), a tragedy founded on a Highland tradition, and brought out with success at the Edinburgh theatre. In 1836 this authoress published three more volumes of plays, her career as a dramatic writer thus extending over the long period of thirty-eight years. Only one of her dramas has ever been performed on the stage: De Montfort was brought out by Kemble shortly after its appearance, and was acted eleven nights. It was again introduced in 1821, to exhibit the talents of Kean in the character of De Montfort; but this actor remarked that, though a fine poem, it would never be an acting play. The author who mentions this circumstance, remarks:— 'If Joanna Baillie had known the stage practically, she would never have attached the importance which she does to the development of single passions in single tragedies; and she would have invented more stirring incidents to justify the passion of her characters, and to give them that air of fatality which, though peculiarly predominant in the Greek drama, will also be found, to a certain extent, in all successful tragedies. Instead of this, she contrives to make all the passions of her main characters proceed from the wilful natures of the beings themselves. Their feelings are not precipitated by circumstances, like a stream down a declivity, that leaps from rock to rock; but, for want of incident, they seem often like water on a level, without a propelling impulse.'* The design of Miss Baillie in restricting her dramas each to the elucidation of one passion, appears certainly to have been an unnecessary and unwise restraint, as tending to circumscribe the business of the piece, and exclude the interest arising from varied emotions and conflicting passions. It cannot be said to have been successful in her own case, and it has never been copied by any other author. Sir Walter Scott has eulogised 'Basil's love and Montfort's hate' as something like a revival of the inspired strain of Shakspeare. The tragedies of Count Basil and De Montfort are among the best of Miss Baillie's plays; but they are more like the works of Shirley, or the serious parts of Massinger, than the glorious dramas of Shakspeare, so full of life, of incident, and imagery. Miss Baillie's style is smooth and regular, and her plots are both original and carefully constructed; but she has no poetical luxuriance, and few commanding situations. Her tragic scenes are too much connected with the crime of murder, one of the easiest resources of a tragedian; and partly from the delicacy of her sex, as well as from the restrictions imposed by her theory of composition, she is deficient in that variety and fulness of passion, the 'form and pressure' of real life, which are so essential on the stage. The design and plot of her dramas are obvious almost from the first act —a circumstance that would be fatal to their success in representation. The unity and intellectual completeness of Miss Baillie's plays are their most striking characteristics. Her simple masculine style, so unlike the florid or insipid sentimentalism then prevalent, was a bold innovation at the time of her two first volumes; but the public had fortunately taste enough to appreciate its excellence. Miss Baillie was undoubtedly a great improver of our poetical diction.

[*Scene from De Montfort.*]

[De Montfort explains to his sister Jane his hatred of Rezenvelt, which at last hurries him into the crime of murder. The gradual deepening of this malignant passion, and its frightful catastrophe, are powerfully depicted. We may remark, that the character of De Montfort, his altered habits and appearance after his travels, his settled gloom, and the violence of his passions, seem to have been the prototype of Byron's Manfred and Lara.]

De Mon. No more, my sister, urge me not again;
My secret troubles cannot be revealed.
From all participation of its thoughts
My heart recoils: I pray thee be contented.
Jane. What! must I, like a distant humble friend,
Observe thy restless eye and gait disturbed
In timid silence, whilst with yearning heart
I turn aside to weep? O no, De Montfort!
A nobler task thy nobler mind will give;
Thy true intrusted friend I still shall be.
De Mon. Ah, Jane, forbear! I cannot e'en to thee.
Jane. Then fie upon it! fie upon it, Montfort!
There was a time when e'en with murder stained,
Had it been possible that such dire deed

* Campbell's Life of Mrs Siddons.

Could e'er have been the crime of one so piteous,
Thou wouldst have told it me.
De Mon. So would I now—but ask of this no more.
All other troubles but the one I feel
I have disclosed to thee. I pray thee, spare me.
It is the secret weakness of my nature.
Jane. Then secret let it be: I urge no further.
The eldest of our valiant father's hopes,
So sadly orphaned: side by side we stood,
Like two young trees, whose boughs in early strength
Screen the weak saplings of the rising grove,
And brave the storm together.
I have so long, as if by nature's right,
Thy bosom's inmate and adviser been,
I thought through life I should have so remained,
Nor ever known a change. Forgive me, Montfort;
A humbler station will I take by thee;
The close attendant of thy wandering steps,
The cheerer of this home, with strangers sought,
The soother of those griefs I must not know.
This is mine office now: I ask no more.
De Mon. Oh, Jane, thou dost constrain me with thy love—
Would I could tell it thee!
Jane. Thou shalt not tell me. Nay, I'll stop mine ears,
Nor from the yearnings of affection wring
What shrinks from utterance. Let it pass, my brother.
I'll stay by thee; I'll cheer thee, comfort thee;
Pursue with thee the study of some art,
Or nobler science, that compels the mind
To steady thought progressive, driving forth
All floating, wild, unhappy fantasies,
Till thou, with brow unclouded, smilest again;
Like one who, from dark visions of the night,
When the active soul within its lifeless cell
Holds its own world, with dreadful fancy pressed
Of some dire, terrible, or murderous deed,
Wakes to the dawning morn, and blesses heaven.
De Mon. It will not pass away; 'twill haunt me still.
Jane. Ah! say not so, for I will haunt thee too,
And be to it so close an adversary,
That, though I wrestle darkling with the fiend,
I shall o'ercome it.
De Mon. Thou most generous woman!
Why do I treat thee thus? It should not be—
And yet I cannot—O that cursed villain!
He will not let me be the man I would.
Jane. What sayst thou, Montfort? Oh! what words are these!
They have awaked my soul to dreadful thoughts.
I do beseech thee, speak!
By the affection thou didst ever bear me;
By the dear memory of our infant days;
By kindred living ties—ay, and by those
Who sleep in the tomb, and cannot call to thee,
I do conjure thee, speak!
Ha! wilt thou not?
Then, if affection, most unwearied love,
Tried early, long, and never wanting found,
O'er generous man hath more authority,
More rightful power than crown or sceptre give,
I do command thee!
De Montfort, do not thus resist my love.
Here I intreat thee on my bended knees.
Alas! my brother!
De Mon. [*Raising her, and kneeling.*]
Thus let him kneel who should the abased be,
And at thine honoured feet confession make.
I'll tell thee all—but, oh! thou wilt despise me.
For in my breast a raging passion burns,
To which thy soul no sympathy will own—
A passion which hath made my nightly couch
A place of torment, and the light of day,
With the gay intercourse of social man,
Feel like the oppressive airless pestilence.
O Jane! thou wilt despise me.
Jane. Say not so:
I never can despise thee, gentle brother.
A lover's jealousy and hopeless pangs
No kindly heart contemns.
De Mon. A lover's, say'st thou?
No, it is hate! black, lasting, deadly hate!
Which thus hath driven me forth from kindred peace,
From social pleasure, from my native home,
To be a sullen wanderer on the earth,
Avoiding all men, cursing and accursed.
Jane. De Montfort, this is fiend-like, terrible!
What being, by the Almighty Father formed
Of flesh and blood, created even as thou,
Could in thy breast such horrid tempest wake,
Who art thyself his fellow?
Unknit thy brows, and spread those wrath-clenched hands.
Some sprite accursed within thy bosom mates
To work thy ruin. Strive with it, my brother!
Strive bravely with it; drive it from thy heart;
'Tis the degrader of a noble heart.
Curse it, and bid it part.
De Mon. It will not part. I've lodged it here too long.
With my first cares I felt its rankling touch.
I loathed him when a boy.
Jane. Whom didst thou say?
De Mon. Detested Rezenvelt!
E'en in our early sports, like two young whelps
Of hostile breed, instinctively averse,
Each 'gainst the other pitched his ready pledge,
And frowned defiance. As we onward passed
From youth to man's estate, his narrow art
And envious gibing malice, poorly veiled
In the affected carelessness of mirth,
Still more detestable and odious grew.
There is no living being on this earth
Who can conceive the malice of his soul,
With all his gay and damned merriment,
To those by fortune or by merit placed
Above his paltry self. When, low in fortune,
He looked upon the state of prosperous men,
As nightly birds, roused from their murky holes,
Do scowl and chatter at the light of day,
I could endure it; even as we bear
The impotent bite of some half-trodden worm,
I could endure it. But when honours came,
And wealth and new-got titles fed his pride;
Whilst flattering knaves did trumpet forth his praise,
And groveling idiots grinned applauses on him;
Oh! then I could no longer suffer it!
It drove me frantic. What, what would I give—
What would I give to crush the bloated toad,
So rankly do I loathe him!
Jane. And would thy hatred crush the very man
Who gave to thee that life he might have taken?
That life which thou so rashly didst expose
To aim at his? Oh, this is horrible!
De Mon. Ha! thou hast heard it, then! From all the world,
But most of all from thee, I thought it hid.
Jane. I heard a secret whisper, and resolved
Upon the instant to return to thee.
Didst thou receive my letter?
De Mon. I did! I did! 'Twas that which drove me hither.
I could not bear to meet thine eye again.
Jane. Alas! that, tempted by a sister's tears,
I ever left thy house! These few past months,
These absent months, have brought us all this wo.
Had I remained with thee, it had not been.
And yet, methinks, it should not move you thus.
You dared him to the field; both bravely fought;
He, more adroit, disarmed you; courteously

Returned the forfeit sword, which, so returned,
You did refuse to use against him more;
And then, as says report, you parted friends.
De Mon. When he disarmed this cursed, this worthless hand
Of its most worthless weapon, he but spared
From devilish pride, which now derives a bliss
In seeing me thus fettered, shamed, subjected
With the vile favour of his poor forbearance;
Whilst he securely sits with gibing brow,
And basely baits me like a muzzled cur,
Who cannot turn again.
Until that day, till that accursed day,
I knew not half the torment of this hell
Which burns within my breast. Heaven's lightnings blast him!
Jane. Oh, this is horrible! Forbear, forbear!
Lest Heaven's vengeance light upon thy head
For this most impious wish.
De Mon. Then let it light.
Torments more fell than I have known already
It cannot send. To be annihilated,
What all men shrink from; to be dust, be nothing,
Were bliss to me, compared to what I am!
Jane. Oh! wouldst thou kill me with these dreadful words?
De Mon. Let me but once upon his ruin look,
Then close mine eyes for ever!——
Ha! how is this? Thou'rt ill; thou'rt very pale;
What have I done to thee? Alas! alas!
I meant not to distress thee—O, my sister!
Jane. I cannot now speak to thee.
De Mon. I have killed thee.
Turn, turn thee not away! Look on me still!
Oh! droop not thus, my life, my pride, my sister!
Look on me yet again.
Jane. Thou, too, De Montfort,
In better days was wont to be my pride.
De Mon. I am a wretch, most wretched in myself,
And still more wretched in the pain I give.
O curse that villain, that detested villain!
He has spread misery o'er my fated life;
He will undo us all.
Jane. I've held my warfare through a troubled world,
And borne with steady mind my share of ill;
For then the helpmate of my toil wast thou.
But now the wane of life comes darkly on,
And hideous passion tears thee from my heart,
Blasting thy worth. I cannot strive with this.
De Mon. What shall I do?

[*Female Picture of a Country Life.*]

Even now methinks
Each little cottage of my native vale
Swells out its earthen sides, upheaves its roof,
Like to a hillock moved by labouring mole,
And with green trail-weeds clambering up its walls,
Roses and every gay and fragrant plant
Before my fancy stands, a fairy bower.
Ay, and within it too do fairies dwell.
Peep through its wreathed window, if indeed
The flowers grow not too close; and there within
Thou'lt see some half a dozen rosy brats,
Eating from wooden bowls their dainty milk—
Those are my mountain elves. Seest thou not
Their very forms distinctly?
I'll gather round my board
All that Heaven sends to me of way-worn folks,
And noble travellers, and neighbouring friends,
Both young and old. Within my ample hall,
The worn-out man of arms shall o' tiptoe tread,
Tossing his gray locks from his wrinkled brow
With cheerful freedom, as he boasts his feats
Of days gone by. Music we'll have; and oft
The bickering dance upon our oaken floors
Shall, thundering loud, strike on the distant ear
Of 'nighted travellers, who shall gladly bend
Their doubtful footsteps towards the cheering din.
Solemn, and grave, and cloistered, and demure
We shall not be. Will this content ye, damsels?
Every season
Shall have its suited pastime: even winter
In its deep noon, when mountains piled with snow,
And choked up valleys from our mansion bar
All entrance, and nor guest nor traveller
Sounds at our gate; the empty hall forsaken,
In some warm chamber, by the crackling fire,
We'll hold our little, snug, domestic court,
Plying our work with song and tale between.

[*Fears of Imagination.*]

Didst thou ne'er see the swallow's veering breast,
Winging the air beneath some murky cloud
In the sunned glimpses of a stormy day,
Shiver in silvery brightness?
Or boatmen's oar, as vivid lightning flash
In the faint gleam, that like a spirit's path
Tracks the still waters of some sullen lake?
Or lonely tower, from its brown mass of woods,
Give to the parting of a wintry sun
One hasty glance in mockery of the night
Closing in darkness round it? Gentle friend!
Chide not her mirth who was sad yesterday,
And may be so to-morrow.

[*Speech of Prince Edward in his Dungeon.*]

Doth the bright sun from the high arch of heaven,
In all his beauteous robes of fleckered clouds,
And ruddy vapours, and deep-glowing flames,
And softly varied shades, look gloriously?
Do the green woods dance to the wind? the lakes
Cast up their sparkling waters to the light?
Do the sweet hamlets in their bushy dells
Send winding up to heaven their curling smoke
On the soft morning air?
Do the flocks bleat, and the wild creatures bound
In antic happiness? and mazy birds
Wing the mid air in lightly skimming bands?
Ay, all this is—men do behold all this—
The poorest man. Even in this lonely vault,
My dark and narrow world, oft do I hear
The crowing of the cock so near my walls,
And sadly think how small a space divides me
From all this fair creation.

[*Description of Jane de Montfort.*]

[The following has been pronounced to be a perfect picture of Mrs Siddons, the tragic actress.]

Page. Madam, there is a lady in your hall
Who begs to be admitted to your presence.
Lady. Is it not one of our invited friends?
Page. No; far unlike to them. It is a stranger.
Lady. How looks her countenance?
Page. So queenly, so commanding, and so noble,
I shrunk at first in awe; but when she smiled,
Methought I could have compassed sea and land
To do her bidding.
Lady. Is she young or old?
Page. Neither, if right I guess; but she is fair,
For Time hath laid his hand so gently on her,
As he, too, had been awed.
Lady. The foolish stripling!
She has bewitched thee. Is she large in stature?
Page. So stately and so graceful is her form,
I thought at first her stature was gigantic;
But on a near approach, I found, in truth,
She scarcely does surpass the middle size.
Lady. What is her garb?

Page. I cannot well describe the fashion of it:
She is not decked in any gallant trim,
But seems to me clad in her usual weeds
Of high habitual state; for as she moves,
Wide flows her robe in many a waving fold,
As I have seen unfurled banners play
With the soft breeze.
Lady. Thine eyes deceive thee, boy;
It is an apparition thou hast seen.
Freberg. [*Starting from his seat, where he has been sitting during the conversation between the Lady and the Page.*]
It is an apparition he has seen,
Or it is Jane de Montfort.

WILLIAM GODWIN—WILLIAM SOTHEBY.

MR GODWIN, the novelist, attempted the tragic drama in the year 1800, but his powerful genius, which had produced a romance of deep and thrilling interest, became cold and frigid when confined to the rules of the stage. His play was named *Antonio, or the Soldier's Return.* It turned out 'a miracle of dulness,' as Sergeant Talfourd relates, and at last the actors were hooted from the stage. The author's equanimity under this severe trial is amusingly related by Talfourd. Mr Godwin, he says, 'sat on one of the front benches of the pit, unmoved amidst the storm. When the first act passed off without a hand, he expressed his satisfaction at the good sense of the house; "the proper season of applause had not arrived;" all was exactly as it should be. The second act proceeded to its close in the same uninterrupted calm; his friends became uneasy, but still his optimism prevailed; he could afford to wait. And although he did at last admit the great movement was somewhat tardy, and that the audience seemed rather patient than interested, he did not lose his confidence till the tumult arose, and then he submitted with quiet dignity to the fate of genius, too lofty to be understood by a world as yet in its childhood.' The next new play was also by a man of distinguished genius, and it also was unsuccessful. *Julian and Agnes*, by WILLIAM SOTHEBY, the translator of Oberon, was acted April 25, 1800. 'In the course of its performance, Mrs Siddons, as the heroine, had to make her exit from the scene with an infant in her arms. Having to retire precipitately, she inadvertently struck the baby's head violently against a door-post. Happily, the little thing was made of wood, so that her doll's accident only produced a general laugh, in which the actress herself joined heartily.' This 'untoward event' would have marred the success of any new tragedy; but Mr Sotheby's is deficient in arrangement and dramatic art. We may remark, that at this time the genius of Kemble and Mrs Siddons shed a lustre on the stage, and reclaimed it from the barbarous solecisms in dress and decoration which even Garrick had tolerated. Neither Kemble nor Garrick, however, paid sufficient attention to the text of Shakspeare's dramas, which, even down to about the year 1838, continued to be presented as mutilated by Nahum Tate, Colley Cibber, and others. The first manager who ventured to restore the pure text of the great dramatist, and present it without any of the baser alloys on the stage, was Mr Macready, who made great though unavailing efforts to encourage the taste of the public for Shakspeare and the legitimate drama.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

The tragedies of Coleridge, Scott, Byron, Procter, and Milman (noticed in our account of these poets), must be considered as poems rather than plays. Coleridge's *Remorse* was acted with some success in 1813, aided by fine original music, but it has not since been revived. It contains, however, some of Coleridge's most exquisite poetry and wild superstition, with a striking romantic plot. We extract the scene in which Alhadra describes the supposed murder of her husband, Alvar, by his brother, and animates his followers to vengeance.

[*Scene from 'Remorse.'*]

The Mountains by Moonlight. ALHADRA alone, in a Moorish dress.

Alhadra. Yon hanging woods, that, touched by autumn, seem
As they were blossoming hues of fire and gold;
The flower-like woods, most lovely in decay,
The many clouds, the sea, the rocks, the sands,
Lie in the silent moonshine; and the owl
(Strange, very strange!)—the screech-owl only wakes,
Sole voice, sole eye of all this world of beauty!
Unless, perhaps, she sing her screeching song
To a herd of wolves, that skulk athirst for blood.
Why such a thing am I? Where are these men?
I need the sympathy of human faces,
To beat away this deep contempt for all things,
Which quenches my revenge. Oh! would to Alla
The raven or the sea-mew were appointed
To bring me food! or rather that my soul
Could drink in life from the universal air!
It were a lot divine in some small skiff,
Along some ocean's boundless solitude,
To float for ever with a careless course,
And think myself the only being alive!
My children!—Isidore's children!—Son of Valdez,
This hath new strung mine arm. Thou coward tyrant!
To stupify a woman's heart with anguish,
Till she forgot even that she was a mother!

[She fixes her eyes on the earth. Then drop in, one after another, from different parts of the stage, a considerable number of Morescoes, all in Moorish garments and Moorish armour. They form a circle at a distance round ALHADRA, and remain silent till the second in command, NAOMI, enters, distinguished by his dress and armour, and by the silent obeisance paid to him on his entrance by the other Moors.]

Naomi. Woman, may Alla and the prophet bless thee!
We have obeyed thy call. Where is our chief?
And why didst thou enjoin these Moorish garments?
Alhad. [*Raising her eyes, and looking round on the circle.*]
Warriors of Mahomet! faithful in the battle!
My countrymen! Come ye prepared to work
An honourable deed? And would ye work it
In the slave's garb? Curse on those Christian robes!
They are spell-blasted; and whoever wears them,
His arm shrinks withered, his heart melts away,
And his bones soften.
Naomi. Where is Isidore?
Alhad. [*In a deep low voice.*] This night I went from forth my house, and left
His children all asleep; and he was living!
And I returned, and found them still asleep,
But he had perished!
All Morescoes. Perished?
Alhad. He had perished!—
Sleep on, poor babes! not one of you doth know
That he is fatherless—a desolate orphan!
Why should we wake them? Can an infant's arm
Revenge his murder?
One Moresco to another. Did she say his murder?
Naomi. Murder! Not murdered!
Alhad. Murdered by a Christian! [*They all at once draw their sabres.*
Alhad. [*To Naomi, who advances from the circle.*]
Brother of Zagri, fling away thy sword;
This is thy chieftain's! [*He steps forward to take it.*]

Dost thou dare receive it?
For I have sworn by Alla and the prophet,
No tear shall dim these eyes—this woman's heart
Shall heave no groan—till I have seen that sword
Wet with the life-blood of the son of Valdez!
[*A pause.*]
Ordonio was your chieftain's murderer!
Naomi. He dies, by Alla!
All. [*Kneeling.*] By Alla!
Alhad. This night your chieftain armed himself,
And hurried from me. But I followed him
At distance, till I saw him enter—*there!*
Naomi. The cavern?
Alhad. Yes, the mouth of yonder cavern.
After a while I saw the son of Valdez
Rush by with flaring torch; he likewise entered.
There was another and a longer pause;
And once methought I heard the clash of swords!
And soon the son of Valdez reappeared:
He flung his torch towards the moon in sport,
And seemed as he were mirthful; I stood listening,
Impatient for the footsteps of my husband!
Naomi. Thou calledst him?
Alhad. I crept into the cavern—
'Twas dark and very silent. [*Then wildly.*] What saidst thou?
No, no! I did not dare call Isidore,
Lest I should hear no answer. A brief while,
Belike, I lost all thought and memory
Of that for which I came. After that pause—
O Heaven! I heard a groan, and followed it;
And yet another groan, which guided me
Into a strange recess, and there was light,
A hideous light! his torch lay on the ground;
It's flame burned dimly o'er a chasm's brink.
I spake; and whilst I spake, a feeble groan
Came from that chasm! it was his last—his death-groan!
Naomi. Comfort her, Alla.
Alhad. I stood in unimaginable trance,
And agony that cannot be remembered,
Listening with horrid hope to hear a groan!
But I had heard his last, my husband's death-groan!
Naomi. Haste! let us onward.
Alhad. I looked far down the pit—
My sight was bounded by a jutting fragment;
And it was stained with blood. Then first I shrieked,
My eyeballs burned, my brain grew hot as fire!
And all the hanging drops of the wet roof
Turned into blood—I saw them turn to blood!
And I was leaping wildly down the chasm,
When on the farther brink I saw his sword,
And it said vengeance! Curses on my tongue!
The moon hath moved in heaven, and I am here,
And he hath not had vengeance! Isidore,
Spirit of Isidore, thy murderer lives!
Away, away!
All. Away, away! [*She rushes off, all following.*

The incantation scene, in the same play, is sketched with high poetical power, and the author's unrivalled musical expression:—

Scene—A Hall of Armory, with an altar at the back of the stage. Soft music from an instrument of glass or steel.

VALDEZ, ORDONIO, and ALVAR in a Sorcerer's robe are discovered.

Ord. This was too melancholy, father.
Vald. Nay,
My Alvar loved sad music from a child.
Once he was lost, and after weary search
We found him in an open place in the wood,
To which spot he had followed a blind boy,
Who breathed into a pipe of sycamore
Some strangely moving notes; and these, he said,
Were taught him in a dream. Him we first saw
Stretched on the broad top of a sunny heath-bank:
And lower down poor Alvar, fast asleep,
His head upon the blind boy's dog. It pleased me
To mark how he had fastened round the pipe
A silver toy his grandam had late given him.
Methinks I see him now as he then looked—
Even so! He had outgrown his infant dress,
Yet still he wore it.
Alv. My tears must not flow!
I must not clasp his knees, and cry, My father!

Enter TERESA and Attendants.

Ter. Lord Valdez, you have asked my presence here,
And I submit; but (Heaven bear witness for me)
My heart approves it not! 'tis mockery.
Ord. Believe you, then, no preternatural influence?
Believe you not that spirits throng around us?
Ter. Say rather that I have imagined it
A possible thing: and it has soothed my soul
As other fancies have; but ne'er seduced me
To traffic with the black and frenzied hope
That the dead hear the voice of witch or wizard.
[*To Alvar.*] Stranger, I mourn and blush to see you here
On such employment! With far other thoughts
I left you.
Ord. [*Aside.*] Ha! he has been tampering with her!
Alv. O high-souled maiden! and more dear to me
Than suits the stranger's name!
I swear to thee
I will uncover all concealed guilt.
Doubt, but decide not! Stand ye from the altar.
[*Here a strain of music is heard from behind the scene.*
Alv. With no irreverent voice or uncouth charm
I call up the departed!
Soul of Alvar!
Hear our soft suit, and heed my milder spell:
So may the gates of Paradise, unbarred,
Cease thy swift toils! Since haply thou art one
Of that innumerable company
Who in broad circle, lovelier than the rainbow,
Girdle this round earth in a dizzy motion,
With noise too vast and constant to be heard:
Fitliest unheard! For oh, ye numberless
And rapid travellers! what ear unstunned,
What sense unmaddened, might bear up against
The rushing of your congregated wings? [*Music.*]
Even now your living wheel turns o'er my head!
[*Music expressive of the movements and images that follow.*]
Ye, as ye pass, toss high the desert sands,
That roar and whiten like a burst of waters,
A sweet appearance, but a dread illusion
To the parched caravan that roams by night!
And ye build up on the becalmed waves
That whirling pillar, which from earth to heaven
Stands vast, and moves in blackness! Ye, too, split
The ice mount! and with fragments many and huge
Tempest the new-thawed sea, whose sudden gulfs
Suck in, perchance, some Lapland wizard's skiff!
Then round and round the whirlpool's marge ye dance,
Till from the blue swollen corse the soul toils out,
And joins your mighty army. [*Here, behind the scenes, a voice sings the three words, 'Hear, sweet spirit.'*]
Soul of Alvar!
Hear the mild spell, and tempt no blacker charm!
By sighs unquiet, and the sickly pang
Of a half dead, yet still undying hope,
Pass visible before our mortal sense!
So shall the church's cleansing rites be thine,
Her knells and masses, that redeem the dead!

[*Song behind the scenes, accompanied by the same instrument as before.*]

Hear, sweet spirit, hear the spell,
Lest a blacker charm compel!
So shall the midnight breezes swell
With thy deep long lingering knell.

And at evening evermore,
In a chapel on the shore,
Shall the chanters, sad and saintly,
Yellow tapers burning faintly,
Doleful masses chant for thee,
Miserere Domine!

Hark! the cadence dies away
On the yellow moonlight sea:
The boatmen rest their oars and say,
Miserere Domine!

[*A long pause.*

Ord. The innocent obey nor charm nor spell!
My brother is in heaven. Thou sainted spirit,
Burst on our sight, a passing visitant!
Once more to hear thy voice, once more to see thee,
O 'twere a joy to me!

Alv. A joy to thee!
What if thou heard'st him now? What if his spirit
Re-entered its cold corse, and came upon thee
With many a stab from many a murderer's poniard?
What if (his steadfast eye still beaming pity
And brother's love) he turned his head aside,
Lest he should look at thee, and with one look
Hurl thee beyond all power of penitence?

Vald. These are unholy fancies!

Ord. [*Struggling with his feelings.*] Yes, my father,
He is in heaven!

Alv. [*Still to Ordonio.*] But what if he had a brother,
Who had lived even so, that at his dying hour
The name of heaven would have convulsed his face
More than the death-pang?

Val. Idly prating man!
Thou hast guessed ill: Don Alvar's only brother
Stands here before thee—a father's blessing on him!
He is most virtuous.

Alv. [*Still to Ordonio.*] What if his very virtues
Had pampered his swollen heart and made him proud?
And what if pride had duped him into guilt?
Yet still he stalked a self-created god,
Not very bold, but exquisitely cunning;
And one that at his mother's looking-glass
Would force his features to a frowning sternness?
Young lord! I tell thee that there are such beings—
Yea, and it gives fierce merriment to the damned
To see these most proud men, that loathe mankind,
At every stir and buz of coward conscience,
Trick, cant, and lie; most whining hypocrites!
Away, away! Now let me hear more music.

[*Music again.*

Ter. 'Tis strange, I tremble at my own conjectures!
But whatsoe'er it mean, I dare no longer
Be present at these lawless mysteries,
This dark provoking of the hidden powers!
Already I affront—if not high Heaven—
Yet Alvar's memory! Hark! I make appeal
Against the unholy rite, and hasten hence
To bend before a lawful shrine, and seek
That voice which whispers, when the still heart listens,
Comfort and faithful hope! Let us retire.

REV. CHARLES ROBERT MATURIN.

The Rev. Charles Robert Maturin, author of several romances, produced a tragedy named *Bertram*, which, by the influence of Lord Byron, was brought out at Drury Lane in 1816. It was well received; and by the performance and publication of his play, the author realised about £1000. Sir Walter Scott considered the tragedy 'grand and powerful, the language most animated and poetical, and the characters sketched with a masterly enthusiasm.' The author was anxious to introduce Satan on the stage, a return to the style of the ancient mysteries by no means suited to modern taste. Mr Maturin was curate of St Peter's, Dublin. The scanty income derived from his curacy being insufficient for his comfortable maintenance, he employed himself in assisting young persons during their classical studies at Trinity college, Dublin. The novels of Maturin (which will be afterwards noticed) enjoyed considerable popularity; and had his prudence been equal

C R Maturin

to his genius, his life might have been passed in comfort and respect. He was, however, vain and extravagant—always in difficulties (Scott at one time generously sent him £50), and haunted by bailiffs. When this eccentric author was engaged in composition, he used to fasten a wafer on his forehead, which was the signal that if any of his family entered the sanctum they must not speak to him! The success of 'Bertram' induced Mr Maturin to attempt another tragedy, *Manuel*, which he published in 1817. It is a very inferior production; 'the absurd work of a clever man,' says Byron. The unfortunate author died in Dublin on the 30th of October 1824.

[*Scene from 'Bertram.'*]

[A passage of great poetical beauty, in which Bertram is represented as spurred to the commission of his great crimes by the direct agency of a supernatural and malevolent being. —*Sir Walter Scott.*]

PRIOR—BERTRAM.

Prior. The dark knight of the forest,
So from his armour named and sable helm,
Whose unbarred vizor mortal never saw.
He dwells alone; no earthly thing lives near him,
Save the hoarse raven croaking o'er his towers,
And the dank weeds muffling his stagnant moat.

Bertram. I'll ring a summons on his barred portal
Shall make them through their dark valves rock and ring.

Prior. Thou'rt mad to take the quest. Within my memory
One solitary man did venture there—
Dark thoughts dwelt with him, which he sought to vent.
Unto that dark compeer we saw his steps,
In winter's stormy twilight, seek that pass—
But days and years are gone, and he returns not.

Bertram. What fate befell him there?

Prior. The manner of his end was never known.

Bertram. That man shall be my mate. Contend not with me—
Horrors to me are kindred and society.
Or man, or fiend, he hath won the soul of Bertram.

[Bertram is afterwards discovered alone, wandering near the fatal tower, and describes the effect of the awful interview which he had courted.]

Bertram. Was it a man or fiend? Whate'er it was,
It hath dealt wonderfully with me—
All is around his dwelling suitable;
The invisible blast to which the dark pines groan,
The unconscious tread to which the dark earth echoes,
The hidden waters rushing to their fall;
These sounds, of which the causes are not seen,
I love, for they are, like my fate, mysterious!
How towered his proud form through the shrouding gloom,
How spoke the eloquent silence of its motion,
How through the barred vizor did his accents
Roll their rich thunder on their pausing soul!
And though his mailed hand did shun my grasp,
And though his closed morion hid his feature,
Yea, all resemblance to the face of man,
I felt the hollow whisper of his welcome,

I felt these unseen eyes were fixed on mine,
If eyes indeed were there——
Forgotten thoughts of evil, still-born mischiefs,
Foul fertile seeds of passion and of crime,
That withered in my heart's abortive core,
Roused their dark battle at his trumpet peal:
So sweeps the tempest o'er the slumbering desert,
Waking its myriad hosts of burning death:
So calls the last dread peal the wandering atoms
Of blood, and bone, and flesh, and dust-worn fragments,
In dire array of ghastly unity,
To bide the eternal summons—
I am not what I was since I beheld him—
I was the slave of passion's ebbing sway—
All is condensed, collected, callous, now—
The groan, the burst, the fiery flash is o'er,
Down pours the dense and darkening lava tide,
Arresting life, and stilling all beneath it.

Enter two of his band observing him.

First Robber. Seest thou with what a step of pride he stalks?
Thou hast the dark knight of the forest seen;
For never man, from living converse come,
Trod with such step or flashed with eye like thine.
Second Robber. And hast thou of a truth seen the dark knight?
Bertram. [*Turning on him suddenly.*] Thy hand is chilled with fear. Well, shivering craven,
Say I have seen him—wherefore dost thou gaze?
Long'st thou for tale of goblin-guarded portal?
Of giant champion, whose spell-forged mail
Crumbled to dust at sound of magic horn—
Banner of sheeted flame, whose foldings shrunk
To withering weeds, that o'er the battlements
Wave to the broken spell—or demon blast
Of winded clarion, whose fell summons sinks
To lonely whisper of the shuddering breeze
O'er the charmed towers——
First Robber. Mock me not thus. Hast met him of a truth?
Bertram. Well, fool—
First Robber. Why, then, Heaven's benison be with you.
Upon this hour we part—farewell for ever.
For mortal cause I bear a mortal weapon—
But man that leagues with demons lacks not man.

RICHARD L. SHEIL—J. H. PAYNE—B. W. PROCTER—JAMES HAYNES.

Another Irish poet, and man of warm imagination, is RICHARD LALOR SHEIL. His plays, *Evadne* and *The Apostate*, were performed with much success, partly owing to the admirable acting of Miss O'Neil. The interest of Mr Sheil's dramas is concentrated too exclusively on the heroine of each; and there is a want of action and animated dialogue, but they abound in impressive and well-managed scenes. The plot of 'Evadne' is taken from Shirley's Traitor, as are also some of the sentiments. The following description of female beauty is very finely expressed:—

But you do not look altered—would you did!
Let me peruse the face where loveliness
Stays, like the light after the sun is set.
Sphered in the stillness of those heaven-blue eyes,
The soul sits beautiful; the high white front,
Smooth as the brow of Pallas, seems a temple
Sacred to holy thinking—and those lips
Wear the small smile of sleeping infancy,
They are so innocent. Ah, thou art still
The same soft creature, in whose lovely form
Virtue and beauty seemed as if they tried
Which should exceed the other. Thou hast got
That brightness all around thee, that appeared
An emanation of the soul, that loved
To adorn its habitation with itself,
And in thy body was like light, that looks
More beautiful in the reflecting cloud
It lives in, in the evening. Oh, Evadne,
Thou art not altered—would thou wert!

In the same year with Mr Sheil's 'Evadne' (1820) appeared *Brutus, or the Fall of Tarquin*, a historical tragedy, by JOHN HOWARD PAYNE. There is no originality or genius displayed in this drama, but, when well acted, it is highly effective on the stage.

In 1821 MR PROCTER'S tragedy of *Mirandola* was brought out at Covent Garden, and had a short but enthusiastic run of success. The plot is painful (including the death, through unjust suspicions, of a prince sentenced by his father), and there is a want of dramatic movement in the play; but some of the passages are imbued with poetical feeling and vigorous expression. The doting affection of Mirandola, the duke, has something of the warmth and the rich diction of the old dramatists.

Duke. My own sweet love! Oh! my dear peerless wife!
By the blue sky and all its crowding stars,
I love you better—oh! far better than
Woman was ever loved. There's not an hour
Of day or dreaming night but I am with thee:
There's not a wind but whispers of thy name,
And not a flower that sleeps beneath the moon
But in its hues or fragrance tells a tale
Of thee, my love, to thy Mirandola.
Speak, dearest Isidora, can you love
As I do? Can—but no, no; I shall grow
Foolish if thus I talk. You must be gone;
You must be gone, fair Isidora, else
The business of the dukedom soon will cease.
I speak the truth, by Dian. Even now
Gheraldi waits without (or should) to see me.
In faith, you must go: one kiss—and so, away.
Isid. Farewell, my lord.
Duke. We'll ride together, dearest,
Some few hours hence.
Isid. Just as you please; farewell. [*Exit.*
Duke. Farewell! with what a waving air she goes
Along the corridor. How like a fawn;
Yet statelier.—Hark! no sound, however soft
(Nor gentlest echo), telleth when she treads;
But every motion of her shape doth seem
Hallowed by silence. Thus did Hebe grow
Amidst the gods, a paragon; and thus—
Away! I'm grown the very fool of love.

About the same time *Conscience, or the Bridal Night*, by MR JAMES HAYNES, was performed, and afterwards published. The hero is a ruined Venetian, and his bride the daughter of his deadliest enemy, and the niece of one to whose death he had been a party. The stings of conscience, and the fears accompanying the bridal night, are thus described:—

[LORENZO and his friend JULIO.]

I had thoughts
Of dying, but pity bids me live!
Jul. Yes, live, and still be happy.
Lor. Never, Julio;
Never again—even at my bridal hour
Thou sawest detection, like a witch, look on
And smile, and mock at the solemnity,
Conjuring the stars. Hark! was not that a noise?
Jul. No, all is still.
Lor. Have none approached us?

Jul. None.
Lor. Then 'twas my fancy. Every passing hour
Is crowded with a thousand whisperers;
The night has lost its silence, and the stars
Shoot fire upon my soul. Darkness itself
Has objects for mine eyes to gaze upon,
And sends me terror when I pray for sleep
In vain upon my knees. Nor ends it here;
My greatest dread of all—detection—casts
Her shadow on my walk, and startles me
At every turn: sometime will reason drag
Her frightful chain of probable alarms
Across my mind; or, if fatigued, she droops,
Her pangs survive the while; as you have seen
The ocean tossing when the wind is down,
And the huge storm is dying on the waters.
Once, too, I had a dream——
Jul. The shadows of our sleep should fly with sleep;
Nor hang their sickness on the memory.
Lor. Methought the dead man, rising from his tomb,
Frowned over me. Elmira at my side,
Stretched her fond arms to shield me from his wrath,
At which he frowned the more. I turned away,
Disgusted, from the spectre, and assayed
To clasp my wife; but she was pale, and cold,
And in her breast the heart was motionless,
And on her limbs the clothing of the grave,
With here and there a worm, hung heavily.
Then did the spectre laugh, till from its mouth
Blood dropped upon us while it cried—'Behold!
Such is the bridal bed that waits thy love!'
I would have struck it (for my rage was up);
I tried the blow; but, all my senses shaken
By the convulsion, broke the tranced spell,
And darkness told me—sleep was my tormentor.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

The most successful of modern tragic dramatists is MR JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES, whose plays



have recently been collected and republished in three volumes. His first appeared in 1820, and is founded on that striking incident in Roman story, the death of a maiden by the hand of her father, Virginius, to save her from the lust and tyranny of Appius. Mr Knowles's *Virginius* had an extraordinary run of success. He has since published *The Wife, a Tale of Mantua*, *The Hunchback*, *Caius Gracchus*, *The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green*, *William Tell*, *The Love Chace*, &c. With considerable knowledge of stage effect, Mr Knowles unites a lively inventive imagination and a poetical colouring, which, if at times too florid and gaudy, sets off his familiar images and illustrations. His style is formed on that of Massinger and the other elder dramatists, carried often to a ridiculous excess. He also frequently violates Roman history and classical propriety, and runs into conceits and affected metaphors. These faults are counterbalanced by a happy art of constructing scenes and plots, romantic, yet not too improbable, by skilful delineation of character, especially in domestic life, and by a current of poetry which sparkles through his plays, 'not with a dazzling lustre—not with a gorgeousness that engrosses our attention, but mildly and agreeably; seldom impeding with useless glitter the progress and development of incident and character, but mingling itself with them, and raising them pleasantly above the prosaic level of common life.'*

[*Scene from 'Virginius.'*]

APPIUS, CLAUDIUS, and LICTORS.

Appius. Well, Claudius, are the forces
At hand?
Claudius. They are, and timely, too; the people
Are in unwonted ferment.
App. There's something awes me at
The thought of looking on her father!
Claud. Look
Upon her, my Appius! Fix your gaze upon
The treasures of her beauty, nor avert it
Till they are thine. Haste! Your tribunal!
Haste! [*Appius ascends the tribunal.*

[Enter NUMITORIUS, ICILIUS, LUCIUS, CITIZENS, VIRGINIUS leading his daughter, SERVIA, and CITIZENS. A dead silence prevails.]

Virginius. Does no one speak? I am defendant here.
Is silence my opponent? Fit opponent
To plead a cause too foul for speech! What brow
Shameless gives front to this most valiant cause,
That tries its prowess 'gainst the honour of
A girl, yet lacks the wit to know, that he
Who casts off shame, should likewise cast off fear—
And on the verge o' the combat wants the nerve
To stammer forth the signal?
App. You had better,
Virginius, wear another kind of carriage;
This is not of the fashion that will serve you.
Vir. The fashion, Appius! Appius Claudius tell me
The fashion it becomes a man to speak in,
Whose property in his own child—the offspring
Of his own body, near to him as is
His hand, his arm—yea, nearer—closer far,
Knit to his heart—I say, who has his property
In such a thing, the very self of himself,
Disputed—and I'll speak so, Appius Claudius;
I'll speak so—Pray you tutor me!
App. Stand forth
Claudius! If you lay claim to any interest
In the question now before us, speak; if not,
Bring on some other cause.
Claud. Most noble Appius—
Vir. And are you the man
That claims my daughter for his slave?—Look at me
And I will give her to thee.

* Edinburgh Review for 1833.

Claud. She is mine, then:
Do I not look at you?
Vir. Your eye does, truly,
But not your soul. I see it through your eye
Shifting and shrinking—turning every way
To shun me. You surprise me, that your eye,
So long the bully of its master, knows not
To put a proper face upon a lie,
But gives the port of impudence to falsehood
When it would pass it off for truth. Your soul
Dares as soon show its face to me. Go on,
I had forgot; the fashion of my speech
May not please Appius Claudius.
Claud. I demand
Protection of the Decemvir!
App. You shall have it.
Vir. Doubtless!
App. Keep back the people, Lictors! What's
Your plea? You say the girl's your slave. Produce
Your proofs.
Claud. My proof is here, which, if they can,
Let them confront. The mother of the girl—
[*Virginius, stepping forward, is withheld by Numitorius.*
Numitorius. Hold, brother! Hear them out, or suffer me
To speak.
Vir. Man, I must speak, or else go mad!
And if I do go mad, what then will hold me
From speaking? She was thy sister, too!
Well, well, speak thou. I'll try, and if I can,
Be silent. [*Retires.*
Num. Will she swear she is her child?
Vir. [*Starting forward.*] To be sure she will—a most wise question that!
Is she not his slave? Will his tongue lie for him—
Or his hand steal—or the finger of his hand
Beckon, or point, or shut, or open for him?
To ask him if she'll swear! Will she walk or run,
Sing, dance, or wag her head; do anything
That is most easy done? She'll as soon swear!
What mockery it is to have one's life
In jeopardy by such a bare-faced trick!
Is it to be endured? I do protest
Against her oath!
App. No law in Rome, Virginius,
Seconds you. If she swear the girl's her child,
The evidence is good, unless confronted
By better evidence. Look you to that,
Virginius. I shall take the woman's oath.
Virginia. Icilius!
Icilius. Fear not, love; a thousand oaths
Will answer her.
App. You swear the girl's your child,
And that you sold her to Virginius' wife,
Who passed her for her own. Is that your oath?
Slave. It is my oath.
App. Your answer now, Virginius.
Vir. Here it is! [*Brings Virginia forward.*
Is this the daughter of a slave? I know
'Tis not with men as shrubs and trees, that by
The shoot you know the rank and order of
The stem. Yet who from such a stem would look
For such a shoot. My witnesses are these—
The relatives and friends of Numitoria,
Who saw her, ere Virginia's birth, sustain
The burden which a mother bears, nor feels
The weight, with longing for the sight of it.
Here are the ears that listened to her sighs
In nature's hour of labour, which subsides
In the embrace of joy—the hands, that when
The day first looked upon the infant's face,
And never looked so pleased, helped them up to it,
And blessed her for a blessing. Here, the eyes
That saw her lying at the generous
And sympathetic fount, that at her cry
Sent forth a stream of liquid living pearl
To cherish her enamelled veins. The lie
Is most unfruitful then, that takes the flower—
The very flower our bed connubial grew—
To prove its barrenness! Speak for me, friends;
Have I not spoke the truth?
Women and Citizens. You have, Virginius.
App. Silence! Keep silence there! No more of that!
You're very ready for a tumult, citizens.
[*Troops appear behind.*
Lictors, make way to let these troops advance!
We have had a taste of your forbearance, masters,
And wish not for another.
Vir. Troops in the Forum!
App. Virginius, have you spoken?
Vir. If you have heard me,
I have; if not, I'll speak again.
App. You need not,
Virginius; I had evidence to give,
Which, should you speak a hundred times again,
Would make your pleading vain.
Vir. Your hand, Virginia!
Stand close to me. [*Aside.*
App. My conscience will not let me
Be silent. 'Tis notorious to you all,
That Claudius' father, at his death, declared me
The guardian of his son. This cheat has long
Been known to me. I know the girl is not
Virginius' daughter.
Vir. Join your friends, Icilius,
And leave Virginia to my care. [*Aside.*
App. The justice
I should have done my client unrequired,
Now cited by him, how shall I refuse?
Vir. Don't tremble, girl! don't tremble. [*Aside.*
App. Virginius,
I feel for you; but though you were my father,
The majesty of justice should be sacred—
Claudius must take Virginia home with him!
Vir. And if he must, I should advise him, Appius,
To take her home in time, before his guardian
Complete the violation which his eyes
Already have begun.—Friends! fellow citizens!
Look not on Claudius—look on your Decemvir!
He is the master claims Virginia!
The tongues that told him she was not my child
Are these—the costly charms he cannot purchase,
Except by making her the slave of Claudius,
His client, his purveyor, that caters for
His pleasures—markets for him—picks, and scents,
And tastes, that he may banquet—serves him up
His sensual feast, and is not now ashamed,
In the open, common street, before your eyes—
Frighting your daughters' and your matrons' cheeks
With blushes they ne'er thought to meet—to help him
To the honour of a Roman maid! my child!
Who now clings to me, as you see, as if
This second Tarquin had already coiled
His arms around her. Look upon her, Romans!
Befriend her! succour her! see her not polluted
Before her father's eyes!—He is but one.
Tear her from Appius and his Lictors while
She is unstained.—Your hands! your hands! your hands!
Citizens. They are yours, Virginius.
App. Keep the people back—
Support my Lictors, soldiers! Seize the girl,
And drive the people back.
Icilius. Down with the slaves!
[The people make a show of resistance; but, upon the advance of the soldiers, retreat, and leave ICILIUS, VIRGINIUS, and his daughter, &c. in the hands of APPIUS and his party.]
Deserted!—Cowards! traitors! Let me free

But for a moment! I relied on you;
Had I relied upon myself alone,
I had kept them still at bay! I kneel to you—
Let me but loose a moment, if 'tis only
To rush upon your swords.
Vir. Icilius, peace!
You see how 'tis, we are deserted, left
Alone by our friends, surrounded by our enemies,
Nerveless and helpless.
App. Separate them, Lictors!
Vir. Let them forbear awhile, I pray you, Appius:
It is not very easy. Though her arms
Are tender, yet the hold is strong by which
She grasps me, Appius—forcing them will hurt them;
They'll soon unclasp themselves. Wait but a little—
You know you're sure of her!
App. I have not time
To idle with thee; give her to my Lictors.
Vir. Appius, I pray you wait! If she is not
My child, she hath been like a child to me
For fifteen years. If I am not her father,
I have been like a father to her, Appius,
For even such a time. They that have lived
So long a time together, in so near
And dear society, may be allowed
A little time for parting. Let me take
The maid aside, I pray you, and confer
A moment with her nurse; perhaps she'll give me
Some token will unloose a tie so twined
And knotted round my heart, that, if you break it,
My heart breaks with it.
App. Have your wish. Be brief!
Lictors, look to them.
Virginia. Do you go from me?
Do you leave? Father! Father!
Vir. No, my child—
No, my Virginia—come along with me.
Virginia. Will you not leave me? Will you take me with you?
Will you take me home again? O, bless you! bless you!
My father! my dear father! Art thou not
My father?

[VIRGINIUS, perfectly at a loss what to do, looks anxiously around the Forum; at length his eye falls on a butcher's stall, with a knife upon it.]

Vir. This way, my child—No, no; I am not going
To leave thee, my Virginia! I'll not leave thee.
App. Keep back the people, soldiers! Let them not
Approach Virginius! Keep the people back!
[*Virginius secures the knife.*
Well, have you done?
Vir. Short time for converse, Appius,
But I have.
App. I hope you are satisfied.
Vir. I am—
I am—that she is my daughter!
App. Take her, Lictors!
[*Virginia shrieks, and falls half-dead upon her father's shoulder.*
Vir. Another moment, pray you. Bear with me
A little—'Tis my last embrace. 'Twont try
Your patience beyond bearing, if you're a man!
Lengthen it as I may, I cannot make it
Long. My dear child! My dear Virginia!
[*Kissing her.*
There is one only way to save thine honour—
'Tis this.
[*Stabs her, and draws out the knife. Icilius breaks from the soldiers that held him, and catches her.*
Lo, Appius, with this innocent blood
I do devote thee to the infernal gods!
Make way there!
App. Stop him! Seize him!

Vir. If they dare
To tempt the desperate weapon that is maddened
With drinking my daughter's blood, why, let them: thus
It rushes in amongst them. Way there! Way!
[*Exit through the soldiers.*

[*From 'The Wife, a Tale of Mantua.'*]

LORENZO, an Advocate of Rome, and MARIANA.

Lorenzo. That's right—you are collected and direct
In your replies. I dare be sworn your passion
Was such a thing, as, by its neighbourhood,
Made piety and virtue twice as rich
As e'er they were before. How grew it? Come,
Thou know'st thy heart—look calmly into it,
And see how innocent a thing it is
Which thou dost fear to show—I wait your answer.
How grew your passion?
Mariana. As my stature grew,
Which rose without my noting it, until
They said I was a woman. I kept watch
Beside what seemed his deathbed. From beneath
An avalanche my father rescued him,
The sole survivor of a company
Who wandered through our mountains. A long time
His life was doubtful, signor, and he called
For help, whence help alone could come, which I,
Morning and night, invoked along with him;
So first our souls did mingle!
Lorenzo. I perceive: you mingled souls until you mingled hearts!
You loved at last. Was't not the sequel, maid?
Mariana. I loved, indeed! If I but nursed a flower
Which, to the ground the rain and wind had beaten,
That flower of all our garden was my pride:
What then was he to me, for whom I thought
To make a shroud, when, tending on him still
With hope, that, baffled still, did still keep up;
I saw, at last, the ruddy dawn of health
Begin to mantle o'er his pallid form,
And glow—and glow—till forth at last it burst
Into confirmed, broad, and glorious day!
Lorenzo. You loved, and he did love?
Mariana. To say he did,
Were to affirm what oft his eyes avouched,
What many an action testified—and yet—
What wanted confirmation of his tongue.
But if he loved, it brought him not content!
'Twas now abstraction—now a start—anon
A pacing to and fro—anon a stillness,
As nought remained of life, save life itself,
And feeling, thought, and motion, were extinct.
Then all again was action! Disinclined
To converse, save he held it with himself;
Which oft he did, in moody vein discoursing,
And ever and anon invoking honour,
As some high contest there were pending 'twixt
Himself and him, wherein her aid he needed.
Lorenzo. This spoke impediment; or he was bound
By promise to another; or had friends
Whom it behoved him to consult, and doubted;
Or 'twixt you lay disparity too wide
For love itself to leap.
Mariana. I saw a struggle,
But knew not what it was. I wondered still,
That what to me was all content, to him
Was all disturbance; but my turn did come.
At length he talked of leaving us; at length
He fixed the parting day—but kept it not—
O how my heart did bound! Then first I knew
It had been sinking. Deeper still it sank
When next he fixed to go; and sank it then
To bound no more! He went.
Lorenzo. To follow him
You came to Mantua?

Mariana. What could I do?
Cot, garden, vineyard, rivulet, and wood,
Lake, sky, and mountain, went along with him!
Could I remain behind? My father found
My heart was not at home; he loved his child,
And asked me, one day, whither we should go?
I said, 'To Mantua.' I followed him
To Mantua! to breathe the air he breathed,
To walk upon the ground he walked upon,
To look upon the things he looked upon,
To look, perchance, on him! perchance to hear him,
To touch him! never to be known to him,
Till he was told I lived and died his love.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

The Bride's Tragedy, by THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES, published in 1822, is intended for the closet rather than the theatre. It possesses many passages of pure and sparkling verse. 'The following,' says a writer in the Edinburgh Review, 'will show the way in which Mr Beddoes manages a subject that poets have almost reduced to commonplace. We thought all similes for the violet had been used up; but he gives us a new one, and one that is very delightful.' Hesperus and Floribel (the young wedded lovers) are in a garden; and the husband speaks:—

Hesperus. See, here's a bower
Of eglantine with honeysuckles woven,
Where not a spark of prying light creeps in,
So closely do the sweets enfold each other.
'Tis twilight's home; come in, my gentle love,
And talk to me. So! I've a rival here;
What's this that sleeps so sweetly on your neck!
Floribel. Jealous so soon, my Hesperus? Look, then,
It is a bunch of flowers I pulled for you:
Here's the blue violet, like Pandora's eye,
When first it darkened with immortal life.
Hesperus. Sweet as thy lips. Fie on those taper fingers,
Have they been brushing the long grass aside,
To drag the daisy from its hiding-place,
Where it shuns light, the Danae of flowers,
With gold up-hoarded on its virgin lap?
Floribel. And here's a treasure that I found by chance,
A lily of the valley; low it lay
Over a mossy mound, withered and weeping,
As on a fairy's grave.
Hesperus. Of all the posy
Give me the rose, though there's a tale of blood
Soiling its name. In elfin annals old
'Tis writ, how Zephyr, envious of his love
(The love he bare to Summer, who since then
Has, weeping, visited the world), once found
The baby Perfume cradled in a violet;
('Twas said the beauteous bantling was the child
Of a gay bee, that in his wantonness
Toyed with a pea-bud in a lady's garland);
The felon winds, confederate with him,
Bound the sweet slumberer with golden chains,
Pulled from the wreathed laburnum, and together
Deep cast him in the bosom of a rose,
And fed the fettered wretch with dew and air.

And there is an expression in the same scene (where the author is speaking of sleepers' fancies, &c.)

While that winged song, the restless nightingale
Turns her sad heart to music—

which is perfectly beautiful.

The reader may now take a passage from the scene where Hesperus murders the girl Floribel. She is waiting for him in the Divinity path, alone, and is terrified. At last he comes; and she sighs out—

Speak! let me hear thy voice,
Tell me the joyful news!

and thus he answers—

Ay, I am come
In all my solemn pomp, Darkness and Fear,
And the great Tempest in his midnight car,
The sword of lightning girt across his thigh,
And the whole demon brood of night, blind Fog
And withering Blight, all these are my retainers;
How? not one smile for all this bravery?
What think you of my minstrels, the hoarse winds,
Thunder, and tuneful Discord? Hark, they play.
Well piped, methinks; somewhat too rough, perhaps.
Floribel. I know you practise on my silliness,
Else I might well be scared. But leave this mirth,
Or I must weep.
Hesperus. 'Twill serve to fill the goblets
For our carousal; but we loiter here,
The bride-maids are without; well-picked, thou'lt say,
Wan ghosts of wo-begone, self-slaughtered damsels
In their best winding-sheets; start not; I bid them wipe
Their gory bosoms; they'll look wondrous comely;
Our link-boy, Will-o'-the-Wisp, is waiting too
To light us to our grave.

After some further speech, she asks him what he means, and he replies—

What mean I? Death and murder,
Darkness and misery. To thy prayers and shrift,
Earth gives thee back. Thy God hath sent me for thee;
Repent and die.

She returns gentle answers to him; but in the end he kills her, and afterwards mourns thus over her body:—

Dead art thou, Floribel; fair, painted earth,
And no warm breath shall ever more disport
Between those ruby lips: no; they have quaffed
Life to the dregs, and found death at the bottom,
The sugar of the draught. All cold and still;
Her very tresses stiffen in the air.
Look, what a face! had our first mother worn
But half such beauty when the serpent came,
His heart, all malice, would have turned to love;
No hand but this, which I do think was once
Cain, the arch murderer's, could have acted it.
And I must hide these sweets, not in my bosom;
In the foul earth. She shudders at my grasp:
Just so she laid her head across my bosom
When first—oh villain! which way lies the grave?

MISS MITFORD—SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER—THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.

MISS MITFORD, so well known for her fine prose tales and sketches, has written three tragedies—*Julian*, *Rienzi*, and *The Vespers of Palermo*. They were all brought on the stage, but 'Rienzi' only met with decided success. An equal number of dramas has been produced by another novelist, SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER: these are entitled, *The Lady of Lyons*, *La Valliere*, and *Richelieu*. The first of these pieces is the best, and it seldom fails of drawing tears when well represented. It is a picturesque and romantic play, with passages of fine poetry and genuine feeling. 'La Valliere' is founded on the court and times of Louis XIV., but it wants prominence of character and dramatic art. 'Richelieu' is a drama of greater energy and power, but is also loosely constructed. THOMAS NOON TALFOURD, sergeant-at-law, an eloquent English barrister, has written two classic plays, *Ion*, and *The Athenian*

Captive, remarkable for a gentle beauty, refinement, and pathos. He has also produced a domestic drama, *The Massacre of Glencoe*, but it is much inferior to his other productions. 'Ion' was acted with great success, and published in 1835. It seems an embodiment of the simplicity and grandeur of the Greek drama, and its plot is founded on the old Grecian notion of destiny, apart from all moral agencies. The oracle of Delphi had announced that the vengeance which the misrule of the race of Argos had brought on the people, in the form of a pestilence, could only be disarmed by the extirpation of the guilty race, and Ion, the hero of the play, at length offers himself a sacrifice. The character of Ion—the discovery of his birth, as son of the king—his love and patriotism, are drawn with great power and effect. The style of Mr Talfourd is chaste and clear, yet full of imagery. Take, for example, the delineation of the character of Ion:—

Ion, our sometime darling, whom we prized
As a stray gift, by bounteous Heaven dismissed
From some bright sphere which sorrow may not cloud
To make the happy happier! Is *he* sent
To grapple with the miseries of this time,
Whose nature such ethereal aspect wears
As it would perish at the touch of wrong!
By no internal contest is he trained
For such hard duty; no emotions rude
Hath his clear spirit vanquished—Love, the germ
Of his mild nature, hath spread graces forth,
Expanding with its progress, as the store
Of rainbow colour which the seed conceals
Sheds out its tints from its dim treasury,
To flush and circle in the flower. No tear
Hath filled his eye save that of thoughtful joy
When, in the evening stillness, lovely things
Pressed on his soul too busily; his voice,
If, in the earnestness of childish sports,
Raised to the tone of anger, checked its force,
As if it feared to break its being's law,
And faltered into music; when the forms
Of guilty passion have been made to live
In pictured speech, and others have waxed loud
In righteous indignation, he hath heard
With sceptic smile, or from some slender vein
Of goodness, which surrounding gloom concealed,
Struck sunlight o'er it: so his life hath flowed
From its mysterious urn a sacred stream,
In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure
Alone are mirrored; which, though shapes of ill
May hover round its surface, glides in light,
And takes no shadow from them.

[*Extracts from 'Ion.'*]

[Ion being declared the rightful heir of the throne, is waited upon by Clemanthe, daughter of the high priest of the temple, wherein Ion had been reared in obscurity.]

Ion. What wouldst thou with me, lady?
Clemanthe. Is it so?
Nothing, my lord, save to implore thy pardon,
That the departing gleams of a bright dream,
From which I scarce had wakened, made me bold
To crave a word with thee; but all are fled—
Ion. 'Twas indeed a goodly dream;
But thou art right to think it was no more;
And study to forget it.
Clem. To forget it!
Indeed, my lord, I will not wish to lose
What, being past, is all my future hath,
All I shall live for; do not grudge me this,
The brief space I shall need it.
Ion. Speak not, fair one,
In tone so mournful, for it makes me feel
Too sensibly the hapless wretch I am,
That troubled the deep quiet of thy soul
In that pure fountain which reflected heaven,
For a brief taste of rapture.
Clem. Dost thou yet
Esteem it rapture, then? My foolish heart,
Be still! Yet wherefore should a crown divide us?
O, my dear Ion! let me call thee so
This once at least—it could not in my thoughts
Increase the distance that there was between us
When, rich in spirit, thou to strangers' eyes
Seemed a poor foundling.
Ion. It must separate us!
Think it no harmless bauble; but a curse
Will freeze the current in the veins of youth,
And from familiar touch of genial hand,
From household pleasures, from sweet daily tasks,
From airy thought, free wanderer of the heavens,
For ever banish me!
Clem. Thou dost accuse
Thy state too harshly; it may give some room,
Some little room, amidst its radiant cares,
For love and joy to breathe in.
Ion. Not for me;
My pomp must be most lonesome, far removed
From that sweet fellowship of humankind
The slave rejoices in: my solemn robes
Shall wrap me as a panoply of ice,
And the attendants who may throng around me
Shall want the flatteries which may basely warm
The sceptral thing they circle. Dark and cold
Stretches the path which, when I wear the crown,
I needs must enter: the great gods forbid
That thou shouldst follow in it!
Clem. O unkind!
And shall we never see each other?
Ion. [*After a pause.*] Yes!
I have asked that dreadful question of the hills
That look eternal; of the flowing streams
That lucid flow for ever; of the stars,
Amid whose fields of azure my raised spirit
Hath trod in glory: all were dumb; but now,
While I thus gaze upon thy living face,
I feel the love that kindles through its beauty
Can never wholly perish: we *shall* meet
Again, Clemanthe!
Clem. Bless thee for that name;
Pray, call me so again; thy words sound strangely,
Yet they breathe kindness, and I'll drink them in,
Though they destroy me. Shall we meet indeed?
Think not I would intrude upon thy cares,
Thy councils, or thy pomps; to sit at distance,
To weave, with the nice labour which preserves
The rebel pulses even, from gay threads
Faint records of thy deeds, and sometimes catch
The falling music of a gracious word,
Or the stray sunshine of a smile, will be
Comfort enough: do not deny me this;
Or if stern fate compel thee to deny,
Kill me at once!
Ion. No; thou must live, my fair one:
There are a thousand joyous things in life,
Which pass unheeded in a life of joy
As thine hath been, till breezy sorrow comes
To ruffle it; and daily duties paid
Hardly at first, at length will bring repose
To the sad mind that studies to perform them.
Thou dost not mark me.
Clem. O, I do! I do!
Ion. If for thy brother's and thy father's sake
Thou art content to live, the healer Time
Will reconcile thee to the lovely things
Of this delightful world—and if another,
A happier—no, I cannot bid thee love
Another!—I did think I could have said it,
But 'tis in vain.
Clem. Thou art my own, then, still?

Ion. I am thine own! thus let me clasp thee; nearer;
O joy too thrilling and too short!

Enter AGENOR.

Agenor. My lord,
The sacrificial rites await thy presence.
Ion. I come. One more embrace—the last, the last
In this world! Now, farewell! [*Exit.*
Clem. The last embrace!
Then he has cast me off! no—'tis not so;
Some mournful secret of his fate divides us;
I'll struggle to bear that, and snatch a comfort
From seeing him uplifted. I will look
Upon him in his throne; Minerva's shrine
Will shelter me from vulgar gaze; I'll hasten
And feast my sad eyes with his greatness there. [*Exit.*

[Ion is installed in his royal dignity, attended by the high priest, the senators, &c. The people receive him with shouts.]

Ion. I thank you for your greetings—shout no more,
But in deep silence raise your hearts to heaven,
That it may strengthen one so young and frail
As I am for the business of this hour.
Must I sit here?
Medon. My son! my son!
What ails thee? When thou shouldst reflect the joy
Of Argos, the strange paleness of the grave
Marbles thy face.
Ion. Am I indeed so pale?
It is a solemn office I assume,
Which well may make me falter; yet sustained
By thee, and by the gods I serve, I take it.
[*Sits on the throne.*
Stand forth, Agenor.
Agenor. I await thy will.
Ion. To thee I look as to the wisest friend
Of this afflicted people; thou must leave
Awhile the quiet which thy life has earned
To rule our councils; fill the seats of justice
With good men, not so absolute in goodness
As to forget what human frailty is;
And order my sad country.
Agenor. Pardon me—
Ion. Nay, I will promise 'tis my last request,
Grant me thy help till this distracted state
Rise tranquil from her griefs—'twill not be long,
If the great gods smile on us now. Remember,
Meanwhile, thou hast all power my word can give,
Whether I live or die.
Agenor. Die! Ere that hour,
May even the old man's epitaph be moss-grown!
Ion. Death is not jealous of the mild decay
That gently wins thee his; exulting youth
Provokes the ghastly monarch's sudden stride,
And makes his horrid fingers quick to clasp
His prey benumbed at noontide. Let me see
The captain of the guard.
Crythes. I kneel to crave
Humbly the favour which thy sire bestowed
On one who loved him well.
Ion. I cannot mark thee,
That wakest the memory of my father's weakness,
But I will not forget that thou hast shared
The light enjoyments of a noble spirit,
And learned the need of luxury. I grant
For thee and thy brave comrades ample share
Of such rich treasure as my stores contain,
To grace thy passage to some distant land,
Where, if an honest cause engage thy sword,
May glorious issues wait it. In our realm
We shall not need it longer.
Crythes. Dost intend
To banish the firm troops before whose valour
Barbarian millions shrink appalled, and leave
Our city naked to the first assault
Of reckless foes?
Ion. No, Crythes; in ourselves,
In our own honest hearts and chainless hands
Will be our safeguard; while we do not use
Our power towards others, so that we should blush
To teach our children; while the simple love
Of justice and their country shall be born
With dawning reason; while their sinews grow
Hard 'midst the gladness of heroic sports,
We shall not need, to guard our walls in peace,
One selfish passion, or one venal sword.
I would not grieve thee; but thy valiant troop—
For I esteem them valiant—must no more
With luxury which suits a desperate camp
Infect us. See that they embark, Agenor,
Ere night.
Crythes. My Lord—
Ion. No more—my word hath passed.
Medon, there is no office I can add
To those thou hast grown old in; thou wilt guard
The shrine of Phœbus, and within thy home—
Thy too delightful home—befriend the stranger
As thou didst me; there sometimes waste a thought
On thy spoiled inmate.
Medon. Think of thee, my lord?
Long shall we triumph in thy glorious reign.
Ion. Prithee no more. Argives! I have a boon
To crave of you. Whene'er I shall rejoin
In death the father from whose heart in life
Stern fate divided me, think gently of him!
Think that beneath his panoply of pride
Were fair affections crushed by bitter wrongs
Which fretted him to madness; what he did,
Alas! ye know; could you know what he suffered,
Ye would not curse his name. Yet never more
Let the great interests of the state depend
Upon the thousand chances that may sway
A piece of human frailty; swear to me
That ye will seek hereafter in yourselves
The means of sovereignty: our country's space,
So happy in its smallness, so compact,
Needs not the magic of a single name
Which wider regions may require to draw
Their interest into one; but, circled thus,
Like a blest family, by simple laws
May tenderly be governed—all degrees,
Not placed in dexterous balance, not combined
By bonds of parchment, or by iron clasps,
But blended into one—a single form
Of nymph-like loveliness, which finest chords
Of sympathy pervading, shall endow
With vital beauty; tint with roseate bloom
In times of happy peace, and bid to flash
With one brave impulse, if ambitious bands
Of foreign power should threaten. Swear to me
That ye will do this!
Medon. Wherefore ask this now?
Thou shalt live long; the paleness of thy face,
Which late seemed death-like, is grown radiant now,
And thine eyes kindle with the prophecy
Of glorious years.
Ion. The gods approve me then!
Yet I will use the function of a king,
And claim obedience. Swear, that if I die,
And leave no issue, ye will seek the power
To govern in the free-born people's choice,
And in the prudence of the wise.
Medon and others. We swear it!
Ion. Hear and record the oath, immortal powers!
Now give me leave a moment to approach
That altar unattended. [*He goes to the altar.*
Gracious gods!
In whose mild service my glad youth was spent,
Look on me now; and if there is a power,
As at this solemn time I feel there is,
Beyond ye, that hath breathed through all your shapes
The spirit of the beautiful that lives
In earth and heaven; to ye I offer up

This conscious being, full of life and love,
For my dear country's welfare. Let this blow
End all her sorrows! [*Stabs himself.*

CLEMANTHE rushes forward.

Clem. Hold!
Let me support him—stand away—indeed
I have best right, although ye know it not,
To cleave to him in death.
Ion. This is a joy
I did not hope for—this is sweet indeed.
Bend thine eyes on me!
Clem. And for this it was
Thou wouldst have weaned me from thee!
Couldst thou think
I would be so divorced?
Ion. Thou art right, Clemanthe—
It was a shallow and an idle thought;
'Tis past; no show of coldness frets us now;
No vain disguise, my girl. Yet thou wilt think
On that which, when I feigned, I truly spoke—
Wilt thou not, sweet one?
Clem. I will treasure all.

Enter IRUS.

Irus. I bring you glorious tidings—
Ha! no joy
Can enter here.
Ion. Yes—is it as I hope?
Irus. The pestilence abates.
Ion. [*Springs to his feet.*] Do ye not hear?
Why shout ye not? ye are strong—think not of me;
Hearken! the curse my ancestry had spread
O'er Argos is dispelled! My own Clemanthe!
Let this console thee—Argos lives again—
The offering is accepted—all is well! [*Dies.*

HENRY TAYLOR—J. BROWNING—LEIGH HUNT—WILLIAM SMITH.

Two dramatic poems have been produced by HENRY TAYLOR, Esq., which, though not popular, evince high genius and careful preparation. The first, *Philip van Artevelde*, was published in 1834, and the scene is laid in Flanders, at the close of the fourteenth century. The second, *Edwin the Fair* (1843), relates to early English history. Though somewhat too measured and reflective for the stage, the plays of Mr Taylor contain excellent scenes and dialogues. 'The blended dignity of thought, and a sedate moral habit, invests Mr Taylor's poetry with a stateliness in which the drama is generally deficient, and makes his writings illustrate, in some degree, a new form of the art—such a form, indeed, as we might expect the written drama naturally to assume if it were to revive in the nineteenth century, and maintain itself as a branch of literature apart from the stage.'* *Strafford*, a tragedy by J. BROWNING, was brought out in 1837, and acted with success. It is the work of a young poet, but is well conceived and arranged for effect, while its relation to a deeply interesting and stirring period of British history gives it a peculiar attraction to an English audience. MR LEIGH HUNT, in 1840, came before the public as a dramatic writer. His work was a mixture of romance and comedy, entitled, *A Legend of Florence*: it was acted at Covent Garden theatre with some success, but is too sketchy in its materials, and too extravagant in plot, to be a popular acting play. *Athelwold*, a tragedy by WILLIAM SMITH (1842), is a drama also for the closet; it wants variety and scenic effect for the stage, and in style and sentiment is not unlike one of Miss Baillie's plays. The following Christian sentiment is finely expressed:—

* Quarterly Review.

Joy is a weak and giddy thing that laughs
Itself to weariness or sleep, and wakes
To the same barren laughter; 'tis a child
Perpetually, and all its past and future
Lie in the compass of an infant's day.
Crushed from our sorrow all that's great in man
Has ever sprung. In the bold pagan world
Men deified the beautiful, the glad,
The strong, the boastful, and it came to nought;
We have raised Pain and Sorrow into heaven,
And in our temples, on our altars, Grief
Stands symbol of our faith, and it shall last
As long as man is mortal and unhappy.
The gay at heart may wander to the skies,
And harps may there be found them, and the branch
Of palm be put into their hands; on earth
We know them not; no votarist of our faith,
Till he has dropped his tears into the stream,
Tastes of its sweetness.

We shall now turn to the comic muse of the drama, which, in the earlier years of this period, produced some works of genuine humour and interest.

GEORGE COLMAN.

The most able and successful comic dramatist of his day was GEORGE COLMAN, the younger,* who was born on the 21st of October 1762. The son of



George Colman.

the author of the Jealous Wife and Clandestine Marriage, Colman had a hereditary attachment to the drama. He was educated at Westminster school, and afterwards entered of Christ's Church college, Oxford; but his idleness and dissipation at the university led his father to withdraw him from Oxford, and banish him to Aberdeen. Here he was distinguished for his eccentric dress and folly, but he also applied himself to his classical and other studies.

* Colman added 'the younger' to his name after the condemnation of his play, *The Iron Chest*. 'Lest my father's memory,' he says, 'may be injured by mistakes, and in the confusion of after-time the translator of Terence, and the author of the Jealous Wife, should be supposed guilty of The Iron Chest, I shall, were I to reach the patriarchal longevity of Methuselah, continue (in all my dramatic publications) to subscribe myself George Colman, *the younger*.'

At Aberdeen he published a poem on Charles James Fox, entitled *The Man of the People*, and wrote a musical farce, *The Female Dramatist*, which his father brought out at the Haymarket theatre, but it was condemned. A second dramatic attempt, entitled *Two to One*, brought out in 1784, enjoyed considerable success. This seems to have fixed his literary taste and inclinations; for though his father intended him for the bar, and entered him of Lincoln's Inn, the drama engrossed his attention. In 1784 he contracted a thoughtless marriage with a Miss Catherine Morris, with whom he eloped to Gretna Green, and next year brought out a second musical comedy, *Turk and no Turk*. His father becoming incapacitated from attacks of paralysis, the younger Colman undertook the management of the theatre in Haymarket, and was thus fairly united to the stage and the drama. Various pieces proceeded from his pen: *Inkle and Yarico*, a musical opera, brought out with success in 1787; *Ways and Means*, a comedy, 1788; *The Battle of Hexham*, 1789; *The Surrender of Calais*, 1791; *The Mountaineers*, 1793; *The Iron Chest* (founded on Godwin's novel of Caleb Williams), 1796; *The Heir at Law*, 1797; *Blue Beard* (a mere piece of scenic display and music), 1798; *The Review, or the Wags of Windsor*, an excellent farce, 1798; *The Poor Gentleman*, a comedy, 1802; *Love Laughs at Locksmiths*, a farce, 1803; *Gay Deceivers*, a farce, 1804; *John Bull*, a comedy, 1805; *Who Wants a Guinea?* 1805; *We Fly by Night*, a farce, 1806; *The Africans*, a play, 1808; *X. Y. Z.*, a farce, 1810; *The Law of Java*, a musical drama, 1822, &c. No modern dramatist has added so many stock-pieces to the theatre as Colman, or imparted so much genuine mirth and humour to all playgoers. His society was also much courted; he was a favourite with George IV., and, in conjunction with Sheridan, was wont to set the royal table in a roar. His gaiety, however, was not always allied to prudence, and theatrical property is a very precarious possession. As a manager, Colman got entangled in lawsuits, and was forced to reside in the King's Bench. The king stept forward to relieve him, by appointing him to the situation of licenser and examiner of plays, an office worth from £300 to £400 a-year. In this situation Colman incurred the enmity of several dramatic authors by the rigour with which he scrutinised their productions. His own plays are far from being strictly correct or moral, but not an oath or *double entendre* was suffered to escape his expurgatorial pen as licenser, and he was peculiarly keen-scented in detecting all political allusions. Besides his numerous plays, Colman wrote some poetical travesties and pieces of levity, published under the title of *My Nightgown and Slippers* (1797), which were afterwards republished (1802) with additions, and named *Broad Grins*; also *Poetical Vagaries*, *Vagaries Vindicated*, and *Eccentricities for Edinburgh*. In these, delicacy and decorum are often sacrificed to broad mirth and humour. The last work of the lively author was memoirs of his own early life and times, entitled *Random Records*, and published in 1830. He died in London on the 26th October 1836. The comedies of Colman abound in witty and ludicrous delineations of character, interspersed with bursts of tenderness and feeling, somewhat in the style of Sterne, whom, indeed, he has closely copied in his 'Poor Gentleman.' Sir Walter Scott has praised his 'John Bull' as by far the best effort of our late comic drama. 'The scenes of broad humour are executed in the best possible taste; and the whimsical, yet native characters, reflect the manners of real life. The sentimental parts, although one of them includes a finely wrought-up scene of paternal distress, partake of the *falsetto* of German pathos. But the piece is both humorous and affecting; and we readily excuse its obvious imperfections in consideration of its exciting our laughter and our tears.' The whimsical character of Ollapod in the 'Poor Gentleman' is one of Colman's most original and laughable conceptions; Pangloss, in the 'Heir at Law,' is also an excellent satirical portrait of a pedant (proud of being an LL.D., and, moreover, an A. double S.); and his Irishmen, Yorkshiremen, and country rustics (all admirably performed at the time), are highly entertaining, though overcharged portraits. A tendency to farce is indeed the besetting sin of Colman's comedies; and in his more serious plays, there is a curious mixture of prose and verse, high-toned sentiment and low humour. Their effect on the stage is, however, irresistible. We have quoted Joanna Baillie's description of Jane de Montfort as a portrait of Mrs Siddons; and Colman's Octavian in 'The Mountaineers' is an equally faithful likeness of John Kemble:—

Lovely as day he was—but envious clouds
Have dimmed his lustre. He is as a rock
Opposed to the rude sea that beats against it;
Worn by the waves, yet still o'ertopping them
In sullen majesty. Rugged now his look—
For out, alas! calamity has blurred
The fairest pile of manly comeliness
That ever reared its lofty head to heaven!
'Tis not of late that I have heard his voice;
But if it be not changed—I think it cannot—
There is a melody in every tone
Would charm the towering eagle in her flight,
And tame a hungry lion.

[*Scene from the 'Heir at Law.'*]

[Daniel Dowlas, an old Gosport shopkeeper, from the supposed loss of the son of Lord Duberly, succeeds to the peerage and an estate worth £15,000 per annum. He engages Dr Pangloss—a poor pedant just created by the Society of Arts, *Artium Societatis Socius*—as tutor to his son, with a salary of £300 a-year.]

A Room in the Blue Boar Inn.

Enter Dr Pangloss and Waiter.

Pang. Let the chariot turn about. Dr Pangloss in a lord's chariot! 'Curru portatur eodem.'—Juvenal—Hem! Waiter!

Waiter. Sir.

Pang. Have you any gentleman here who arrived this morning?

Waiter. There's one in the house now, sir.

Pang. Is he juvenile?

Waiter. No, sir; he's Derbyshire.

Pang. He! he! he! Of what appearance is the gentleman?

Waiter. Why, plaguy poor, sir.

Pang. 'I hold him rich, al had he not a sherte.'—Chaucer—Hem! Denominated the Honourable Mr Dowlas?

Waiter. Honourable! He left his name plain Dowlas at the bar, sir.

Pang. Plain Dowlas, did he? that will do. 'For all the rest is leather——'

Waiter. Leather, sir!

Pang. 'And prunello.'—Pope—Hem! Tell Mr Dowlas a gentleman requests the honour of an interview.

Waiter. This is his room, sir. He is but just stept into our parcel warehouse—he'll be with you directly. [*Exit.*

Pang. Never before did honour and affluence let fall such a shower on the head of Doctor Pangloss! Fortune, I thank thee! Propitious goddess, I am grateful! I, thy favoured child, who commenced his

career in the loftiest apartment of a muffin maker in Milk-alley. Little did I think—'good easy man'—Shakspeare—Hem!—of the riches and literary dignities which now——

Enter DICK DOWLAS.

My pupil!

Dick. [*Speaking while entering.*] Well, where is the man that wants—oh! you are he I suppose——

Pang. I am the man, young gentleman! 'Homo sum.'—Terence—Hem! Sir, the person who now presumes to address you is Peter Pangloss; to whose name, in the college of Aberdeen, is subjoined LL.D. signifying Doctor of Laws; to which has been recently added the distinction of A. double S.; the Roman initials for a Fellow of the Society of Arts.

Dick. Sir, I am your most obedient, Richard Dowlas; to whose name, in his tailor's bill, is subjoined D. R., signifying Debtor; to which are added L.S.D.; the Roman initials for pounds, shillings, and pence.

Pang. Ha! this youth was doubtless designed by destiny to move in the circles of fashion; for he's dipt in debt, and makes a merit of telling it. [*Aside.*

Dick. But what are your commands with me, doctor?

Pang. I have the honour, young gentleman, of being deputed an ambassador to you from your father.

Dick. Then you have the honour to be ambassador of as good-natured an old fellow as ever sold a ha'porth of cheese in a chandler's shop.

Pang. Pardon me, if, on the subject of your father's cheese, I advise you to be as mute as a mouse in one for the future. 'Twere better to keep that 'altâ mente repostum.'—Virgil—Hem!

Dick. Why, what's the matter? Any misfortune?—Broke, I fear?

Pang. No, not broke; but his name, as 'tis customary in these cases, has appeared in the Gazette.

Dick. Not broke, but gazetted! Why, zounds and the devil!——

Pang. Check your passions—learn philosophy. When the wife of the great Socrates threw a—hum!—threw a teapot at his erudite head, he was as cool as a cucumber. When Plato——

Dick. Damn Plato! What of my father?

Pang. Don't damn Plato. The bees swarmed round his mellifluous mouth as soon as he was swaddled. 'Cum in cunis apes in labellis consedissent.'—Cicero—Hem!

Dick. I wish you had a swarm round yours, with all my heart. Come to the point.

Pang. In due time. But calm your choler. 'Ira furor brevis est.'—Horace—Hem! Read this. [*Gives a letter.*

Dick. [*Snatches the letter, breaks it open, and reads.*] 'Dear Dick—This comes to inform you I am in a perfect state of health, hoping you are the same'—ay, that's the old beginning—'It was my lot, last week, to be made'—ay, a bankrupt, I suppose?—'to be made a'—what?—'to be made a P, E, A, R;'—a pear!—to be made a pear! What the devil does he mean by that?

Pang. A peer!—a peer of the realm. His lordship's orthography is a little loose, but several of his equals countenance the custom. Lord Loggerhead always spells physician with an F.

Dick. A peer!—what, my father?—I'm electrified! Old Daniel Dowlas made a peer! But let me see; [*Reads on.*]—'A pear of the realm. Lawyer Ferret got me my tittle'—titt—oh, title!—'and an estate of fifteen thousand per ann.—by making me out next of kin to old Lord Duberly, because he died without—without hair'—'Tis an odd reason, by the by, to be next of kin to a nobleman because he died bald.

Pang. His lordship means heir—heir to his estate. We shall meliorate his style speedily. 'Reform it altogether.'—Shakspeare—Hem!

Dick. 'I send my carrot.'—Carrot!

Pang. He! he! he! Chariot his lordship means.

Dick. 'With Dr Pangloss in it.'

Pang. That's me.

Dick. 'Respect him, for he's an LL.D., and, moreover, an A. double S.' [*They bow.*

Pang. His lordship kindly condescended to insert that at my request.

Dick. 'And I have made him your tutor, to mend your cakelology.

Pang. Cacology; from *Kakos*, 'malus,' and *Logos*, 'verbum.'—Vide Lexicon—Hem!

Dick. 'Come with the doctor to my house in Hanover Square.'—Hanover Square!—'I remain your affectionate father, to command.—DUBERLY.'

Pang. That's his lordship's title.

Dick. It is?

Pang. It is.

Dick. Say sir to a lord's son. You have no more manners than a bear!

Pang. Bear!—under favour, young gentleman, I am the bear-leader; being appointed your tutor.

Dick. And what can you teach me?

Pang. Prudence. Don't forget yourself in sudden success. 'Tecum habita.'—Persius—Hem!

Dick. Prudence to a nobleman's son with fifteen thousand a-year!

Pang. Don't give way to your passions.

Dick. Give way! Zounds!—I'm wild—mad! You teach me!—Pooh!—I have been in London before, and know it requires no teaching to be a modern fine gentleman. Why, it all lies in a nutshell—sport a curricle—walk Bond Street—play at Faro—get drunk—dance reels—go to the opera—cut off your tail—pull on your pantaloons—and there's a buck of the first fashion in town for you. D'ye think I don't know what's going?

Pang. Mercy on me! I shall have a very refractory pupil!

Dick. Not at all. We'll be hand and glove together, my little doctor. I'll drive you down to all the races, with my little terrier between your legs, in a tandem.

Pang. Doctor Pangloss, the philosopher, with a terrier between his legs, in a tandem!

Dick. I'll tell you what, doctor. I'll make you my long-stop at cricket—you shall draw corks when I'm president—laugh at my jokes before company—squeeze lemons for punch—cast up the reckoning—and wo betide you if you don't keep sober enough to see me safe home after a jollification!

Pang. Make me a long-stop, and a squeezer of lemons! Zounds! this is more fatiguing than walking out with the lap-dogs! And are these the qualifications for a tutor, young gentleman?

Dick. To be sure they are. 'Tis the way that half the prig parsons, who educate us honourables, jump into fat livings.

Pang. 'Tis well they jump into something fat at last, for they must wear all the flesh off their bones in the process.

Dick. Come now, tutor, go you and call the waiter.

Pang. Go and call! Sir—sir! I'd have you to understand, Mr Dowlas——

Dick. Ay, let us understand one another, doctor. My father, I take it, comes down handsomely to you for your management of me?

Pang. My lord has been liberal.

Dick. But 'tis I must manage you, doctor. Acknowledge this, and, between ourselves, I'll find means to double your pay.

Pang. Double my——

Dick. Do you hesitate? Why, man, you have set up for a modern tutor without knowing your trade!

Pang. Double my pay! Say no more—done. Ac-

tum est.'—Terence—Hem. Waiter! [*Bawling.*] Gad, I've reached the right reading at last!

'I've often wished that I had, clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a-year.'

Swift—Hem. Waiter!

Dick. That's right; tell him to pop my clothes and linen into the carriage; they are in that bundle.

Enter WAITER.

Pang. Waiter! Here, put all the Honourable Mr Dowlas's clothes and linen into his father's, Lord Duberly's, chariot.

Waiter. Where are they all, sir?

Pang. All wrapt up in the Honourable Mr Dowlas's pocket handkerchief. [*Exit waiter with bundle.*

Dick. See 'em safe in, doctor, and I'll be with you directly.

Pang. I go, most worthy pupil. Six hundred pounds a-year! However deficient in the classics, his knowledge of arithmetic is admirable!

'I've often wished that I had, clear,
For life——'

Dick. Nay, nay, don't be so slow.

Pang. Swift—Hem. I'm gone. [*Exit.*

Dick. What am I to do with Zekiel and Cis? When a poor man has grown great, his old acquaintance generally begin to be troublesome.

Enter ZEKIEL.

Zek. Well, I han't been long.

Dick. No, you are come time enough, in all conscience. [*Coolly.*

Zek. Cicely ha' gotten the place. I be e'en almost stark wild wi' joy. Such a good-natured young madam! Why, you don't seem pleased, man; sure, and sure, you be glad of our good fortune, Dick?

Dick. Dick! Why, what do you—oh! but he doesn't know yet that I am a lord's son. I rejoice to hear of your success, friend Zekiel.

Zek. Why, now, that's hearty. But, eh! Why, you look mortal heavy and lumpish, Dick. No bad tidings since we ha' been out, I hope?

Dick. Oh no.

Zek. Eh! Let's ha' a squint at you. Od rabbit it, but summut have happened. You have seen your father, and things ha' gone crossish. Who have been here, Dick?

Dick. Only a gentleman, who had the honour of being deputed ambassador from my father.

Zek. What a dickens—an ambassador! Pish, now you be a queering a body. An ambassador sent from an old chandler to Dick Dowlas, Lawyer Latitat's clerk! Come, that be a good one, fegs!

Dick. Dick Dowlas! and lawyer's clerk! Sir, the gentleman came to inform me that my father, by being proved next of kin to the late lord, is now Lord Duberly; by which means I am now the Honourable Mr Dowlas.

Zek. Ods flesh! gi'e us your fist, Dick! I ne'er shook the fist of an honourable afore in all my born days. Old Daniel made a lord! I be main glad to hear it. This be news indeed. But, Dick, I hope he ha' gotten some ready along wi' his title; for a lord without money be but a foolish wishy-washy kind of a thing a'ter all.

Dick. My father's estate is fifteen thousand a-year.

Zek. Mercy on us!—you ha' ta'en away my breath!

Dick. Well, Zekiel, Cis and you shall hear from me soon.

Zek. Why, you ben't a going, Dick?

Dick. I must pay my duty to his lordship; his chariot waits for me below. We have been some time acquainted, Zekiel, and you may depend upon my good offices.

Zek. You do seem a little flustrated with these tidings, Dick. I—I should be loath to think our kindness was a cooling.

Dick. Oh no. Rely on my protection.

Zek. Why, lookye, Dick Dowlas; as to protection, and all that, we ha' been old friends; and if I should need it from you, it be no more nor my right to expect it, and your business to give it me: but Cicely ha' gotten a place, and I ha' hands and health to get a livelihood. Fortune, good or bad, tries the man, they do say; and if I should hap to be made a lord to-morrow (as who can say what may betide, since they ha' made one out of an old chandler)——

Dick. Well, sir, and what then?

Zek. Why, then, the finest feather in my lordship's cap would be, to show that there would be as much shame in slighting an old friend because he be poor, as there be pleasure in owning him when it be in our power to do him service.

Dick. You mistake me, Zekiel. I—I—s'death! I'm quite confounded! I'm trying to be as fashionable here as my neighbours, but nature comes in, and knocks it all on the head. [*Aside.*] Zekiel, give me your hand.

Zek. Then there be a hearty Castleton slap for you. The grasp of an honest man can't disgrace the hand of a duke, Dick.

Dick. You're a kind soul, Zekiel. I regard you sincerely; I love Cicely, and—hang it, I'm going too far now for a lord's son. Pride and old friendship are now fighting in me till I'm almost bewildered. [*Aside*]. You shall hear from me in a few hours. Good-by, Zekiel; good-by. [*Exit.*

Zek. I don't know what ails me, but I be almost ready to cry. Dick be a high-mettled youth, and this news ha' put him a little beside himself. I should make a bit of allowance. His heart, I do think, be in the right road; and when that be the case, he be a hard judge that wont pardon an old friend's spirits when they do carry him a little way out on't. [*Exit.*

[*From 'The Poor Gentleman.'*]

SIR CHARLES CROPLAND at breakfast; his Valet de Chambre adjusting his hair.

Sir Cha. Has old Warner, the steward, been told that I arrived last night?

Valet. Yes, Sir Charles; with orders to attend you this morning.

Sir Cha. [*Yawning and stretching.*] What can a man of fashion do with himself in the country at this wretchedly dull time of the year!

Valet. It is very pleasant to-day out in the park, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. Pleasant, you booby! How can the country be pleasant in the middle of spring? All the world's in London.

Valet. I think, somehow, it looks so lively, Sir Charles, when the corn is coming up.

Sir Cha. Blockhead! Vegetation makes the face of a country look frightful. It spoils hunting. Yet as my business on my estate here is to raise supplies for my pleasures elsewhere, my journey is a wise one. What day of the month was it yesterday, when I left town on this wise expedition?

Valet. The first of April, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. Umph! When Mr Warner comes, show him in.

Valet. I shall, Sir Charles. [*Exit.*

Sir Cha. This same lumbering timber upon my ground has its merits. Trees are notes, issued from the bank of nature, and as current as those payable to Abraham Newland. I must get change for a few oaks, for I want cash consumedly. So, Mr Warner!

Enter WARNER.

Warner. Your honour is right welcome into Kent. I am proud to see Sir Charles Cropland on his estate

again. I hope you mean to stay on the spot for some time, Sir Charles?

Sir Cha. A very tedious time. Three days, Mr Warner?

Warner. Ah, good sir! things would prosper better if you honoured us with your presence a little more. I wish you lived entirely upon the estate, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. Thank you, Warner; but modern men of fashion find it difficult to live upon their estates.

Warner. The country about you so charming!

Sir Cha. Look ye, Warner—I must hunt in Leicestershire—for that's the thing. In the frosts and the spring months, I must be in town at the clubs—for that's the thing. In summer I must be at the watering places—for that's the thing. Now, Warner, under these circumstances, how is it possible for me to reside upon my estate? For my estate being in Kent——

Warner. The most beautiful part of the county.

Sir Cha. Psha, beauty! we don't mind that in Leicestershire. My estate, I say, being in Kent——

Warner. A land of milk and honey!

Sir Cha. I hate milk and honey.

Warner. A land of fat!

Sir Cha. Hang your fat!—listen to me—my estate being in Kent——

Warner. So woody!

Sir Cha. Curse the wood! No—that's wrong; for it's convenient. I am come on purpose to cut it.

Warner. Ah! I was afraid so! Dice on the table, and then the axe to the root! Money lost at play, and then, good lack! the forest groans for it.

Sir Cha. But you are not the forest, and why do you groan for it?

Warner. I heartily wish, Sir Charles, you may not encumber the goodly estate. Your worthy ancestors had views for their posterity.

Sir Cha. And I shall have views for my posterity—I shall take special care the trees shan't intercept their prospect.

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Mr Ollapod, the apothecary, is in the hall, Sir Charles, to inquire after your health.

Sir Cha. Show him in. [*Exit servant.*] The fellow's a character, and treats time as he does his patients. He shall kill a quarter of an hour for me this morning. In short, Mr Warner, I must have three thousand pounds in three days. Fell timber to that amount immediately. 'Tis my peremptory order, sir.

Warner. I shall obey you, Sir Charles; but 'tis with a heavy heart! Forgive an old servant of the family if he grieves to see you forget some of the duties for which society has a claim upon you.

Sir Cha. What do you mean by duties?

Warner. Duties, Sir Charles, which the extravagant man of property can never fulfil—such as to support the dignity of an English landholder for the honour of old England; to promote the welfare of his honest tenants; and to succour the industrious poor, who naturally look up to him for assistance. But I shall obey you, Sir Charles. [*Exit.*

Sir Cha. A tiresome old blockhead! But where is this Ollapod? His jumble of physic and shooting may enliven me; and, to a man of gallantry in the country, his intelligence is by no means uninteresting, nor his services inconvenient. Ha, Ollapod!

Enter OLLAPOD.

Ollapod. Sir Charles, I have the honour to be your slave. Hope your health is good. Been a hard winter here. Sore throats were plenty; so were woodcocks. Flushed four couple one morning in a half-mile walk from our town to cure Mrs Quarles of a quinsey. May coming on soon, Sir Charles—season of delight, love and campaigning! Hope you come to sojourn, Sir Charles. Shouldn't be always on the wing—that's being too flighty. He, he, he! Do you take, good sir—do you take?

Sir Cha. Oh yes, I take. But, by the cockade in your hat, Ollapod, you have added lately, it seems, to your avocations.

Olla. He! he! yes, Sir Charles. I have now the honour to be cornet in the Volunteer Association corps of our town. It fell out unexpected—pop, on a sudden; like the going off of a field-piece, or an alderman in an apoplexy.

Sir Cha. Explain.

Olla. Happening to be at home—rainy day—no going out to sport, blister, shoot, nor bleed—was busy behind the counter. You know my shop, Sir Charles—Galen's head over the door—new gilt him last week, by the by—looks as fresh as a pill.

Sir Cha. Well, no more on that head now. Proceed.

Olla. On that head! he, he, he! That's very well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir; I owe you one. Churchwarden Posh, of our town, being ill of an indigestion from eating three pounds of measly pork at a vestry dinner, I was making up a cathartic for the patient, when who should strut into the shop but Lieutenant Grains, the brewer—sleek as a dray-horse—in a smart scarlet jacket, tastily turned up with a rhubarb-coloured lapelle. I confess his figure struck me. I looked at him as I was thumping the mortar, and felt instantly inoculated with a military ardour.

Sir Cha. Inoculated! I hope your ardour was of a favourable sort?

Olla. Ha! ha! That's very well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir; I owe you one. We first talked of shooting. He knew my celebrity that way, Sir Charles. I told him the day before I had killed six brace of birds. I thumpt on at the mortar. We then talked of physic. I told him the day before I had killed—lost, I mean—six brace of patients. I thumpt on at the mortar, eyeing him all the while; for he looked very flashy, to be sure; and I felt an itching to belong to the corps. The medical and military both deal in death, you know; so 'twas natural. He! he! Do you take, good sir—do you take?

Sir Cha. Take? Oh, nobody can miss.

Olla. He then talked of the corps itself; said it was sickly; and if a professional person would administer to the health of the Association—dose the men and drench the horse—he could perhaps procure him a cornetcy.

Sir Cha. Well, you jumped at the offer?

Olla. Jumped! I jumped over the counter, kicked down Churchwarden Posh's cathartic into the pocket of Lieutenant Grains' small scarlet jacket, tastily turned up with a rhubarb-coloured lapelle; embraced him and his offer; and I am now Cornet Ollapod, apothecary at the Galen's Head, of the Association Corps of Cavalry, at your service.

Sir Cha. I wish you joy of your appointment. You may now distil water for the shop from the laurels you gather in the field.

Olla. Water for—oh! laurel water—he! he! Come, that's very well—very well indeed! Thank you, good sir; I owe you one. Why, I fancy fame will follow when the poison of a small mistake I made has ceased to operate.

Sir Cha. A mistake?

Olla. Having to attend Lady Kitty Carbuncle on a grand field-day, I clapt a pint bottle of her ladyship's diet-drink into one of my holsters, intending to proceed to the patient after the exercise was over. I reached the martial ground, and jalloped—galloped, I mean—wheeled, and flourished, with great *eclat*: but when the word 'Fire' was given, meaning

to pull out my pistol in a terrible hurry, I presented, neck foremost, the hanged diet-drink of Lady Kitty Carbuncle; and the medicine being unfortunately fermented by the jolting of my horse, it forced out the cork with a prodigious pop full in the face of my gallant commander.

[OLLAPOD visits MISS LUCRETIA MACTAB, a 'stiff maiden aunt,' sister of one of the oldest barons in Scotland.]

Enter FOSS.

Foss. There is one Mr Ollapod at the gate, an' please your ladyship's honour, come to pay a visit to the family.

Lucretia. Ollapod? What is the gentleman?

Foss. He says he's a cornet in the Galen's Head. 'Tis the first time I ever heard of the corps.

Luc. Ha! some new raised regiment. Show the gentleman in. [*Exit Foss.*] The country, then, has heard of my arrival at last. A woman of condition, in a family, can never long conceal her retreat. Ollapod! that sounds like an ancient name. If I am not mistaken, he is nobly descended.

Enter OLLAPOD.

Olla. Madam, I have the honour of paying my respects. Sweet spot, here, among the cows; good for consumptions—charming woods hereabout—pheasants flourish—so do agues—sorry not to see the good lieutenant—admire his room—hope soon to have his company. Do you take, good madam—do you take?

Luc. I beg, sir, you will be seated.

Olla. Oh, dear madam! [*Sitting down.*] A charming chair to bleed in! [*Aside.*

Luc. I am sorry Mr Worthington is not at home to receive you, sir.

Olla. You are a relation of the lieutenant, madam?

Luc. I! only by his marriage, I assure you, sir. Aunt to his deceased wife: but I am not surprised at your question. My friends in town would wonder to see the Honourable Miss Lucretia MacTab, sister to the late Lord Lofty, cooped up in a farmhouse.

Olla. [*Aside.*] The honourable! humph! a bit of quality tumbled into decay. The sister of a dead peer in a pig-stye!

Luc. You are of the military, I am informed, sir?

Olla. He! he! Yes, madam. Cornet Ollapod, of our volunteers—a fine healthy troop—ready to give the enemy a dose whenever they dare to attack us.

Luc. I was always prodigiously partial to the military. My great grandfather, Marmaduke Baron Lofty, commanded a troop of horse under the Duke of Marlborough, that famous general of his age.

Olla. Marlborough was a hero of a man, madam; and lived at Woodstock—a sweet sporting country; where Rosamond perished by poison—arsenic as likely as anything.

Luc. And have you served much, Mr Ollapod?

Olla. He, he! Yes, madam; served all the nobility and gentry for five miles round.

Luc. Sir!

Olla. And shall be happy to serve the good lieutenant and his family. [*Bowing.*

Luc. We shall be proud of your acquaintance, sir. A gentleman of the army is always an acquisition among the Goths and Vandals of the country, where every sheepish squire has the air of an apothecary.

Olla. Madam! An apothe——Zounds!—hum!—He! he! I—You must know, I—I deal a little in Galenicals myself [*Sheepishly*].

Luc. Galenicals! Oh, they are for operations, I suppose, among the military?

Olla. Operations! he! he! Come, that's very well—very well indeed! Thank you, good madam; I owe you one. Galenicals, madam, are medicines.

Luc. Medicines!

Olla. Yes, physic: buckthorn, senna, and so forth.

Luc. [*Rising.*] Why, then, you are an apothecary?

Olla. [*Rising too, and bowing.*] And man-midwife at your service, madam.

Luc. At my service, indeed!

Olla. Yes, madam! Cornet Ollapod at the gilt Galen's Head, of the Volunteer Association Corps of Cavalry—as ready for the foe as a customer; always willing to charge them both. Do you take, good madam—do you take?

Luc. And has the Honourable Miss Lucretia MacTab been talking all this while to a petty dealer in drugs?

Olla. Drugs! Why, she turns up her honourable nose as if she was going to swallow them! [*Aside.*] No man more respected than myself, madam. Courted by the corps, idolised by invalids; and for a shot—ask my friend Sir Charles Cropland.

Luc. Is Sir Charles Cropland a friend of yours, sir?

Olla. Intimate. He doesn't make wry faces at physic, whatever others may do, madam. This village flanks the intrenchments of his park—full of fine fat venison; which is as light a food for digestion as——

Luc. But he is never on his estate here, I am told.

Olla. He quarters there at this moment.

Luc. Bless me! has Sir Charles then——

Olla. Told me all your accidental meeting in the metropolis, and his visits when the lieutenant was out.

Luc. Oh, shocking! I declare I shall faint.

Olla. Faint! never mind that, with a medical man in the room. I can bring you about in a twinkling.

Luc. And what has Sir Charles Cropland presumed to advance about me?

Olla. Oh, nothing derogatory. Respectful as a duck-legged drummer to a commander-in-chief.

Luc. I have only proceeded in this affair from the purest motives, and in a mode becoming a MacTab.

Olla. None dare to doubt it.

Luc. And if Sir Charles has dropt in to a dish of tea with myself and Emily in London, when the lieutenant was out, I see no harm in it.

Olla. Nor I neither: except that tea shakes the nervous system to shatters. But to the point: the baronet's my bosom friend. Having heard you were here, 'Ollapod,' says he, squeezing my hand in his own, which had strong symptoms of fever—'Ollapod,' says he, 'you are a military man, and may be trusted.' 'I'm a cornet,' says I, 'and close as a pill-box.' 'Fly, then, to Miss Lucretia MacTab, that honourable picture of prudence——'

Luc. He! he! Did Sir Charles say that?

Olla. [*Aside.*] How these tabbies love to be toaded!

Luc. In short, Sir Charles, I perceive, has appointed you his emissary, to consult with me when he may have an interview.

Olla. Madam, you are the sharpest shot at the truth I ever met in my life. And now we are in consultation, what think you of a walk with Miss Emily by the old elms at the back of the village this evening?

Luc. Why, I am willing to take any steps which may promote Emily's future welfare.

Olla. Take steps! what, in a walk? He! he! Come, that's very well—very well indeed! Thank you, good madam; I owe you one. I shall communicate to my friend with due despatch. Command Cornet Ollapod on all occasions; and whatever the gilt Galen's Head can produce——

Luc. [*Curtsying.*] Oh, sir!

Olla. By the by, I have some double-distilled

lavender water, much admired in our corps. Permit me to send a pint bottle by way of present.

Luc. Dear sir, I shall rob you.

Olla. Quite the contrary; for I'll set it down to Sir Charles as a quart. [*Aside.*] Madam, your slave. You have prescribed for our patient like an able physician. Not a step.

Luc. Nay, I insist——

Olla. Then I must follow in the rear—the physician always before the apothecary.

Luc. Apothecary! Sir, in this business I look upon you as a general officer.

Olla. Do you? Thank you, good ma'am. I owe you one. [*Exeunt.*

The humorous poetry of Colman has been as popular as his plays. Of his 'Broad Grins,' the eighth edition (London, 1839) is now before us. Some of these pieces are tinged with indelicacy, but others display his lively sparkling powers of wit and observation in a very agreeable light. We subjoin two of these pleasant levities.

The Newcastle Apothecary.

A man in many a country town, we know,
Professes openly with Death to wrestle;
Entering the field against the grimly foe,
Armed with a mortar and a pestle.

Yet some affirm, no enemies they are,
But meet just like prize-fighters in a fair,
Who first shake hands before they box,
Then give each other plaguy knocks,
With all the love and kindness of a brother:
So (many a suffering patient saith)
Though the apothecary fights with Death,
Still they're sworn friends to one another.

A member of this Æsculapian line,
Lived at Newcastle-upon-Tyne:
No man could better gild a pill,
Or make a bill;
Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister;
Or draw a tooth out of your head;
Or chatter scandal by your bed;
Or give a clyster.

Of occupations these were *quantum suff.*:
Yet still he thought the list not long enough;
And therefore midwifery he chose to pin to't.
This balanced things; for if he hurled
A few score mortals from the world,
He made amends by bringing others into't.

His fame full six miles round the country ran;
In short, in reputation he was *solus*:
All the old women called him 'a fine man!'
His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, though in trade
(Which oftentimes will genius fetter),
Read works of fancy, it is said,
And cultivated the belles lettres.

And why should this be thought so odd?
Can't men have taste who cure a phthisic?
Of poetry, though patron god,
Apollo patronises physic.
Bolus loved verse, and took so much delight in't,
That his prescriptions he resolved to write in't.

No opportunity he e'er let pass
Of writing the directions on his labels
In dapper couplets, like Gay's Fables,
Or rather like the lines in Hudibras.

Apothecary's verse! and where's the treason?
'Tis simply honest dealing; not a crime;
When patients swallow physic without reason,
It is but fair to give a little rhyme.

He had a patient lying at death's door,
Some three miles from the town, it might be four;
To whom, one evening, Bolus sent an article
In pharmacy that's called cathartical.
And on the label of the stuff
He wrote this verse,
Which one would think was clear enough,
And terse:—

'*When taken,*
To be well shaken.'

Next morning early, Bolus rose,
And to the patient's house he goes
Upon his pad,
Who a vile trick of stumbling had:
It was, indeed, a very sorry hack;
But that's of course,
For what's expected from a horse,
With an apothecary on his back?
Bolus arrived, and gave a doubtful tap,
Between a single and a double rap.

Knocks of this kind
Are given by gentlemen who teach to dance;
By fiddlers, and by opera singers;
One loud, and then a little one behind,
As if the knocker fell by chance
Out of their fingers.

The servant lets him in with dismal face,
Long as a courtier's out of place—
Portending some disaster;
John's countenance as rueful looked and grim,
As if the apothecary had physicked him,
And not his master.

'Well, how's the patient?' Bolus said;
John shook his head.
'Indeed!—hum! ha!—that's very odd!
He took the draught?' John gave a nod.
'Well, how? what then? speak out, you dunce!'
'Why, then,' says John, 'we shook him once.'
'Shook him!—how?' Bolus stammered out.
'We jolted him about.'
'Zounds! shake a patient, man!—a shake won't do.'
'No, sir, and so we gave him two.'
'Two shakes! od's curse!
'Twould make the patient worse.'
'It did so, sir, and so a third we tried.'
'Well, and what then?' 'Then, sir, my master died.'

Lodgings for Single Gentlemen.

Who has e'er been in London, that overgrown place,
Has seen 'Lodgings to Let' stare him full in the face;
Some are good, and let dearly; while some, 'tis well known,
Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.

Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and lonely,
Hired lodgings that took single gentlemen only;
But Will was so fat, he appeared like a ton,
Or like two single gentlemen rolled into one.

He entered his rooms, and to bed he retreated,
But all the night long he felt fevered and heated;
And though heavy to weigh, as a score of fat sheep,
He was not by any means heavy to sleep.

Next night 'twas the same; and the next, and the next;
He perspired like an ox; he was nervous and vexed;
Week passed after week, till, by weekly succession,
His weakly condition was past all expression.

In six months his acquaintance began much to doubt him;
For his skin, 'like a lady's loose gown,' hung about him.
He sent for a doctor, and cried like a ninny;
'I have lost many pounds—make me well—there's a guinea.'

The doctor looked wise; 'A slow fever,' he said:
Prescribed sudorifics and going to bed.
'Sudorifics in bed,' exclaimed Will, 'are humbugs!
I've enough of them there without paying for drugs!'

Will kicked out the doctor; but when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed;
So, calling his host, he said, 'Sir, do you know,
I'm the fat single gentleman six months ago?

Look'e, landlord, I think,' argued Will with a grin,
'That with honest intentions you first *took me in:*
But from the first night—and to say it I'm bold—
I've been so hanged hot, that I'm sure I caught cold.'

Quoth the landlord, 'Till now, I ne'er had a dispute;
I've let lodgings ten years; I'm a baker to boot;
In airing your sheets, sir, my wife is no sloven;
And your bed is immediately over my oven.'

'The oven!' says Will. Says the host, 'Why this passion?
In that excellent bed died three people of fashion.
Why so crusty, good sir?' 'Zounds!' cries Will, in a taking,
'Who wouldn't be crusty with half a year's baking?'

Will paid for his rooms; cried the host, with a sneer,
'Well, I see you've been *going away* half a year.'
'Friend, we can't well agree; yet no quarrel,' Will said;
'But I'd rather not *perish* while you *make your bread.*'

MRS ELIZABETH INCHBALD.

Mrs Elizabeth Inchbald, an actress, dramatist, and novelist, produced a number of popular plays. Her two tales, *The Simple Story*, and *Nature and Art*, are the principal sources of her fame; but her light dramatic pieces are marked by various talent. Her first production was a farce entitled *The Mogul Tale*, brought out in 1784, and from this time, down to 1805, she wrote nine other plays and farces. By some of these pieces (as appears from her memoirs) she received considerable sums of money. Her first production realised £100; her comedy of *Such Things Are* (her greatest dramatic performance) brought her in £410, 12s.; *The Married Man*, £100; *The Wedding Day*, £200; *The Midnight Hour*, £130; *Every One Has His Fault*, £700; *Wives as they Were, and Maids as they Are*, £427, 10s.; *Lovers' Vows*, £150; &c. The personal history of this lady is as singular as any of her dramatic plots. She was born of Roman Catholic parents residing at Standyfield, near Bury St Edmunds, in the year 1753. At the age of sixteen, full of giddy romance, she ran off to London, having with her a small sum of money, and some wearing apparel in a bandbox. After various adventures, she obtained an engagement for a country theatre, but suffering some personal indignities in her unprotected state, she applied to Mr Inchbald, an actor whom she had previously known. The gentleman counselled marriage. 'But who would marry me?' cried the lady. 'I would,' replied her friend, 'if you would have me.' 'Yes, sir, and would for ever be grateful'—and married they were in a few days. The union thus singularly brought about seems to have been happy enough; but Mr Inchbald died a few years afterwards. Mrs Inchbald performed the first parts in the Edinburgh theatre for four years, and continued on the stage, acting in London, Dublin, &c. till 1789, when she quitted it for ever. Her exemplary prudence, and the profits of her works, enabled her not only to live, but to save money. The applause and distinction with which she was greeted never led her to deviate from her simple and somewhat parsimonious habits. 'Last Thursday,' she writes, 'I finished scouring my bed-room, while a coach with a coronet and two footmen waited at my door to take me an airing.' She allowed a sister who was in ill health £100 a-year. 'Many a time this winter,' she records in her diary, 'when I cried for cold, I said to myself, "but, thank God! my sister has not to stir from her room; she has her fire lighted every morning; all her provisions bought and brought ready cooked; she is now the less able to bear what I bear; and how much more should I suffer but for this reflection."' This was noble and generous self-denial. The income of Mrs Inchbald was now £172 per annum, and, after the death of her sister, she went to reside in a boarding house, where she enjoyed more of the comforts of life. Traces of female weakness break out in her private memoranda amidst the sterner records of her struggle for independence. The following entry is amusing: '1798. London. Rehearsing "Lovers' Vows;" happy, but for a suspicion, amounting to a certainty, of a rapid appearance of age in my face.' Her last literary labour was writing biographical and critical prefaces to a collection of plays, in twenty-five volumes; a collection of farces, in seven volumes; and the Modern Theatre, in ten volumes. Phillips, the publisher, offered her a thousand pounds for her memoirs, but she declined the tempting offer. This autobiography was, by her own orders, destroyed after her decease; but in 1833, her Memoirs were published by Mr Boaden, compiled from an autograph journal which she kept for above fifty years, and from her letters written to her friends. Mrs Inchbald died in a boarding-house at Kensington on the 1st of August 1821. By her will, dated four months before her decease, she left about £6000, judiciously divided amongst her relatives. One of her legacies marks the eccentricity of thought and conduct which was mingled with the talents and virtues of this original-minded woman: she left £20 each to her late laundress and hair-dresser, provided they should inquire of her executors concerning her decease.

THOMAS HOLCROFT.

Thomas Holcroft, author of the admired comedy, *The Road to Ruin*, and the first to introduce the melo-drama into England, was born in London on the 10th of December 1745. 'Till I was six years old,' says Holcroft, 'my father kept a shoemaker's shop in Orange Court; and I have a faint recollection that my mother dealt in greens and oysters.' Humble as this condition was, it seems to have been succeeded by greater poverty, and the future dramatist and comedian was employed in the country by his parents to hawk goods as a pedlar. He was afterwards engaged as a stable-boy at Newmarket, and was proud of his new livery. A charitable person, who kept a school at Newmarket, taught him to read. He was afterwards a rider on the turf; and when sixteen years of age, he worked for some time with his father as a shoemaker. A passion for books was at this time predominant, and the confinement of the shoemaker's stall not agreeing with him, he attempted to raise a school in the country. He afterwards became a provincial actor, and spent seven years in strolling about England, in every variety of wretchedness, with different companies. In 1780 Holcroft appeared as an author, his first work being a novel, entitled *Alwyn, or the Gentleman Comedian*. In the following year his comedy of *Duplicity* was acted with great success at Covent Garden. Another comedy, *The Deserted Daughter*, experienced a very favourable reception; but The Road to Ruin is universally acknowledged to be the best of his dramatic works. 'This comedy,' says Mrs Inchbald, 'ranks among the most successful of

modern plays. There is merit in the writing, but much more in that dramatic science which disposes character, scenes, and dialogue with minute attention to theatric exhibition.' Holcroft wrote a great number of dramatic pieces—more than thirty between the years 1778 and 1806; three other novels (*Anna St Ives*, *Hugh Trevor*, and *Bryan Perdue*); besides a Tour in Germany and France, and numerous translations from the German, and French, and Italian. During the period of the French Revolution he was a zealous reformer, and on hearing that his name was included in the same bill of indictment with Tooke and Hardy, he surrendered himself in open court, but no proof of guilt was ever adduced against him. His busy and remarkable life was terminated on the 23d of March 1809.

JOHN TOBIN.

John Tobin was a sad example, as Mrs Inchbald has remarked, 'of the fallacious hopes by which half mankind are allured to vexatious enterprise. He passed many years in the anxious labour of writing plays, which were rejected by the managers; and no sooner had they accepted *The Honey-Moon*, than he died, and never enjoyed the recompense of seeing it performed.' Tobin was born at Salisbury in the year 1770, and educated for the law. In 1785 he was articled to an eminent solicitor of Lincoln's Inn, and afterwards entered into business himself. Such, however, was his devotion to the drama, that before the age of twenty-four he had written several plays. His attachment to literary composition did not withdraw him from his legal engagements; but his time was incessantly occupied, and symptoms of consumption began to appear. A change of climate was recommended, and Tobin went first to Cornwall, and thence to Bristol, where he embarked for the West Indies. The vessel arriving at Cork, was detained there for some days; but on the 7th of December 1804, it sailed from that port, on which day—without any apparent change in his disorder to indicate the approach of death—the invalid expired. Before quitting London, Tobin had left the 'Honey-Moon' with his brother, the manager having given a promise that it should be performed. Its success was instant and decisive, and it is still a favourite acting play. Two other pieces by the same author (*The Curfew*, and *The School for Authors*) were subsequently brought forward, but they are of inferior merit. The 'Honey-Moon' is a romantic drama, partly in blank verse, and written somewhat in the style of Beaumont and Fletcher. The scene is laid in Spain, and the plot taken from Catherine and Petruchio, though the reform of the haughty lady is accomplished less roughly. The Duke of Aranza conducts his bride to a cottage in the country, pretending that he is a peasant, and that he has obtained her hand by deception. The proud Juliana, after a struggle, submits, and the duke having accomplished his purpose of rebuking 'the domineering spirit of her sex,' asserts his true rank, and places Juliana in his palace—

This truth to manifest—A gentle wife
Is still the sterling comfort of man's life;
To fools a torment, but a lasting boon
To those who—wisely keep their honey-moon.

The following passage, where the duke gives his directions to Juliana respecting her attire, is pointed out by Mrs Inchbald as peculiarly worthy of admiration, from the truths which it contains. The fair critic, like the hero of the play, was not ambitious of dress:—

I'll have no glittering gewgaws stuck about you,
To stretch the gaping eyes of idiot wonder,
And make men stare upon a piece of earth
As on the star-wrought firmament—no feathers
To wave as streamers to your vanity—
Nor cumbrous silk, that, with its rustling sound,
Makes proud the flesh that bears it. She's adorned
Amply, that in her husband's eye looks lovely—
The truest mirror that an honest wife
Can see her beauty in!
Jul. I shall observe, sir.
Duke. I should like well to see you in the dress
I last presented you.
Jul. The blue one, sir?
Duke. No, love—the white. Thus modestly attired,
A half-blown rose stuck in thy braided hair,
With no more diamonds than those eyes are made of,
No deeper rubies than compose thy lips,
Nor pearls more precious than inhabit them;
With the pure red and white, which that same hand
Which blends the rainbow mingles in thy cheeks;
This well-proportioned form (think not I flatter)
In graceful motion to harmonious sounds,
And thy free tresses dancing in the wind;
Thou'lt fix as much observance, as chaste dames
Can meet, without a blush.

JOHN O'KEEFE—FREDERICK REYNOLDS—THOMAS MORTON.

John O'Keefe, a prolific farce writer, was born in Dublin in 1746. While studying the art of drawing to fit him for an artist, he imbibed a passion for the stage, and commenced the career of an actor in his native city. He produced generally some dramatic piece every year for his benefit, and one of these, entitled *Tony Lumpkin*, was played with success at the Haymarket theatre, London, in 1778. He continued supplying the theatres with new pieces, and up to the year 1809, had written, in all, about fifty plays and farces. Most of these were denominated comic operas or musical farces, and some of them enjoyed great success. *The Agreeable Surprise*, *Wild Oats*, *Modern Antiques*, *Fontainbleau*, *The Highland Reel*, *Love in a Camp*, *The Poor Soldier*, and *Sprigs of Laurel*, are still favourites, especially the first, in which the character of Lingo, the schoolmaster, is a laughable piece of broad humour. O'Keefe's writings, it is said, were merely intended to make people laugh, and they have fully answered that intent. The lively dramatist was in his latter years afflicted with blindness, and in 1800 he obtained a benefit at Covent Garden theatre, on which occasion he was led forward by Mr Lewis, the actor, and delivered a poetical address. He died at Southampton on the 4th of February 1833, having reached the advanced age of 86.

Frederick Reynolds (1765-1841) was one of the most voluminous of dramatists, author of seventeen popular comedies, and, altogether, of about a hundred dramatic pieces. He served Covent Garden for forty years in the capacity of what he called 'thinker'—that is, performer of every kind of literary labour required in the establishment. Among his best productions are, *The Dramatist*, *Laugh when you Can*, *The Delinquent*, *The Will*, *Folly as it Flies*, *Life*, *Management*, *Notoriety*, *How to Grow Rich*, *The Rage*, *Speculation*, *The Blind Bargain*, *Fortune's Fool*, &c. &c. Of these, the 'Dramatist' is the best. The hero Vapid, the dramatic author, who goes to Bath 'to pick up characters,' is a laughable caricature, in which it is said the author drew a likeness of himself; for, like Vapid, he had 'the ardor scribendi upon him so strong, that he would rather you'd ask him to write an epilogue or a scene than offer him your whole estate—the theatre was his world, in

which were included all his hopes and wishes.' Out of the theatre, however, as in it, Reynolds was much esteemed.

Another veteran comic writer for the stage is THOMAS MORTON, whose *Speed the Plough*, *Way to Get Married*, *Cure for the Heartache*, and *The School of Reform*, may be considered standard comedies on the stage. Besides these, Mr Morton produced *Zorinski*, *Secrets Worth Knowing*, and various other plays, most of which were performed with great applause. The acting of Lewis, Munden, and Emery, was greatly in favour of Mr Morton's productions on their first appearance; but they contain the elements of theatrical success. The characters are strongly contrasted, and the scenes and situations well arranged for effect, with occasionally a mixture of pathos and tragic or romantic incident. In the closet, these works fail to arrest attention; for their merits are more artistic than literary, and the improbability of many of the incidents appears glaring when submitted to sober inspection.

Various new pieces have since been produced in the London theatres by Messrs Poole, Theodore Hook, Planche, Jerrold, Buckstone, &c. The novels of Sir Walter Scott and Mr Dickens have been dramatised with considerable success; but most of these recent productions require the aids of good acting, music, and scenery, to render them tolerable. There is no want of novelties; but the wit, the sprightly dialogue, and genuine life of the true English comedy, may be said to be extinct.

NOVELISTS.

In prose fiction, the last forty years have been rich and prolific. It was natural that the genius and the success of the great masters of the modern English novel should have led to imitation. Mediocrity is seldom deterred from attempting to rival excellence, especially in any department that is popular, and may be profitable; and there is, besides, in romance, as in the drama, a wide and legitimate field for native talent and exertion. The highly-wrought tenderness and pathos of Richardson, and the models of real life, wit, and humour in Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne, produced a few excellent imitations. The fictions of Mackenzie, Dr Moore, Miss Burney, and Cumberland, are all greatly superior to the ordinary run of novels, and stand at the head of the second class. These writers, however, exercised but little influence on the national taste: they supported the dignity and respectability of the novel, but did not extend its dominion; and accordingly we find that there was a long dull period in which this delightful species of composition had sunk into general contempt. There was no lack of novels, but they were of a very inferior and even debased description. In place of natural incident, character, and dialogue, we had affected and ridiculous sentimentalism—plots utterly absurd or pernicious—and stories of love and honour so maudlin in conception and drivelling in execution, that it is surprising they could ever have been tolerated even by the most defective moral sense or taste. The circulating libraries in town and country swarmed with these worthless productions (known from their place of publication by the misnomer of the 'Minerva Press' novels); but their perusal was in a great measure confined to young people of both sexes of imperfect education, or to half-idle inquisitive persons, whose avidity for excitement was not restrained by delicacy or judgment. In many cases, even in the humblest walks of life, this love of novel-reading amounted to a passion as strong and uncontrollable as that of dram-drinking; and, fed upon such garbage as we have described, it was scarcely less injurious; for it dwarfed the intellectual faculties, and unfitted its votaries equally for the study or relish of sound literature, and for the proper performance and enjoyment of the actual duties of the world. The enthusiastic novel reader got bewildered and entangled among love-plots and high-flown adventures, in which success was often awarded to profligacy, and, among scenes of pretended existence, exhibited in the masquerade attire of a distempered fancy. Instead, therefore, of

Truth severe by fairy Fiction dressed,

we had Falsehood decked out in frippery and nonsense, and courting applause from its very extravagance.

The first successful inroad on this accumulating mass of absurdity was made by Charlotte Smith, whose works may be said to hold a middle station between the true and the sentimental in fictitious composition. Shortly afterwards succeeded the political tales of Holcroft and Godwin, the latter animated by the fire of genius, and possessing great intellectual power and energy. The romantic fables of Mrs Radcliffe were also, as literary productions, a vast improvement on the old novels; and in their moral effects they were less mischievous, for the extraordinary machinery employed by the authoress was so far removed from the common course of human affairs and experience, that no one could think of drawing it into a precedent in ordinary circumstances. At no distant interval Miss Edgeworth came forward with her moral lessons and satirical portraits, daily advancing in her powers as in her desire to increase the virtues, prudence, and substantial happiness of life; Mrs Opie told her pathetic and graceful domestic tales; and Miss Austen exhibited her exquisite delineations of every-day English society and character. To crown all, Sir Walter Scott commenced, in 1814, his brilliant gallery of portraits of all classes, living and historical, which completely exterminated the monstrosities of the Minerva press, and inconceivably extended the circle of novel readers. Fictitious composition was now again in the ascendant, and never, in its palmiest days of chivalrous romance or modern fashion, did it command more devoted admiration, or shine with greater lustre. The public taste underwent a rapid and important change; and as curiosity was stimulated and supplied in such unexampled profusion from this master-source, the most exorbitant devourers of novels soon learned to look with aversion and disgust on the painted and unreal mockeries which had formerly deluded them. It appears to be a law of our nature, that recreation and amusement are as necessary to the mind as exercise is to the body, and in this light Sir Walter Scott must be viewed as one of the greatest benefactors of his species. He has supplied a copious and almost exhaustless source of amusement, as innocent as it is delightful. He revived the glories of past ages; illustrated the landscape and the history of his native country; painted the triumphs of patriotism and virtue, and the meanness and misery of vice; awakened our best and kindliest feelings in favour of suffering and erring humanity—of the low-born and the persecuted, the peasant, the beggar, and the Jew; he has furnished an intellectual banquet, as rich as it is various and picturesque, from his curious learning, extensive observation, forgotten manners, and decaying superstitions—the whole embellished with the lights of a vivid imagination, and a correct and gracefully regulated taste. In the number and variety of his conceptions and characters, Scott is entitled to take his seat beside the greatest

masters of fiction, British or foreign. Some have excelled him in particular qualities of the novelist, but none in their harmonious and rich combination.

We had now a new race of imitators, aiming at a high standard of excellence, both as respects the design and the execution of their works. The peculiarities of Scottish manners in humble life, which Scott had illustrated in his early novels, were successfully developed by Galt, and in a more tender and imaginative light by Wilson. Galt, indeed, has high merit as a minute painter: his delineations, like those of Allan Ramsay, bring home to his countrymen 'traits of undefinable expression, which had escaped every eye but that of familiar affection.' His pathos is the simple grief of nature. In this painting of national manners, Scott's example was all-potent. From Scotland it spread to Ireland. Miss Edgeworth, indeed, had previously portrayed the lights and shades of the Irish character, and in this respect was the preceptress of Scott. But with all her talent and penetration, this excellent authoress can scarcely be said to have reached the *heart* of her subject, and she stirred up no enthusiasm among her countrymen. Miss Edgeworth pursued her high vocation as a moral teacher. Miss Owenson, who had, as early as 1807, published her *Wild Irish Girl*, continued (as Lady Morgan) her striking and humorous pictures of Irish society, and they were afterwards greatly surpassed by Banim, Griffin, Lover, Carleton, and others. The whole soil of Ireland, and its races of people, have been laid open, like a new world, to the general reader. English history was in like manner ransacked for materials for fiction. Scott had shown how much could be done in this department by gathering up the scattered fragments of antiquarian research, or entering with the spirit and skill of genius into the manners and events of a bygone age. He had vivified and embodied—not described—the past. Many authors have followed in his train—Mr Horace Smith, Mr James, Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, Ainsworth, and other men of talent and genius. Classic and foreign manners were also depicted. The *Valerius* of Lockhart is an exquisite Roman story; Morier and Fraser have familiarised us with the domestic life of Persia; Mr Hope, in his *Anastasius*, has drawn the scenery and manners of Italy, Greece, and Turkey, with the fidelity and minuteness of a native artist, and the impassioned beauty of a poet; while the character and magnificent natural features of America—its trackless forests, lakes, wild Indian tribes, and antique settlers—have been depicted by its gifted sons, Irving and Cooper. All these may be said to have been prompted by the national and historical romances of Scott. The current of imagination and description had been turned from verse to prose. The stage also caught the enthusiasm; and the tales which had charmed in the closet were reproduced, with scenic effect, in our theatres.

The fashionable novels of Theodore Hook formed a new feature in modern fiction. His first series of *Sayings and Doings* appeared in 1824, and attracted considerable attention. The principal object of these clever tales was to describe manners in high-life, and the ridiculous and awkward assumption of them by citizens and persons in the middle ranks. As the author advanced in his career, he extended his canvass, and sketched a greater variety of scenes and figures. Their general character, however, remained the same: too much importance was, in all of them, attached to the mere externals of social intercourse, as if the use of the 'silver fork,' or the etiquette of the drawing-room, were 'the be-all and the end-all' of English society. The life of the accomplished author gives a sad and moral interest to his tales. He obtained the distinction he coveted, in the notice and favour of the great and the fashionable world; for this he sacrificed the fruits of his industry and the independence of genius; he lived in a round of distraction and gaiety, illuminated by his wit and talents, and he died a premature death, the victim of disappointment, debt, and misery. This personal example is the true 'handwriting on the wall,' to warn genius and integrity in the middle classes against hunting after or copying the vices of fashionable dissipation and splendour! Mr Ward, Lord Normanby, Mrs Trollope, Lady Blessington, and others, followed up these tales of high-life with perfect knowledge of the subject, wit, refinement, and sarcasm, but certainly with less vigour and less real knowledge of mankind than Theodore Hook. Bulwer imparted to it the novelty and attraction of strong contrast, by conducting his fashionable characters into the purlieus of vice and slang society, which also in its turn became the rage, and provoked imitation. 'Dandies' and highwaymen were painted *en beau*, and the Newgate Calendar was rifled for heroes to figure in the novel and on the stage. This unnatural absurdity soon palled upon the public taste, and Bulwer did justice to his high and undoubted talents by his historical and more legitimate romances. Among the most original of our living novelists should be included Captain Marryat, the parent, in his own person and in that of others, of a long progeny of nautical tales and sketches.

The last and, next to Scott, the greatest of modern writers of fiction, is Mr Charles Dickens, who also deals with low-life and national peculiarities, especially such as spring up in the streets and resorts of crowded cities. The varied surface of English society, in the ordinary and middle ranks, has afforded this close observer and humorist a rich harvest of characters, scenes, and adventures—of follies, oddities, vices, and frailties, of which he has made a copious and happy use. In comic humour, blended with tenderness and pathos, and united to unrivalled powers of observation and description, Dickens has no equal among his contemporaries; and as a painter of actual life, he seems to be the most genuine English novelist we have had since Fielding. His faults lie upon the surface. Like Bulwer, he delights in strong colouring and contrasts—the melodrame of fiction—and is too prone to caricature. The artist, delighting in the exhibition of his skill, is apparent in many of his scenes, where probability and nature are sacrificed for effect. But there is 'a spirit of goodness' at the heart of all Dickens's stories, and a felicitous humour and fancy, which are unknown to Bulwer and his other rivals. His vivid pictures of those poor in-door sufferers 'in populous city pent' have directed sympathy to the obscure dwellers in lanes and alleys, and may prove the precursor of practical amelioration. He has made fiction the handmaid of humanity and benevolence, without losing its companionship with wit and laughter. The hearty cordiality of his mirth, his warm and kindly feelings, alive to whatever interests or amuses others, and the undisguised pleasure, 'brimming o'er,' with which he enters upon every scene of humble city-life and family affection, make us in love with human nature in situations and under circumstances rarely penetrated by the light of imagination. He is a sort of discoverer in the moral world, and has found an El Dorado in the outskirts and byways of humanity where previous explorers saw little but dirt and ashes, and could not gather a single flower. This is the triumph of genius, as beneficial as it is brilliant and irresistible.

It will be remarked that a large proportion of the

novelists of this period are ladies. 'There are some things,' says a periodical critic, 'which women do better than men, and of those, perhaps, novel-writing is one. Naturally endowed with greater delicacy of taste and feeling, with a moral sense not blunted and debased by those contaminations to which men are exposed, leading lives rather of observation than of action, with leisure to attend to the minutiæ of conduct and more subtle developments of character, they are peculiarly qualified for the task of exhibiting faithfully and pleasingly the various phases of domestic life, and those varieties which chequer the surface of society. Accordingly, their delineations, though perhaps less vigorous than those afforded by the other sex, are distinguished, for the most part, by greater fidelity and consistency, a more refined and happy discrimination, and, we must also add, a more correct estimate of right and wrong. In works which come from a female pen, we are seldom offended by those moral monstrosities, those fantastic perversions of principle, which are too often to be met with in the fictions which have been written by men. Women are less stilted in their style; they are more content to describe naturally what they have observed, without attempting the introduction of those extraneous ornaments which are sometimes sought at the expense of truth. They are less ambitious, and are therefore more just; they are far more exempt from that prevailing literary vice of the present day, exaggeration, and have not taken their stand among the feverish followers of what may be called the *intense* style of writing; a style much praised by those who inquire only if a work is calculated to make a strong impression, and omit entirely the more important question, whether that impression be founded on truth or on delusion. Hence the agonies and convulsions, and dreamy rhapsodies, and heated exhibitions of stormy passions, in which several of our writers have lately indulged. Imagination has been flattered into a self-sufficient abandonment of its alliance with judgment, to which disunion it is ever least prone where it has most real power; and "fine creations" (well so called, as being unlike anything previously existing in nature) have been lauded, in spite of their internal falsity, as if they were of more value than the most accurate delineations of that world which we see around us.'*

* Edinburgh Review for 1830.

FRANCES BURNEY (MADAME D'ARBLAY).

FRANCES BURNEY, authoress of *Evelina* and *Cecilia*, was the wonder and delight of the generation of novel readers succeeding that of Fielding and Smollett, and she has maintained her popularity better than most secondary writers of fiction. Her name has been lately revived by the publication of her *Diary and Letters*, containing some clever sketches of society and manners, notices of the court of George III., and anecdotes of Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, &c. Miss Burney was the second daughter of Dr Burney, author of the History of Music. She was born at Lynn-Regis, in the county of Norfolk, on the 13th of June 1752. Her father was organist in Lynn, but in 1760 he removed to London (where he had previously resided), and numbered among his familiar friends and visitors David Garrick, Sir Robert Strange the engraver, the poets Mason and Armstrong, Barry the painter, and other persons distinguished in art and literature. Such society must have had a highly beneficial effect on his family, and accordingly we find they all made themselves distinguished: one son rose to be an admiral; the second son, Charles Burney, became a celebrated Greek scholar; both the daughters were novelists.* Fanny was long held to be a sort of prodigy. At eight years of age she did not even know her letters, but she was shrewd and observant. At fifteen she had written several tales, was a great reader, and even a critic. Her authorship was continued in secret, her sister only being aware



Frances Burney.

of the circumstance. In this way, it is said, she had composed 'Evelina' when she was only seventeen. The novel, however, was not published till January 1778, when 'little Fanny' was in her twenty-sixth year; and the wonderful precocity of 'Miss in her teens' may be dismissed as at least doubtful. The work was offered to Dodsley the publisher, but rejected, as the worthy bibliopole 'declined looking at anything anonymous.' Another bookseller, named Lowndes, agreed to publish it, and gave £20 for the manuscript. *Evelina, or a Young Lady's Entrance into the World*, soon became the talk of the town. Dr Burney, in the fulness of his heart, told Mrs Thrale that 'our Fanny' was the author, and Dr Johnson protested to Mrs Thrale that there were passages in it which might do honour to Richardson! Miss Burney was invited to Streatham, the country residence of the Thrales, and there she met Johnson and his illustrious band of friends, of whom we have ample notices in the Diary. Wherever she went, to London, Bath, or Tunbridge, 'Evelina' was the theme of praise, and Miss Burney the happiest of authors. In 1782 appeared her second work, 'Cecilia,' which is more highly finished than 'Evelina,' but less rich in comic characters and dialogue. Miss Burney having gone to reside for a short time with Mrs Delany, a venerable lady, the friend of Swift, once connected with

* Rear-Admiral James Burney accompanied Captain Cook in two of his voyages, and was author of a History of Voyages of Discovery, 5 vols. quarto, and an Account of the Russian Eastern Voyages. He died in 1820. Dr Charles Burney wrote several critical works on the Greek classics, was a prebendary of Lincoln, and one of the king's chaplains. After his death, in 1817, the valuable library of this great scholar was purchased by government for the British Museum.

the court, and who now lived on a pension from their majesties at Windsor, was introduced to the king and queen, and speedily became a favourite. The result was, that in 1786 our authoress was appointed second keeper of the robes to Queen Charlotte, with a salary of £200 a-year, a footman, apartments in the palace, and a coach between her and her colleague. The situation was only a sort of splendid slavery. 'I was averse to the union,' said Miss Burney, 'and I endeavoured to escape it; but my friends interfered—they prevailed—and the knot is tied.' The queen appears to have been a kind and considerate mistress; but the stiff etiquette and formality of the court, and the unremitting attention which its irksome duties required, rendered the situation peculiarly disagreeable to one who had been so long flattered and courted by the brilliant society of her day. Her colleague, Mrs Schwellenberg, a coarse-minded, jealous, disagreeable German favourite, was also a perpetual source of annoyance to her; and poor Fanny at court was worse off than her heroine Cecilia was in choosing among her guardians. Her first official duty was to mix the queen's snuff, and keep her box always replenished, after which she was promoted to the great business of the toilet, helping her majesty off and on with her dresses, and being in strict attendance from six or seven in the morning till twelve at night! From this grinding and intolerable destiny Miss Burney was emancipated by her marriage, in 1793, with a French refugee officer, the Count D'Arblay. She then resumed her pen, and in 1795 produced a tragedy, entitled *Edwin and Elgitha*, which was brought out at Drury Lane, and possessed at least one novelty—there were three bishops among the *dramatis personæ*. Mrs Siddons personated the heroine, but in the dying scene, where the lady is brought from behind a hedge to expire before the audience, and is afterwards carried once more to the back of the hedge, the house was convulsed with laughter! Her next effort was her novel of *Camilla*, which she published by subscription, and realised by it no less than three thousand guineas. In 1802 Madame D'Arblay accompanied her husband to Paris. The count joined the army of Napoleon, and his wife was forced to remain in France till 1812, when she returned and purchased, from the proceeds of her novel, a small but handsome villa, named Camilla Cottage. Her success in prose fiction urged her to another trial, and in 1814 she produced *The Wanderer*, a tedious tale in five volumes, which had no other merit than that of bringing the authoress the large sum of £1500. The only other literary labour of Madame D'Arblay was a memoir of her father, Dr Burney, published in 1832. Her husband and her son (the Rev. A. D'Arblay of Camden Town chapel, near London) both predeceased her—the former in 1818, and the latter in 1837. Three years after this last melancholy bereavement, Madame D'Arblay herself paid the debt of nature, dying at Bath in January 1840, at the great age of eighty-eight. Her Diary and Letters, edited by her niece, were published in 1842 in five volumes. If judiciously condensed, this work would have been both entertaining and valuable; but at least one half of it is filled with small unimportant details and private gossip, and the self-admiring weakness of the authoress shines out in almost every page. The early novels of Miss Burney form the most pleasing memorials of her name and history. In them we see her quick in discernment, lively in invention, and inimitable, in her own way, in portraying the humours and oddities of English society. Her good sense and correct feeling are more remarkable than her passion. Her love scenes are prosaic enough, but in 'showing up' a party of 'vulgarly genteel' persons, painting the characters in a drawing-room, or catching the follies and absurdities that float on the surface of fashionable society, she has rarely been equalled. She deals with the palpable and familiar; and though society has changed since the time of 'Evelina,' and the glory of Ranelagh and Mary-le-bone Gardens has departed, there is enough of real life in her personages, and real morality in her lessons, to interest, amuse, and instruct. Her sarcasm, drollery, and broad humour, must always be relished.

[*A Game of Highway Robbery.*]

[From 'Evelina.']

When we had been out near two hours, and expected every moment to stop at the place of our destination, I observed that Lady Howard's servant, who attended us on horseback, rode on forward till he was out of sight, and soon after returning, came up to the chariot window, and delivering a note to Madame Duval, said he had met a boy who was just coming with it to Howard Grove, from the clerk of Mr Tyrell.

While she was reading it, he rode round to the other window, and, making a sign for secrecy, put into my hand a slip of paper on which was written, 'Whatever happens, be not alarmed; for you are safe, though you endanger all mankind!'

I readily imagined that Sir Clement must be the author of this note, which prepared me to expect some disagreeable adventure: but I had no time to ponder upon it, for Madame Duval had no sooner read her own letter, than, in an angry tone of voice, she exclaimed, 'Why, now, what a thing is this; here we're come all this way for nothing!'

She then gave me the note, which informed her that she need not trouble herself to go to Mr Tyrell's, as the prisoner had had the address to escape. I congratulated her upon this fortunate incident; but she was so much concerned at having rode so far in vain, that she seemed less pleased than provoked. However, she ordered the man to make what haste he could home, as she hoped at least to return before the captain should suspect what had passed.

The carriage turned about, and we journeyed so quietly for near an hour that I began to flatter myself we should be suffered to proceed to Howard Grove without further molestation, when, suddenly, the footman called out, 'John, are we going right?'

'Why, I ain't sure,' said the coachman; 'but I'm afraid we turned wrong.'

'What do you mean by that, sirrah?' said Madame Duval; 'why, if you lose your way, we shall be all in the dark.'

'I think we should turn to the left,' said the footman.

'To the left!' answered the other; 'No, no; I'm pretty sure we should turn to the right.'

'You had better make some inquiry,' said I.

'*Ma foi,*' cried Madame Duval, 'we're in a fine hole here; they neither of them know no more than the post. However, I'll tell my lady as sure as you're born, so you'd better find the way.'

'Let's try this road,' said the footman.

'No,' said the coachman, 'that's the road to Canterbury; we had best go straight on.'

'Why, that's the direct London road,' returned the footman, 'and will lead us twenty miles about.'

'*Pardie,*' cried Madame Duval; 'why, they won't go one way nor t'other; and, now we're come all this jaunt for nothing, I suppose we shan't get home to night.'

'Let's go back to the public-house,' said the footman, 'and ask for a guide.'

'No, no,' said the other; 'if we stay here a few minutes, somebody or other will pass by; and the horses are almost knocked up already.'

'Well, I protest,' cried Madame Duval, 'I'd give a guinea to see them sots horse-whipped. As sure as I'm alive they're drunk. Ten to one but they'll overturn us next.'

After much debating they at length agreed to go on till we came to some inn, or met with a passenger who could direct us. We soon arrived at a small farm-house, and the footman alighted and went into it.

In a few minutes he returned, and told us we might proceed, for that he had procured a direction. 'But,' added he, 'it seems there are some thieves hereabouts, and so the best way will be for you to leave your watches and purses with the farmer, whom I know very well, and who is an honest man, and a tenant of my lady's.'

'Thieves!' cried Madame Duval, looking aghast; 'the Lord help us! I've no doubt but we shall be all murdered!'

The farmer came to us, and we gave him all we were worth, and the servants followed our example. We then proceeded, and Madame Duval's anger so entirely subsided, that, in the mildest manner imaginable, she intreated them to make haste, and promised to tell their lady how diligent and obliging they had been. She perpetually stopped them to ask if they apprehended any danger, and was at length so much overpowered by her fears, that she made the footman fasten his horse to the back of the carriage, and then come and seat himself within it. My endeavours to encourage her were fruitless; she sat in the middle, held the man by the arm, and protested that if he did but save her life, she would make his fortune. Her uneasiness gave me much concern, and it was with the utmost difficulty I forbore to acquaint her that she was imposed upon; but the mutual fear of the captain's resentment to me, and of her own to him, neither of which would have any moderation, deterred me. As to the footman, he was evidently in torture from restraining his laughter, and I observed that he was frequently obliged to make most horrid grimaces from pretended fear, in order to conceal his risibility.

Very soon after, 'The robbers are coming!' cried the coachman.

The footman opened the door, and jumped out of the chariot.

Madame Duval gave a loud scream.

I could no longer preserve my silence. 'For heaven's sake, my dear madam,' said I, 'don't be alarmed; you are in no danger; you are quite safe; there is nothing but——'

Here the chariot was stopped by two men in masks, who at each side put in their hands, as if for our purses. Madame Duval sunk to the bottom of the chariot, and implored their mercy. I shrieked involuntarily, although prepared for the attack: one of them held me fast, while the other tore poor Madame Duval out of the carriage, in spite of her cries, threats, and resistance.

I was really frightened, and trembled exceedingly. 'My angel!' cried the man who held me, 'you cannot surely be alarmed. Do you not know me? I shall hold myself in eternal abhorrence if I have really terrified you.'

'Indeed, Sir Clement, you have,' cried I; 'but, for heaven's sake, where is Madame Duval?—why is she forced away?'

'She is perfectly safe; the captain has her in charge; but suffer me now, my adored Miss Anville, to take the only opportunity that is allowed me to speak upon another, a much dearer, much sweeter subject.'

And then he hastily came into the chariot, and seated himself next to me. I would fain have disengaged myself from him, but he would not let me. 'Deny me not, most charming of women,' cried he—'deny me not this only moment lent me to pour forth my soul into your gentle ears, to tell you how much I suffer from your absence, how much I dread your displeasure, and how cruelly I am affected by your coldness!'

'Oh, sir, this is no time for such language; pray, leave me; pray, go to the relief of Madame Duval; I cannot bear that she should be treated with such indignity.'

'And will you—can you command my absence? When may I speak to you, if not now?—does the captain suffer me to breathe a moment out of his sight?—and are not a thousand impertinent people for ever at your elbow?'

'Indeed, Sir Clement, you must change your style, or I will not hear you. The impertinent people you mean are among my best friends, and you would not, if you really wished me well, speak of them so disrespectfully.'

'Wish you well! Oh, Miss Anville, point but out to me how in what manner I may convince you of the fervour of my passion—tell me but what services you will accept from me, and you shall find my life, my fortune, my whole soul at your devotion.'

'I want nothing, sir, that you can offer. I beg you not to talk to me so—so strangely. Pray, leave me; and pray, assure yourself you cannot take any method so successless to show any regard for me as entering into schemes so frightful to Madame Duval, and so disagreeable to myself.'

'The scheme was the captain's; I even opposed it; though I own I could not refuse myself the so long wished-for happiness of speaking to you once more without so many of—your friends to watch me. And I had flattered myself that the note I charged the footman to give you would have prevented the alarm you have received.'

'Well, sir, you have now, I hope, said enough; and if you will not go yourself to seek for Madame Duval, at least suffer me to inquire what is become of her.'

'And when may I speak to you again?'

'No matter when; I don't know; perhaps——'

'Perhaps what, my angel?'

'Perhaps never, sir, if you torment me thus.'

'Never! Oh, Miss Anville, how cruel, how piercing to my soul is that icy word! Indeed I cannot endure such displeasure.'

'Then, sir, you must not provoke it. Pray, leave me directly.'

'I will, madam; but let me at least make a merit of my obedience- allow me to hope that you will in future be less averse to trusting yourself for a few moments alone with me.'

I was surprised at the freedom of this request; but while I hesitated how to answer it, the other mask came up to the chariot door, and in a voice almost stifled with laughter, said, 'I've done for her! The old buck is safe; but we must sheer off directly, or we shall be all a-ground.'

Sir Clement instantly left me, mounted his horse, and rode off. The captain having given some directions to his servants, followed him.

I was both uneasy and impatient to know the fate of Madame Duval, and immediately got out of the chariot to seek her. I desired the footman to show me which way she was gone; he pointed with his finger, by way of answer, and I saw that he dared not trust his voice to make any other. I walked on at a very quick pace, and soon, to my great consternation, perceived the poor lady seated upright in a ditch. I flew to her, with unfeigned concern at her situation. She was sobbing, nay, almost roaring, and in the ut-

most agony of rage and terror. As soon as she saw me, she redoubled her cries, but her voice was so broken, I could not understand a word she said. I was so much shocked, that it was with difficulty I forbore exclaiming against the cruelty of the captain for thus wantonly ill-treating her, and I could not forgive myself for having passively suffered the deception. I used my utmost endeavours to comfort her, assuring her of our present safety, and begging her to rise and return to the chariot.

Almost bursting with passion, she pointed to her feet, and with frightful violence she actually beat the ground with her hands.

I then saw that her feet were tied together with a strong rope, which was fastened to the upper branch of a tree, even with a hedge which ran along the ditch where she sat. I endeavoured to untie the knot, but soon found it was infinitely beyond my strength. I was therefore obliged to apply to the footman; but being very unwilling to add to his mirth by the sight of Madame Duval's situation, I desired him to lend me a knife. I returned with it, and cut the rope. Her feet were soon disentangled, and then, though with great difficulty, I assisted her to rise. But what was my astonishment when, the moment she was up, she hit me a violent slap on the face! I retreated from her with precipitation and dread, and she then loaded me with reproaches which, though almost unintelligible, convinced me that she imagined I had voluntarily deserted her; but she seemed not to have the slightest suspicion that she had not been attacked by real robbers.

I was so much surprised and confounded at the blow, that for some time I suffered her to rave without making any answer; but her extreme agitation and real suffering soon dispelled my anger, which all turned into compassion. I then told her that I had been forcibly detained from following her, and assured her of my real sorrow at her ill usage.

She began to be somewhat appeased, and I again intreated her to return to the carriage, or give me leave to order that it should draw up to the place where we stood. She made no answer, till I told her that the longer we remained still, the greater would be the danger of our ride home. Struck with this hint, she suddenly, and with hasty steps, moved forward.

Her dress was in such disorder that I was quite sorry to have her figure exposed to the servants, who all of them, in imitation of their master, hold her in derision; however, the disgrace was unavoidable.

The ditch, happily, was almost dry, or she must have suffered still more seriously; yet so forlorn, so miserable a figure, I never before saw. Her head-dress had fallen off; her linen was torn; her negligee had not a pin left in it; her petticoats she was obliged to hold on; and her shoes were perpetually slipping off. She was covered with dirt, weeds, and filth, and her face was really horrible, for the pomatum and powder from her head, and the dust from the road, were quite pasted on her skin by her tears, which, with her rouge, made so frightful a mixture that she hardly looked human.

The servants were ready to die with laughter the moment they saw her; but not all my remonstrances could prevail on her to get into the carriage till she had most vehemently reproached them both for not rescuing her. The footman, fixing his eyes on the ground, as if fearful of again trusting himself to look at her, protested that the robbers avowed they would shoot him if he moved an inch, and that one of them had stayed to watch the chariot, while the other carried her off; adding, that the reason of their behaving so barbarously, was to revenge our having secured our purses. Notwithstanding her anger, she gave immediate credit to what he said, and really imagined that her want of money had irritated the pretended robbers to treat her with such cruelty. I determined, therefore, to be carefully on my guard, not to betray the imposition, which could now answer no other purpose than occasioning an irreparable breach between her and the captain.

Just as we were seated in the chariot, she discovered the loss which her head had sustained, and called out, 'My God! what is become of my hair? Why, the villain has stole all my curls!'

She then ordered the man to run and see if he could find any of them in the ditch. He went, and presently returning, produced a great quantity of hair in such a nasty condition, that I was amazed she would take it; and the man, as he delivered it to her, found it impossible to keep his countenance; which she no sooner observed, than all her stormy passions were again raised. She flung the battered curls in his face, saying, 'Sirrah, what do you grin for? I wish you'd been served so yourself, and you wouldn't have found it no such joke; you are the impudentest fellow ever I see, and if I find you dare grin at me any more, I shall make no ceremony of boxing your ears.'

Satisfied with the threat, the man hastily retired, and we drove on.

[Miss Burney explains to King George III the circumstance attending the composition of 'Evelina.']

The king went up to the table, and looked at a book of prints, from Claude Lorraine, which had been brought down for Miss Dewes; but Mrs Delany, by mistake, told him they were for me. He turned over a leaf or two, and then said—

'Pray, does Miss Burney draw too?'

The *too* was pronounced very civilly.

'I believe not, sir,' answered Mrs Delany; 'at least she does not tell.'

'Oh,' cried he, laughing, 'that's nothing; she is not apt to tell; she never does tell, you know. Her father told me that himself. He told me the whole history of her "Evelina." And I shall never forget his face when he spoke of his feelings at first taking up the book; he looked quite frightened, just as if he was doing it that moment. I never can forget his face while I live.'

Then coming up close to me, he said, 'But what! what! how was it?'

'Sir,' cried I, not well understanding him.

'How came you—how happened it—what—what?'

'I—I only wrote, sir, for my own amusement—only in some odd idle hours.'

'But your publishing—your printing—how was that?'

'That was only, sir—only because——'

I hesitated most abominably, not knowing how to tell him a long story, and growing terribly confused at these questions; besides, to say the truth, his own 'what! what?' so reminded me of those vile Probationary Odes, that, in the midst of all my flutter, I was really hardly able to keep my countenance.

The *what!* was then repeated, with so earnest a look, that, forced to say something, I stammeringly answered, 'I thought, sir, it would look very well in print.'

I do really flatter myself this is the silliest speech I ever made. I am quite provoked with myself for it; but a fear of laughing made me eager to utter anything, and by no means conscious, till I had spoken, of what I was saying.

He laughed very heartily himself—well he might—and walked away to enjoy it, crying out, 'Very fair indeed; that's being very fair and honest.'

Then returning to me again, he said, 'But your father—how came you not to show him what you wrote?'

'I was too much ashamed of it, sir, seriously.'

Literal truth that, I am sure.

'And how did he find it out?'

'I don't know myself, sir. He never would tell me.'

Literal truth again, my dear father, as you can testify.

'But how did you get it printed?'

'I sent it, sir, to a bookseller my father never employed, and that I never had seen myself, Mr Lowndes, in full hope that by that means he never would hear of it.'

'But how could you manage that?'

'By means of a brother, sir.'

'O, you confided in a brother then?'

'Yes, sir—that is, for the publication.'

'What entertainment you must have had from hearing people's conjectures before you were known! Do you remember any of them?'

'Yes, sir, many.'

'And what?'

'I heard that Mr Baretti laid a wager it was written by a man; for no woman, he said, could have kept her own counsel.'

This diverted him extremely.

'But how was it,' he continued, 'you thought most likely for your father to discover you?'

'Sometimes, sir, I have supposed I must have dropt some of the manuscript; sometimes, that one of my sisters betrayed me.'

'O, your sister?' what! not your brother?'

'No, sir, he could not, for——'

I was going on, but he laughed so much I could not be heard, exclaiming, 'Vastly well! I see you are of Mr Baretti's mind, and think your brother could keep your secret and not your sister. Well, but,' cried he, presently, 'how was it first known to you you were betrayed?'

'By a letter, sir, from another sister. I was very ill, and in the country; and she wrote me word that my father had taken up a review, in which the book was mentioned, and had put his finger upon its name, and said, "Contrive to get that book for me."'

'And when he got it,' cried the king, 'he told me he was afraid of looking at it, and never can I forget his face when he mentioned his first opening it. But you have not kept your pen unemployed all this time?'

'Indeed I have, sir.'

'But why?'

'I—I believe I have exhausted myself, sir.'

He laughed aloud at this, and went and told it to Mrs Delany, civilly treating a plain fact as a mere *bon mot.*

Then returning to me again, he said more seriously, 'But you have not determined against writing any more?'

'N—o, sir.'

'You have made no vow—no real resolution of that sort?'

'No, sir.'

'You only wait for inclination?'

How admirably Mr Cambridge's speech might have come in here.

'No, sir.'

A very civil little bow spoke him pleased with this answer, and he went again to the middle of the room, where he chiefly stood, and, addressing us in general, talked upon the different motives of writing, concluding with, 'I believe there is no constraint to be put upon real genius; nothing but inclination can set it to work. Miss Burney, however, knows best.' And then hastily returning to me, he cried, 'What! what?'

'No, sir, I—I—believe not, certainly,' quoth I very awkwardly, for I seemed taking a violent compliment only as my due; but I knew not how to put him off as I would another person.

Sarah Harriet Burney, half-sister to Madame D'Arblay, is authoress of several novels, *Geraldine, Fauconberg, Country Neighbours*, &c. This lady has copied the style of her relative, but has not her raciness of humour, or power of painting the varieties of the human species.

WILLIAM BECKFORD.

In 1784 there appeared, *originally in French*, the rich oriental story entitled *Vathek: an Arabian Tale.* An English edition (somewhat chastened in its colouring) was afterwards issued by the author, and has passed through many editions. Byron praises the work for its correctness of costume, beauty of description, and power of imagination. 'As an Eastern tale,' he says, 'even Rasselas must bow before it: his Happy Valley will not bear a comparison with the Hall of Eblis.' It would be difficult to institute a comparison between scenes so very dissimilar—almost as different as the garden of Eden from Pandemonium; but 'Vathek' seems to have powerfully impressed the youthful fancy of Byron. It contains some minute Eastern painting and characters (a Giaour being of the number), uniting energy and fire with voluptuousness, such as Byron loved to draw. The Caliph Vathek, who had 'sullied himself with a thousand crimes,' like the Corsair, is a magnificent Childe Harold, and may have suggested the character.

William Beckford, the author of this remarkable work, still lives. He has had as great a passion for building towers as the caliph himself, and both his fortune and his genius have something of oriental splendour about them. His father, Alderman Beckford of Fonthill, was leader of the city of London opposition in the stormy times of Wilkes, Chatham, and the American discontents. He is celebrated for having bearded King George III. on his throne on the occasion of presenting a petition and remonstrance to his majesty while holding the office of lord-mayor of the city. Shortly after this memorable exploit Mr Beckford died (June 21st. 1770), and the city voted a statue to his memory in Guildhall, and ordered that the speech he had delivered to the king should be engraved on the pedestal! His only son and heir, the author of 'Vathek,' was then a boy, distinguished by the favour and affection of the Earl of Chatham. He succeeded to the estate of Fonthill, to a valuable West Indian property, and a fortune, it is said, of more than £100,000 per annum. At the age of eighteen he published *Biographical Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters*, a work satirising some English artists under feigned names. In 1780 he made a tour to the continent, which formed the subject of a series of letters, picturesque and poetical, since published under the title of *Italy, with Sketches of Spain and Portugal.* The high-bred ease, voluptuousness, and classic taste of some of these descriptions and personal adventures, have a striking and unique effect. On his return to England, Mr Beckford sat for the borough of Hindon in several parliaments. He afterwards went to Portugal, and purchasing an estate at Cintra—that 'glorious Eden' of the south—he built himself a palace for a residence.

There thou, too, Vathek! England's wealthiest son,
Once formed thy paradise, as not aware
When wanton Wealth her mightiest deeds hath done,
Meek Peace voluptuous lures was ever wont to shun.

Here didst thou dwell, here schemes of pleasure plan
Beneath yon mountain's ever-beauteous brow:
But now, as if a thing unblest by man,
Thy fairy dwelling is as lone as thou!
Here giant weeds a passage scarce allow
To halls deserted, portals gaping wide;
Fresh lessons to the thinking bosom, how
Vain are the pleasaunces on earth supplied;
Swept into wrecks anon by Time's ungentle tide.

Childe Harold, Canto I.

Mr Beckford has left a literary memorial of his residence in Portugal in his *Recollections of an Excursion to the Monasteries of Alcobaça and Batalha*, published in 1835. The excursion was made in June 1794, at the desire of the prince regent of Portugal. The monastery of Alcobaça was the grandest ecclesiastical edifice in that country, with paintings, antique tombs, and fountains; the noblest architecture, in the finest situation, and inhabited by monks who lived like princes. The whole of these sketches are interesting, and present a gorgeous picture of ecclesiastical pomp and wealth. Mr Beckford and his friends were conducted to the kitchen by the abbot, in his costume of High Almoner of Portugal, that they might see what preparations had been made to regale them. The kitchen was worthy of a Vathek! 'Through the centre of the immense and nobly-groined hall, not less than sixty feet in diameter, ran a brisk rivulet of the clearest water, *containing every sort and size of the finest river fish.* On one side loads of game and venison were heaped up; on the other vegetables and fruits in endless variety. Beyond a long line of stores, extended a row of ovens, and close to them hillocks of wheaten flour whiter than snow, rocks of sugar, jars of the purest oil, and pastry in vast abundance, which a numerous tribe of lay brothers and their attendants were rolling out, and puffing up into a hundred different shapes, singing all the while as blithely as larks in a corn-field.' Alas! this regal splendour is all gone. The magnificent monastery of Alcobaça was plundered and given to the flames by the French troops under Massena in 1811. After leaving Cintra, Mr Beckford took up his abode on his paternal estate in England, and for twenty years employed himself in rearing the magnificent but unsubstantial Gothic structure known as Fonthill Abbey, and in embellishing the surrounding grounds. The latter were laid out in the most exquisite style of landscape-gardening, aided by the natural inequality and beauty of the ground, and enriched by a lake and fine sylvan scenery. One grand tower of the abbey (of disproportioned height, for it afterwards tumbled down a mighty ruin) occupied the owner's care and anxiety for years. The structure was like a romance. 'On one occasion, when this lofty tower was pushing its crest towards heaven, an elevated part of it caught fire, and was destroyed. The sight was sublime; and we have heard that it was a spectacle which the owner of the mansion enjoyed with as much composure as if the flames had not been devouring what it would cost a fortune to repair. The building was carried on by him with an energy and enthusiasm of which duller minds can hardly form a conception. At one period every cart and wagon in the district were pressed into the service, though all the agricultural labour of the country stood still. At another, even the royal works of St George's chapel, Windsor, were abandoned, that 460 men might be employed night and day on Fonthill Abbey. These men were made to relieve each other by regular watches; and during the longest and darkest nights of winter, the astonished traveller might see the tower rising under their hands, the trowel and torch being associated for that purpose. This must have had a very extraordinary appearance; and we are told that it was another of those exhibitions which Mr Beckford was fond of contemplating. He is represented as surveying the work thus expedited, the busy levy of masons, the high and giddy dancing of the lights, and the strange effects produced upon the architecture and woods below, from one of the eminences in the walks, and wasting the coldest hours of December darkness in feasting his sense with this display of almost superhuman power.'* These details are characteristic of the author of 'Vathek,' and form an interesting illustration of his peculiar taste and genius. In 1822—satiated with the treasures around him, and desiring fresh excitement—Mr Beckford sold his mansion and grounds at Fonthill, and removed to Bath. 'To realise the dreams and fictions of his fancy,' it has been truly said, 'seems to have been the main purport of Mr Beckford's life; for this he commanded his fairy palace to glitter amid the orange groves, and palms, and aloes of Cintra—for this he crowned the Wiltshire hills with his rich monastic turrets—for this, in later days, he has placed his airy coronet on the turreted brow of the city of Bladud—for this he collected in his romance of Vathek every gorgeous accumulation of luxury and pleasure; and lived in idea among them, since a too cruel fate had forbidden him, even with the boundless prodigality of his wealth, to equal the son of Motassem.'

The outline or plot of 'Vathek' possesses all the wildness of Arabian fiction. The hero is the grandson of Haroun al Raschid (*Aaron the Just*), whose dominions stretched from Africa to India. He is fearless, proud, inquisitive, a *gourmand*, fond of theological controversy, cruel and magnificent in his power as a caliph; in short, an Eastern Henry VIII. He dabbles, moreover, in the occult sciences, and interprets the stars and planetary influences from the top of his high tower. In these mysterious arts the caliph is assisted by his mother, Carathis, a Greek, a woman of superior genius. Their ambition and guilt render them a prey to a Giaour—a supernatural personage, who plays an important part in the drama, and hurries the caliph to destruction. But the character of Vathek, and the splendour of his palaces, is described with such picturesque distinctness, that we shall extract some of the opening sentences.

* Literary Gazette, 1822.—Hazlitt, who visited the spot at the same time, says, 'Fonthill Abbey, after being enveloped in impenetrable mystery for a length of years, has been unexpectedly thrown open to the vulgar gaze, and has lost none of its reputation for magnificence—though perhaps its visionary glory, its classic renown, have vanished from the public mind for ever. It is, in a word, a desert of magnificence, a glittering waste of laborious idleness, a cathedral turned into a toy-shop, an immense museum of all that is most curious and costly, and, at the same time, most worthless, in the productions of art and nature. Ships of pearl and seas of amber are scarce a fable here—a nautilus's shell, surmounted with a gilt triumph of Neptune—tables of agate, cabinets of ebony, and precious stones, painted windows shedding a gaudy crimson light, satin borders, marble floors, and lamps of solid gold—Chinese pagodas and Persian tapestry—all the splendour of Solomon's temple is displayed to the view in miniature—whatever is far-fetched and dear-bought, rich in the materials, or rare and difficult in the workmanship—but scarce one genuine work of art, one solid proof of taste, one lofty relic of sentiment or imagination.' The collection of *bijouterie* and articles of vertu was allowed to be almost unprecedented in extent and value. Mr Beckford disposed of Fonthill, in 1822, to Mr Farquhar, a gentleman who had amassed a fortune in India, for [illegible] or £350,000, the late proprietor retaining only his family pictures and a few books.—*Gentleman's Magazine*, Oct. [illegible]

[*Description of the Caliph Vathek and his Magnificent Palaces.*]

Vathek, ninth caliph of the race of the Abassides, was the son of Motassem, and the grandson of Haroun al Raschid. From an early accession to the throne, and the talents he possessed to adorn it, his subjects were induced to expect that his reign would be long and happy. His figure was pleasing and majestic; but when he was angry, one of his eyes became so terrible that no person could bear to behold it; and the wretch upon whom it was fixed instantly fell backward, and sometimes expired. For fear, however, of depopulating his dominions, and making his palace desolate, he but rarely gave way to his anger.

Being much addicted to women, and the pleasures of the table, he sought by his affability to procure agreeable companions; and he succeeded the better as his generosity was unbounded and his indulgences unrestrained; for he did not think, with the caliph Omar Ben Abdalaziz, that it was necessary to make a hell of this world to enjoy paradise in the next.

He surpassed in magnificence all his predecessors. The palace of Alkoremi, which his father, Motassem, had erected on the hill of Pied Horses, and which commanded the whole city of Samarah, was in his idea far too scanty; he added, therefore, five wings, or rather other palaces, which he destined for the particular gratification of each of the senses. In the first of these were tables continually covered with the most exquisite dainties, which were supplied both by night and by day, according to their constant consumption; whilst the most delicious wines, and the choicest cordials, flowed forth from a hundred fountains that were never exhausted. This palace was called The Eternal, or Unsatiating Banquet. The second was styled The Temple of Melody, or The Nectar of the Soul. It was inhabited by the most skilful musicians and admired poets of the time, who not only displayed their talents within, but, dispersing in bands without, caused every surrounding scene to reverberate their songs, which were continually varied in the most delightful succession.

The palace named The Delight of the Eyes, or The Support of Memory, was one entire enchantment. Rarities, collected from every corner of the earth, were there found in such profusion as to dazzle and confound, but for the order in which they were arranged. One gallery exhibited the pictures of the celebrated Mani, and statues that seemed to be alive. Here a well managed perspective attracted the sight; there the magic of optics agreeably deceived it; whilst the naturalist, on his part, exhibited in their several classes the various gifts that Heaven had bestowed on our globe. In a word, Vathek omitted nothing in this palace that might gratify the curiosity of those who resorted to it, although he was not able to satisfy his own, for of all men he was the most curious.

The Palace of Perfumes, which was termed likewise The Incentive to Pleasure, consisted of various halls, where the different perfumes which the earth produces were kept perpetually burning in censers of gold. Flambeaux and aromatic lamps were here lighted in open day. But the too powerful effects of this agreeable delirium might be alleviated by descending into an immense garden, where an assemblage of every fragrant flower diffused through the air the purest odours.

The fifth palace, denominated The Retreat of Mirth, or The Dangerous, was frequented by troops of young females, beautiful as the Houris, and not less seducing, who never failed to receive with caresses all whom the caliph allowed to approach them, and enjoy a few hours of their company.

Notwithstanding the sensuality in which Vathek indulged, he experienced no abatement in the love of his people, who thought that a sovereign giving himself up to pleasure was as able to govern as one who declared himself an enemy to it. But the unquiet and impetuous disposition of the caliph would not allow him to rest there. He had studied so much for his amusement in the lifetime of his father as to acquire a great deal of knowledge, though not a sufficiency to satisfy himself; for he wished to know everything, even sciences that did not exist. He was fond of engaging in disputes with the learned, but did not allow them to push their opposition with warmth. He stopped with presents the mouths of those whose mouths could be stopped; whilst others, whom his liberality was unable to subdue, he sent to prison to cool their blood—a remedy that often succeeded.

Vathek discovered also a predilection for theological controversy; but it was not with the orthodox that he usually held. By this means he induced the zealots to oppose him, and then persecuted them in return; for he resolved, at any rate, to have reason on his side.

The great prophet, Mahomet, whose vicars the caliphs are, beheld with indignation from his abode in the seventh heaven the irreligious conduct of such a vicegerent. 'Let us leave him to himself,' said he to the genii, who are always ready to receive his commands; 'let us see to what lengths his folly and impiety will carry him; if he run into excess, we shall know how to chastise him. Assist him, therefore, to complete the tower, which, in imitation of Nimrod, he hath begun; not, like that great warrior, to escape being drowned, but from the insolent curiosity of penetrating the secrets of Heaven: he will not divine the fate that awaits him.'

The genii obeyed; and, when the workmen had raised their structure a cubit in the day time, two cubits more were added in the night. The expedition with which the fabric arose was not a little flattering to the vanity of Vathek: he fancied that even insensible matter showed a forwardness to subserve his designs, not considering that the successes of the foolish and wicked form the first rod of their chastisement.

His pride arrived at its height when, having ascended for the first time the fifteen hundred stairs of his tower, he cast his eyes below, and beheld men not larger than pismires, mountains than shells, and cities than bee-hives. The idea which such an elevation inspired of his own grandeur completely bewildered him; he was almost ready to adore himself, till, lifting his eyes upward, he saw the stars as high above him as they appeared when he stood on the surface of the earth. He consoled himself, however, for this intruding and unwelcome perception of his littleness, with the thought of being great in the eyes of others; and flattered himself that the light of his mind would extend beyond the reach of his sight, and extort from the stars the decrees of his destiny.

After some horrible sacrifices, related with great power, Carathis reads from a roll of parchment an injunction that Vathek should depart from his palace surrounded by all the pageants of majesty, and set forward on his way to Istakar. 'There,' added the writing of the mysterious Giaour, 'I await thy coming: that is the region of wonders: there shalt thou receive the diadem of Gian Ben Gian, the talismans of Soliman, and the treasures of the pre-adamite sultans: there shalt thou be solaced with all kinds of delight. But beware how thou enterest any dwelling on thy route, or thou shalt feel the effects of my anger.' The degenerate commander of the true believers sets off on his journey with much pomp. Carathis remains, but gives the caliph a series of tablets, fraught with supernatural qualities, which he is to consult on all emergencies. Vathek, to conciliate the spirits of the

subterranean palace, resolved that his expedition should be uncommonly splendid. 'The great standard of the caliphat was displayed; twenty thousand lances shone round it; and the caliph, treading on the cloth of gold which had been spread for his feet, ascended his litter amidst the general acclamations of his subjects.' The impious enterprise is interrupted by various portentous omens—by darkness, fire, and tempest—and at length the party get bewildered among the mountains. The good Emir Fakreddin, hearing of their perplexity, sends two dwarfs laden with fruit to regale the commander of the faithful, and invites the expedition to repose in his 'happy valley.' Vathek consults his tablets, which forbid such a visit; but rather than perish in the deserts with thirst, he resolves to go and refresh himself in the delicious valley of melons and cucumbers. Here the caliph becomes enamoured of the emir's daughter, the lovely Nouronihar, who is betrothed to her young cousin, Gulchenrouz. His passion is returned, and, while luxuriating in the valley, screened from the eyes of intruders, listening to the voice and lute of Nouronihar, drinking the fragrant and delicious wine of Schiraz, 'which had been hoarded up in bottles prior to the birth of Mahomet,' or eating manchets prepared by the hands of Nouronihar, Vathek entirely forgot the object of his expedition, and his desire to visit the palace of fire. Carathis being informed of the fascination which detained him, ordered her camel and attendants, and set off for Fakreddin. There she encountered her sensual son, and prevailed upon him to continue his journey, and complete his adventure. Nouronihar accompanies the caliph in his litter. In four days they reached the spacious valley of Rocknabad, and, having devoted two days to its pleasures, proceeded towards a large plain, from whence were discernible, on the edge of the horizon, the dark summits of the mountains of Istakar. One of the beneficent genii, in the guise of a shepherd, endeavours to arrest Vathek in his mad career, and warns him, that beyond the mountains Eblis and his accursed dives hold their infernal empire. That moment, he said, was the last of grace allowed him, and as soon as the sun, then obscured by clouds, recovered his splendour, if his heart was not changed the time of mercy assigned to him would be past for ever. Vathek audaciously spurned from him the warning and the counsel. 'Let the sun appear,' he said; 'let him illume my career! it matters not where it may end.' At the approach of night most of his attendants escaped; but Nouronihar, whose impatience, if possible, exceeded his own, importuned him to hasten his march, and lavished on him a thousand caresses to beguile all reflection.

[*The Hall of Eblis.*]

In this manner they advanced by moonlight till they came within view of the two towering rocks that form a kind of portal to the valley, at the extremity of which rose the vast ruins of Istakar. Aloft, on the mountain, glimmered the fronts of various royal mausoleums, the horror of which was deepened by the shadows of night. They passed through two villages, almost deserted; the only inhabitants remaining being a few feeble old men, who, at the sight of horses and litters, fell upon their knees and cried out, 'O heaven! is it then by these phantoms that we have been for six months tormented! Alas! it was from the terror of these spectres, and the noise beneath the mountains, that our people have fled and left us at the mercy of the maleficent spirits!' The caliph, to whom these complaints were but unpromising auguries, drove over the bodies of these wretched old men, and at length arrived at the foot of the terrace of black marble. There he descended from his litter, handing down Nouronihar; both, with beating hearts, stared wildly around them, and expected, with an apprehensive shudder, the approach of the Giaour. But nothing as yet announced his appearance.

A deathlike stillness reigned over the mountain and through the air. The moon dilated on a vast platform the shades of the lofty columns which reached from the terrace almost to the clouds. The gloomy watch-towers, whose number could not be counted, were covered by no roof; and their capitals, of an architecture unknown in the records of the earth, served as an asylum for the birds of night, which, alarmed at the approach of such visitants, fled away croaking.

The chief of the eunuchs, trembling with fear, besought Vathek that a fire might be kindled. 'No,' replied he, 'there is no time left to think of such trifles; abide where thou art, and expect my commands.' Having thus spoken, he presented his hand to Nouronihar, and, ascending the steps of a vast staircase, reached the terrace, which was flagged with squares of marble, and resembled a smooth expanse of water, upon whose surface not a blade of grass ever dared to vegetate. On the right rose the watch-towers, ranged before the ruins of an immense palace, whose walls were embossed with various figures. In front stood forth the colossal forms of four creatures, composed of the leopard and the griffin, and though but of stone, inspired emotions of terror. Near these were distinguished, by the splendour of the moon, which streamed full on the place, characters like those on the sabres of the Giaour, and which possessed the same virtue of changing every moment. These, after vacillating for some time, fixed at last in Arabic letters, and prescribed to the caliph the following words:—'Vathek! thou hast violated the conditions of my parchment, and deserveth to be sent back; but in favour to thy companion, and, as the meed for what thou hast done to obtain it, Eblis permitteth that the portal of his palace shall be opened, and the subterranean fire will receive thee into the number of its adorers.'

He scarcely had read these words before the mountain against which the terrace was reared trembled, and the watch-towers were ready to topple headlong upon them. The rock yawned, and disclosed within it a staircase of polished marble that seemed to approach the abyss. Upon each stair were planted two large torches, like those Nouronihar had seen in her vision; the camphorated vapour of which ascended and gathered itself into a cloud under the hollow of the vault.

This appearance, instead of terrifying, gave new courage to the daughter of Fakreddin. Scarcely deigning to bid adieu to the moon and the firmament, she abandoned, without hesitation, the pure atmosphere, to plunge into these infernal exhalations. The gait of those impious personages was haughty and determined. As they descended by the effulgence of the torches, they gazed on each other with mutual admiration; and both appeared so resplendent, that they already esteemed themselves spiritual intelligences. The only circumstance that perplexed them was their not arriving at the bottom of the stairs. On hastening their descent with an ardent impetuosity, they felt their steps accelerated to such a degree that they seemed not walking but falling from a precipice. Their progress, however, was at length impeded by a vast portal of ebony, which the caliph without difficulty recognised. Here the Giaour awaited them with the key in his hand. 'Ye are welcome!' said he to them with a ghastly smile, 'in spite of Mahomet and all his dependents. I will now usher you into that palace where you have so highly merited a

place.' Whilst he was uttering these words, he touched the enamelled lock with his key, and the doors at once flew open with a noise still louder than the thunder of the dog days, and as suddenly recoiled the moment they had entered.

The caliph and Nouronihar beheld each other with amazement at finding themselves in a place which, though roofed with a vaulted ceiling, was so spacious and lofty that at first they took it for an immeasurable plain. But their eyes at length growing familiar to the grandeur of the surrounding objects, they extended their view to those at a distance, and discovered rows of columns and arcades which gradually diminished till they terminated in a point radiant as the sun when he darts his last beams athwart the ocean. The pavement, strewed over with gold dust and saffron, exhaled so subtle an odour as almost overpowered them. They, however, went on, and observed an infinity of censers, in which ambergris and the wood of aloes were continually burning. Between the several columns were placed tables, each spread with a profusion of viands, and wines of every species sparkling in vases of crystal. A throng of genii and other fantastic spirits of either sex danced lasciviously at the sound of music which issued from beneath.

In the midst of this immense hall a vast multitude was incessantly passing, who severally kept their right hands on their hearts, without once regarding anything around them. They had all the livid paleness of death. Their eyes, deep sunk in their sockets, resembled those phosphoric meteors that glimmer by night in places of interment. Some stalked slowly on, absorbed in profound reverie; some, shrieking with agony, ran furiously about like tigers wounded with poisoned arrows; whilst others, grinding their teeth in rage, foamed along more frantic than the wildest maniac. They all avoided each other; and though surrounded by a multitude that no one could number, each wandered at random, unheedful of the rest, as if alone on a desert where no foot had trodden.

Vathek and Nouronihar, frozen with terror at a sight so baleful, demanded of the Giaour what these appearances might mean, and why these ambulating spectres never withdrew their hands from their hearts? 'Perplex not yourselves with so much at once,' replied he bluntly, 'you will soon be acquainted with all; let us haste and present you to Eblis.' They continued their way through the multitude, but notwithstanding their confidence at first, they were not sufficiently composed to examine with attention the various perspective of halls and of galleries that opened on the right hand and left, which were all illuminated by torches and braziers, whose flames rose in pyramids to the centre of the vault. At length they came to a place where long curtains, brocaded with crimson and gold, fell from all parts in solemn confusion. Here the choirs and dances were heard no longer. The light which glimmered came from afar.

After some time Vathek and Nouronihar perceived a gleam brightening through the drapery, and entered a vast tabernacle hung round with the skins of leopards. An infinity of elders, with streaming beards, and afrits in complete armour, had prostrated themselves before the ascent of a lofty eminence, on the top of which, upon a globe of fire, sat the formidable Eblis. His person was that of a young man, whose noble and regular features seemed to have been tarnished by malignant vapours. In his large eyes appeared both pride and despair; his flowing hair retained some resemblance to that of an angel of light. In his hand, which thunder had blasted, he swayed the iron sceptre that causes the monster Ouranbad, the afrits, and all the powers of the abyss, to tremble. At his presence the heart of the caliph sunk within him, and he fell prostrate on his face. Nouronihar, however, though greatly dismayed, could not help admiring the person of Eblis, for she expected to have seen some stupendous giant. Eblis, with a voice more mild than might be imagined, but such as penetrated the soul and filled it with the deepest melancholy, said—'Creatures of clay, I receive you into mine empire; ye are numbered amongst my adorers; enjoy whatever this palace affords; the treasures of the pre-adamite sultans; their fulminating sabres; and those talismans that compel the dives to open the subterranean expanses of the mountain of Kaf, which communicate with these. There, insatiable as your curiosity may be, shall you find sufficient objects to gratify it. You shall possess the exclusive privilege of entering the fortresses of Aherman, and the halls of Argenk, where are portrayed all creatures endowed with intelligence, and the various animals that inhabited the earth prior to the creation of that contemptible being whom ye denominate the father of mankind.'

Vathek and Nouronihar, feeling themselves revived and encouraged by this harangue, eagerly said to the Giaour, 'Bring us instantly to the place which contains these precious talismans.' 'Come,' answered this wicked dive, with his malignant grin, 'come and possess all that my sovereign hath promised, and more.' He then conducted them into a long aisle adjoining the tabernacle, preceding them with hasty steps, and followed by his disciples with the utmost alacrity. They reached at length a hall of great extent, and covered with a lofty dome, around which appeared fifty portals of bronze, secured with as many fastenings of iron. A funereal gloom prevailed over the whole scene. Here, upon two beds of incorruptible cedar, lay recumbent the fleshless forms of the pre-adamite kings, who had been monarchs of the whole earth. They still possessed enough of life to be conscious of their deplorable condition. Their eyes retained a melancholy motion; they regarded one another with looks of the deepest dejection, each holding his right hand motionless on his heart. At their feet were inscribed the events of their several reigns, their power, their pride, and their crimes; Soliman Daki, and Soliman, called Gian Ben Gian, who, after having chained up the dives in the dark caverns of Kaf, became so presumptuous as to doubt of the Supreme Power. All these maintained great state, though not to be compared with the eminence of Soliman Ben Daoud.

This king, so renowned for his wisdom, was on the loftiest elevation, and placed immediately under the dome. He appeared to possess more animation than the rest. Though, from time to time, he laboured with profound sighs, and, like his companions, kept his right hand on his heart, yet his countenance was more composed, and he seemed to be listening to the sullen roar of a cataract, visible in part through one of the grated portals. This was the only sound that intruded on the silence of these doleful mansions. A range of brazen vases surrounded the elevation. 'Remove the covers from these cabalistic depositories,' said the Giaour to Vathek, 'and avail thyself of the talismans which will break asunder all these gates of bronze, and not only render thee master of the treasures contained within them, but also of the spirits by which they are guarded.'

The caliph, whom this ominous preliminary had entirely disconcerted, approached the vases with faltering footsteps, and was ready to sink with terror when he heard the groans of Soliman. As he proceeded, a voice from the livid lips of the prophet articulated these words:—'In my lifetime I filled a magnificent throne, having, on my right hand, twelve thousand seats of gold, where the patriarchs and the prophets heard my doctrines; on my left, the sages and doctors, upon as many thrones of silver, were present at all my decisions. Whilst I thus administered justice to innumerable multitudes, the birds of the

air, hovering over me, served as a canopy against the rays of the sun. My people flourished, and my palace rose to the clouds. I erected a temple to the Most High, which was the wonder of the universe; but I basely suffered myself to be seduced by the love of women, and a curiosity that could not be restrained by sublunary things. I listened to the counsels of Aherman, and the daughter of Pharaoh; and adored fire, and the hosts of heaven. I forsook the holy city, and commanded the genii to rear the stupendous palace of Istakar, and the terrace of the watch-towers, each of which was consecrated to a star. There for a while I enjoyed myself in the zenith of glory and pleasure. Not only men, but supernatural beings, were subject also to my will. I began to think, as these unhappy monarchs around had already thought, that the vengeance of Heaven was asleep, when at once the thunder burst my structures asunder, and precipitated me hither, where, however, I do not remain, like the other inhabitants, totally destitute of hope; for an angel of light hath revealed that, in consideration of the piety of my early youth, my woes shall come to an end when this cataract shall for ever cease to flow. Till then, I am in torments—ineffable torments! an unrelenting fire preys on my heart.'

Having uttered this exclamation, Soliman raised his hands towards Heaven in token of supplication; and the caliph discerned through his bosom, which was transparent as crystal, his heart enveloped in flames. At a sight so full of horror, Nouronihar fell back, like one petrified, into the arms of Vathek, who cried out with a convulsive sob—'O Giaour! whither hast thou brought us! Allow us to depart, and I will relinquish all thou hast promised.' O Mahomet! remains there no more mercy!' 'None, none!' replied the malicious dive. 'Know, miserable prince! thou art now in the abode of vengeance and despair. Thy heart, also, will be kindled like those of the other votaries of Eblis. A few days are allotted thee previous to this fatal period; employ them as thou wilt; recline on these heaps of gold; command the infernal potentates; range at thy pleasure through these immense subterranean domains, no barrier shall be shut against thee. As for me, I have fulfilled my mission; I now leave thee to thyself.' At these words he vanished.

The caliph and Nouronihar remained in the most abject affliction. Their tears were unable to flow, and scarcely could they support themselves. At length, taking each other despondingly by the hand, they went falteringly from this fatal hall, indifferent which way they turned their steps. Every portal opened at their approach. The dives fell prostrate before them. Every reservoir of riches was disclosed to their view, but they no longer felt the incentives of curiosity, of pride, or avarice. With like apathy they heard the chorus of genii, and saw the stately banquets prepared to regale them. They went wandering on, from chamber to chamber, hall to hall, and gallery to gallery, all without bounds or limit; all distinguishable by the same lowering gloom, all adorned with the same awful grandeur, all traversed by persons in search of repose and consolation, but who sought them in vain; for every one carried within him a heart tormented in flames. Shunned by these various sufferers, who seemed by their looks to be upbraiding the partners of their guilt, they withdrew from them to wait, in direful suspense, the moment which should render them to each other the like objects of terror.

'What!' exclaimed Nouronihar, 'will the time come when I shall snatch my hand from thine!' 'Ah!' said Vathek, 'and shall my eyes ever cease to drink from thine long draughts of enjoyment! Shall the moments of our reciprocal ecstacies be reflected on with horror! It was not thou that broughtst me hither; the principles by which Carathis perverted my youth have been the sole cause of my perdition! It is but right she should have her share of it.' Having given vent to these painful expressions, he called to an afrit, who was stirring up one of the braziers, and bade him fetch the Princess Carathis from the palace of Samarah.

After issuing these orders, the caliph and Nouronihar continued walking amidst the silent crowd, till they heard voices at the end of the gallery. Presuming them to proceed from some unhappy beings who, like themselves, were awaiting their final doom, they followed the sound, and found it to come from a small square chamber, where they discovered, sitting on sofas, four young men of goodly figure, and a lovely female, who were holding a melancholy conversation by the glimmering of a lonely lamp. Each had a gloomy and forlorn air, and two of them were embracing each other with great tenderness. On seeing the caliph and the daughter of Fakreddin enter, they arose, saluted, and made room for them. Then he who appeared the most considerable of the group addressed himself thus to Vathek:—'Strangers, who doubtless are in the same state of suspense with ourselves, as you do not yet bear your hand on your heart, if you are come hither to pass the interval allotted, previous to the infliction of our common punishment, condescend to relate the adventures that have brought you to this fatal place; and we, in return, will acquaint you with ours, which deserve but too well to be heard. To trace back our crimes to their source, though we are not permitted to repent, is the only employment suited to wretches like us.'

The caliph and Nouronihar assented to the proposal, and Vathek began, not without tears and lamentations, a sincere recital of every circumstance that had passed. When the afflicting narrative was closed, the young man entered on his own. Each person proceeded in order, and when the third prince had reached the midst of his adventures, a sudden noise interrupted him, which caused the vault to tremble and to open.

Immediately a cloud descended, which, gradually dissipating, discovered Carathis on the back of an afrit, who grievously complained of his burden. She, instantly springing to the ground, advanced towards her son, and said, 'What dost thou here in this little square chamber? As the dives are become subject to thy beck, I expected to have found thee on the throne of the pre-adamite kings.'

'Execrable woman!' answered the caliph, 'cursed be the day thou gavest me birth! Go, follow this afrit; let him conduct thee to the hall of the Prophet Soliman: there thou wilt learn to what these palaces are destined, and how much I ought to abhor the impious knowledge thou hast taught me.'

'Has the height of power to which thou art arrived turned thy brain?' answered Carathis: 'but I ask no more than permission to show my respect for Soliman the prophet. It is, however, proper thou shouldst know that (as the afrit has informed me neither of us shall return to Samarah) I requested his permission to arrange my affairs, and he politely consented. Availing myself, therefore, of the few moments allowed me, I set fire to the tower, and consumed in it the mutes, negresses, and serpents, which have rendered me so much good service: nor should I have been less kind to Morakanabad, had he not prevented me by deserting at last to thy brother. As for Bababalouk, who had the folly to return to Samarah to provide husbands for thy wives, I undoubtedly would have put him to the torture, but, being in a hurry, I only hung him, after having decoyed him in a snare with thy wives, whom I buried alive by the help of my negresses, who thus spent their last moments greatly to their satisfaction. With respect to Dilara, who ever stood high in my favour, she hath evinced the greatness of her mind by fixing herself near in

the service of one of the magi, and, I think, will soon be one of our society.'

Vathek, too much cast down to express the indignation excited by such a discourse, ordered the afrit to remove Carathis from his presence, and continued immersed in thoughts which his companions durst not disturb.

Carathis, however, eagerly entered the dome of Soliman, and without regarding in the least the groans of the prophet, undauntedly removed the covers of the vases, and violently seized on the talismans. Then, with a voice more loud than had hitherto been heard within these mansions, she compelled the dives to disclose to her the most secret treasures, the most profound stores, which the afrit himself had not seen. She passed, by rapid descents, known only to Eblis and his most favoured potentates; and thus penetrated the very entrails of the earth, where breathes the sansar, or the icy wind of death. Nothing appalled her dauntless soul. She perceived, however, in all the inmates who bore their hands on their heart, a little singularity, not much to her taste.

As she was emerging from one of the abysses, Eblis stood forth to her view; but notwithstanding he displayed the full effulgence of his infernal majesty, she preserved her countenance unaltered, and even paid her compliments with considerable firmness.

This superb monarch thus answered: 'Princess, whose knowledge and whose crimes have merited a conspicuous rank in my empire, thou dost well to avail thyself of the leisure that remains; for the flames and torments which are ready to seize on thy heart will not fail to provide thee soon with full employment.' He said, and was lost in the curtains of his tabernacle.

Carathis paused for a moment with surprise; but resolved to follow the advice of Eblis, she assembled all the choirs of genii, and all the dives to pay her homage. Thus marched she in triumph, through a vapour of perfumes, amidst the acclamations of all the malignant spirits, with most of whom she had formed a previous acquaintance. She even attempted to dethrone one of the Solimans, for the purpose of usurping his place; when a voice, proceeding from the abyss of death, proclaimed: 'All is accomplished!' Instantaneously the haughty forehead of the intrepid princess became corrugated with agony: she uttered a tremendous yell; and fixed, no more to be withdrawn, her right hand upon her heart, which was become a receptacle of eternal fire.

In this delirium, forgetting all ambitious projects, and her thirst for that knowledge which should ever be hidden from mortals, she overturned the offerings of the genii; and having execrated the hour she was begotten, and the womb that had borne her, glanced off in a rapid whirl that rendered her invisible, and continued to revolve without intermission.

Almost at the same instant the same voice announced to the caliph, Nouronihar, the four princes, and the princess, the awful and irrevocable decree. Their hearts immediately took fire, and they at once lost the most precious gift of Heaven—Hope. These unhappy beings recoiled with looks of the most furious distraction. Vathek beheld in the eyes of Nouronihar nothing but rage and vengeance; nor could she discern aught in his but aversion and despair. The two princes, who were friends, and, till that moment, had preserved their attachment, shrunk back, gnashing their teeth with mutual and unchangeable hatred. Kalilah and his sister made reciprocal gestures of imprecation; all testified their horror for each other by the most ghastly convulsions and screams that could not be smothered. All severally plunged themselves into the accursed multitude, there to wander in an eternity of unabating anguish.

Such was, and such should be, the punishment of unrestrained passions and atrocious deeds! Such shall be the chastisement of that blind curiosity which would transgress those bounds the wisdom of the Creator has prescribed to human knowledge; and such the dreadful disappointment of that restless ambition which, aiming at discoveries reserved for beings of a supernatural order, perceives not, through its infatuated pride, that the condition of man upon earth is to be—humble and ignorant.

Thus the Caliph Vathek, who, for the sake of empty pomp and forbidden power, had sullied himself with a thousand crimes, became a prey to grief without end, and remorse without mitigation; whilst the humble, the despised Gulchenrouz, passed whole ages in undisturbed tranquillity, and in the pure happiness of childhood.

There is astonishing force and grandeur in some of these conceptions. The catastrophe possesses a sort of epic sublimity, and the spectacle of the vast multitude incessantly pacing those halls, from which all hope has fled, is worthy the genius of Milton. The numberless graces of description, the piquant allusions, the humour and satire, and the wild yet witty spirit of mockery and derision (like the genius of Voltaire) which is spread over the work, we must leave to the reader. The romance altogether places Mr Beckford among the first of our imaginative writers, independently of the surprise which it is calculated to excite as the work of a youth of nineteen or twenty, who had never been in the countries he describes with so much animation and accuracy.

RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

Richard Cumberland, the dramatist, was author of three novels, *Arundel*, *Henry*, and *John de Lancaster*. The learning, knowledge of society (including foreign manners), and the dramatic talents of this author, would seem to have qualified him in an eminent degree for novel writing; but this is by no means the case. His fame must rest on his comedies of *The West Indian*, *The Wheel of Fortune*, and *The Jew*. Mr Cumberland was son of Mr Denison Cumberland, bishop of Clonfort, and afterwards of Kilmore. He was born in 1732, in the Master's Lodge of Trinity college, Cambridge, then occupied by his celebrated maternal grandfather, Dr Bentley. He was designed for the church; but in return for some services rendered by his father, the young student was appointed private secretary to the Marquis of Halifax, whom he accompanied to Ireland. Through the influence of his patron, he was made crown agent for the province of Nova Scotia; and he was afterwards appointed, by Lord George Germain, secretary to the Board of Trade. The dramatic performances of Cumberland written about this time were highly successful, and introduced him to all the literary and distinguished society of his day. The character of him by Goldsmith in his Retaliation, where he is praised as

The Terence of England, the mender of hearts,

is one of the finest compliments ever paid by one author to another. In the year 1780 Cumberland was employed on a secret mission to Spain, in order to endeavour to detach that country from the hostile confederacy against England. He seems to have been misled by the Abbé Hussey, chaplain to the king of Spain; and after residing a twelvemonth at Madrid, he was recalled and payment of his drafts refused. A sum of £5000 was due him; but as Cumberland had failed in the negotiation, and had exceeded his commission through excess of zeal, the minister harshly

refused to remunerate him. Thus situated, the unfortunate dramatist was compelled to sell his paternal estate and retire into private life. He took up his abode at Tunbridge, and there poured forth a variety of dramas, essays, and other works, among which were two epic poems, *Calvary* and *The Exodiad*, the latter written in conjunction with Sir James Bland Burgess. None of these efforts can be said to have overstepped the line of mediocrity; for though Cumberland had erudition, taste, and accomplishments, he wanted, in all but two or three of his plays, the vivifying power of genius. His *Memoirs of his Own Life* (for which he obtained £500) are graphic and entertaining, but too many of his anecdotes of his contemporaries will not bear a rigid scrutiny. Mr Cumberland died on the 7th of May 1811. His first novel, 'Arundel' (1789), was hurriedly composed; but the scene being partly in college and at court, and treating of scenes and characters in high-life, the author drew upon his recollections, and painted vigorously what he had felt and witnessed. His second work, 'Henry' (1795), which he polished with great care, to imitate the elaborate style of Fielding, was less happy; for in low-life Cumberland was not so much at home, and his portraits are grossly overcharged. The character of Ezekiel Dow, a Methodist preacher, is praised by Sir Walter Scott as not only an exquisite but a just portrait. The resemblance to Fielding's Parson Adams is, however, too marked, while the Methodistic traits introduced are, however faithful, less pleasing than the learned simplicity and *bonhomie* of the worthy parson. Another peculiarity of the author is thus touched upon by Scott: 'He had a peculiar taste in love affairs, which induced him to reverse the natural and usual practice of courtship, and to throw upon the softer sex the task of wooing, which is more gracefully, as well as naturally, the province of the man.' In these wooing scenes, too, there is a great want of delicacy and propriety: Cumberland was not here a 'mender of hearts.' The third novel of our author was the work of his advanced years, and is of a very inferior description. It would be unjust not to add, that the prose style of Cumberland in his memoirs and ordinary narratives, where humour is not attempted, is easy and flowing—the style of a scholar and gentleman.

THOMAS HOLCROFT.

THOMAS HOLCROFT, whose singular history and dramatic performances we have already noticed, was author of several once popular novels. The first was published in 1780, under the title of *Alwyn, or the Gentleman Comedian*. This had, and deserved to have, but little success. His second, *Anna St Ives*, in seven volumes (1792), was well received, and attracted attention from its political bearings no less than the force of its style and characters. The principal characters are, as Hazlitt remarks, merely the vehicles of certain general sentiments, or machines, put into action, as an experiment to show how these general principles would operate in particular situations. The same intention is manifested in his third novel, *Hugh Trevor*, the first part of which appeared in 1794, and the remainder in 1797. In 'Hugh Trevor,' Holcroft, like Godwin, depicted the vices and distresses which he conceived to be generated by the existing institutions of society. There are some good sketches, and many eloquent and just observations in the work, and those who have read it in youth will remember the vivid impression that some parts are calculated to convey. The political doctrines inculcated by the author are captivating to young minds, and were enforced by Holcroft in the form of well-contrasted characters, lively dialogue, and pointed satire. He was himself a true believer in the practicability of such a Utopian or ideal state of society. The song of Gaffer Gray in 'Hugh Trevor,' which glances ironically at the inhumanity of the rich, has a forcible simplicity and truth in particular cases, which made it a favourite with the public.

Gaffer Gray.

Ho! why dost thou shiver and shake,
Gaffer Gray;
And why does thy nose look so blue?
''Tis the weather that's cold,
'Tis I'm grown very old,
And my doublet is not very new,
Well-a-day!'

Then line thy worn doublet with ale,
Gaffer Gray;
And warm thy old heart with a glass.
'Nay, but credit I've none,
And my money's all gone;
Then say how may that come to pass?
Well-a-day!'

Hie away to the house on the brow,
Gaffer Gray;
And knock at the jolly priest's door.
'The priest often preaches
Against worldly riches,
But ne'er gives a mite to the poor,
Well-a-day!'

The lawyer lives under the hill,
Gaffer Gray;
Warmly fenced both in back and in front.
'He will fasten his locks,
And will threaten the stocks
Should he ever more find me in want,
Well-a-day!'

The squire has fat beeves and brown ale,
Gaffer Gray;
And the season will welcome you there.
'His fat beeves and his beer,
And his merry new year,
Are all for the flush and the fair,
Well-a-day!'

My keg is but low, I confess,
Gaffer Gray;
What then? While it lasts, man, we'll live.
'The poor man alone,
When he hears the poor moan,
Of his morsel a morsel will give,
Well-a-day!'

Holcroft wrote another novel, *Brian Perdue*, but it is greatly inferior to his former productions. His whole works, indeed, were eclipsed by those of Godwin, and have now fallen out of notice.

ROBERT BAGE.

Another novelist of a similar stamp was ROBERT BAGE, a Quaker, who, like Holcroft, imbibed the principles of the French revolution, and infused them into various works of fiction. Bage was born at Darley, in Derbyshire, on the 29th of February 1728. His father was a paper-maker, and his son continued in the same occupation through life. His manufactory was at Elford, near Tamworth, where he realised a decent competence. During the last eight years of his life, Bage resided at Tamworth, where he died on the 1st of September 1801. The works of this author are, *Mount Kenneth*, 1781;

Barham Downs, 1784; *The Fair Syrian*, 1787; *James Wallace*, 1788; *Man as He Is*, 1792; *Hermsprong, or Man as He Is Not*, 1796. Bage's novels are decidedly inferior to those of Holcroft, and it is surprising that Sir Walter Scott should have admitted them into his novelists' library, and at the same time excluded so many superior works. 'Barham Downs' and 'Hermsprong' are the most interesting of the series, and contain some good satirical portraits, though the plots of both are crude and defective.

SOPHIA AND HARRIET LEE.

These ladies, authoresses of *The Canterbury Tales*, a series of striking and romantic fictions, were the daughters of Mr Lee, a gentleman who had been articled to a solicitor, but who adopted the stage as a profession. Sophia was born in London in 1750. She was the eldest of the sisters, and the early death of her mother devolved upon her the cares of the household. She secretly cultivated, however, a strong attachment to literature. Her first appearance as an author was not made till her thirtieth year, when she produced her comedy, *The Chapter of Accidents*, which was brought out at the Haymarket theatre by the elder Colman, and received with great applause. The profits of this piece were devoted by Miss Lee towards establishing a seminary for young ladies at Bath, which was rendered the more necessary by the death of her father in 1781. Thither, accordingly, the sisters repaired, and their talents and prudence were rewarded by rapid and permanent success. In 1784 she published the first volume of *The Recess, or a Tale of Other Times;* which was soon followed by the remainder of the tale, the work having instantly become popular. The time selected by Miss Lee as the subject of her story was that of Queen Elizabeth, and her production may be considered one of the earliest of our historical romances. It is tinged with a melancholy and contemplative spirit; and the same feeling is displayed in her next production, a tragedy entitled *Almeyda, Queen of Grenada*, produced in 1796. In the succeeding year, Harriet Lee published the first volume of 'The Canterbury Tales,' which ultimately extended to five volumes. Two only of the stories were the production of Sophia Lee, namely, *The Young Lady's Tale, or the Two Emilys*, and *The Clergyman's Tale*. They are characterised by great tenderness and feeling; but the more striking features of the 'Canterbury Tales,' and the great merit of the collection, belong to Harriet Lee. *Kruitzner, or the German's Tale*, fell into the hands of Byron when he was about fourteen. 'It made a deep impression upon me,' he says, 'and may indeed be said to contain the germ of much that I have since written.' While residing at Pisa in 1821, Byron dramatised Miss Lee's romantic story, and published his version of it under the title of 'Werner, or the Inheritance.' The incidents, and much of the language of the play, are directly copied from the novel, and the public were unanimous in considering Harriet Lee as more interesting, passionate, and even more poetical, than her illustrious imitator. 'The story,' says one of the critics whom Byron's play recalled to the merits of Harriet Lee, 'is one of the most powerfully conceived, one of the most picturesque, and at the same time instructive stories, that we are acquainted with. Indeed, thus led as we are to name Harriet Lee, we cannot allow the opportunity to pass without saying that we have always considered her works as standing upon the verge of the very first rank of excellence; that is to say, as inferior to no English novels whatever, excepting those of Fielding, Sterne, Smollett, Richardson, Defoe, Radcliffe, Godwin, Edgeworth, and the author of Waverley. It would not, perhaps, be going too far to say, that the "Canterbury Tales" exhibit more of that species of invention which, as we have already remarked, was never common in English literature, than any of the works even of those first-rate novelists we have named, with the single exception of Fielding. "Kruitzner, or the German's Tale," possesses mystery, and yet clearness, as to its structure, strength of characters, and, above all, the most lively interest, blended with, and subservient to, the most affecting of moral lessons. The main idea which lies at the root of it is the horror of an erring father, who, having been detected in vice by his son, has dared to defend his own sin, and so to perplex the son's notions of moral rectitude, on finding that the son, in his turn, has pushed the false principles thus instilled to the last and worst extreme—on hearing his own sophistries flung in his face by a murderer.'* The short and spirited style of these tales, and the frequent dialogues they contain, impart to them something of a dramatic force and interest, and prevent their tiring the patience of the reader, like too many of the three-volume novels. In 1803 Miss Sophia Lee retired from the duties of her scholastic establishment, having earned an independent provision for the remainder of her life. Shortly afterwards she published *The Life of a Lover*, a tale which she had written early in life, and which is marked by juvenility of thought and expression, though with her usual warmth and richness of description. In 1807, a comedy from her pen, called *The Assignation*, was performed at Drury Lane; but played only once, the audience conceiving that some of the satirical portraits were aimed at popular individuals. Miss Lee finally settled at Clifton, where she resided twelve years, and died on the 13th of March 1824, in the arms of her affectionate and accomplished sister.

Miss Harriet Lee, besides the 'Canterbury Tales,' wrote two dramas, *The New Peerage*, and *The Three Strangers*. The plot of the latter is chiefly taken from her German tale. The play was brought out at Covent Garden theatre in December 1835, but was barely tolerated for one night.

[*Introduction to the Canterbury Tales.*]

There are people in the world who think their lives well employed in collecting shells; there are others not less satisfied to spend theirs in classing butterflies. For my own part, I always preferred animate to inanimate nature; and would rather post to the antipodes to mark a new character, or develop a singular incident, than become a fellow of the Royal Society by enriching museums with nondescripts. From this account you, my gentle reader, may, without any extraordinary penetration, have discovered that I am among the eccentric part of mankind, by the courtesy of each other, and themselves, yeleped poets—a title which, however mean or contemptible it may sound to those not honoured with it, never yet was rejected by a single mortal on whom the suffrage of mankind conferred it; no, though the laurel leaf of Apollo, barren in its nature, was twined by the frozen fingers of Poverty, and shed upon the brow it crowned her chilling influence. But when did it so? Too often destined to deprive its graced owner of every real good by an enchantment which we know not how to define, it comprehends in itself such a variety of pleasures and possessions, that well may one of us cry—

Thy lavish charter, taste, appropriates all we see!

* Blackwood's Magazine, vol. xii.

Happily, too, we are not like *virtuosi* in general, encumbered with the treasures gathered in our peregrinations. Compact in their nature, they lie all in the small cavities of our brain, which are, indeed, often so small, as to render it doubtful whether we have any at all. The few discoveries I have made in that richest of mines, the human soul, I have not been churl enough to keep to myself; nor, to say truth, unless I can find out some other means of supporting my corporeal existence than animal food, do I think I shall ever be able to afford that sullen affectation of superiority.

Travelling, I have already said, is my taste; and, to make my journeys pay for themselves, my object. Much against my good liking, some troublesome fellows, a few months ago, took the liberty of making a little home of mine their own; nor, till I had coined a small portion of my brain in the mint of my worthy friend George Robinson, could I induce them to depart. I gave a proof of my politeness, however, in leaving my house to them, and retired to the coast of Kent, where I fell to work very busily. Gay with the hope of shutting my door on these unwelcome visitants, I walked in a severe frost from Deal to Dover, to secure a seat in the stage-coach to London. One only was vacant; and having engaged it, 'maugre the freezing of the bitter sky,' I wandered forth to note the memorabilia of Dover, and was soon lost in one of my fits of exquisite abstraction.

With reverence I looked up to the cliff which our immortal bard has, with more fancy than truth, described. With toil mounted, by an almost endless staircase, to the top of a castle, which added nothing to my poor stock of ideas but the length of our virgin queen's pocket-pistol—that truly Dutch present: cold and weary, I was pacing towards the inn, when a sharp-visaged barber popped his head over his shop-door to reconnoitre the inquisitive stranger. A brisk fire, which I suddenly cast my eye on, invited my frozen hands and feet to its precincts. A civil question to the honest man produced on his part a civil invitation; and having placed me in a snug seat, he readily gave me the benefit of all his oral tradition.

'Sir,' he said, 'it is mighty lucky you came across *me*. The vulgar people of this town have no genius, sir—no taste; they never show the greatest curiosity in the place. Sir, we have here the tomb of a poet!'

'The tomb of a poet!' cried I, with a spring that electrified my informant no less than myself. 'What poet lies here? and where is he buried?'

'Ay, that is the curiosity,' returned he exultingly. I smiled; his distinction was so like a barber. While he had been speaking, I recollected he must allude to the grave of Churchill—that vigorous genius who, well calculated to stand forth the champion of freedom, has recorded himself the slave of party, and the victim of spleen! So, however, thought not the barber, who considered him as the first of human beings.

'This great man, sir,' continued he, 'who lived and died in the cause of liberty, is interred in a very remarkable spot, sir; if you were not so cold and so tired, sir, I could show it you in a moment.' Curiosity is an excellent greatcoat: I forgot I had no other, and strode after the barber to a spot surrounded by ruined walls, in the midst of which stood the white marble tablet, marked with Churchill's name—to appearance its only distinction.

'Cast your eyes on the walls,' said the important barber; 'they once enclosed a church, as you may see!'

On inspecting the crumbling ruins more narrowly, I did, indeed, discern the traces of Gothic architecture.

'Yes, sir,' cried my friend the barber, with the conscious pride of an Englishman, throwing out a gaunt leg and arm, 'Churchill, the champion of liberty, is interred here! Here, sir, in the very ground where King John did homage for the crown he disgraced.'

The idea was grand. In the eye of fancy the slender pillars again lifted high the vaulted roof that rang with solemn chantings. I saw the insolent legate seated in scarlet pride. I saw the sneers of many a mitred abbot. I saw, bareheaded, the mean, the prostrate king. I saw, in short, everything but the barber, whom in my flight and swell of soul I had outwalked and lost. Some more curious traveller may again pick him up, perhaps, and learn more minutely the fact.

Waking from my reverie, I found myself on the pier. The pale beams of a powerless sun gilt the fluctuating waves and the distant spires of Calais, which I now clearly surveyed. What a new train of images here sprung up in my mind, borne away by succeeding impressions with no less rapidity! From the monk of Sterne I travelled up in five minutes to the inflexible Edward III. sentencing the noble burghers; and having seen them saved by the eloquence of Philippa, I wanted no better seasoning for my mutton-chop, and pitied the empty-headed peer who was stamping over my little parlour in fury at the cook for having over-roasted his pheasant.

The coachman now showed his ruby face at the door, and I jumped into the stage, where were already seated two passengers of my own sex, and one of——would I could say the fairer! But, though truth may not be spoken at all times, even upon paper, one now and then may do her justice. Half a glance discovered that the good lady opposite to me had never been handsome, and now added the injuries of time to the severity of nature. Civil but cold compliments having passed, I closed my eyes to expand my soul; and, while fabricating a brief poetical history of England, to help short memories, was something astonished to find myself tugged violently by the sleeve; and not less so to see the coach empty, and hear an obstinate waiter insist upon it that we were at Canterbury, and the supper ready to be put on the table. It had snowed, I found, for some time; in consideration of which mine host had prudently suffered the fire nearly to go out. A dim candle was on the table, without snuffers, and a bell-string hanging over it, at which we pulled, but it had long ceased to operate on that noisy convenience. Alas, poor Shenstone! how often, during these excursions, do I think of thee. Cold, indeed, must have been thy acceptation in society, if thou couldst seriously say,

> Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
> Where'er his various course has been,
> Must sigh to think how oft he found
> His warmest welcome at an inn.

Had the gentle bard told us that, in this sad substitute for home, despite of all our impatience to be gone, we must stay not only till wind and weather, but landlords, postilions, and ostlers choose to permit, I should have thought he knew more of travelling; and, stirring the fire, snuffing the candles, reconnoitring the company, and modifying my own humour, should at once have tried to make the best of my situation. After all, he is a wise man who does at first what he must do at last; and I was just breaking the ice on finding that I had nursed the fire to the general satisfaction, when the coach from London added three to our party; and common civility obliged those who came first to make way for the yet more frozen travellers. We supped together; and I was something surprised to find our two coachmen allowed us such ample time to enjoy our little bowl of punch; when lo! with dolorous countenances they came to give us notice that the snow was so heavy, and already so deep, as to make our proceeding by either road dangerous, if not utterly impracticable.

'If that is really the case,' cried I mentally, 'let us see what we may hope from the construction of the seven heads that constitute our company.' Observe, gentle reader, that I do not mean the outward and visible form of those heads; for I am not amongst the new race of physiognomists who exhaust invention only to ally their own species to the animal creation, and would rather prove the skull of a man resembled an ass, than, looking within, find in the intellect a glorious similitude of the Deity. An elegant author more justly conveys my idea of physiognomy, when he says, that 'different sensibilities gather into the countenance and become beauty there, as colours mount in a tulip and enrich it.' It was my interest to be as happy as I could, and that can only be when we look around with a wish to be pleased: nor could I ever find a way of unlocking the human heart, but by frankly inviting others to peep into my own. And now for my survey.

In the chimney-corner sat my old gentlewoman, a little alarmed at a coffin that had popped from the fire, instead of a purse; *ergo*, superstition was her weak side. In sad conformity to declining years, she had put on her spectacles, taken out her knitting, and thus humbly retired from attention, which she had long, perhaps, been hopeless of attracting. Close by her was placed a young lady from London, in the bloom of nineteen: a cross on her bosom showed her to be a Catholic, and a peculiar accent an Irishwoman: her face, especially her eyes, might be termed handsome; of those archness would have been the expression, had not the absence of her air proved that their sense was turned inward, to contemplate in her heart some chosen cherished image. Love and romance reigned in every lineament.

A French abbé had, as is usual with gentlemen of that country, edged himself into the seat by the belle, to whom he continually addressed himself with all sorts of *petits soins*, though fatigue was obvious in his air; and the impression of some danger escaped gave a wild sharpness to every feature. 'Thou hast comprised,' thought I, 'the knowledge of a whole life in perhaps the last month: and then, perhaps, didst thou first study the art of thinking, or learn the misery of feeling!' Neither of these seemed, however, to have troubled his neighbour, a portly Englishman, who, though with a sort of surly good nature he had given up his place at the fire, yet contrived to engross both candles, by holding before them a newspaper, where he dwelt upon the article of stocks, till a bloody duel in Ireland induced communication, and enabled me to discover that, in spite of the importance of his air, credulity might be reckoned amongst his characteristics.

The opposite corner of the fire had been, by general consent, given up to one of the London travellers, whose age and infirmities challenged regard, while his aspect awakened the most melting benevolence. Suppose an anchorite, sublimed by devotion and temperance from all human frailty, and you will see this interesting aged clergyman: so pale, so pure was his complexion, so slight his figure, though tall, that it seemed as if his soul was gradually divesting itself of the covering of mortality, that when the hour of separating it from the body came, hardly should the greedy grave claim aught of a being so ethereal! 'Oh, what lessons of patience and sanctity couldst thou give,' thought I, 'were it my fortune to find the key of thy heart!'

An officer in the middle of life occupied the next seat. Martial and athletic in his person, of a countenance open and sensible, tanned, as it seemed, by severe service, his forehead only retained its whiteness; yet that, with assimilating graceful manners, rendered him very prepossessing.

That seven sensible people, for I include myself in that description, should tumble out of two stage-coaches, and be thrown together so oddly, was, in my opinion, an incident; and why not make it really one? I hastily advanced, and, turning my back to the fire, fixed the eyes of the whole company—not on my person, for that was noway singular—not, I would fain hope, upon my coat, which I had forgotten till that moment was threadbare: I had rather of the three imagine my assurance the object of general attention. However, no one spoke, and I was obliged to second my own motion.

'Sir,' cried I to the Englishman, who, by the time he had kept the paper, had certainly spelt its contents, 'do you find anything entertaining in that newspaper?'

'No, sir,' returned he most laconically.

'Then you might perhaps find something entertaining out of it,' added I.

'Perhaps I might,' retorted he in a provoking accent, and surveying me from top to toe. The Frenchman laughed—so did I—it is the only way when one has been more witty than wise. I returned presently, however, to the attack.

'How charmingly might we fill a long evening,' resumed I, with, as I thought, a most ingratiating smile, 'if each of the company would relate the most remarkable story he or she ever knew or heard of!'

'Truly we might make a long evening that way,' again retorted my torment, the Englishman. 'However, if you please, we will waive your plan, sir, till to-morrow; and then we shall have the additional resort of our dreams, if our memories fail us.' He now, with a negligent yawn, rang, and ordered the chambermaid. The two females rose of course, and in one moment an overbearing clown cut short 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul.' I forgot it snowed, and went to bed in a fever of rage. A charming tale ready for the press in my travelling desk—the harvest I might make could I prevail on each of the company to tell me another! Reader, if you ever had an empty purse, and an unread performance of your own burning in your pocket and your heart, I need not ask you to pity me.

Fortune, however, more kindly than usual, took my case into consideration; for the morning showed me a snow so deep, that had Thomas à Becket condescended to attend at his own shrine to greet those who inquired for it, not a soul could have got at the cathedral to pay their devoirs to the complaisant archbishop.

On entering the breakfast-room, I found mine host had, at the desire of some one or other of the company, already produced his very small stock of books, consisting of the Army List, the Whole Art of Farriery, and a volume of imperfect magazines; a small supply of mental food for seven hungry people. Vanity never deserts itself: I thought I was greeted with more than common civility; and having satisfied my grosser appetite with tea and toast, resumed the idea of the night before—assuring the young lady that 'I was certain, from her fine eyes, she could melt us with a tender story; while the sober matron could improve us by a wise one:' a circular bow showed similar hopes from the gentlemen. The plan was adopted, and the exultation of conscious superiority flushed my cheek.

DR JOHN MOORE.

Dr John Moore, author of *Zeluco*, and other works, was born at Stirling in the year 1729. His father was one of the clergymen of that town, but died in 1737, leaving seven children to the care of his excellent widow. Mrs Moore removed to Glasgow, where her relations resided, possessed of considerable property. After the usual education at the

university of Glasgow, John was put apprentice to Mr Gordon, a surgeon of extensive practice, with whom Smollett had been apprenticed a few years before. In his nineteenth year, Moore accompanied the Duke of Argyle's regiment abroad, and attended the military hospitals at Maestricht in the capacity of surgeon's mate. From thence he went to Flushing and Breda; and on the termination of hostilities, he accompanied General Braddock to England. Soon afterwards he became household surgeon to the Earl of Albemarle, the British ambassador at the court of Versailles. His old master, Mr Gordon, now invited him to become a partner in his business in Glasgow, and, after two years' residence in Paris, Moore accepted the invitation. He practised for many years in Glasgow with great success. In 1772 he was induced to accompany the young Duke of Hamilton to the continent, where they resided five years, in France, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy. Returning in 1778, Moore removed his family to London, and commenced physician in the metropolis. In 1779 he published *A View of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland, and Germany*, in two volumes, which was received with general approbation. In 1781 appeared his *View of Society and Manners in Italy*; in 1785 *Medical Sketches*; and in 1786 his *Zeluco: Various Views of Human Nature, taken from Life and Manners, Foreign and Domestic*. The object of this novel was to prove that, in spite of the gayest and most prosperous appearances, inward misery always accompanies vice. The hero of the tale was the only son of a noble family in Sicily, spoiled by maternal indulgence, and at length rioting in every prodigality and vice. The idea of such a character was probably suggested by Smollett's Count Fathom, but Moore took a wider range of character and incident. He made his hero accomplished and fascinating, thus avoiding the feeling of contempt with which the abject villany of Fathom is unavoidably regarded; and he traced, step by step, through a succession of scenes and adventures, the progress of depravity, and the effects of uncontrolled passion. The incident of the favourite sparrow, which Zeluco squeezed to death when a boy, because it did not perform certain tricks which he had taught it, lets us at once into the pampered selfishness and passionate cruelty of his disposition. The scene of the novel is laid chiefly in Italy; and the author's familiarity with foreign manners enabled him to impart to his narrative numerous new and graphic sketches. Zeluco also serves in the Spanish army; and at another time is a slave-owner in the West Indies. The latter circumstance gives the author an opportunity of condemning the system of slavery with eloquence and humanity, and presenting some affecting pictures of suffering and attachment in the negro race. The death of Hanno, the humane and generous slave, is one of Moore's most masterly delineations. The various scenes and episodes in the novel relieve the disagreeable shades of a character constantly deepening in vice; for Zeluco has no redeeming trait to link him to our sympathy or forgiveness. Moore visited Scotland in the summer of 1786, and in the commencement of the following year took a warm interest in the genius and fortunes of Burns. It is to him that we owe the precious autobiography of the poet, one of the most interesting and powerful sketches that ever was written. In their correspondence we see the colossal strength and lofty mind of the peasant-bard, even when placed by the side of the accomplished and learned traveller and man of taste. In August 1792, Dr Moore accompanied the Earl of Lauderdale to Paris, and witnessed some of the early excesses of the French revolution. Of this tour he published an account, entitled *A Journal During a Residence in France, from the beginning of August to the middle of December* 1792, &c. The first volume of this work was published in 1793, and a second in 1794. In 1795 Dr Moore, wishing to give a retrospective detail of the circumstances which tended to hasten the revolution, drew up a carefully digested narrative, entitled *A View of the Causes and Progress of the French Revolution*, in two volumes. This is a valuable work, and it has been pretty closely followed by Sir Walter Scott in his animated and picturesque survey of the events preceding the career of Napoleon. In 1796 Dr Moore produced a second novel, *Edward: Various Views of Human Nature, taken from Life and Manners, chiefly in England*. As Zeluco was a model of villany, Edward is a model of virtue. The work, altogether, displays great knowledge of the world, a lively rather than a correct style, and some amusing portraits of English character; among these, that of Barnet the epicure (who falls in love, and marries a lady for her skill in dressing a dish of stewed carp, and who is made a good husband chiefly by his wife's cookery and attention to his comforts), is undoubtedly the best. In the following year Moore furnished a life of his friend Smollett for a collective edition of his works. In 1800 appeared his last production, *Mordaunt: Sketches of Life, Character, and Manners, in Various Countries, including the Memoirs of a French Lady of Quality*. In this novel our author, following the example of Richardson and Smollett's Humphry Clinker, threw his narrative into the form of letters, part being dated from the continent, and part from England. A tone of languor and insipidity pervades the story, and there is little of plot or incident to keep alive attention. Dr Moore died at Richmond on the 21st of January 1802. A complete edition of his works has been published in seven volumes, with memoirs of his life and writings by Dr Robert Anderson. Of all the writings of Dr Moore, his novel of 'Zeluco' is the most popular. Mr Dunlop has given the preference to 'Edward.' The latter may boast of more variety of character, and is distinguished by judicious observation and witty remark, but it is deficient in the strong interest and forcible painting of the first novel. Zeluco's murder of his child in a fit of frantic jealousy, and the discovery of the circumstance by means of the picture, is conceived with great originality, and has a striking effect. It is the poetry of romance. The attachment between Laura and Carlostein is also described with tenderness and delicacy, without degenerating into German sentimentalism or immorality. Of the lighter sketches, the scenes between the two Scotchmen, Targe and Buchanan, are perhaps the best; and their duel about Queen Mary is an inimitable piece of national caricature. On English ground, Dr Moore is a careful observer of men and manners. The conventional forms of society, the smartness of dialogue, the oddities and humours of particular individuals, the charlatanry of quacks and pretenders, are well portrayed. He fails chiefly in depth of passion and situations of strong interest. In constructing a plot, he is greatly inferior to Smollett or Fielding. Edward, like Tom Jones, is a foundling; but 'the winding up of the story by the trite contrivance of recognising a lost child from a mark on the shoulder, a locket, and a miniature picture,' forms a humbling contrast to the series of incidents and events, so natural, dramatic, and interesting, by which the birth of Fielding's hero is established. There is no great aiming at moral effect in Moore's novels, unless it be in depicting the wretchedness of vice, and

its tragic termination in the character of Zeluco. He was an observer rather than an inventor; he noted more than he felt. The same powers of observation displayed in his novels, and his extensive acquaintance with mankind, rendered him an admirable chronicler of the striking scenes of the French revolution. Numerous as are the works since published on this great event, the journals and remarks of Dr Moore may still be read with pleasure and instruction. It may here be mentioned, that the distinguished Sir John Moore, who fell at Corunna, was the eldest son of the novelist.

[*Dispute and Duel between the Two Scotch Servants in Italy.*]

[From 'Zeluco.']

[Duncan Targe, a hot Highlander, who had been out in the Forty-Five, and George Buchanan, born and educated among the Whigs of the west of Scotland, both serving-men in Italy, meet and dine together during the absence of their masters. After dinner, and the bottle having circulated freely, they disagree as to politics, Targe being a keen Jacobite, and the other a stanch Whig.]

Buchanan filled a bumper, and gave, for the toast, 'The Land of Cakes!'

This immediately dispersed the cloud which began to gather on the other's brow.

Targe drank the toast with enthusiasm, saying, 'May the Almighty pour his blessings on every hill and valley in it! that is the worst wish, Mr Buchanan, that I shall ever wish to that land.'

'It would delight your heart to behold the flourishing condition it is now in,' replied Buchanan; 'it was fast improving when I left it, and I have been credibly informed since that it is now a perfect garden!'

'I am very happy to hear it,' said Targe.

'Indeed,' added Buchanan, 'it has been in a state of rapid improvement ever since the Union.'

'Confound the Union!' cried Targe; 'it would have improved much faster without it.'

'I am not quite clear on that point, Mr Targe,' said Buchanan.

'Depend upon it,' replied Targe, 'the Union was the worst treaty that Scotland ever made.'

'I shall admit,' said Buchanan, 'that she might have made a better; but, bad as it is, our country reaps some advantage from it.'

'All the advantages are on the side of England.'

'What do you think, Mr Targe,' said Buchanan, 'of the increase of trade since the Union, and the riches which have flowed into the Lowlands of Scotland from that quarter?'

'Think,' cried Targe; 'why, I think they have done a great deal of mischief to the Lowlands of Scotland.'

'How so, my good friend?' said Buchanan.

'By spreading luxury among the inhabitants, the never-failing forerunner of effeminacy of manners. Why, I was assured,' continued Targe, 'by Sergeant Lewis Macneil, a Highland gentleman in the Prussian service, that the Lowlanders, in some parts of Scotland, are now very little better than so many English.'

'O fie!' cried Buchanan; 'things are not come to that pass as yet, Mr Targe: your friend, the sergeant, assuredly exaggerates.'

'I hope he does,' replied Targe; 'but you must acknowledge,' continued he, 'that by the Union Scotland has lost her existence as an independent state; her name is swallowed up in that of England! Only read the English newspapers; they mention England, as if it were the name of the whole island. They talk of the English army, the English fleet, the English everything. They never mention Scotland, except when one of our countrymen happens to get an office under government; we are then told, with some stale gibe, that the person is a Scotchman: or, which happens still more rarely, when any of them are condemned to die at Tyburn, particular care is taken to inform the public that the criminal is originally from Scotland! But if fifty Englishmen get places, or are hanged, in one year, no remarks are made.'

'No,' said Buchanan; 'in that case it is passed over as a thing of course.'

The conversation then taking another turn, Targe, who was a great genealogist, descanted on the antiquity of certain gentlemen's families in the Highlands; which, he asserted, were far more honourable than most of the noble families either in Scotland or England. 'Is it not shameful,' added he, 'that a parcel of mushroom lords, mere sprouts from the dunghills of law or commerce, the grandsons of grocers and attorneys, should take the pass of gentlemen of the oldest families in Europe?'

'Why, as for that matter,' replied Buchanan, 'provided the grandsons of grocers or attorneys are deserving citizens, I do not perceive why they should be excluded from the king's favour more than other men.'

'But some of them never drew a sword in defence of either their king or country,' rejoined Targe.

'Assuredly,' said Buchanan, 'men may deserve honour and pre-eminence by other means than by drawing their swords. I could name a man who was no soldier, and yet did more honour to his country than all the soldiers, or lords, or lairds of the age in which he lived.'

'Who was he?' said Targe.

'The man whose name I have the honour to bear,' replied the other; 'the great George Buchanan.'

'Who? Buchanan the historian?' cried Targe.

'Ay, the very same!' replied Buchanan in a loud voice, being now a little heated with wine and elevated with vanity on account of his name. 'Why, sir,' continued he, 'George Buchanan was not only the most learned man, but also the best poet of his time.'

'Perhaps he might,' said Targe coldly.

'Perhaps!' repeated Buchanan; 'there is no dubitation in the case. Do you remember his description of his own country and countrymen?'

'I cannot say I do,' replied Targe.

'Then I will give you a sample of his versification,' said Buchanan, who immediately repeated, with an enthusiastic emphasis, the following lines from Buchanan's Epithalamium on the Marriage of Francis the Dauphin with Mary Queen of Scots:—

> Illa pharetratis est propria gloria Scotis,
> Cingere venatu saltus, superare natando
> Flumina, ferre famem, contemnere frigora et æstus,
> Nec fossa et muris patriam, sed marte tueri,
> Et spreta incolumem vita defendere famam;
> Polliciti servare fidem, sanctumque vereri
> Numen amicitiæ, mores, non munus amare
> Artibus his, totum fremerunt cum bella per orbem,
> Nullaque non leges tellus mutaret avitas
> Externo subjecta jugo, gens una vetustis
> Sedibus antiqua sub libertate resedit.
> Substitit hic Gothi furor, hic gravis impetus hæsit
> Saxonis, hic Cimber superato Saxone, et acri
> Perdomito, Neuster Cimbro.

'I cannot recollect any more.'

'You have recollected too much for me,' said Tar e; 'for although I was several years at an academy in the Highlands, yet I must confess I am no great Latin scholar.'

'But the great Buchanan,' said the other, 'was the best Latin scholar in Europe; he wrote that language as well as Livy or Horace.'

'I shall not dispute it,' said Targe.

'And was, over and above, a man of the first-rate genius!' continued Buchanan with exultation.

'Well, well; all that may be,' replied Targe a little peevishly; 'but let me tell you one thing, Mr Buchanan, if he could have swopt* one-half of his genius for a little more honesty, he would have made an advantageous exchange, although he had thrown all his Latin into the bargain.'

'In what did he ever show any want of honesty?' said Buchanan.

'In calumniating and endeavouring to blacken the reputation of his rightful sovereign, Mary Queen of Scots,' replied Targe, 'the most beautiful and accomplished princess that ever sat on a throne.'

'I have nothing to say either against her beauty or her accomplishments,' resumed Buchanan; 'but surely, Mr Targe, you must acknowledge that she was a ——?'

'Have a care what you say, sir!' interrupted Targe; 'I'll permit no man that ever wore breeches to speak disrespectfully of that unfortunate queen!'

'No man that ever wore either breeches or a philabeg,' replied Buchanan, 'shall prevent me from speaking the truth when I see occasion!'

'Speak as much truth as you please, sir,' rejoined Targe; 'but I declare that no man shall calumniate the memory of that beautiful and unfortunate princess in my presence while I can wield a claymore.'

'If you should wield fifty claymores, you cannot deny that she was a Papist!' said Buchanan.

'Well, sir,' cried Targe, 'what then? She was, like other people, of the religion in which she was bred.'

'I do not know where you may have been bred, Mr Targe,' said Buchanan; 'for aught I know, you may be an adherent to the worship of the scarlet lady yourself. Unless that is the case, you ought not to interest yourself in the reputation of Mary Queen of Scots.'

'I fear you are too nearly related to the false slanderer whose name you bear!' said Targe.

'I glory in the name; and should think myself greatly obliged to any man who could prove my relation to the great George Buchanan!' cried the other.

'He was nothing but a disloyal calumniator,' cried Targe; 'who attempted to support falsehoods by forgeries, which, I thank Heaven, are now fully detected!'

'You are thankful for a very small mercy,' resumed Buchanan; 'but since you provoke me to it, I will tell you, in plain English, that your bonny Queen Mary was the strumpet of Bothwell and the murderer of her husband!'

No sooner had he uttered the last sentence, than Targe flew at him like a tiger, and they were separated with difficulty by Mr N——'s groom, who was in the adjoining chamber, and had heard the altercation.

'I insist on your giving me satisfaction, or retracting what you have said against the beautiful Queen of Scotland!' cried Targe.

'As for retracting what I have said,' replied Buchanan, 'that is no habit of mine; but, with regard to giving you satisfaction, I am ready for that to the best of my ability; for let me tell you, sir, though I am not a Highlandman, I am a Scotchman as well as yourself, and not entirely ignorant of the use of the claymore; so name your hour, and I will meet you to-morrow morning.'

'Why not directly?' cried Targe; 'there is nobody in the garden to interrupt us.'

'I should have chosen to have settled some things first; but since you are in such a hurry, I will not baulk you. I will step home for my sword and be with you directly,' said Buchanan.

* To swop is an old English word still used in Scotland, signifying to exchange.

The groom interposed, and endeavoured to reconcile the two enraged Scots, but without success. Buchanan soon arrived with his sword, and they retired to a private spot in the garden. The groom next tried to persuade them to decide their difference by fair boxing. This was rejected by both the champions as a mode of fighting unbecoming gentlemen. The groom asserted that the best gentlemen in England sometimes fought in that manner, and gave, as an instance, a boxing match, of which he himself had been a witness, between Lord G.'s gentleman and a gentleman-farmer at York races about the price of a mare.

'But our quarrel,' said Targe, 'is about the reputation of a queen.'

'That, for certain,' replied the groom, 'makes a difference.'

Buchanan unsheathed his sword.

'Are you ready, sir?' cried Targe.

'That I am. Come on, sir,' said Buchanan; 'and the Lord be with the righteous.'

'Amen!' cried Targe; and the conflict began.

Both the combatants understood the weapon they fought with; and each parried his adversary's blows with such dexterity, that no blood was shed for some time. At length Targe, making a feint at Buchanan's head, gave him suddenly a severe wound in the thigh.

'I hope you are now sensible of your error?' said Targe, dropping his point.

'I am of the same opinion I was!' cried Buchanan; 'so keep your guard.' So saying, he advanced more briskly than ever upon Targe, who, after warding off several strokes, wounded his antagonist a second time. Buchanan, however, showed no disposition to relinquish the combat. But this second wound being in the forehead, and the blood flowing with profusion into his eyes, he could no longer see distinctly, but was obliged to flourish his sword at random, without being able to perceive the movements of his adversary, who, closing with him, became master of his sword, and with the same effort threw him to the ground; and, standing over him, he said, 'This may convince you, Mr Buchanan, that yours is not the righteous cause! You are in my power; but I will act as the queen whose character I defend would order were she alive. I hope you will live to repent of the injustice you have done to that amiable and unfortunate princess.' He then assisted Buchanan to rise. Buchanan made no immediate answer: but when he saw Targe assisting the groom to stop the blood which flowed from his wounds, he said, 'I must acknowledge, Mr Targe, that you behave like a gentleman.'

After the bleeding was in some degree diminished by the dry lint which the groom, who was an excellent farrier, applied to the wounds, they assisted him to his chamber, and then the groom rode away to inform Mr N—— of what had happened. But the wound becoming more painful, Targe proposed sending for a surgeon. Buchanan then said that the surgeon's mate belonging to one of the ships of the British squadron then in the bay was, he believed, on shore, and as he was a Scotchman, he would like to employ him rather than a foreigner. Having mentioned where he lodged, one of Mr N——'s footmen went immediately for him. He returned soon after, saying that the surgeon's mate was not at his lodging, nor expected for some hours. 'But I will go and bring the French surgeon,' continued the footman.

'I thank you, Mr Thomas,' said Buchanan; 'but I will have patience till my own countryman returns.'

'He may not return for a long time,' said Thomas. 'You had best let me run for the French surgeon, who, they say, has a great deal of skill.'

'I am obliged to you, Mr Thomas,' added Buchanan; 'but neither Frenchman nor Spanishman shall dress my wounds when a Scottishman is to be found for love or money.'

'They are to be found, for the one or the other, as I am credibly informed, in most parts of the world,' said Thomas.

'As my countrymen,' replied Buchanan, 'are distinguished for letting slip no means of improvement, it would be very strange if many of them did not use that of travelling, Mr Thomas.'

'It would be very strange indeed, I own it,' said the footman.

'But are you certain of this young man's skill in his business when he does come?' said Targe.

'I confess I have had no opportunity to know anything of his skill,' answered Buchanan; 'but I know, for certain, that he is sprung from very respectable people. His father is a minister of the gospel, and it is not likely that his father's son will be deficient in the profession to which he was bred.'

'It would be still less likely had the son been bred to preaching!' said Targe.

'That is true,' replied Buchanan; 'but I have no doubt of the young man's skill: he seems to be a very douce* lad. It will be an encouragement to him to see that I prefer him to another, and also a comfort to me to be attended by my countryman.'

'Countryman or not countryman,' said Thomas, 'he will expect to be paid for his trouble as well as another.'

'Assuredly,' said Buchanan; 'but it was always a maxim with me, and shall be to my dying day, that we should give our own fish-guts to our own sea-mews.'

'Since you are so fond of your own sea-mews,' said Thomas, 'I am surprised you were so eager to destroy Mr Targe there.'

'That proceeded from a difference in politics, Mr Thomas,' replied Buchanan, 'in which the best of friends are apt to have a misunderstanding; but though I am a Whig and he is a Tory, I hope we are both honest men; and as he behaved generously when my life was in his power, I have no scruple in saying that I am sorry for having spoken disrespectfully of any person, dead or alive, for whom he has an esteem.'

'Mary Queen of Scots acquired the esteem of her very enemies,' resumed Targe. 'The elegance and engaging sweetness of her manners were irresistible to every heart that was not steeled by prejudice or jealousy.'

'She is now in the hands of a Judge,' said Buchanan, 'who can neither be seduced by fair appearances, nor imposed on by forgeries and fraud.'

'She is so, Mr Buchanan,' replied Targe; 'and her rival and accusers are in the hands of the same Judge.'

'We had best leave them all to His justice and mercy then, and say no more on the subject,' added Buchanan; 'for if Queen Mary's conduct on earth was what you believe it was, she will receive her reward in heaven, where her actions and sufferings are recorded.'

'One thing more I will say,' rejoined Targe, 'and that is only to ask of you whether it is probable that a woman, whose conscience was loaded with the crimes imputed to her, could have closed the varied scene of her life, and have met death with such serene and dignified courage as Mary did?'

'I always admired that last awful scene,' replied Buchanan, who was melted by the recollection of Mary's behaviour on the scaffold; 'and I will freely acknowledge that the most innocent person that ever lived, or the greatest hero recorded in history, could not face death with greater composure than the queen of Scotland: she supported the dignity of a queen while she displayed the meekness of a Christian.'

'I am exceedingly sorry, my dear friend, for the misunderstanding that happened between us!' said Targe affectionately, and holding forth his hand in token of reconciliation: 'and I am now willing to believe that your friend, Mr George Buchanan, was a very great poet, and understood Latin as well as any man alive!' Here the two friends shook hands with the utmost cordiality.

* A Scottish expression, meaning gentle and well-disposed.

MRS INCHBALD.

Mrs Inchbald, the dramatist, attained deserved celebrity by her novels, *A Simple Story*, in four volumes, published in 1791; and *Nature and Art*, two volumes, 1796. As this lady affected plainness and precision in style, and aimed at drawing sketches from nature, she probably designated her first novel *simple*, without duly considering that the plot is intricate and involved, and that some of her characters



Mrs Inchbald.

(as Lord and Lady Elmwood) belong to the ranks of the aristocracy. There are many striking and passionate scenes in the novel, and notwithstanding the disadvantage attending a double plot, the interest is well sustained. The authoress's knowledge of dramatic rules and effect may be seen in the skilful grouping of her personages, and in the liveliness of the dialogue. Her second work is much simpler and coarser in texture. Its object may be gathered from the concluding maxim—'Let the poor no more be their own persecutors—no longer pay homage to wealth—instantaneously the whole idolatrous worship will cease—the idol will be broken.' Mrs Inchbald illustrated this by her own practice; yet few of her readers can feel aught but mortification and disappointment at the *denouement* of the tale, wherein the pure and noble-minded Henry, after the rich promise of his youth and his intellectual culture, finally settles down with his father to 'cheerful labour in fishing, or the tending of a garden, the produce of which they carry to the next market-town?' The following brief allusion to the miseries of low London service reminds us of the vividness and stern pathos of Dickens:—'In romances, and in some plays, there are scenes of dark and unwholesome mines, wherein the labourer works during the brightest day by the aid of artificial light. There are, in London, kitchens equally dismal, though not quite so much exposed to damp and noxious vapours. In one of these under ground,

hidden from the cheerful light of the sun, poor Agnes was doomed to toil from morning till night, subjected to the command of a dissatisfied mistress, who, not estimating as she ought the misery incurred by serving her, constantly threatened her servants with a dismission; at which the unthinking wretches would tremble merely from the sound of the words; for to have reflected—to have considered what their purport was—to be released from a dungeon, relieved from continual upbraidings and vile drudgery, must have been a subject of rejoicing; and yet, because these good tidings were delivered as a menace, custom had made the hearer fearful of the consequence. So, death being described to children as a disaster, even poverty and shame will start from it with affright; whereas, had it been pictured with its benign aspect, it would have been feared but by few, and many, many would welcome it with gladness.'

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

The novels of Mrs Charlotte Smith were of a more romantic cast than those of Miss Burney: they aimed more at delineating affections than manners, and they all evinced superior merit. The first, *Emmeline*, published in 1788, had an extensive sale. *Ethelinde* (1789), and *Celestina* (1791), were also received with favour and approbation. Her best is the *Old English Manor-House*, in which her descriptive powers are found united to an interesting plot and well-sustained *dramatis personæ*. The haste with which this lady produced her works, and her unfortunate domestic circumstances, led her often to be defective in arrangement and exaggerated in style and colouring. She took a peculiar pleasure in caricaturing lawyers, having herself suffered deeply from the 'law's delay;' and as her husband had ruined himself and family by foolish schemes and projects, she is supposed to have drawn him in the projector who hoped to make a fortune by manuring his estate with old wigs! Sir Walter Scott, 'in acknowledgment of many pleasant hours derived from the perusal of Mrs Smith's works,' included her in his British Novelists, and prefixed an interesting criticism and memoir. He alludes to her defective narratives or plots, but considers her characters to be conceived with truth and force, though none bear the stamp of actual novelty. He adds, 'she is uniformly happy in supplying them with language fitted to their station in life; nor are there many dialogues to be found which are at once so entertaining, and approach so nearly to truth and reality.'

ANN RADCLIFFE.

Mrs Ann Radcliffe (who may be denominated the Salvator Rosa of British novelists) was born in London, of respectable parents, on the 9th of July 1764. Her maiden name was Ward. In her twenty-third year she married Mr William Radcliffe, a student of law, but who afterwards became the editor and proprietor of a weekly paper, the English Chronicle. Two years after her marriage, in 1789, Mrs Radcliffe published her first novel, *The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne*, the scene of which she laid in Scotland during the remote and warlike times of the feudal barons. This work gave but little indication of the power and fascination which the authoress afterwards evinced. She had made no attempt to portray national manners or historical events (in which, indeed, she never excelled), and the plot was wild and unnatural. Her next effort, made in the following year, was more successful. *The Sicilian Romance* attracted attention by its romantic and numerous adventures, and the copious descriptions of scenery it contained. These were depicted with the glow and richness of a poetical fancy. 'Fielding, Richardson, Smollett, and even Walpole,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'though writing upon an imaginative subject, are decidedly prose authors. Mrs Radcliffe has a title to be considered as the first poetess of romantic fiction; that is, if actual rhythm shall not be deemed essential to poetry.'* Actual rhythm was also at the command of the accomplished authoress. She has interspersed various copies of verses throughout her works, but they are less truly poetical than her prose. They have great sameness of style and diction, and are often tedious, because introduced in scenes already too protracted with description or sentiment. In 1791 appeared *The Romance of the Forest*, exhibiting the powers of the novelist in full maturity. To her wonderful talent in producing scenes of mystery and surprise, aided by external phenomena and striking description, she now added the powerful delineation of passion. Her painting of the character of La Motte, hurried on by an evil counsellor, amidst broken resolutions and efforts at recall, to the most dark and deliberate guilt and cruelty, approaches in some respects to the genius of Godwin. Variety of character, however, was not the forte of Mrs Radcliffe. Her strength lay in the invention and interest of her narrative. Like the great painter with whom she has been compared, she loved to sport with the romantic and the terrible—with the striking imagery of the mountain-forest and the lake—the obscure solitude—the cloud and the storm—wild banditti—ruined castles—and with those half-discovered glimpses or visionary shadows of the invisible world which seem at times to cross our path, and which still haunt and thrill the imagination. This peculiar faculty was more strongly evinced in Mrs Radcliffe's next romance, *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, published in 1794, which was the most popular of her performances, and is justly considered her best. Mrs Barbauld seems to prefer the 'Romance of the Forest,' as more complete in character and story: but in this opinion few will concur: it wants the sublimity and boldness of the later work. The interest, as Scott remarks, 'is of a more agitating and tremendous nature, the scenery of a wilder and more terrific description, the characters distinguished by fiercer and more gigantic features. Montoni, a lofty-souled desperado and captain of condottieri, stands beside La Motte and his marquis, like one of Milton's fiends beside a witch's familiar. Adeline is confined within a ruined manor-house, but her sister heroine, Emily, is imprisoned in a huge castle like those of feudal times; the one is attacked and defended by bands of armed banditti, the other only threatened by constables and thief-takers. The scale of the landscape is equally different; the quiet and limited woodland scenery of the one work forming a contrast with the splendid and high-wrought descriptions of Italian mountain grandeur which occur in the other.' This parallel applies very strikingly to the critic's own poems, the Lay and Marmion. The latter, like Mrs Radcliffe's second novel, has blemishes of construction and style from which the first is free; but it has the breadth

* This honour more properly belongs to Sir Philip Sidney; and does not even John Bunyan demand a share of it? In Smollett's novels there are many poetical conceptions and descriptions. Indeed on this point Sir Walter partly contradicts himself, for he elsewhere states that Smollett expended in his novels many of the ingredients both of grave and humorous poetry. Mrs Radcliffe gave a greater prominence to poetical description than any of her predecessors.

and magnificence, and the careless freedom of a master's hand, in a greater degree than can be found in the first production. About this time Mrs Radcliffe made a journey through Holland and the western frontier of Germany, returning down the Rhine, of which she published an account in 1795, adding to it some observations during a tour to the lakes of Lancashire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland. The picturesque fancy of the novelist is seen in these sketches with her usual luxuriance and copiousness of style. In 1797 Mrs Radcliffe made her last appearance in fiction. The 'Mysteries of Udolpho' had been purchased by her publisher for what was then considered an enormous sum, £500; but her new work brought her £800. It was entitled *The Italian*, and displayed her powers in undiminished strength and brilliancy. Having exhausted the characteristics of feudal pomp and tyranny in her former productions, she adopted a new machinery in 'The Italian,' having selected a period when the church of Rome was triumphant and unchecked. The grand Inquisition, the confessional, the cowled monk, the dungeon, and the rack, were agents as terrible and impressive as ever shone in romance. Mrs Radcliffe took up the popular notions on this subject without adhering to historical accuracy, and produced a work which, though very unequal in its execution, contains the most vivid and appalling of all her scenes and paintings. The opening of the story has been praised by all critics for the exquisite art with which the authoress contrives to excite and prepare the mind of the reader. It is as follows:—

[*English Travellers Visit a Neapolitan Church.*]

Within the shade of the portico, a person with folded arms, and eyes directed towards the ground, was pacing behind the pillars the whole extent of the pavement, and was apparently so engaged by his own thoughts as not to observe that strangers were approaching. He turned, however, suddenly, as if startled by the sound of steps, and then, without farther pausing, glided to a door that opened into the church, and disappeared.

There was something too extraordinary in the figure of this man, and too singular in his conduct, to pass unnoticed by the visitors. He was of a tall thin figure, bending forward from the shoulders; of a sallow complexion and harsh features, and had an eye which, as it looked up from the cloak that muffled the lower part of his countenance, was expressive of uncommon ferocity.

The travellers, on entering the church, looked round for the stranger who had passed thither before them, but he was nowhere to be seen; and through all the shade of the long aisles only one other person appeared. This was a friar of the adjoining convent, who sometimes pointed out to strangers the objects in the church which were most worthy of attention, and who now, with this design, approached the party that had just entered.

When the party had viewed the different shrines, and whatever had been judged worthy of observation, and were returning through an obscure aisle towards the portico, they perceived the person who had appeared upon the steps passing towards a confessional on the left, and as he entered it, one of the party pointed him out to the friar, and inquired who he was. The friar, turning to look after him, did not immediately reply; but on the question being repeated, he inclined his head as in a kind of obeisance, and calmly replied, 'He is an assassin.'

'An assassin!' exclaimed one of the Englishmen; 'an assassin, and at liberty?'

An Italian gentleman who was of the party smiled at the astonishment of his friend.

'He has sought sanctuary here,' replied the friar; 'within these walls he may not be hurt.'

'Do your altars, then, protect a murderer?' said the Englishman.

'He could find shelter nowhere else,' answered the friar meekly.

* * *

'But observe yonder confessional,' added the Italian, 'that beyond the pillars on the left of the aisle, below a painted window. Have you discovered it? The colours of the glass throw, instead of a light, a shade over that part of the church, which perhaps prevents your distinguishing what I mean.'

The Englishman looked whither his friend pointed, and observed a confessional of oak, or some very dark wood, adjoining the wall, and remarked also that it was the same which the assassin had just entered. It consisted of three compartments, covered with a black canopy. In the central division was the chair of the confessor, elevated by several steps above the pavement of the church; and on either hand was a small closet or box, with steps leading up to a grated partition, at which the penitent might kneel, and, concealed from observation, pour into the ear of the confessor the consciousness of crimes that lay heavy at his heart.

'You observe it?' said the Italian.

'I do,' replied the Englishman; 'it is the same which the assassin had passed into, and I think it one of the most gloomy spots I ever beheld; the view of it is enough to strike a criminal with despair.'

'We in Italy are not so apt to despair,' replied the Italian smilingly.

'Well, but what of this confessional?' inquired the Englishman. 'The assassin entered it.'

'He has no relation with what I am about to mention,' said the Italian; 'but I wish you to mark the place, because some very extraordinary circumstances belong to it.'

'What are they?' said the Englishman.

'It is now several years since the confession which is connected with them was made at that very confessional,' added the Italian; 'the view of it, and the sight of the assassin, with your surprise at the liberty which is allowed him, led me to a recollection of the story. When you return to the hotel I will communicate it to you, if you have no pleasanter mode of engaging your time.'

'After I have taken another view of this solemn edifice,' replied the Englishman, 'and particularly of the confessional you have pointed to my notice.'

While the Englishman glanced his eye over the high roofs and along the solemn perspectives of the Santa del Pianto, he perceived the figure of the assassin stealing from the confessional across the choir, and, shocked on again beholding him, he turned his eyes and hastily quitted the church.

The friends then separated, and the Englishman soon after returning to his hotel, received the volume. He read as follows.

After such an introduction, who could fail to continue the perusal of the story? Scott has said that one of the fine scenes in 'The Italian,' where Schedoni the monk (an admirably-drawn character) is 'in the act of raising his arm to murder his sleeping victim, and discovers her to be his own child, is of a new, grand, and powerful character; and the horrors of the wretch who, on the brink of murder, has just escaped from committing a crime of yet more exaggerated horror, constitute the strongest painting which has been produced by Mrs Radcliffe's pencil, and form a crisis well fitted to be actually embodied on canvass by some great master.' Most

of this lady's novels abound in pictures and situations as striking and as well grouped as those of the artist and melo-dramatist. The latter years of Mrs Radcliffe were spent in retirement, partly induced by ill health. She had for a long period been afflicted with spasmodic asthma, and an attack proved fatal to her on the 7th of February 1823. She died in London, and was interred in a vault of the chapel-of-ease at Bayswater, belonging to St George's, Hanover Square.

The success which crowned Mrs Radcliffe's romances led several writers to copy her peculiar manner, but none approached to the original either in art or genius. She eclipsed all her imitators and contemporaries in exciting emotions of surprise, awe, and terror, and in constructing a story which should carry the reader forward with undiminished anxiety to its close. She dwelt always in the regions of romance. She does not seem ever to have attempted humour or familiar narrative, and there is little of real character or natural incident in her works. The style of which she may be considered the founder is powerfully attractive, and few are able to resist the fascinations of her narrative, but that style is obviously a secondary one. To delineate character in the many-coloured changes of life, to invent natural, lively, and witty dialogues and situations, and to combine the whole, as in Tom Jones, in a regular progressive story, complete in all its parts, is a greater intellectual effort than to construct a romantic plot where the author is not confined to probability or to the manners and institutions of any particular time or country. When Scott transports us back to the days of chivalry and the crusades, we feel that he is embodying history, animating its records with his powerful imagination, and introducing us to actual scenes and persons such as once existed. His portraits are not of one, but of various classes. There is none of this reality about Mrs Radcliffe's creations. Her scenes of mystery and gloom will not bear the light of sober investigation. Deeply as they affect the imagination at the time, after they have been once unfolded before the reader, they break up like dreams in his recollection. The remembrance of them is confused, though pleasant, and we have no desire to return to what enchanted us, unless it be for some passages of pure description. The want of moral interest and of character and dialogue, natural and truthful, is the cause of this evanescence of feeling. When the story is unravelled, the great charm is over—the talisman ceases to operate when we know the materials of which it is composed.

Mrs Radcliffe restricted her genius by an arbitrary rule of composition. She made the whole of her mysterious circumstances resolve into natural causes. The seemingly supernatural agencies are explained to be palpable and real: every mystery is cleared up, and often by means very trifling or disproportioned to the end. 'In order to raise strong emotions of fear and horror in the body of the work, the author is tempted to go lengths, to account for which the subsequent explanations seem utterly inadequate. Thus, for example, after all the wonder and dismay, and terror and expectation excited by the mysterious chamber in the castle of Udolpho, how much are we disappointed and disgusted to find that all this pother has been raised by a waxen statue!'* In one sense this restriction increases our admiration of the writer, as evincing, in general, the marvellous ingenuity with which she prepares, invents, and arranges the incidents for immediate effect as well as subsequent explanation. Every feature in the surrounding landscape or objects described—every subordinate circumstance in the scene, however minute, is so disposed as to deepen the impression and keep alive curiosity. This prelude, as Mrs Barbauld has remarked, 'like the tuning of an instrument by a skilful hand, has the effect of producing at once in the mind a tone of feeling correspondent to the future story.' No writer has excelled, and few have approached, Mrs Radcliffe in this peculiar province. A higher genius, however, would have boldly seized upon supernatural agency as a proper element of romance. There are feelings and superstitions lurking in every breast which would have responded to such an appeal; and while we have the weird sisters of Macbeth, and the unburied majesty of Denmark, all must acknowledge the adaptation of such machinery to produce the greatest effects of which human genius is capable. The ultimate explanations of Mrs Radcliffe certainly give a littleness to the preliminary incidents which affected us so powerfully while they were dim and obscure and full of mystery. It is as if some theatrical artist were to display to his audience the coarse and mean materials by which his brilliant stage effects were produced, instead of leaving undisturbed the strong impressions they have produced on the imagination. Apart, however, from this defect—which applies only to the interest of the plot or narrative—the situations and descriptions of Mrs Radcliffe are in the highest degree striking and perfect. She had never been in Italy when she wrote the 'Mysteries of Udolpho,' yet her paintings of Italian scenery, and of the mountains of Switzerland, are conceived with equal truth and richness of colouring. And what poet or painter has ever surpassed (Byron has imitated) her account of the first view of Venice, as seen by her heroine Emily, 'with its islets, palaces, and terraces rising out of the sea; and as they glided on, the grander features of the city appearing more distinctly—its terraces crowned with airy yet majestic fabrics, touched with the splendour of the setting sun, appearing as if they had been called up from the ocean by the wand of an enchanter rather than reared by human hands.' Her pictures are innumerable, and they are always introduced with striking effect. 'Set off,' says a judicious critic, 'against the calm beauty of a summer evening, or the magnificent gloom of a thunder-storm, her pastoral or banditti groups stand out with double effect; while to the charge of vagueness of description, it may be answered that Mrs Radcliffe is by no means vague where distinctness of imagery is or ought to be her object, as any one may satisfy himself who recalls to his recollection her description of the lonely house by the Mediterranean, with the scudding clouds, the screaming sea-birds, and the stormy sea, the scene selected for the murder of Ellena; or another picture, in the best manner of Salvator, of the first glimpse of the castle of Udolpho, rising over a mountain pass, with the slant sunbeams lighting up its ancient weather-beaten towers. Indeed the whole description of that Apennine fastness, both without and within, is in the best style, not of literal, indeed, but of imaginative painting—"fate sits on those dark battlements and frowns:" the very intricacy of its internal architecture and its endless passages—a mighty maze, and, we fear, without a plan—only serve to deepen the impression of imprisonment, and bewilderment, and gloom.' The romantic colouring which Mrs Radcliffe could throw over actual objects, at the same time preserving their symmetry and appearance entire, is finely displayed in her English descriptions, particularly in that of Windsor.

* Dunlop's History of Fiction.

[*Description of the Castle of Udolpho.*]

Towards the close of the day, the road wound into a deep valley. Mountains, whose shaggy steeps appeared to be inaccessible, almost surrounded it. To the east a vista opened, and exhibited the Apennines in their darkest horrors; and the long perspective of retiring summits rising over each other, their ridges clothed with pines, exhibited a stronger image of grandeur than any that Emily had yet seen. The sun had just sunk below the top of the mountains she was descending, whose long shadow stretched athwart the valley; but his sloping rays, shooting through an opening of the cliffs, touched with a yellow gleam the summits of the forest that hung upon the opposite steeps, and streamed in full splendour upon the towers and battlements of a castle that spread its extensive ramparts along the brow of a precipice above. The splendour of these illumined objects was heightened by the contrasted shade which involved the valley below.

'There,' said Montoni, speaking for the first time in several hours, 'is Udolpho.'

Emily gazed with melancholy awe upon the castle, which she understood to be Montoni's; for, though it was now lighted up by the setting sun, the Gothic greatness of its features, and its mouldering walls of dark gray stone, rendered it a gloomy and sublime object. As she gazed the light died away on its walls, leaving a melancholy purple tint, which spread deeper and deeper as the thin vapour crept up the mountain, while the battlements above were still tipped with splendour. From these, too, the rays soon faded, and the whole edifice was invested with the solemn duskiness of evening. Silent, lonely, and sublime, it seemed to stand the sovereign of the scene, and to frown defiance on all who dared to invade its solitary reign. As the twilight deepened, its features became more awful in obscurity, and Emily continued to gaze till its clustering towers were alone seen rising over the tops of the woods, beneath whose thick shade the carriages soon after began to ascend.

The extent and darkness of these tall woods awakened terrific images in her mind, and she almost expected to see banditti start up from under the trees. At length the carriages emerged upon a heathy rock, and soon after reached the castle gates, where the deep tone of the portal bell, which was struck upon to give notice of their arrival, increased the fearful emotions that had assailed Emily. While they waited till the servant within should come to open the gates, she anxiously surveyed the edifice; but the gloom that overspread it allowed her to distinguish little more than a part of its outline, with the massy walls of the ramparts, and to know that it was vast, ancient, and dreary. From the parts she saw, she judged of the heavy strength and extent of the whole. The gateway before her, leading into the courts, was of gigantic size, and was defended by two round towers, crowned by overhanging turrets, embattled, where, instead of banners, now waved long grass and wild plants that had taken root among the mouldering stones, and which seemed to sigh, as the breeze rolled past, over the desolation around them. The towers were united by a curtain, pierced and embattled also, below which appeared the pointed arch of a huge portcullis surmounting the gates; from these the walls of the ramparts extended to other towers, overlooking the precipice, whose shattered outline, appearing on a gleam that lingered in the west, told of the ravages of war. Beyond these all was lost in the obscurity of evening.

[*Hardwick, in Derbyshire.*]

Northward, beyond London, we may make one stop, after a country not otherwise necessary to be noticed, to mention Hardwick, in Derbyshire, a seat of the Duke of Devonshire, once the residence of the Earl of Shrewsbury, to whom Elizabeth deputed the custody of the unfortunate Mary. It stands on an easy height, a few miles to the left of the road from Mansfield to Chesterfield, and is approached through shady lanes, which conceal the view of it till you are on the confines of the park. Three towers of hoary gray then rise with great majesty among old woods, and their summits appear to be covered with the lightly-shivered fragments of battlements, which, however, are soon discovered to be perfectly carved open work, in which the letters E. S. frequently occur under a coronet, the initials and the memorials of the vanity of Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury, who built the present edifice. Its tall features, of a most picturesque tint, were finely disclosed between the luxuriant woods and over the lawns of the park, which every now and then let in a glimpse of the Derbyshire hills.

In front of the great gates of the castle court, the ground, adorned by old oaks, suddenly sinks to a darkly-shadowed glade, and the view opens over the vale of Scarsdale, bounded by the wild mountains of the Peak. Immediately to the left of the present residence, some ruined features of the ancient one, enwreathed with the rich drapery of ivy, give an interest to the scene, which the later but more historical structure heightens and prolongs. We followed, not without emotion, the walk which Mary had so often trodden, to the folding-doors of the great hall, whose lofty grandeur, aided by silence, and seen under the influence of a lowering sky, suited the temper of the whole scene. The tall windows, which half subdue the light they admit, just allowed us to distinguish the large figures in the tapestry above the oak wainscoting, and showed a colonnade of oak supporting a gallery along the bottom of the hall, with a pair of gigantic elk's horns flourishing between the windows opposite to the entrance. The scene of Mary's arrival, and her feelings upon entering this solemn shade, came involuntarily to the mind; the noise of horses' feet, and many voices from the court; her proud, yet gentle and melancholy look, as, led by my lord keeper, she passed slowly up the hall; his somewhat obsequious, yet jealous and vigilant air, while, awed by her dignity and beauty, he remembers the terrors of his own queen; the silence and anxiety of her maids, and the bustle of the surrounding attendants.

From the hall, a staircase ascends to the gallery of a small chapel, in which the chairs and cushions used by Mary still remain, and proceeds to the first storey, where only one apartment bears memorials of her imprisonment—the bed, tapestry, and chairs, having been worked by herself. This tapestry is richly embossed with emblematic figures, each with its title worked above it, and having been scrupulously preserved, is still entire and fresh.

Over the chimney of an adjoining dining-room, to which, as well as to other apartments on this floor, some modern furniture has been added, is this motto carved in oak:—

'There is only this: To fear God, and keep his commandments.' So much less valuable was timber than workmanship when this mansion was constructed, that where the staircases are not of stone, they are formed of solid oaken steps, instead of planks; such is that from the second, or state storey, to the roof, whence, on clear days, York and Lincoln cathedrals are said to be included in the extensive prospect. This second floor is that which gives its chief interest to the edifice. Nearly all the apartments of it were allotted to Mary; some of them for state purposes; and the furniture is known, by other proof than its appearance, to remain as she left it. The chief room, or that of audience, is of uncommon

loftiness, and strikes by its grandeur, before the veneration and tenderness arise which its antiquities and the plainly-told tale of the sufferings they witnessed excite.

[*An Italian Landscape.*]

These excursions sometimes led to Puzzuoli, Baia, or the woody cliffs of Pausilippo: and as, on their return, they glided along the moonlight bay, the melodies of Italian strains seemed to give enchantment to the scenery of its shore. At this cool hour the voices of the vine-dressers were frequently heard in trio, as they reposed after the labour of the day on some pleasant promontory under the shade of poplars; or the brisk music of the dance from fishermen on the margin of the waves below. The boatmen rested on their oars, while their company listened to voices modulated by sensibility to finer eloquence than it is in the power of art alone to display; and at others, while they observed the airy natural grace which distinguishes the dance of the fishermen and peasant girls of Naples. Frequently, as they glided round a promontory, whose shaggy masses impended far over the sea, such magic scenes of beauty unfolded, adorned by these dancing groups on the bay beyond, as no pencil could do justice to. The deep clear waters reflected every image of the landscape; the cliffs, branching into wild forms, crowned with groves whose rough foliage often spread down their steeps in picturesque luxuriance; the ruined villa on some bold point peeping through the trees; peasants' cabins hanging on the precipices, and the dancing figures on the strand—all touched with the silvery tint and soft shadows of moonlight. On the other hand, the sea, trembling with a long line of radiance, and showing in the clear distance the sails of vessels stealing in every direction along its surface, presented a prospect as grand as the landscape was beautiful.

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS.

Among the most successful imitators of Mrs Radcliffe's peculiar manner and class of subjects, was MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS, whose wild romance, *The Monk*, published in 1796, was received with mingled astonishment, censure, and applause. The first edition was soon disposed of, and in preparing a second, Lewis threw out some indelicate passages which had given much offence. He might have carried his retrenchments farther, with benefit both to the story and its readers. 'The Monk' was a youthful production, written, as the author states in his rhyming preface, when he 'scarce had seen his twentieth year.' It has all the marks of youth, except modesty. Lewis was the boldest of *hobgoblin* writers, and dashed away fearlessly among scenes of monks and nuns, church processions, Spanish cavaliers, maidens and duennas, sorcerers and enchantments, the Inquisition, the wandering Jew, and even Satan himself, whom he brings in to execute justice visibly and without compunction. The hero, Ambrosio, is abbot of the Capuchins at Madrid, and from his reputed sanctity and humility, and his eloquent preaching, he is surnamed the Man of Holiness. Ambrosio conceives himself to be exempted from the failings of humanity, and is severe in his saintly judgments. He is full of religious enthusiasm and pride, and thinks himself proof against all temptation. The hint of this character was taken from a paper in the Guardian, and Lewis filled up the outline with considerable energy and skilful delineation. The imposing presence, strong passions, and wretched downfall of Ambrosio, are not easily forgotten by the readers of the novel. The haughty and susceptible monk is tempted by an infernal spirit—the Mephostophilis of the tale—who assumes the form of a young and beautiful woman, and, after various efforts, completely triumphs over the virtue and the resolutions of Ambrosio. He proceeds from crime to crime, till he is stained with the most atrocious deeds, his evil genius, Matilda, being still his prompter and associate, and aiding him by her powers of conjuration and sorcery. He is at length caught in the toils, detected in a deed of murder, and is tried, tortured, and convicted by the Inquisition. While trembling at the approaching *auto de fe*, at which he is sentenced to perish, Ambrosio is again visited by Matilda, who gives him a certain mysterious book, by reading which he is able to summon Lucifer to his presence. Ambrosio ventures on this desperate expedient. The Evil One appears (appropriately preceded by thunder and earthquake), and the wretched monk, having sold his hope of salvation to recover his liberty, is borne aloft far from his dungeon, but only to be dashed to pieces on a rock. Such is the outline of the monk's story, in which there is certainly no shrinking from the supernatural machinery that Mrs Radcliffe adopted only in semblance, without attempting to make it real. Lewis relieved his narrative by episodes and love-scenes, one of which (the bleeding nun) is told with great animation. He introduces us also to a robber's hut in a forest, in which a striking scene occurs, evidently suggested by a similar one in Smollett's Count Fathom. Besides his excessive use of conjurations and spirits to carry on his story, Lewis resorted to another class of horrors, which is simply disgusting; namely, loathsome images of mortal corruption and decay, the festering relics of death and the grave. The account of the confinement of Agnes in the dungeon below the shrine of St Clare, and of her dead child, which she persisted in keeping constantly in her arms, is a repulsive description of this kind, puerile and offensive, though preceded by the masterly narrative of the ruin and conflagration of the convent by the exasperated populace.

The only other tale by Lewis which has been reprinted is the *Bravo of Venice*, a short production, in which there is enough of banditti, disguises, plots, and mysterious adventures—the dagger and the bowl—but nothing equal to the best parts of 'The Monk.' The style is more chaste and uniform, and some Venetian scenes are picturesquely described. The hero, Abellino, is at one time a beggar, at another a bandit, and ends by marrying the lovely niece of the Doge of Venice—a genuine character for the mock-heroic of romance. In none of his works does Lewis evince a talent for humour.

[*Scene of Conjuration by the Wandering Jew.*]

[Raymond, in 'The Monk,' is pursued by a spectre representing a bleeding nun, which appears at one o'clock in the morning, repeating a certain chant, and pressing her lips to his. Every succeeding visit inspires him with greater horror, and he becomes melancholy and deranged in health. His servant, Theodore, meets with a stranger, who tells him to bid his master wish for him when the clock strikes one, and the tale, as related by Raymond, proceeds. The ingenuity with which Lewis avails himself of the ancient legend of the Wandering Jew, and the fine description of the conjuration, are worthy of remark.]

He was a man of majestic presence; his countenance was strongly marked, and his eyes were large, black, and sparkling: yet there was a something in his look which, the moment that I saw him, inspired

me with a secret awe, not to say horror. He was dressed plainly, his hair was unpowdered, and a band of black velvet, which encircled his forehead, spread over his features an additional gloom. His countenance wore the marks of profound melancholy, his step was slow, and his manner grave, stately, and solemn. He saluted me with politeness, and having replied to the usual compliments of introduction, he motioned to Theodore to quit the chamber. The page instantly withdrew. 'I know your business,' said he, without giving me time to speak. 'I have the power of releasing you from your nightly visitor; but this cannot be done before Sunday. On the hour when the Sabbath morning breaks, spirits of darkness have least influence over mortals. After Saturday, the nun shall visit you no more.' 'May I not inquire,' said I, 'by what means you are in possession of a secret which I have carefully concealed from the knowledge of every one?' 'How can I be ignorant of your distresses, when their cause at this moment stands before you?' I started. The stranger continued: 'though to you only visible for one hour in the twenty-four, neither day nor night does she ever quit you; nor will she ever quit you till you have granted her request.' 'And what is that request?' 'That she must herself explain; it lies not in my knowledge. Wait with patience for the night of Saturday; all shall be then cleared up.' I dared not press him further. He soon after changed the conversation, and talked of various matters. He named people who had ceased to exist for many centuries, and yet with whom he appeared to have been personally acquainted. I could not mention a country, however distant, which he had not visited; nor could I sufficiently admire the extent and variety of his information. I remarked to him, that having travelled, seen, and known so much, must have given him infinite pleasure. He shook his head mournfully. 'No one,' he replied, 'is adequate to comprehending the misery of my lot! Fate obliges me to be constantly in movement; I am not permitted to pass more than a fortnight in the same place. I have no friend in the world, and, from the restlessness of my destiny, I never can acquire one. Fain would I lay down my miserable life, for I envy those who enjoy the quiet of the grave; but death eludes me, and flies from my embrace. In vain do I throw myself in the way of danger. I plunge into the ocean, the waves throw me back with abhorrence upon the shore; I rush into fire, the flames recoil at my approach; I oppose myself to the fury of banditti, their swords become blunted, and break against my breast. The hungry tiger shudders at my approach, and the alligator flies from a monster more horrible than itself. God has set his seal upon me, and all his creatures respect this fatal mark.' He put his hand to the velvet which was bound round his forehead. There was in his eyes an expression of fury, despair, and malevolence, that struck horror to my very soul. An involuntary convulsion made me shudder. The stranger perceived it. 'Such is the curse imposed on me,' he continued; 'I am doomed to inspire all who look on me with terror and detestation. You already feel the influence of the charm, and with every succeeding moment will feel it more. I will not add to your sufferings by my presence. Farewell till Saturday. As soon as the clock strikes twelve, expect me at your chamber.'

Having said this he departed, leaving me in astonishment at the mysterious turn of his manner and conversation. His assurances that I should soon be relieved from the apparition's visits produced a good effect upon my constitution. Theodore, whom I rather treated as an adopted child than a domestic, was surprised, at his return, to observe the amendment in my looks. He congratulated me on this symptom of returning health, and declared himself delighted at my having received so much benefit from my conference with the Great Mogul. Upon inquiry I found that the stranger had already passed eight days in Ratisbon. According to his own account, therefore, he was only to remain there six days longer. Saturday was still at a distance of three. Oh! with what impatience did I expect its arrival! In the interim, the bleeding nun continued her nocturnal visits; but hoping soon to be released from them altogether, the effects which they produced on me became less violent than before.

The wished-for night arrived. To avoid creating suspicion, I retired to bed at my usual hour; but as soon as my attendants had left me, I dressed myself again, and prepared for the stranger's reception. He entered my room upon the turn of midnight. A small chest was in his hand, which he placed near the stove. He saluted me without speaking; I returned the compliment, observing an equal silence. He then opened the chest. The first thing which he produced was a small wooden crucifix; he sunk upon his knees, gazed upon it mournfully, and cast his eyes towards heaven. He seemed to be praying devoutly. At length he bowed his head respectfully, kissed the crucifix thrice, and quitted his kneeling posture. He next drew from the chest a covered goblet; with the liquor which it contained, and which appeared to be blood, he sprinkled the floor; and then dipping in it one end of the crucifix, he described a circle in the middle of the room. Round about this he placed various reliques, skulls, thigh-bones, &c. I observed that he disposed them all in the forms of crosses. Lastly, he took out a large Bible, and beckoned me to follow him into the circle. I obeyed.

'Be cautious not to utter a syllable!' whispered the stranger: 'step not out of the circle, and as you love yourself, dare not to look upon my face.' Holding the crucifix in one hand, the Bible in the other, he seemed to read with profound attention. The clock struck one; as usual I heard the spectre's steps upon the staircase, but I was not seized with the accustomed shivering. I waited her approach with confidence. She entered the room, drew near the circle, and stopped. The stranger muttered some words, to me unintelligible. Then raising his head from the book, and extending the crucifix towards the ghost, he pronounced, in a voice distinct and solemn, 'Beatrice! Beatrice! Beatrice!' 'What would thou?' replied the apparition in a hollow faltering tone. 'What disturbs thy sleep? Why dost thou afflict and torture this youth? How can rest be restored to thy unquiet spirit?' 'I dare not tell, I must not tell. Fain would I repose in my grave, but stern commands force me to prolong my punishment!' 'Knowest thou this blood? Knowest thou in whose veins it flowed? Beatrice! Beatrice! in his name I charge thee to answer me.' 'I dare not disobey my taskers.' 'Darest thou disobey me?' He spoke in a commanding tone, and drew the sable band from his forehead. In spite of his injunction to the contrary, curiosity would not suffer me to keep my eyes off his face: I raised them, and beheld a burning cross impressed upon his brow. For the horror with which this object inspired me I cannot account, but I never felt its equal. My senses left me for some moments; a mysterious dread overcame my courage; and had not the exorciser caught my hand, I should have fallen out of the circle. When I recovered myself, I perceived that the burning cross had produced an effect no less violent upon the spectre. Her countenance expressed reverence and horror, and her visionary limbs were shaken by fear. 'Yes,' she said at length, 'I tremble at that mark! I respect it! I obey you! Know, then, that my bones lie still unburied—they rot in the obscurity of Lindenberg-hole. None but

this youth has the right of consigning them to the grave. His own lips have made over to me his body and his soul; never will I give back his promise; never shall he know a night devoid of terror unless he engages to collect my mouldering bones, and deposit them in the family vault of his Andalusian castle. Then let thirty masses be said for the repose of my spirit, and I trouble this world no more. Now let me depart; those flames are scorching.'

He let the hand drop slowly which held the crucifix, and which till then he had pointed towards her. The apparition bowed her head, and her form melted into air.

MRS OPIE.

MRS AMELIA OPIE (Miss Alderson of Norwich), the widow of John Opie, the celebrated artist, commenced her literary career in 1801, when she published her domestic and pathetic tale of *The Father and Daughter*. Without venturing out of ordinary life, Mrs Opie invested her narrative with deep interest, by her genuine painting of nature and passion, her animated dialogue, and feminine delicacy of feeling. Her first novel has gone through eight editions, and is still popular. A long series of works of fiction has since proceeded from the pen of this lady. Her *Simple Tales*, in four volumes, 1806; *New Tales*, four volumes, 1818; *Temper, or Domestic Scenes*, a tale, in three volumes; *Tales of Real Life*, three volumes; *Tales of the Heart*, four volumes; are all marked by the same characteristics—the portraiture of domestic life, drawn with a view to regulate the heart and affections. In 1828 Mrs Opie published a moral treatise, entitled *Detraction Displayed*, in order to expose that 'most common of all vices,' which she says justly is found 'in every class or rank in society, from the peer to the peasant, from the master to the valet, from the mistress to the maid, from the most learned to the most ignorant, from the man of genius to the meanest capacity.' The tales of this lady have been thrown into the shade by the brilliant fictions of Scott, the stronger moral delineations of Miss Edgeworth, and the generally masculine character of our more modern literature. She is, like Mackenzie, too uniformly pathetic and tender. 'She can do nothing well,' says Jeffrey, 'that requires to be done with formality, and therefore has not succeeded in copying either the concentrated force of weighty and deliberate reason, or the severe and solemn dignity of majestic virtue. To make amends, however, she represents admirably everything that is amiable, generous, and gentle.' Perhaps we should add to this the power of exciting and harrowing up the feelings in no ordinary degree. Some of her short tales are full of gloomy and terrific painting, alternately resembling those of Godwin and Mrs Radcliffe.

In Miss Sedgwick's Letters from Abroad (1841), we find the following notice of the venerable novelist:—'I owed Mrs Opie a grudge for having made me in my youth cry my eyes out over her stories; but her fair cheerful face forced me to forget it. She long ago forswore the world and its vanities, and adopted the Quaker faith and costume; but I fancied that her elaborate simplicity, and the fashionable little train to her pretty satin gown, indicated how much easier it is to adopt a theory than to change one's habits.'

WILLIAM GODWIN.

WILLIAM GODWIN, author of *Caleb Williams*, was one of the most remarkable men of his times. The boldness of his speculations and opinions, and his apparent depth and ardour of feeling, were curiously contrasted with his plodding habits, his imperturbable temper, and the quiet obscure simplicity of his life and manners. The most startling and astounding theories were propounded by him with undoubting confidence; and sentiments that, if reduced to



William Godwin

action, would have overturned the whole framework of society, were complacently dealt out by their author as if they had merely formed an ordinary portion of a busy literary life. Godwin was born at Wisbeach, in Cambridgeshire, on the 3d of March 1756. His father was a dissenting minister—a pious nonconformist—and thus the future novelist may be said to have been nurtured in a love of religious and civil liberty, without perhaps much reverence for existing authority. He soon, however, far overstepped the pale of dissent. After receiving the necessary education at the dissenting college at Hoxton, Mr Godwin became minister of a congregation in the vicinity of London. He also officiated for some time at Stowmarket, in Suffolk. About the year 1782, having been five years a nonconformist preacher, he settled in London, and applied himself wholly to literature. His first work was entitled *Sketches of History, in Six Sermons;* and he shortly afterwards became principal writer in the *New Annual Register*. He was a zealous political reformer; and his talents were so well known or recommended, that he obtained the large sum of £700 for his next publication. This was his famed *Enquiry concerning Political Justice, and its Influences on General Virtue and Happiness*, published in 1793. Mr Godwin's work was a sincere advocacy of an intellectual republic—a splendid argument for universal philanthropy and benevolence, and for the omnipotence of mind over matter. His views of the perfectibility of man and the regeneration of society (all private affections and interests being merged in the public good) were clouded by no misgivings, and he wrote with the force of conviction, and with no ordinary powers of persuasion and eloquence. The Enquiry was highly successful, and went through several

editions. He afterwards appeared his novel of *Things as they Are, or the Adventures of Caleb Williams*. His object here was also to inculcate his peculiar doctrines, and to comprehend 'a general review of the modes of domestic and unrecorded despotism by which man becomes the destroyer of man.' The hero, Williams, tells his own tale of suffering and of wrong—of innocence persecuted and reduced to the brink of death and infamy by aristocratic power, and by tyrannical or partially-administered laws; but his story is so fraught with interest and energy, that we lose sight of the political object or satire, and think only of the characters and incidents that pass in review before us. The imagination of the author overpowered his philosophy; he was a greater inventor than logician. His character of Falkland is one of the finest in the whole range of English fictitious composition. The opinions of Godwin were soon brought still more prominently forward. His friends, Holcroft, Thelwall, Horne Tooke, and others, were thrown into the Tower on a charge of high treason. The novelist had joined some of their societies, and however obnoxious to those in power, had not rendered himself amenable to the laws of his country.* Godwin, however, was ready with his pen. Judge Eyre, in his charge to the grand jury, had laid down principles very different from those of our author, and the latter instantly published *Cursory Strictures* on the judge's charge, so ably written that the pamphlet is said to have mainly led to the acquittal of the accused parties. In 1796 Mr Godwin issued a series of essays on education, manners, and literature, entitled *The Enquirer*. In the following year he married Mary Wollstonecraft, author of *The Vindication of the Rights of Woman*, &c. a lady in many respects as remarkable as her husband, and who died after having given birth to a daughter (Mrs Shelley) still more justly distinguished. Godwin's contempt of the ordinary modes of thinking and acting in this country was displayed by this marriage. His wife brought with her a natural daughter, the fruit of a former connexion. She had lived with Godwin for some time before their marriage; and 'the principal motive,' he says, 'for complying with the ceremony, was the circumstance of Mary's being in a state of pregnancy.' Such an open disregard of the ties and principles that sweeten life and adorn society astonished even Godwin's philosophic and reforming friends. But whether acting in good or in bad taste, he seems always to have been fearless and sincere. He wrote *Memoirs of Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin* (who died in about half a year after her marriage), and in this curious work all the details of her life and conduct are minutely related. We are glad, after this mental pollution, to meet Godwin again as a novelist—

> He bears no token of the sabler streams,
> And mounts far off among the swans of Thames.

In 1799 appeared his *St Leon*, a story of the 'miraculous class,' as he himself states, and designed to mix human feelings and passions with incredible situations. His hero attains the possession of the philosopher's stone, and secures exhaustless wealth by the art of transmuting metals into gold, and at the same time he learns the secret of the *elixir vitæ*, by which he has the power of renewing his youth. These are, indeed, 'incredible situations;' but the romance has many attractions—splendid description and true pathos. Its chief defect is an excess of the terrible and marvellous. In 1800 Mr Godwin produced his unlucky tragedy of *Antonio*; in 1801 *Thoughts on Dr Parr's Spital Sermon*, being a reply to some attacks made upon him, or rather on his code of morality, by Parr, Mackintosh, and others. In 1803 he brought out a voluminous *Life of Chaucer*, in two quarto volumes. With Mr Godwin the great business of this world was to write books, and whatever subject he selected, he treated it with a due sense of its importance, and pursued it into all its ramifications with intense ardour and application. The 'Life of Chaucer' was ridiculed by Sir Walter Scott in the Edinburgh Review, in consequence of its enormous bulk and its extraneous dissertations, but it is creditable to the author's taste and research. The student of our early literature will find in it many interesting facts connected with a chivalrous and romantic period of our history—much sound criticism, and a fine relish for true poetry. In 1804 Mr Godwin produced his novel of *Fleetwood, or the New Man of Feeling*. The title was unfortunate, as reminding the reader of the *old* Man of Feeling, by far the most interesting and amiable of the two. Mr Godwin's hero is self-willed and capricious, a morbid egotist, whose irritability and frantic outbursts of passion move contempt rather than sympathy. Byron has said—

> Romances paint at full length people's wooings,
> But only give a bust of marriages.

This cannot be said of Mr Godwin. Great part of Fleetwood is occupied with the hero's matrimonial troubles and afflictions; but they only exemplify the noble poet's farther observation—'no one cares for matrimonial cooings.' The better parts of the novel consist of the episode of the Macneills, a tale of family pathos, and some detached descriptions of Welsh scenery. For some years Mr Godwin was little heard of. He had married again, and, as a more certain means of maintenance, had opened a bookseller's shop in London, under the assumed name of 'Edward Baldwin.' In this situation he ushered forth a number of children's books, small histories and other compilations, some of them by himself. Charles Lamb mentions an English Grammar, in which Hazlitt assisted. He tried another tragedy, *Faulkner*, in 1807, but it was unsuccessful. Next year he published an *Essay on Sepulchres*, written in a fine meditative spirit, with great beauty of expression; and in 1815 *Lives of Edward and John Phillips, the nephews of Milton*. The latter is also creditable to the taste and research of the author, and illustrates our poetical history about the time of the Restoration. In 1817 Mr Godwin again entered the arena of fiction. He had paid a visit to Scotland, and concluded with Constable for another novel, *Mandeville*, a tale of the times of Cromwell. The style of this work is measured and stately, and it abounds in that moral anatomy in

* If we may credit a curious entry in Sir Walter Scott's diary, Godwin must have been early mixed up with the English Jacobins. 'Canning's conversion from popular opinions,' says Scott, 'was strangely brought round. While he was studying in the Temple, and rather entertaining revolutionary opinions, Godwin sent to say that he was coming to breakfast with him, to speak on a subject of the highest importance. Canning knew little of him, but received his visit, and learned to his astonishment, that, in expectation of a new order of things, the English Jacobins designed to place him, Canning, at the head of the revolution. He was much struck, and asked time to consider what course he should take; and having thought the matter over, he went to Mr Pitt, and made the Anti-Jacobin confession of faith, in which he persevered until ——. Canning himself mentioned this to Sir W. Knighton upon occasion [illegible] in the Charter-house, of some ten pounds [illegible]. He could scarce do less for one who had placed him in the dictator's curule chair.'—*Lockhart's Life of Scott.* This interview must have taken place before [illegible], the year in which Canning was introduced by Pitt into parliament.

which the author delighted, but often carried beyond truth and nature. The vindictive feelings delineated in 'Mandeville' are pushed to a revolting extreme. Passages of energetic and beautiful composition—reflective and descriptive—are to be found in the novel; and we may remark, that as the author advanced in years, he seems to have cultivated more sedulously the graces of language and diction. The staple of his novels, however, was taken from the depths of his own mind—not from extensive surveys of mankind or the universe; and it was obvious that the oft-drawn-upon fountain began to dry up, notwithstanding the luxuriance of the foliage that shaded it. We next find Mr Godwin combating the opinions of Malthus upon population (1820), and then setting about an elaborate *History of the Commonwealth*. The great men of that era were exactly suited to his taste. Their resolute energy of character, their overthrow of the monarchy, their republican enthusiasm and strange notions of faith and the saints, were well adapted to fire his imagination and stimulate his research. The history extended to four large volumes, which were published at intervals between 1824 and 1828. It is evident that Mr Godwin tasked himself to produce authorities for all he advanced He took up, as might be expected, strong opinions; but in striving to be accurate and minute, he became too specific and chronological for the interest of his narrative. It was truly said that the style of his history 'creeps and hitches in dates and authorities.' In 1830 Mr Godwin published *Cloudesley*, a tale, in three volumes. Reverting to his first brilliant performance as a novelist, he made his new hero, like Caleb Williams a person of humble origin, and he arrays him against his patron; but there the parallel ends. The elastic vigour, the verisimilitude, the crowding incidents, the absorbing interest, and the overwhelming catastrophe of the first novel, are not to be found in 'Cloudesley.' There is even little delineation of character. Instead of these we have fine English, 'clouds of reflections without any new occasion to call them forth; an expanded flow of words without a single pointed remark.' The next production of this veteran author was a metaphysical treatise, *Thoughts on Man*, &c., and his last work (1834) a compilation, entitled *Lives of the Necromancers*. In his later years Mr Godwin enjoyed a small government office, yeoman usher of the Exchequer, which was conferred upon him by Earl Grey's ministry. In the residence attached to this appointment, in New Palace Yard, he terminated his long and laborious scholastic life on the 7th of April 1836. No man ever panted more ardently, or toiled more heroically, for literary fame; and we think that, before he closed his eyes, he must have been conscious that he had 'left something so written to after-times, as they should not willingly let it die.'

'Caleb Williams' is unquestionably the most interesting and original of Mr Godwin's novels, and is altogether a work of extraordinary art and power. It has the plainness of narrative and the apparent reality of the fictions of Defoe or Swift, but is far more pregnant with thought and feeling, and touches far higher sympathies and associations. The incidents and characters are finely developed and contrasted, an intense earnestness pervades the whole, and the story never flags for a moment. The lowness of some of the scenes never inspires such disgust as to repel the reader, and the awful crime of which Falkland is guilty is allied to so much worth and nobleness of nature, that we are involuntarily led to regard him with feelings of exalted pity and commiseration. A brief glance at the story will show the materials with which Godwin 'framed his spell.' Caleb Williams, an intelligent young peasant, is taken into the house of Mr Falkland, the lord of the manor, in the capacity of amanuensis, or private secretary. His master is kind and compassionate, but stately and solemn in manner. An air of mystery hangs about him; his address is cold, and his sentiments impenetrable; and he breaks out occasionally into fits of causeless jealousy and tyrannical violence. One day Williams surprises him in a closet, where he heard a deep groan expressive of intolerable anguish, then the lid of a trunk hastily shut, and the noise of fastening a lock. Finding he was discovered, Falkland flies into a transport of rage, and threatens the intruder with instant death if he does not withdraw. The astonished youth retires, musing on this strange scene. His curiosity is awakened, and he learns part of Falkland's history from an old confidential steward—how that his master was once the gayest of the gay, and had achieved honour and fame abroad, till on his return he was persecuted with a malignant destiny. His nearest neighbour, Tyrrel, a man of estate equal to his own, but of coarse and violent mind and temper, became jealous of Falkland's superior talents and accomplishments, and conceived a deadly enmity at him. The series of events detailing the progress of this mutual hatred (particularly the episode of Miss Melville) is developed with great skill, but all is creditable to the high-minded and chivalrous Falkland. The conduct of Tyrrel becomes at length so atrocious, that the country gentlemen shun his society. He intrudes himself, however, into a rural assembly, an altercation ensues, and Falkland indignantly upbraids him, and bids him begone. Amidst the hootings and reproaches of the assembly, Tyrrel retires, but soon returns inflamed with liquor, and with one blow of his muscular arm levels Falkland to the ground. His violence is repeated, till he is again forced to retreat This complication of ignominy, base, humiliating, and public, stung the proud and sensitive Falkland to the soul; he left the room; but one other event closed the transactions of that memorable evening—Tyrrel was found dead in the street, having been murdered (stabbed with a knife) at the distance of a few yards from the assembly house. From this crisis in Falkland's history commenced his gloomy and unsociable melancholy—life became a burden to him. A private investigation was made into the circumstances of the murder; but Falkland, after a lofty and eloquent denial of all knowledge of the crime, was discharged with every circumstance of honour, and amidst the plaudits of the people. A few weeks afterwards, a peasant, named Hawkins, and his son were taken up on some slight suspicion, tried, condemned, and executed for the murder. Justice was satisfied, but a deepening gloom had settled on the solitary Falkland. Williams heard all this, and joined in pitying the noble sufferer; but the question occurred to him—was it possible, after all, that his master should be the murderer? The idea took entire possession of his mind. He determined to place himself as a watch upon Falkland—a perpetual stimulus urged him on. Circumstances, also, were constantly occurring to feed his morbid inquisitiveness. At length a fire broke out in the house during Falkland's absence, and Williams was led to the room containing the mysterious trunk. With the energy of uncontrollable passion he forced it open, and was in the act of lifting up the lid, when Falkland entered, wild, breathless, and distraction in his looks. The first act of the infuriate master was to present a pistol at the head of the youth, but he instantly

changed his resolution, and ordered him to withdraw. Next day Falkland disclosed the secret: 'I am the blackest of villains; I am the murderer of Tyrrel; I am the assassin of the Hawkinses!' He made Williams swear never to disclose the secret, on pain of death or worse. 'I am,' said Falkland, 'as much the fool of fame as ever; I cling to it as my last breath: though I be the blackest of villains, I will leave behind me a spotless and illustrious name: there is no crime so malignant, no scene of blood so horrible, in which that object cannot engage me.' Williams took the oath and submitted. His spirit, however, revolted at the servile submission that was required of him, and in time he escaped from the house. He was speedily taken, and accused at the instance of Falkland of abstracting valuable property from the trunk he had forced open on the day of the fire. He was cast into prison. The interior of the prison, and its wretched inmates, are then described with great minuteness. Williams, to whom the confinement became intolerable, escaped. He is first robbed and then sheltered by a band of robbers—he is forced to flee for his life—assumes different disguises—is again in prison, and again escapes, but misery and injustice meet him at every step. He had innocently fastened on himself a second enemy, a villain named Gines, who from a highwayman had become a thief-taker, and the incessant exertions of this fellow, tracking him from place to place like a bloodhound, are related with uncommon spirit and effect. The whole of these adventures possess an enchaining interest, and cannot be perused without breathless anxiety. The innocence of Williams, and the manifestations of his character—artless, buoyant, and fast maturing under this stern discipline—irresistibly attract and carry forward the reader. The connection of Falkland and Williams is at last wound up in one scene of overpowering interest, in which the latter comes forward publicly as the accuser of his former master. The place is the hall of a magistrate of the metropolitan town of Falkland's county.

[Concluding Scene of Caleb Williams.]

I can conceive of no shock greater than that I received from the sight of Mr Falkland. His appearance on the last occasion on which we met had been haggard, ghost-like, and wild, energy in his gesture, and phrensy in his aspect. It was now the appearance of a corpse. He was brought in in a chair, unable to stand, fatigued and almost destroyed by the journey he had just taken. His visage was colourless, his limbs destitute of motion, almost of life. His head reclined upon his bosom, except that now and then he lifted it up, and opened his eyes with a languid glance, immediately after which he sank back into his former apparent insensibility. He seemed not to have three hours to live. He had kept his chamber for several weeks, but the summons of the magistrate had been delivered to him at his bedside, his orders respecting letters and written papers being so peremptory that no one dared to disobey them. Upon reading the paper, he was seized with a very dangerous fit; but as soon as he recovered, he insisted upon being conveyed, with all practicable expedition, to the place of appointment. Falkland, in the most helpless state, was still Falkland, firm in command, and capable to extort obedience from every one that approached him.

What a sight was this to me! Till the moment that Falkland was presented to my view, my breast was steeled to pity. I thought that I had coolly entered into the reason of the case (passion, in a state of solemn and omnipotent vehemence, always appears to be coolness to him in whom it domineers), and that I had determined impartially and justly. I believed that, if Mr Falkland were permitted to persist in his schemes, we must both of us be completely wretched. I believed that it was in my power, by the resolution I had formed, to throw my share of this wretchedness from me, and that his could scarcely be increased. It appeared, therefore, to my mind to be a mere piece of equity and justice, such as an impartial spectator would desire, that one person should be miserable in preference to two; that one person, rather than two, should be incapacitated from acting his part, and contributing his share to the general welfare. I thought that in this business I had risen superior to personal considerations, and judged with a total neglect of the suggestions of self-regard. It is true Mr Falkland was mortal; but notwithstanding his apparent decay, he might live long. Ought I to submit to waste the best years of my life in my present wretched situation? He had declared that his reputation should be for ever inviolate; this was his ruling passion, the thought that worked his soul to madness. He would probably, therefore, leave a legacy of persecution to be received by me, from the hands of Gines, or some other villain equally atrocious, when he should himself be no more. Now or never was the time for me to redeem my future life from endless woe.

But all these fine-spun reasonings vanished before the object that was now presented to me. Shall I trample upon a man thus dreadfully reduced? Shall I point my animosity against one, whom the system of nature has brought down to the grave? Shall I poison, with sounds the most intolerable to his ears, the last moments of a man like Falkland? It is impossible. There must have been some dreadful mistake in the train of argument that persuaded me to be the author of this hateful scene. There must have been a better and more magnanimous remedy to the evils under which I groaned.

It was too late. The mistake I had committed was now gone, past all power of recall. Here was Falkland, solemnly brought before a magistrate to answer to a charge of murder. Here I stood, having already declared myself the author of the charge, gravely and sacredly pledged to support it. This was my situation; and thus situated I was called upon immediately to act. My whole frame shook. I would eagerly have consented that that moment should have been the last of my existence. I, however, believed that the conduct now most indispensably incumbent on me was to lay the emotions of my soul naked before my hearers. I looked first at Mr Falkland, and then at the magistrate and attendants, and then at Mr Falkland again. My voice was suffocated with agony. I began: 'Would to God it were possible for me to retire from this scene without uttering another word! I would brave the consequences—I would submit to any imputation of cowardice, falsehood, and profligacy, rather than add to the weight of misfortune with which Mr Falkland is overwhelmed. But the situation, and the demands of Mr Falkland himself, forbid me. He, in compassion for whose fallen state I would willingly forget every interest of my own, would compel me to accuse, that he might enter upon his justification. I will confess every sentiment of my heart. Mr Falkland well knows—I affirm it in his presence—how unwillingly I have proceeded to this extremity. I have reverenced him; he was worthy of reverence. From the first moment I saw him, I conceived the most ardent admiration. He condescended to encourage me; I attached myself to him with the fulness of affection. He was unhappy; I exerted myself with youthful curiosity to discover the secret of his woe. This was the beginning of misfortune. What shall I say? He was indeed the murderer of Tyrrel! He suffered the Hawkinses to be executed,

knowing that they were innocent, and that he alone was guilty! After successive surmises, after various indiscretions on my part, and indications on his, he at length confided to me at full the fatal tale! Mr Falkland! I most solemnly conjure you to recollect yourself! Did I ever prove myself unworthy of your confidence? The secret was a most painful burthen to me; it was the extremest folly that led me unthinkingly to gain possession of it; but I would have died a thousand deaths rather than betray it. It was the jealousy of your own thoughts, and the weight that hung upon your mind, that led you to watch my motions, and conceive alarm from every particle of my conduct. You began in confidence; why did you not continue in confidence? The evil that resulted from my original imprudence would then have been comparatively little. You threatened me: did I then betray you? A word from my lips at that time would have freed me from your threats for ever. I bore them for a considerable period, and at last quitted your service, and threw myself a fugitive upon the world, in silence. Why did you not suffer me to depart? You brought me back by stratagem and violence, and wantonly accused me of an enormous felony. Did I then mention a syllable of the murder, the secret of which was in my possession? Where is the man that has suffered more from the injustice of society than I have done? I was accused of a villany that my heart abhorred. I was sent to jail. I will not enumerate the horrors of my prison, the lightest of which would make the heart of humanity shudder. I looked forward to the gallows! Young, ambitious, fond of life, innocent as the child unborn, I looked forward to the gallows! I believed that one word of resolute accusation against my patron would deliver me; yet I was silent; I armed myself with patience, uncertain whether it were better to die or to live. Did this show me a man unworthy to be trusted? I determined to break out of prison. With infinite difficulty, and repeated miscarriage, I at length effected my purpose. Instantly a proclamation, with a hundred guineas reward, was issued for apprehending me. I was obliged to take shelter among the refuse of mankind, in the midst of a gang of thieves. I encountered the most imminent peril of my life when I entered this retreat, and when I quitted it. Immediately after, I travelled almost the whole length of the kingdom, in poverty and distress, in hourly danger of being retaken and manacled like a felon. I would have fled my country; I was prevented. I had recourse to various disguises; I was innocent, and yet was compelled to as many arts and subterfuges as could have been entailed on the worst of villains. In London I was as much harassed, and as repeatedly alarmed, as I had been in my flight through the country. Did all these persecutions persuade me to put an end to my silence? No: I suffered them with patience and submission; I did not make one attempt to retort them upon their author. I fell at last into the hands of the miscreants. In this terrible situation I, for the first time, attempted, by turning informer, to throw the weight from myself. Happily for me, the London magistrate listened to my tale with insolent contempt. I soon, and long, repented of my rashness, and rejoiced in my miscarriage. I acknowledge that in various ways Mr Falkland showed humanity towards me during this period. He would have prevented my going to prison at first; he contributed to my subsistence during my detention; he had no share in the pursuit that had been set on foot against me; he at length procured my discharge when brought forward for trial. But a great part of his forbearance was unknown to me; I supposed him to be my unrelenting pursuer. I could not forget that, whoever heaped calamities on me in the sequel, they all originated in his forged accusation. The prosecution against me for felony was now at an end. Why were not my sufferings permitted to terminate then, and I allowed to hide my weary head in some obscure yet tranquil retreat? Had I not sufficiently proved my constancy and fidelity? Would not a compromise in this situation have been most wise and most secure? But the restless and jealous anxiety of Mr Falkland would not permit him to repose the least atom of confidence. The only compromise that he proposed was, that, with my own hand, I should sign myself a villain. I refused this proposal, and have ever since been driven from place to place, deprived of peace, of honest fame, even of bread. For a long time I persisted in the resolution that no emergency should convert me into the assailant. In an evil hour I at last listened to my resentment and impatience, and the hateful mistake into which I fell has produced the present scene. I now see that mistake in all its enormity. I am sure that if I had opened my heart to Mr Falkland, if I had told to him privately the tale that I have now been telling, he could not have resisted my reasonable demand. After all his precautions, he must ultimately have depended upon my forbearance. Could he be sure, that if I were at last worked up to disclose everything I knew, and to enforce it with all the energy I could exert, I should obtain no credit? If he must in every case be at my mercy, in which mode ought he to have sought his safety—in conciliation, or in inexorable cruelty? Mr Falkland is of a noble nature. Yes; in spite of the catastrophe of Tyrrel, of the miserable end of the Hawkinses, and of all that I have myself suffered, I affirm that he has qualities of the most admirable kind. It is therefore impossible that he could have resisted a frank and fervent expostulation, the frankness and the fervour in which the whole soul was poured out. I despaired while it was yet time to have made the just experiment; but my despair was criminal, was treason against the sovereignty of truth. I have told a plain and unadulterated tale. I came hither to curse, but I remain to bless. I came to accuse, but am compelled to applaud. I proclaim to all the world that Mr Falkland is a man worthy of affection and kindness, and that I am myself the basest and most odious of mankind! Never will I forgive myself the iniquity of this day. The memory will always haunt me, and embitter every hour of my existence. In thus acting, I have been a murderer—a cool, deliberate, unfeeling murderer. I have said what my accursed precipitation has obliged me to say. Do with me as you please. I ask no favour. Death would be a kindness compared to what I feel!'

Such were the accents dictated by my remorse. I poured them out with uncontrollable impetuosity, for my heart was pierced, and I was compelled to give vent to its anguish. Every one that heard me was petrified with astonishment. Every one that heard me was melted into tears. They could not resist the ardour with which I praised the great qualities of Falkland; they manifested their sympathy in the tokens of my penitence.

How shall I describe the feelings of this unfortunate man? Before I began, he seemed sunk and debilitated, incapable of any strenuous impression. When I mentioned the murder, I could perceive in him an involuntary shuddering, though it was counteracted, partly by the feebleness of his frame, and partly by the energy of his mind. This was an allegation he expected, and he had endeavoured to prepare himself for it. But there was much of what I said of which he had had no previous conception. When I expressed the anguish of my mind, he seemed at first startled and alarmed, lest this should be a new expedient to gain credit to my tale. His indignation against me was great for having retained all my resentment towards him, thus, as it might be, in the

last hour of his existence. It was increased when he discovered me, as he supposed, using a pretence of liberality and sentiment to give new edge to my hostility. But as I went on, he could no longer resist. He saw my sincerity; he was penetrated with my grief and compunction. He rose from his seat, supported by the attendants, and—to my infinite astonishment—threw himself into my arms!

'Williams,' said he, 'you have conquered! I see too late the greatness and elevation of your mind. I confess that it is to my fault, and not yours, that it is to the excess of jealousy that was ever burning in my bosom that I owe my ruin. I could have resisted any plan of malicious accusation you might have brought against me. But I see that the artless and manly story you have told, has carried conviction to every hearer. All my prospects are concluded. All that I most ardently desired is for ever frustrated. I have spent a life of the basest cruelty to cover one act of momentary vice, and to protect myself against the prejudices of my species. I stand now completely detected. My name will be consecrated to infamy, while your heroism, your patience, and your virtues, will be for ever admired. You have inflicted on me the most fatal of all mischiefs, but I bless the hand that wounds me. And now'—turning to the magistrate—'and now, do with me as you please. I am prepared to suffer all the vengeance of the law. You cannot inflict on me more than I deserve. You cannot hate me more than I hate myself. I am the most execrable of all villains. I have for many years (I know not how long) dragged on a miserable existence in insupportable pain. I am at last, in recompense for all my labours and my crimes, dismissed from it with the disappointment of my only remaining hope, the destruction of that for the sake of which alone I consented to exist. It was worthy of such a life that it should continue just long enough to witness this final overthrow. If, however, you wish to punish me, you must be speedy in your justice; for as reputation was the blood that warmed my heart, so I feel that death and infamy must seize me together.'

I record the praises bestowed on me by Falkland, not because I deserve them, but because they serve to aggravate the baseness of my cruelty. He survived but three days this dreadful scene. I have been his murderer. It was fit that he should praise my patience, who has fallen a victim, life and fame, to my precipitation! It would have been merciful, in comparison, if I had planted a dagger in his heart. He would have thanked me for my kindness. But, atrocious, execrable wretch that I have been, I wantonly inflicted on him an anguish a thousand times worse than death. Meanwhile I endure the penalty of my crime. His figure is ever in imagination before me. Waking or sleeping, I still behold him. He seems mildly to expostulate with me for my unfeeling behaviour. I live the devoted victim of conscious reproach. Alas! I am the same Caleb Williams that so short a time ago boasted that, however great were the calamities I endured, I was still innocent.

Such has been the result of a project I formed for delivering myself from the evils that had so long attended me. I thought that if Falkland were dead, I should return once again to all that makes life worth possessing. I thought that if the guilt of Falkland were established, fortune and the world would smile upon my efforts. Both these events are accomplished, and it is now only that I am truly miserable.

Why should my reflections perpetually centre upon myself?—self, an overweening regard to which has been the source of my errors! Falkland, I will think only of thee, and from that thought will draw ever fresh nourishment for my sorrows! One generous, one disinterested tear, I will consecrate to thy ashes! A nobler spirit lived not among the sons of men. Thy intellectual powers were truly sublime, and thy bosom burned with a godlike ambition. But of what use are talents and sentiments in the corrupt wilderness of human society? It is a rank and rotten soil, from which every finer shrub draws poison as it grows. All that, in a happier field and a purer air, would expand into virtue and germinate into usefulness, is thus converted into henbane and deadly nightshade.

Falkland! thou enteredst upon thy career with the purest and most laudable intentions. But thou imbibedst the poison of chivalry with thy earliest youth; and the base and low-minded envy that met thee on thy return to thy native seats, operated with this poison to hurry thee into madness. Soon, too soon, by this fatal coincidence, were the blossom hopes of thy youth blasted for ever! From that moment thou only continuedst to live to the phantom of departed honour. From that moment thy benevolence was, in a great measure, turned into rankling jealousy and inexorable precaution. Year after year didst thou spend in this miserable project of imposture, and only at last continuedst to live long enough to see, by my misjudging and abhorred intervention, thy closing hope disappointed, and thy death accompanied with the foulest disgrace.

Sir Walter Scott has objected to what may be termed the master-incident in Caleb Williams, and calls it an instance of the author's coarseness and bad taste, namely, that a gentleman passionately attached to the manners of ancient chivalry should become a midnight assassin when an honourable revenge was in his power. Mr Godwin might have defended himself by citing the illustrious critic's own example: the forgery by Marmion is less consistent with the manners of chivalry than the assassination by Falkland. Without the latter the novel could have had little interest: it is the key-stone of the arch. Nor does it appear so unsuited to the character of the hero, who, though smit with a romantic love of fame and honour, is supposed to have lived in modern times, and has been wound up to a pitch of phrensy by the public brutality of Tyrrel. The deed was instantaneous—the knife, he says, fell in his way. There was no time for reflection; and was Tyrrel a person whom he could think of meeting on equal terms in open combat? He was a noisome pest and nuisance, despatched in a moment of fury by one whom he had injured, insulted, and trampled upon solely because of his worth and intellectual superiority.

We have incidentally alluded to the other novels of Godwin. 'St Leon' will probably descend to posterity in company with Caleb Williams, but we cannot conceive that [illegible] any of the others will be preserved. They have all a strong family likeness. What Dugald Stewart supposed of human invention generally, that it was limited, like a barrel-organ, to a specific number of tunes, is strictly true of Mr Godwin's fictions. In 'St Leon,' however, we have a romantic story with much fine writing. Setting aside the incredible conception on which it proceeds, we find the subordinate incidents natural and justly proportioned. The possessor of the philosopher's stone is an interesting visionary—a French Falkland of the sixteenth century, and is unfortunate, for his miraculous gifts entail but misery on himself, and bring ruin to his family. Even exhaustless wealth is in itself no blessing; and this is the moral of the story. The adventures of the hero, both warlike and domestic, are related with much gorgeousness and amplitude. The character of the heroine Marguerite, the wife of St Leon, is one of the author's finest delineations. Bethlem Gabor is also a vigorous and striking sketch, though introduced too late in the novel to

relieve the flagging interest after the death of Marguerite. The thunder-storm which destroys the property of Leon is described with great power and vividness, and his early distresses and losses at the gaming table are also in the author's best manner. The scene may be said to shift too often, and the want of fortitude and energy in the character of the hero lessens our sympathy for his reverses. At the same time his tenderness and affection as a husband and father are inexpressibly touching, when we see them, in consequence of his strange destiny, lead to the ruin of those for whom alone he wishes to live. 'How minute,' says one of Godwin's critics, 'how pathetic, how tragical is the detail of the gradual ruin which falls on this weak devoted man up to its heart-breaking consummation in the death of the noble Marguerite de Damville! how tremendous and perfect is his desolation after voluntarily leaving his daughters, and cutting the last thread which bind him to his kind! "I saw my dear children set forward on their journey, and I knew not that I should ever behold them more. I was determined never to see them again to their injury; and I could not take to myself the consolation, on such a day, in such a month, or even after such a lapse of years, I will again have the joy to embrace them. In a little while they were out of sight, and I was alone." How complete is the description of his escape from the procession to the *auto da fe*, of his entrance into the Jew's house, his fears, his decaying strength just serving to make up the life-restoring elixir, the dying taper, the insensibility, the resurrection to new life, and the day-spring of his young manhood! How shall we speak of the old man, the bequeather of the fatal legacy to St Leon, and his few fearful words, "Friendless, friendless—alone, alone!" Alas! how terrible to imagine a being in possession of such endowments, who could bring himself to think of death! able to turn back upon his path, and meet immortal youth, to see again the morning of his day, and find in fresh renewed life and beauty a disguise impenetrable to his former enemies, yet in the sadness of his experience so dreading the mistakes and persecution of his fellow-men as to choose rather to lie down with the worm, and seek oblivion in the seats of rottenness and corruption.'*

[St Leon's Escape from the Auto de Fe.]

[St Leon is imprisoned by the Inquisition on suspicion of exercising the powers of necromancy, and is carried with other prisoners to feel the flames at an auto da fe at Valladolid.]

Our progress to Valladolid was slow and solemn, and occupied a space of no less than four days. On the evening of the fourth day we approached that city. The king and his court came out to meet us; he saluted the inquisitor-general with all the demonstrations of the deepest submission and humility, and then having yielded him the place of honour, turned round his horse, and accompanied us back to Valladolid. The cavalcade that attended the king broke into two files, and received us in the midst of them. The whole city seemed to empty itself on this memorable occasion, and the multitudes that crowded along the road, and were scattered in the neighbouring fields, were innumerable. The day was now closed, and the procession went forward amidst the light of a thousand torches. We, the condemned of the Inquisition, had been conducted from the metropolis upon tumbrils; but as we arrived at the gates of Valladolid, we were commanded, for the greater humiliation, to alight and proceed on foot to the place of our confinement, as many as could not walk without assistance being supported by the attendants. We were neither chained nor bound; the practice of the Inquisition being to deliver the condemned upon such occasions into the hands of two sureties each, who placed their charge in the middle between them; and men of the most respectable characters were accustomed, from religious motives, to sue for this melancholy office.

Dejected and despairing I entered the streets of the city, no object present to the eyes of my mind but that of my approaching execution. The crowd was vast, the confusion inexpressible. As we passed by the end of a narrow lane, the horse of one of the guards, who rode exactly in a line with me, plunged and reared in a violent manner, and at length threw his rider upon the pavement. Others of the horse-guards attempted to catch the bridle of the enraged animal; they rushed against each other; several of the crowd were thrown down, and trampled under the horses' feet. The shrieks of these, and the loud cries and exclamations of the bystanders mingled in confused and discordant chorus; no sound, no object could be distinguished. From the excess of the tumult, a sudden thought darted into my mind, where all, an instant before, had been relaxation and despair. Two or three of the horses pushed forward in a particular direction; a moment after, they re-filed with equal violence, and left a wide but transitory gap. My project was no sooner conceived than executed. Weak as I had just now felt myself, a supernatural tide of strength seemed to come over me; I sprang [illegible] with [illegible] impetuosity, and [illegible] the lane I have just mentioned. Every one amidst the confusion was attentive to his personal safety, and several minutes elapsed before I was [illegible].

In this lane everything was silent, and the darkness was extreme. Man, woman, and child, were gone out to view the procession. For some time I could scarcely distinguish [illegible] object; the doors and windows were all closed. I now chanced to come to an open door, within I saw no one but an old man, who was busy over some metallic work at a chafing-dish of fire. I had no room for choice. I expected every moment to hear the myrmidons of the Inquisition at my heels. I rushed in; I impetuously closed the door, and bolted it; I then seized the old man by the collar of his shirt with a determined grasp, and swore vehemently that I would annihilate him that instant if he did not consent to afford me assistance. Though for some time I had perhaps been feebler than he, the terror that now drove me on rendered me comparatively a giant. He intreated me to permit him to breathe, and promised to do whatever I should desire. I looked round the apartment, and saw a rapier hanging against the wall, of which I instantly proceeded to make myself master. While I was doing this, my involuntary host, who was extremely terrified at my procedure, nimbly attempted to slip by me and rush into the street. With difficulty I caught hold of his arm, and pulling him back, put the point of my rapier to his breast, solemnly assuring him that no consideration on earth should save him from my fury if he attempted to escape a second time. He immediately dropped on his knees, and with the most piteous accents intreated me to spare his life. I told him that I was no robber; that I did not intend him the slightest harm; and that, if he would implicitly yield to my direction, he might assure himself he never should have reason to repent his compliance. By this declaration the terrors of the old man were somewhat appeased. I took the opportunity of this calm to go to the street-door, which I instantly locked, and put the key in my pocket.

We were still engaged in discussing the topic, I

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* Criticism prefixed to Bentley's Standard Novels—'Caleb Williams.'

have mentioned, when I was suddenly alarmed by the noise of some one stirring in the inner apartment. I had looked into this room, and had perceived nothing but the bed upon which the old man nightly reposed himself. I sprung up, however, at the sound, and perceiving that the door had a bolt on the outside, I eagerly fastened it. I then turned to Mordecai—that was the name of my host. Wretch, said I, did not you assure me that there was no one but yourself in the house? Oh, cried Mordecai, it is my child! it is my child! she went into the inner apartment, and has fallen asleep on the bed. Beware, I answered; the slightest falsehood more shall instantly be expiated in your blood. I call Abraham to witness, rejoined the once more terrified Jew, it is my child! only my child! Tell me, cried I with severity of accent, how old is this child? Only five years, said Mordecai. My dear Leah died when [illegible] was a year old, and though we had several children, this single one has survived her. Speak to your child, [illegible] He spoke to her, and she answered, [illegible] to come out. I was satisfied it was the voice of a little girl. I turned to the Jew. Take care, said I, how you deceive me now; is there no other person in that room? He imprecated a curse on himself if there were. I opened the door with caution, and the little girl came forward. As soon as I saw her, I [illegible] with a rapid motion, and returned to my chair. Man, said I, you have trifled with me too rashly; you have not considered what I am [illegible] and what I have to fear. From this moment this child shall be the pledge of my safety. I will [illegible] it with her [illegible] as long as I remain in your house [illegible] this rapier in my hand I will pierce her to the heart the moment I am led to imagine that I am [illegible] in safety. The Jew trembled at my resolution; the emotions of a father worked in his features, and [illegible] tened in his eyes. At least let me kiss her, said he. Be it so, replied I; come embrace, and then, till the dawn of the coming day, she remains with me. I [illegible] loosed my hold; the child rushed to her father, and he caught her in his arms. My child! cried Mordecai, now a sainted spirit in the bosom of [illegible] Abraham! I call God to witness, that [illegible] all my caution and vigilance can prevent it, not a hair of this child shall be injured! Stranger, you [illegible] know by how strong a motive you have now engaged me to your cause. We poor Jews, hunted on the face of the earth, the abhorrence and execration of mankind, have nothing but family affections to support us under our multiplied disgraces, and family affections are entwined with our existence, the [illegible] best loved part of ourselves. The God of Abraham bless you, my child! Now, sir, speak! what is it you require of me?

I told the Jew that I must have a suit of clothes conformable to the appearance of a Spanish cavalier, and certain medical ingredients that I named to him, together with his chafing dish of coals to prepare them, and that done, I would then impose on him no further trouble. Having received his instructions, he immediately set out to procure what I demanded. He took with him the key of the house, and as soon as he was gone, I retired with the child into the inner apartment, and fastened the door. At first I applied myself to tranquillise the child, who had been somewhat alarmed at what she had heard and seen; this was no very difficult task. She presently left me, to amuse herself with some playthings that lay scattered in a corner of the apartment. My heart was now comparatively at ease; I saw the power [illegible] hold I had on the fidelity of the Jew, and firmly persuaded myself that I had no treachery to fear on his part. Thus circumstanced, the exertion and activity with which I had lately been imbued left me, and I insensibly sunk into a sort of slumber. * *

Now for the first time I was at leisure to attend to the state of my strength and my health. My confinement in the Inquisition, and the treatment I had experienced, had before rendered me feeble and almost helpless; but these appeared to be circumstances scarcely worthy of attention in the situation in which I was then placed. The impulse I felt in the midst of the confusion in the grand street of Valladolid, produced in me an energy and power of exertion which nothing but the actual experience of the fact could have persuaded me was possible. This energy, once begun, appeared to have the faculty of prolonging itself, and I did not relapse into imbecility till the occasion seemed to be exhausted which called for my exertion. I examined myself by a mirror with which Mordecai furnished me. I found my hair as white as snow, and my face ploughed with a thousand furrows. I was now fifty-four, an age which, with moderate exercise and a vigorous constitution, often appears like the prime of human existence; but whoever had looked upon me in my present condition would not have [illegible] to affirm that I had reached the eightieth year of my age. I examined with dispassionate [illegible] [illegible] I was persuaded that it had sunk [illegible] My mind had [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] I was the more [illegible] and with [illegible] produces [illegible] this [illegible] is called [illegible] of what I had [illegible] I continue to [illegible] Enough [illegible] I will continue my [illegible] simple history.

* *

I [illegible] The little girl, who [illegible] I had directed him to [illegible] containing [illegible] a pair of scales [illegible] a vessel of water, the [illegible] nearly extinguished, [illegible] small taper [illegible] some charcoal [illegible] While I was [illegible] and arranging my [illegible] came suddenly over me, so [illegible] I sunk upon [illegible] about half an hour, [illegible] my thoughts. At length I started [illegible] and applied my utmost [illegible] my exertions. While I [illegible] attempted to leave my animal spirits from limb to limb, and from part to part, as if to inquire into the general condition of my frame, I became convinced that I was dying. Let not the reader be surprised at this: twelve years' imprisonment in a narrow and unwholesome cell may well account for so sudden a catastrophe. Strange and paradoxical as it may seem, I believe it will be found in the experiment, that the calm and security which succeed to great internal injuries are more dangerous than the pangs and hardships that went before. I was now thoroughly alarmed; I applied myself with all vigilance and expedition to the compounding my materials. The fire was gone out, the taper was glimmering in the socket, to swallow the julep, when I had prepared it, seemed to be the last effort of which my organs and

muscles were capable. It was the elixir of immortality, exactly made up according to the prescription of the stranger.

Whether from the potency of the medicine or the effect of imagination, I felt revived the moment I had swallowed it. I placed myself deliberately in Mordecai's bed, and drew over me the bedclothes. I fell asleep almost instantly. * *

My sleep was not long; in a few hours I awaked. With difficulty I recognised the objects about me, and recollected where I had been. It seemed to me that my heart had never beat so vigorously, nor my spirits flowed so gay. I was all elasticity and life; I could scarcely hold myself quiet; I felt impelled to bound and leap like a bird upon the mountains. I perceived that my little Jewess was still asleep: he had been unusually fatigued the night before. I know not whether Mordecai's hour of rising were come; if it were, he was careful not to disturb his guest. I put on the garments he had prepared; I gazed upon the mirror he had left in my apartment. I can recollect no sensation in the course of my life so unexpected and surprising as what I felt at that moment. The evening before I had seen my hair white, and my face ploughed with furrows; I looked four-score. What I beheld now was totally different, yet altogether familiar; it was myself—myself as I had appeared on the day of my marriage with Marguerite de Damville; the eyes, the mouth, the hair, the complexion, every circumstance, point by point, the same. I leaped a gulf of thirty-two years. I walked from a living tomb, troublesome and distressful beyond all description; but it vanished like the shades of night upon the burst of a glorious morning in July, and left not a trace behind. I knew not how to take away my eyes from the mirror before me.

I soon began to consider that, if it were astonishing to me that, through all the traits of my countenance, I could discover no trace of what I had been the night before, it would be still more astonishing to my host. This sort of sensation I had not the smallest ambition to produce: one of the advantages of the metamorphosis I had sustained, consisted in its tendency, in the eyes of all that saw me, to cut off every species of connexion between my present and my former self. It fortunately happened that the room in which I slept, being constructed upon the model of many others in Spain, had a stair at the further end, with a trap-door in the ceiling, for the purpose of enabling the inhabitant to ascend on the roof to the cool of the day. The roofs were flat, and so constructed that there was little difficulty in passing along them from house to house, from one end of the street to the other. I availed myself of the opportunity, and took leave of the residence of my kind host in a way perfectly unceremonious, determined, however, probably to transmit to him the reward I had promised. It may easily be believed that Mordecai was not less rejoiced at the absence of a guest whom the vigilance of the Inquisition rendered an uncommonly dangerous one, than I was to quit his habitation. I closed the trap after me, and clambered from roof to roof to a considerable distance. At length I encountered the occasion of an open window, and fortunately descended, unseen by any human being, into the street.

ANNA MARIA PORTER.

This lady was a daughter of an Irish officer, who died shortly after her birth, leaving a widow and several children, with but a small patrimony for their support. Mrs Porter took her family into Scotland, while ANNA MARIA was still in her nursemaid's arms, and there, with her only and elder sister Jane, and their brother, Sir Robert Ker Porter, she received the rudiments of her education. Sir Walter Scott, when a student at college, was intimate with the family, and, we are told, 'was very fond of either teazing the little female student when very gravely engaged with her book, or more often fondling her on his knees, and telling her stories of witches and warlocks, till both forgot their former playful merriment in the marvellous interest of the tale.' Mrs Porter removed to Ireland, and subsequently to London, chiefly with a view to the education of her children. Anna Maria became an authoress at the age of twelve. Her first work bore the appropriate title of *Artless Tales*, the first volume being published in 1793, and a second in 1795. In 1797 she came forward again with a tale entitled *Walsh Colville*, and in the following year a novel in three volumes, *Octavia*, was produced. A numerous series of works of fiction now proceeded from Miss Porter: *The Lake of Killarney*, 1804; *A Sailor's Friendship and a Soldier's Love*, 1805; *The Hungarian Brothers*, 1807; *Don Sebastian, or the House of Braganza*, 1809; *Ballad Romances, and other Poems*, 1811; *The Recluse of Norway*, 1814; *The Village of Mariendorpt*; *The Fast of St Magdalen*; *Tales of Pity on Youth*; *The Knight of St John*; *Roche Blanche*, and *Honor O'Hara*. Altogether, the works of this lady amount to about fifty volumes. In private life Miss Porter was much beloved for her unostentatious piety and active benevolence. She died at Bristol while on a visit to her brother, Dr Porter of that city, on the 21st of June 1832, aged fifty-two. The most popular, and perhaps the best of Miss Porter's novels is her 'Don Sebastian.' In all of them she portrays the domestic affections and the charms of benevolence and virtue with warmth and earnestness, but in 'Don Sebastian' we have an interesting though melancholy plot and characters finely discriminated and drawn.

MISS JANE PORTER, who still survives, is authoress of two romances, *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, 1803, and *The Scottish Chiefs*, 1810, both were highly popular. The first is the best, and contains a good plot and some impassioned scenes. The second fails entirely as a picture of national manners (the Scottish patriot Wallace, for example, being represented as a sort of drawing-room hero), but is written with great animation and picturesque effect. In appeals to the tender and heroic passions, and in vivid scene-painting, both these ladies have evinced genius, but their works want the permanent interest of real life, variety of character, and dialogue. A third work by Miss Porter has been published, entitled *The Pastor's Fireside*.

MISS EDGEWORTH.

MARIA EDGEWORTH, one of our best painters of national manners, whose works stimulated the genius of Scott, and have delighted and instructed generations of readers, commenced her career as an authoress about the year 1800. She was of a respectable Irish family, long settled at Edgeworthstown, county of Longford, and it was on their property that Goldsmith was born. Her father, Richard Lovell Edgeworth (1744-1817), was himself a man attached to literary pursuits, and took great pleasure in exciting and directing the talents of his daughter.* When-

* Mr Edgeworth wrote a work on Professional Education, one volume, quarto, 1808, also some papers in the Philosophical Transactions, including an essay on Spring and Wheel Carriages, and an account of a telegraph which he invented. This gentleman was educated at Trinity college, Dublin, and was afterwards sent to Oxford. Before he was twenty, he ran off with Miss Elers, a young lady of Oxford, to whom he was married at Gretna Green. He then embarked on a life of fashionable gaiety and dissipation, and in 1770 succeeded, by

ever the latter thought of writing any essay or story, she always submitted to him the first rough plans, and his ready invention and infinite resource, when she had run into difficulties or absurdities, never failed to extricate her at her utmost need. 'It was the happy experience of this,' says Miss Edgeworth, 'and my consequent reliance on his ability, decision, and perfect truth, that relieved me from the vacillation and anxiety to which I was so much subject, that I am sure I should not have written or finished anything without his support. He inspired in my mind a degree of hope and confidence, essential, in the first instance, to the full exertion of the mental powers, and necessary to insure perseverance in any occupation.' An able work, the joint production of Mr and Miss Edgeworth, appeared in 1801 under the title of an *Essay on Irish Bulls*. Besides some critical and humorous illustration, the authors did justice to the better traits of the Irish character, and illustrated them by some interesting and pathetic stories. The same object was pursued in the tale, *Castle Rackrent*, and in *Belinda*, a novel of real life and ordinary characters. In 1804 Miss Edgeworth came forward with three volumes of *Popular Tales*, characterised by the features of her genius—'a genuine display of nature, and a certain tone of rationality and good sense, which was the more pleasing, because in a novel it was then new.' The practical cast of her father's mind probably assisted in directing Miss Edgeworth's talents into this useful and unromantic channel. It appeared strange at first, and the best of the authoress's critics, Mr Jeffrey, said at the time 'that it required almost the same courage to get rid of the jargon of fashionable life, and the swarms of peers, foundlings, and seducers, as it did to sweep away the mythological persons of antiquity, and to introduce characters who spoke and acted like those who were to peruse their adventures.' In 1806 appeared *Leonora*, a novel, in two volumes. A moral purpose is here aimed at, and the same skill is displayed in working up ordinary incidents into the materials of powerful fiction, but the plot is painful and disagreeable. The seduction of an exemplary husband by an abandoned female, and his subsequent return to his injured but forgiving wife, is the groundwork of the story. Irish characters figure off in 'Leonora' as in the Popular Tales. In 1809 Miss Edgeworth issued three volumes of *Tales of Fashionable Life*, more powerful and various than any of her previous productions. The history of Lord Glenthorn affords a striking picture of *ennui*, and contains some excellent delineation of character, while the story of Almeria represents the misery and heartlessness of a life of mere fashion. Three other volumes of Fashionable Tales were issued in 1812, and fully supported the authoress's reputation. The number of tales in this series was three—'Vivian,' illustrating the evils and perplexities arising from vacillation and infirmity of purpose; 'Emilie de Coulanges,' depicting the life and manners of a fashionable French lady; and 'The Absentee' (by far the best of the three stories), written to expose the evils and mortifications of the system which the authoress saw too many instances of in Ireland, of persons of fortune forsaking their country seats and native vales for the frivolities, scorn, and expense of fashionable London society. In 1814 Miss Edgeworth entered still more extensively and sarcastically into the manners and characters in high life, by her novel of *Patronage*, in four volumes. The miseries resulting from a dependence on the patronage of the great—a system which she says is 'twice accursed—once in giving, and once in receiving'—are drawn in vivid colours, and contrasted with the cheerfulness, the buoyancy of spirits, and the manly virtues arising from honest and independent exertion. In 1817 our authoress supplied the public with two other tales, *Harrington* and *Ormond*. The first was written to counteract the illiberal prejudice entertained by many against the Jews; the second is an Irish tale, equal to any of the former. The death of Mr Edgeworth in 1817 made a break in the literary exertion of his accomplished daughter, but she completed a memoir which that gentleman had begun of himself, and which was published in two volumes in 1820. In 1822 she returned to her course of moral instruction, and published in that year *Rosamond, a Sequel to Early Lessons*, a work for juvenile readers, of which an earlier specimen had been previously [illegible]. A further continuation appeared in 182[illegible]

the death of his father, to his Irish property. During a visit to Lichfield, he became enamoured of Miss Honora Sneyd, a cousin of Anna Seward's, and married her shortly after the death of his wife. In six years this lady died of consumption, and he married her sister, a circumstance which exposed him to a good deal of observation and censure. After a matrimonial union of seventeen years, this third wife died of the same malady as her sister; and [illegible] Mr Edgeworth scarce lost a year till he was united to his fourth lady, Miss Beaufort. His latter years were spent in active exertions to benefit Ireland, by reclaiming bog land, introducing agricultural and mechanical improvements, and promoting education. He was fond of mechanical pursuits and new projects of all kinds. Among his numerous schemes was an attempt to educate his eldest son on the plan delineated in Rousseau's *Emile*. He dressed him in jacket and trousers, with arms and legs bare, and allowed him to run about wherever he pleased, and to do nothing but what was agreeable to himself. In a few years he found that the scheme had succeeded completely, so far as related to the body; the youth's health, strength, and agility were conspicuous; but the state of his mind induced some perplexity. He had all the virtues that are found in the hut of the savage: he was quick, fearless, generous; but he knew not what it was to obey. It was impossible to induce him to do anything that he did not please, or prevent him from doing anything that he did please. Under the former head, learning, even of the lowest description, was never included. In fine, this child of nature grew up perfectly ungovernable, and never could or would apply to anything, so that there remained no alternative but to allow him to follow his own inclination of going to sea! Maria Edgeworth was the only by her father's first marriage; she was born in Oxfordshire, and was twelve years old before she was taken to Ireland. The family were involved in the troubles of the Irish rebellion (1798), and were obliged to make a precipitate retreat from their house, and leave it in the hands of the rebels; but it was spared from being pillaged by one of the invaders, to whom Mr Edgeworth had previously done some kindness. Their return home, when the troubles were over, is thus described by Miss Edgeworth in her father's memoirs. It serves to show the affection which subsisted between the landlord and his dependents.

'When we came near Edgeworthstown, we saw many well known faces at the cabin doors looking out to welcome us. One man, who was digging in his field by the road-side, when he looked up as our horses passed, and saw my father, let fall his spade and clasped his hands; his face, as the morning sun shone upon it, was the strongest picture of joy I ever saw. The village was a melancholy spectacle; windows shattered and doors broken. But though the mischief done was great, there had been little pillage. Within our gates we found all property safe; literally "not a twig touched, nor a leaf harmed." Within the house everything was as we had left it. A map that we had been consulting was still open on the library table, with pencils, and slips of paper containing the first lessons in arithmetic, in which some of the young people (Mr Edgeworth's children by his second and third wife) had been engaged the morning we had been driven from home; a pansy, in a glass of water, which one of the children had been copying, was still on the chimney piece. These trivial circumstances, marking repose and tranquillity, struck us at this moment with an unreasonable sort of surprise, and all that had passed seemed like an incoherent dream.'

title of *Harriet and Lucy*, four volumes These tales had been begun fifty years before by Mr Edgeworth, at a time 'when no one of any literary character, excepting Dr Watts and Mrs Barbauld, condescended to write for children'

It is worthy of mention, that, in the autumn of 1823, Miss Edgeworth, accompanied by two of her sisters, made a visit to Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford. She not only, he said, completely answered, but exceeded the expectations which he had formed, and he was particularly pleased with the *naïveté* and good-humoured ardour of mind which she united with such formidable powers of acute observation 'Never,' says Mr Lockhart, 'did I see a brighter day at Abbotsford than that on which Miss Edgeworth first arrived there never can I forget her look and accent when she was received by him at his archway, and exclaimed, 'everything about you is exactly what one ought to have had wit enough to dream' The weather was beautiful, and the edifice and its appurtenances were all but complete, and day after day, so long as she could remain, her host had always some new plan of gaiety ' Miss Edgeworth remained a fortnight at Abbotsford Two years afterwards she had an opportunity of repaying the hospitalities of her entertainer, by receiving him at Edgeworthstown, where Sir Walter met with as cordial a welcome and where he found 'neither mud hovels nor naked peasantry but snug cottages and smiling faces all about Literary fame had spoiled neither of these eminent persons nor unfitted them for the common business and enjoyment of life 'We shall never,' said Scott 'learn to feel and respect our real calling and destiny unless we have taught ourselves to consider everything as moonshine compared with the education of the heart' 'Maria did not listen to this without some water in her eyes, her tears are always ready when any generous string is touched—(for, as Pope says the finest minds, like the finest metals dissolve the easiest'), but she brushed them gaily aside, and said, "You see how it is, Dean Swift said he had written his books in order that people might learn to treat him like a great lord Sir Walter writes his in order that he may be able to treat his people as a great lord ought to do *

In 1834 Miss Edgeworth reappeared as a novelist her *Helen*, in three volumes, is fully equal to her 'Fashionable Tales,' and possesses more of ardour and pathos The gradations of vice and folly and the unhappiness attending falsehood and artifice are strikingly depicted in this novel in connexion with characters (that of Lady Davenant, for example) drawn with great force, truth, and nature This is the latest work of fiction we have had from the pen of the gifted authoress nor is it likely from her advanced age, that she will make further incursions into that domain of fancy and observation she has enriched with so many admirable performances Long however, may she be able to 'dispense common sense to her readers, and to bring them within the precincts of real life and natural feeling' The good and evil of this world have supplied Miss Edgeworth with materials sufficient for her purposes as a novelist Of poetical or romantic feeling she has exhibited scarcely a single instance She is a strict utilitarian Her knowledge of the world is extensive and correct, though in some of her representations of fashionable folly and dissipation she borders upon caricature The plan of confining a tale to the exposure and correction of one particular vice, or one erroneous line of conduct, as Joanna Baillie confined her dramas each to the elucidation of one particular passion, would have been a hazardous experiment in common hands Miss Edgeworth overcame it by the ease, spirit, and variety of her delineations, and the truly masculine freedom with which she exposes the crimes and follies of mankind. Her sentiments are so just and true, and her style so clear and forcible, that they compel an instant assent to her moral views and deductions, though sometimes in winding up her tale, and distributing justice among her characters, she is not always very consistent or probable. Her delineations of her countrymen have obtained just praise. The highest compliment paid to them is the statement of Scott, that 'the rich humour, pathetic tenderness, and admirable tact' of these Irish portraits led him first to think that something might be attempted for his own country of the same kind with that which Miss Edgeworth so fortunately achieved for Ireland. He excelled his model, because, with equal knowledge and practical sagacity, he possessed that higher order of imagination, and more extensive sympathy with man and nature, which is more powerful, even for moral uses and effects, than the most clear and irresistible reasoning The object of Miss Edgeworth, to inculcate instruction, and the style of the preceptress, occasionally interfere with the cordial sympathies of the reader, even in her Irish descriptions whereas in Scott this is never apparent He deals more with passions and feelings than with mere manners and peculiarities, and by the aid of his poetical imagination, and careless yet happy eloquence of expression, imparts the air of romance to ordinary incidents and characters. It must be admitted however, that in originality and in fertility of invention Miss Edgeworth is inferior to none of her contemporary novelists She never repeats her incidents, her characters, dialogues, or plots and few novelists have written more Her brief and rapid tales fill above twenty closely-printed volumes and may be read one after the other without any feeling of satiety or sense of repetition

In a work lately published, 'Ireland,' by Mr and Mrs Hall there is a very interesting account of the residence and present situation of Miss Edgeworth — 'The library at Edgeworthstown,' say the writers, 'is by no means the reserved and solitary room that libraries are in general It is large, and spacious, and lofty well stored with books, and embellished with those most valuable of all classes of prints—the suggestive it is also picturesque, having been added to so as to increase its breadth, the addition is supported by square pillars, and the beautiful lawn seen through the windows, embellished and varied by clumps of trees judiciously planted, imparts much cheerfulness to the exterior. An oblong table in the centre is a sort of rallying-point for the family, who group around it—reading, writing, or working, while Miss Edgeworth, only anxious upon one point—that all in the house should do exactly as they like without reference to her—sits quietly and abstractedly in her own peculiar corner on the sofa; her desk, upon which lies Sir Walter Scott's pen, given to her by him when in Ireland, placed before her upon a little quaint table, as unassuming as possible Miss Edgeworth's abstractedness would puzzle the philosophers, in that same corner, and upon that table, she has written nearly all that has enlightened and delighted the world There she writes as eloquently as ever, wrapt up to all appearance in her subject, yet knowing, by a sort of instinct, when she is really wanted in dialogue; and, without laying down her pen, hardly looking up from her page, she will, by a judicious sentence, wittily and kindly spoken, explain and elucidate in a few words so as to clear up any difficulty, or turn the conversation into

* Life of Scott, vol. vi p. 61.

a new and more pleasing current. She has the most harmonious way of throwing in explanations—informing without embarrassing. A very large family-party assemble daily in this charming room, young and old bound alike to the spot by the strong cords of memory and love. Mr Francis Edgeworth, the youngest son of the present Mrs Edgeworth, and of course Miss Edgeworth's youngest brother, has a family of little ones, who seem to enjoy the freedom of the library as much as their elders: to set



Miss Edgeworth's House.

these little people right if they are wrong; to rise from her table to fetch them a toy, or even to save a servant a journey; to mount the steps and find a volume that escapes all eyes but her own, and having done so, to find exactly the passage wanted, are hourly employments of this most unspoiled and admirable woman. She will then resume her pen, and what is more extraordinary, hardly seem to have even frayed the thread of her ideas; her mind is so rightly balanced, everything is so honestly weighed, that she suffers no inconvenience from what would disturb and distract an ordinary writer.'

MISS AUSTEN.

JANE AUSTEN, a truly English novelist, was born on the 16th December 1775, at Steventon, in Hampshire, of which parish her father was rector. Mr Austen is represented as a man of refined taste and acquirements, who guided, though he did not live to witness the fruits of his daughter's talents. After the death of the rector, his widow and two daughters retired to Southampton, and subsequently to the village of Chawton, in the same county, where the novels of Jane Austen were written. Of these, four were published anonymously in her lifetime, namely, *Sense and Sensibility*, *Pride and Prejudice*, *Mansfield Park*, and *Emma*. In May 1817 the health of the authoress rendered it necessary that she should remove to some place where constant medical aid could be procured. She went to Winchester, and in that city she expired on the 24th of July 1817, aged forty-two. 'Her personal worth, beauty, and genius, made her early death deeply lamented; while the public had to regret the failure not only of a source of innocent amusement, but also of that supply of practical good sense and instructive example which she would probably have continued to furnish better than any of her contemporaries.'* The insidious decay or consumption which carried off Miss Austen seemed only to increase the powers of her mind. She wrote while she could hold a pen or pencil, and the day preceding her death composed some stanzas replete with fancy and vigour. Shortly after her death, her friends gave to the world two novels, entitled *Northanger Abbey* and *Persuasion*, the first being her earliest composition, and the least valuable of her productions, while the latter is a highly finished work, especially in the tender and pathetic passages. The great charm of Miss Austen's fictions lies in their truth and simplicity. She gives us plain representations of English society in the middle and higher classes—sets us down, as it were, in the country-house, the villa, and cottage, and introduces us to various classes of persons, whose characters are displayed in ordinary intercourse and most life-like dialogues and conversation. There is no attempt to express *fine things*, nor any scenes of surprising daring or distress, to make us forget that we are among commonplace mortals and real existence. Such materials would seem to promise little for the novel reader, yet Miss Austen's minute circumstances and common details are far from tiresome. They all aid in developing and discriminating her characters, in which her chief strength lies, and we become so intimately acquainted with each, that they appear as old friends or neighbours. She is quite at home in describing the mistakes in the education of young ladies—in delicate ridicule of female foibles and vanity—in family differences, obstinacy, and pride—in the distinctions between the different classes of society, and the nicer shades of feeling and conduct as they ripen into love or friendship, or subside into indifference or dislike. Her love is not

* Dr Whateley, archbishop of Dublin (Quarterly Review, 1821). The same critic thus sums up his estimate of Miss Austen's works:—'They may be safely recommended, not only as among the most unexceptionable of their class, but as combining, in an eminent degree, instruction with amusement, though without the direct effort at the former, of which we have complained as sometimes defeating its object. For those who cannot or will not *learn* anything from productions of this kind, she has provided entertainment which entitles her to thanks; for mere innocent amusement is in itself a good, when it interferes with no greater, especially as it may occupy the place of some other that may *not* be innocent. The Eastern monarch who proclaimed a reward to him who should discover a new pleasure, would have deserved well of mankind had he stipulated that it should be blameless. Those, again, who delight in the study of human nature, may improve in the knowledge of it, and in the profitable application of that knowledge, by the perusal of such fictions as those before us.'

a blind passion, the offspring of romance; nor has she any of that morbid colouring of the darker passions in which other novelists excel. The clear daylight of nature, as reflected in domestic life, in scenes of variety and sorrowful truth, as well as of vivacity and humour, is her genial and inexhaustible element. Instruction is always blended with amusement. A finer moral lesson cannot anywhere be found than the distress of the Bertram family in 'Mansfield Park,' arising from the vanity and callousness of the two daughters, who had been taught nothing but 'accomplishments,' without any regard to their dispositions and temper. These instructive examples are brought before us in action, not by lecture or preachment, and they tell with double force, because they are not inculcated in a didactic style. The genuine but unobtrusive merits of Miss Austen have been but poorly rewarded by the public as respects fame and popularity, though her works are now rising in public esteem. 'She has never been so popular,' says a critic in the Edinburgh Review, 'as she deserved to be. Intent on fidelity of delineation, and averse to the commonplace tricks of her art, she has not, in this age of literary quackery, received her reward. Ordinary readers have been apt to judge of her as Partridge, in Fielding's novel, judged of Garrick's acting. He could not see the merit of a man who merely behaved on the stage as anybody might be expected to behave under similar circumstances in real life. He infinitely preferred the "robustious periwig-pated fellow," who flourished his arms like a windmill, and ranted with the voice of three. It was even so with many of the readers of Miss Austen. She was too natural for them. It seemed to them as if there could be very little merit in making characters act and talk so exactly like the people whom they saw around them every day. They did not consider that the highest triumph of art consists in its concealment; and here the art was so little perceptible, that they believed there was none. Her works, like well-proportioned rooms, are rendered less apparently grand and imposing by the very excellence of their adjustment.' Sir Walter Scott, after reading 'Pride and Prejudice' for the third time, thus mentions the merits of Miss Austen in his private diary:—'That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements, and feelings, and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The big *bow-wow* strain I can do myself, like any now going; but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment, is denied to me. What a pity such a gifted creature died so early!'

MRS BRUNTON.

MRS MARY BRUNTON, authoress of *Self-Control* and *Discipline*, two novels of superior merit and moral tendency, was born on the 1st of November 1778. She was a native of Burrey, in Orkney, a small island of about 500 inhabitants, no part of which is more than 300 feet above the level of the sea, and which is destitute of tree or shrub. In this remote and sea-surrounded region the parents of Mary Brunton occupied a leading station. Her father was Colonel Balfour of Elwick, and her mother, an accomplished woman, niece of field-marshal Lord Ligonier, in whose house she had resided previous to her marriage. Mary was carefully educated, and instructed by her mother in the French and Italian languages. She was also sent some time to Edinburgh; but while she was only sixteen, her mother died, and the whole cares and duties of the household devolved on her. With these she was incessantly occupied for four years, and at the expiration of that time she was married to the Rev. Mr Brunton, minister of Bolton, in Haddingtonshire. In 1803 Mr Brunton was called to one of the churches in Edinburgh, and his lady had thus an opportunity of meeting with persons of literary talent, and of cultivating her own mind. 'Till I began Self-Control,' she says in one of her letters, "I had never in my life written anything but a letter or a recipe, excepting a few hundreds of vile rhymes, from which I desisted by the time I had gained the wisdom of fifteen years; therefore I was so ignorant of the art on which I was entering, that I formed scarcely any plan for my tale. I merely intended to show the power of the religious principle in bestowing self command, and to bear testimony against a maxim as immoral as indelicate, that a reformed rake makes the best husband.' 'Self-Control' was published without the author's name in 1811. The first edition was sold in a month, and a second and third were called for. In 1814 her second work, 'Discipline,' was given to the world, and was also well received. She began a third, *Emmeline*, but did not live to finish it. She died on the 7th of December 1818. The unfinished tale, and a memoir of its lamented authoress, were published in one volume by her husband, Dr Brunton.

'Self-Control' bids fair to retain a permanent place among British novels, as a sort of Scottish Cœlebs, recommended by its moral and religious tendency, no less than by the talent it displays. The acute observation of the authoress is seen in the development of little traits of character and conduct, which give individuality to her portraits, and a semblance of truth to the story. Thus the gradual decay, mental and bodily, of Montreville, the account of the De Courcys, and the courtship of Montague, are true to nature, and completely removed out of the beaten track of novels. The plot is very unskilfully managed. The heroine, Laura, is involved in a perpetual cloud of difficulties and dangers, some of which (as the futile abduction by Warren, and the arrest at Lady Pelham's) are unnecessary and improbable. The character of Hargrave seems to have been taken from that of Lovelace, and Laura is the Clarissa of the tale. Her high principle and purity, her devotion to her father, and the force and energy of her mind (without overstepping feminine softness), impart a strong interest to the narrative of her trials and adventures. She surrounds the whole, as it were, with an atmosphere of moral light and beauty, and melts into something like consistency and unity the discordant materials of the tale. The style of the work is also calculated to impress the reader: it is always appropriate, and rises frequently into passages of striking sentiment and eloquence.

[*Final Escape of Laura.*]

[The heroine is carried off by the stratagems of Hargrave, put on board a vessel, and taken to the shores of Canada. There, in a remote secluded cabin, prepared for her reception, she is confined till Hargrave can arrive. Even her wonted firmness and religious faith seem to forsake her in this last and greatest of her calamities, and her health sinks under the continued influence of grief and fear.]

The whole of the night preceding Hargrave's arrival was passed by Laura in acts of devotion. In her life, blameless as it had appeared to others, she saw so much ground for condemnation, that, had her hopes rested upon her own merit, they would have vanished like the sunshine of a winter storm. Their support was more mighty, and they remained unshaken. The raptures of faith beamed on her soul. By degrees they

triumphed over every fear; and the first sound that awoke the morning, was her voice raised in a trembling hymn of praise.

Her countenance elevated as in hope, her eyes cast upwards, her hands clasped, her lips half open in the unfinished adoration, her face brightened with a smile the dawn of eternal day, she was found by her attendant. Awe-struck, the woman paused, and at a reverent distance gazed upon the seraph; but her entrance had called back the unwilling spirit from its flight, and Laura, once more a feeble child of earth, faintly inquired whether her enemy were at hand. Mary answered, that her master was not expected to arrive before the evening, and intreated that Laura would try to recruit her spirits, and accept of some refreshment. Laura made no opposition. She unconsciously swallowed what was placed before her, unwittingly suffered her attendant to lead her abroad, nor once heeded aught that was done to her, nor aught that passed before her eyes, till her exhausted limbs found rest upon the trunk of a tree, which lay mouldering near the spot where its root was sending forth a luxuriant thicket.

The breath of morning blew chill on the wasted form of Laura, while it somewhat revived her to strength and recollection. Her attendant seeing her shiver in the breeze, compassionately wrapt her more closely in her cloak, and ran to seek a warmer covering. 'She feels for my bodily wants,' said Laura. 'Will she have no pity for the sufferings of the soul? Yet what relief can she afford? What help is there for me in man? Oh, be Thou my help, who art the guard of the defenceless! thou who canst shield in every danger! thou who canst guide in every difficulty!'

Her eye rested as it fell upon a track as of recent footsteps. They had brushed away the dew, and the rank grass had not yet risen from their pressure. The unwonted trace of man's presence arrested her attention, and her mind, exhausted by suffering, and sharing the weakness of its frail abode, admitted the superstitious thought that these marks afforded a providential indication for her guidance. Transient animation kindling in her frame, she followed the track as it wound round a thicket of poplar; then suddenly recollecting herself, she became conscious of the delusion, and shed a tear over her mental decay.

She was about to return, when she perceived that she was near the bank of the river. Its dark flood was stealing noiselessly by, and Laura, looking on it, breathed the oft repeated wish that she could seek rest beneath its waves. Again she moved feebly forward. She reached the brink of the stream, and stood unconsciously following its course with her eye, when, a light wind stirring the canes that grew down to the water's edge, she beheld close by her an Indian canoe. With suddenness that mocks the speed of light, hope flashed on the darkened soul, and stretching her arms in wild ecstacy, 'Help, help!' cried Laura, and sprang towards the boat. A feeble echo from the farther shore alone returned the cry. Again she called. No human voice replied. But delirious transport lent vigour to her frame. She sprang into the bark; she pressed the slender oar against the bank. The light vessel yielded to her touch. It floated. The stream bore it along. The woods closed around her prison. 'Thou hast delivered me!' she cried; and sank senseless.

A meridian sun beat on her uncovered head ere Laura began to revive. Recollection stole upon her like the remembrance of a feverish dream. As one who, waking from a fearful vision, still trembles in his joy, she scarcely dared to hope that the dread hour was past, till raising her eyes, she saw the dark woods bend over her, and steal slowly away as the canoe glided on with the tide. The raptures of fallen man own their alliance with pain, by seeking the same expression. Joy and gratitude, too big for utterance, long poured themselves forth in tears. At length, returning composure permitting the language of ecstacy, it was breathed in the accents of devotion; and the lone wild echoed to a song of deliverance.

The saintly strain arose unmixed with other sound. No breeze moaned through the impervious woods; no ripple broke the stream. The dark shadows trembled for a moment in its bosom as the little bark stole by, and then reposed again. No trace appeared of human presence. The fox peeping from the brushwood, the wild duck sailing stately in the stream, saw the unwonted stranger without alarm, untaught as yet to flee from the destroyer.

The day declined, and Laura, with the joy of her escape, began to mingle a wish, that, ere the darkness closed around her, she might find shelter near her fellow beings. She was not ignorant of the dangers of her voyage. She knew that the navigation of the river was interrupted by rapids, which had been purposely described in her hearing. She examined her frail vessel, and trembled, for life was again become precious, and feeble seemed her defence against the torrent. The canoe, which could not have contained more than two persons, was constructed of a slender frame of wood, covered with the bark of the birch. It yielded to the slightest motion, and caution was necessary to poise in it even the light form of Laura.

Slowly it floated down the lingering tide, and when a piece of larger size or form more fantastic than his fellows enabled her to measure her progress, she thought that through wilds less impassable her own limbs would have borne her more swiftly. In vain, behind each tangled point, did her fancy picture the haunt of man. Vainly amid the mists of eve did she trace the smoke of sheltered cottages. In vain at every winding of the stream she sent forward a longing eye in search of human dwelling. The narrow view was bounded by the dark wilderness, repeating ever the same picture of dreary repose.

The sun went down. The shadows of evening fell; not such as in her happy native land blend softly with the last radiance of day, but black and heavy, harshly contrasting with the light of a naked sky reflected from the waters, where they spread beyond the gloom of impending woods. Dark and more dark the night came on. Solemn even amid the peopled land, in this vast solitude it became more awful.

Ignorant how near the place of danger might be, fearing to pursue darkling her perilous way, Laura tried to steer her light bark to the shore, intending to moor it, to find in it a rude resting place, and in the morning to pursue her way. Laboriously she toiled, and at length reached the bank in safety; but in vain she tried to draw her little vessel to land. Its weight resisted her strength. Dreading that it should slip from her grasp, and leave her without means of escape, she re-entered it, and again glided on in her dismal voyage. She had found in the canoe a little coarse bread made of Indian corn, and this, with the water of the river, formed her whole sustenance. Her frame worn out with previous suffering, awe and fear at last yielded to fatigue, and the weary wanderer sank to sleep.

It was late on the morning of a cloudy day, when a low murmuring sound, stealing on the silence, awoke Laura from the rest of innocence. She listened. The murmur seemed to swell on her ear. She looked up. The dark woods still bent over her, but they no longer touched the margin of the stream. They stretched their giant arms from the summit of a precipice. Their image was no more reflected unbroken. The gray rocks which supported them, but half lent their colours to the rippling water. The wild

duck no longer tempting the stream, flew screaming over its bed. Each object hastened on with fearful rapidity, and the murmuring sound was now a deafening roar.

Fear supplying superhuman strength, Laura strove to turn the course of her vessel. She strained every nerve, she used the force of desperation. Half hoping that the struggle might save her, half fearing to note her dreadful progress, she toiled on till the oar was torn from her powerless grasp, and hurried along with the tide.

The fear of death alone had not the power to overwhelm the soul of Laura. Somewhat might yet be done perhaps to avert her fate, at least to prepare for it. Feeble as was the chance of life, it was not to be rejected. Fixing her cloak more firmly round her, Laura bound it to the slender frame of the canoe. Then commending herself to Heaven with the fervour of a last prayer, she in dread stillness awaited her doom.

With terrible speed the vessel hurried on. It was whirled round by the torrent, tossed fearfully, and hurried on again. It shot over a smoothness more dreadful than the eddying whirl. It rose upon its prow. Laura clung to it in the convulsion of terror. A moment she trembled on the giddy verge. The next, all was darkness!

When Laura was restored to recollection, she found herself in a plain decent apartment. Several persons of her own sex were humanely busied in attending her. Her mind retaining a confused impression of the past, she inquired where she was, and how she had been brought thither. An elderly woman, of a prepossessing appearance, answered, with almost maternal kindness, 'that she was among friends all anxious for her safety, begged that she would try to sleep, and promised to satisfy her curiosity when she should be more able to converse.' This benevolent person, whose name was Falkland, then administered a restorative to her patient, and Laura uttering almost incoherent expressions of gratitude, composed herself to rest.

Awaking refreshed and collected, she found Mrs Falkland and one of her daughters still watching by her bedside. Laura again repeated her question, and Mrs Falkland fulfilled her promise, by relating that her husband, who was a farmer, having been employed with his two sons in a field which overlooked the river, had observed the canoe enter the rapid; that seeing it too late to prevent the accident, they had hurried down to the bed of the stream below the fall, in hopes of intercepting the boat at its reappearance; that being accustomed to float wood down the torrent, they knew precisely the spot where their assistance was most likely to prove effectual; that the canoe, though covered with foam for a moment, had instantly risen again; and that Mr Falkland and his sons had, not without danger, succeeded in drawing it to land.

She then, in her turn, inquired by what accident Laura had been exposed to such a perilous adventure, expressing wonder at the direction of her voyage, since Falkland farm was the last inhabited spot in that district. Laura, mingling her natural reserve with a desire to satisfy her kind hostess, answered that she had been torn from her friends by an inhuman enemy, and that her perilous voyage was the least effect of his barbarity. 'Do you know,' said Mrs Falkland, somewhat mistaking her meaning, 'that to his cruelty you partly owe your life; for had he not bound you to the canoe, you must have sunk while the boat floated on.' Laura heard with a faint smile the effect of her self-possession, but considering it as a call to pious gratitude rather than a theme of self-applause, she forbore to offer any claim to praise, and the subject was suffered to drop without further explanation.

Having remained for two days with this hospitable family, Laura expressed a wish to depart. She communicated to Mr Falkland her desire of returning immediately to Europe, and begged that he would introduce her to some asylum where she might wait the departure of a vessel for Britain. She expressed her willingness to content herself with the poorest accommodation, confessing that she had not the means of purchasing any of a higher class. All the wealth, indeed, which she could command, consisted in a few guineas which she had accidentally had about her when she was taken from her home, and a ring which Mrs De Courcy had given her at parting. Her host kindly urged her to remain with them till they should ascertain that a vessel was immediately to sail, in which she might secure her passage, assuring her a week scarcely ever elapsed without some departure for her native country. Finding, however, that she was anxious to be gone, Mr Falkland himself accompanied her to Quebec.

They travelled by land. The country at first bore the characters of a half-redeemed wilderness. The road wound at times through dreary woods, at others through fields where noxious variety of hue bespoke imperfect cultivation. At last it approached the great river, and Laura gazed with delight on the ever-changing, rich, and beautiful scenes which were presented to her view; scenes which she had passed unheeded when grief and fear veiled every prospect in gloom.

One of the nuns in the Hotel Dieu was the sister of Mrs Falkland, and to her care Mr Falkland intended to commit his charge. But before he had been an hour in the town, he received information that a ship was weighing anchor in the Clyde, and Laura eagerly embraced the opportunity. The captain being informed by Mr Falkland that she could not advance the price of her passage, at first hesitated to receive her; but when, with the irresistible candour and majesty that shone in all her looks and words, she assured him of his reward, when she spoke to him in the accents of his native land, the Scotsman's heart melted; and having satisfied himself that she was a Highlander, he closed the bargain by swearing that he was sure he might trust her.

With tears in her eyes Laura took leave of her benevolent host, yet her heart bounded with joy as she saw the vessel cleaving the tide, and each object in the dreaded land of exile swiftly retiring from her view. In a few days that dreaded land disappeared. In a few more the mountains of Cape Breton sank beneath the wave. The brisk gales of autumn wafted the vessel cheerfully on her way; and often did Laura compute her progress.

In a clear frosty morning towards the end of September she heard once more the cry of 'Land!' now music to her ear. Now with a beating breast she ran to gaze upon a ridge of mountains indenting the disk of the rising sun; but the tears of rapture dimmed her eyes when every voice at once shouted 'Scotland!'

All day Laura remained on deck, oft measuring with the light splinter the vessel's course through the deep. The winds favoured not her impatience. Towards evening they died away, and scarcely did the vessel steal along the liquid mirror. Another and another morning came, and Laura's ear was blessed with the first sounds of her native land. The tolling of a bell was borne along the water, now swelling loud, and now falling softly away. The humble village church was seen on the shore; and Laura could distinguish the gay colouring of her countrywomen's Sunday attire; the scarlet plaid, transmitted from generation to generation, pinned decently over the plain clean coif, the bright blue gown, the trophy of more recent housewifery. To her every form in the well-known garb seemed the form of a friend. The

blue mountains in the distance, the scattered woods, the fields yellow with the harvest, the river sparkling in the sun, seemed, to the wanderer returning from the land of strangers, fairer than the gardens of Paradise.

Land of my affections!—when 'I forget thee, may my right hand forget her cunning!' Blessed be thou among nations! Long may thy wanderers return to thee rejoicing, and their hearts throb with honest pride when they own themselves thy children!

MRS HAMILTON.

Elizabeth Hamilton, an amiable and accomplished miscellaneous writer, was authoress of one excellent little novel, or moral tale, *The Cottagers of Glenburnie*, which has probably been as effective in promoting domestic improvement among the rural population of Scotland as Johnson's Journey to the Hebrides was in encouraging the planting of trees by the landed proprietors. In both cases there was some exaggeration of colouring, but the pictures were too provokingly true and sarcastic to be laughed away or denied. They constituted a national reproach, and the only way to wipe it off was by timely reformation. There is still much to accomplish, but a marked improvement in the dwellings and internal economy of Scottish farm-houses and villages may be dated from the publication of the 'Cottagers of Glenburnie.' Elizabeth Hamilton was born in Belfast in the year 1758. Her father was a merchant, of a Scottish family, and died early, leaving a widow and three children. The latter were educated and brought up by relatives in better circumstances, Elizabeth, the youngest, being sent to Mr Marshall, a farmer in Stirlingshire, married to her father's sister. Her brother obtained a cadetship in the East India Company's service, and an elder sister was retained in Ireland. A feeling of strong affection seems to have existed among these scattered members of the unfortunate family. Elizabeth found in Mr and Mrs Marshall all that could have been desired. She was adopted and educated with a care and tenderness that has seldom been equalled. 'No child,' she says, 'ever spent so happy a life, nor have I ever met with anything at all resembling our way of living, except the description given by Rousseau of Wolmar's farm and vintage.' A taste for literature soon appeared in Elizabeth Hamilton. Wallace was the first hero of her studies; but meeting with Ogilvie's translation of the Iliad, she idolized Achilles, and dreamed of Hector. She had opportunities of visiting Edinburgh and Glasgow, after which she carried on a learned correspondence with Dr Moyse, a philosophical lecturer. She wrote also many copies of verses—that ordinary outlet for the warm feelings and romantic sensibilities of youth. Her first appearance in print was accidental. Having accompanied a pleasure party to the Highlands, she kept a journal for the gratification of her aunt, and the good woman showing it to one of her neighbours, it was sent to a provincial magazine. Her retirement in Stirlingshire was, in 1773, gladdened by a visit from her brother, then about to sail for India. Mr Hamilton seems to have been an excellent and able young man, and his subsequent letters and conversations on Indian affairs stored the mind of his sister with the materials for her Hindoo Rajah, a work equally remarkable for good sense and sprightliness. In 1778 Miss Hamilton lost her aunt, whose death was a heavy blow to the happy family. For the ensuing six years she devoted herself to the cares and duties of the household, her only literary employments being her correspondence with her brother, and the composition of two short papers which she sent to the Lounger. Mr Hamilton returned from India in 1786, in order that he might better fulfil an important duty intrusted to him, the translation of the Mussulman Code of Laws. It would not be easy to paint the joy and affection with which he was received by his sister. They spent the winter together in Stirlingshire, and in 1789, when her kind friend and protector, Mr Marshall, died, she quitted Scotland, and rejoined her brother in London. Mr Hamilton was cut off by a premature death in 1792. Shortly after this period commenced the literary life of Elizabeth Hamilton, and her first work was that to which we have alluded, connected with the memory of her lamented brother, *The Letters of a Hindoo Rajah*, in two volumes, published in 1796. The success of the work stimulated her exertions. In 1800 she published *The Modern Philosophers*, in three volumes; and between that period and 1806 she gave to the world *Letters on Education*, *Memoirs of Agrippina*, and *Letters to the Daughters of a Nobleman*. In 1808 appeared her most popular, original, and useful work, 'The Cottagers of Glenburnie;' and she subsequently published *Popular Essays on the Human Mind*, and *Hints to the Directors of Public Schools*. For many years Mrs Hamilton had fixed her residence in Edinburgh. She was enfeebled by ill health, but her cheerfulness and activity of mind continued unabated, and her society was courted by the most intellectual and influential of her fellow-citizens. The benevolence and correct judgment which animated her writings pervaded her conduct. Having gone to Harrowgate for the benefit of her health, Mrs Hamilton died at that place on the 23d of July 1816, aged sixty-eight.

The 'Cottagers of Glenburnie' is in reality a tale of cottage life, and derives none of its interest from those strange and splendid vicissitudes, contrasts, and sentimental dangers which embellish the ideal world of so many fictitious narratives. The scene is laid in a poor scattered Scottish hamlet, and the heroine is a retired English governess, middle-aged and lame, with £30 a-year! This person, Mrs Mason, after being long in a noble family, is reduced from a state of ease and luxury into one of comparative indigence, and having learned that her cousin, her only surviving relative, was married to one of the small farmers in Glenburnie, she agreed to fix her residence in her house as a lodger. On her way she called at Gowan-brae, the house of the factor or land-steward on the estate, to whom she had previously been known, and we have a graphic account of the family of this gentleman, one of whose daughters figures conspicuously in the after-part of the tale. Mr Stewart, the factor, his youngest daughter, and boys, accompany Mrs Mason to Glenburnie.

[*Picture of Glenburnie, and View of a Scotch Cottage in the Last Century.*]

They had not proceeded many paces until they were struck with admiration at the uncommon wildness of the scene which now opened to their view. The rocks which seemed to guard the entrance of the glen were abrupt and savage, and approached so near each other, that one could suppose them to have been riven asunder to give a passage to the clear stream which flowed between them. As they advanced, the hills receded on either side, making room for meadows and corn-fields, through which the rapid burn pursued its way in many a fantastic maze.

If the reader is a traveller, he must know, and if he is a speculator in canals, he must regret, that rivers have in general a trick of running out of the straight

line. But however they may in this resemble the moral conduct of man, it is but doing justice to these favourite children of nature to observe, that, in all their wanderings, each stream follows the strict injunctions of its parent, and never for a moment loses its original character. That our burn had a character of its own, no one who saw its spirited career could possibly have denied. It did not, like the lazy and luxuriant streams which glide through the fertile valleys of the south, turn and wind in listless apathy, as if it had no other object than the gratification of ennui or caprice. Alert, and impetuous, and persevering, it even from its infancy dashed onward, proud and resolute; and no sooner met with a rebuff from the rocks on one side of the glen, than it flew indignant to the other, frequently awaking the sleeping echoes by the noise of its wild career. Its complexion was untinged by the fat of the soil; for in truth the soil had no fat to throw away. But little as it owed to nature, and still less as it was indebted to cultivation, it had clothed itself in many shades of verdure. The hazel, the birch, and the mountain-ash, were not only scattered in profusion through the bottom, but in many places clomb to the very tops of the hills. The meadows and corn-fields, indeed, seemed very evidently to have been encroachments made by stealth on the sylvan region; for none had their outlines marked with the mathematical precision in which the modern improver so much delights. Not a straight line was to be seen in Glenburnie. The very ploughs moved in curves; and though much cannot be said of the richness of the crops, the ridges certainly waved with all the grace and pride of beauty.

The road, which winded along the foot of the hills, on the north side of the glen, owed as little to art as any country road in the kingdom. It was very narrow, and much encumbered by loose stones, brought down from the hills above by the winter torrents.

Mrs Mason and Mary were so enchanted by the change of scenery which was incessantly unfolding to their view, that they made no complaints of the slowness of their progress, nor did they much regret being obliged to stop a few minutes at a time, where they found so much to amuse and to delight them. But Mr Stewart had no patience at meeting with obstructions, which, with a little pains, could have been so easily obviated; and as he walked by the side of the car, expatiated upon the indolence of the people of the glen, who, though they had no other road to the market, could contentedly go on from year to year without making an effort to repair it. 'How little trouble would it cost,' said he, 'to throw the smaller of these loose stones into these holes and ruts, and to remove the larger ones to the side, where they would form a fence between the road and the hill! There are enough of idle boys in the glen to effect all this, by working at it for one hour a-week during the summer. But then their fathers must unite in setting them to work; and there is not one in the glen who would not sooner have his horses lamed, and his carts torn to pieces, than have his son employed in a work that would benefit his neighbours as much as himself.'

As he was speaking, they passed the door of one of these small farmers; and immediately turning a sharp corner, began to descend a steep, which appeared so unsafe that Mr Stewart made his boys alight, which they could do without inconvenience, and going to the head of the horse, took his guidance upon himself.

At the foot of this short precipice the road again made a sudden turn, and discovered to them a misfortune which threatened to put a stop to their proceeding any farther for the present evening. It was no other than the overturn of a cart of hay, occasioned by the breaking down of the bridge, along which it had been passing. Happily for the poor horse that drew this ill-fated load, the harness by which he was attached to it was of so frail a nature as to make little resistance; so that he and his rider escaped unhurt from the fall, notwithstanding its being one of considerable depth.

At first, indeed, neither boy nor horse was seen; but as Mr Stewart advanced to examine, whether by removing the hay, which partly covered the bridge and partly hung suspended on the bushes, the road might still be passable, he heard a child's voice in the hollow exclaiming, 'Come on, ye muckle brute! ye had as weel come on! I'll gar ye! I'll gar ye! That's a gude beast now; come awa! That's it! Ay, ye're a gude beast now!'

As the last words were uttered, a little fellow of about ten years of age was seen issuing from the hollow, and pulling after him, with all his might, a great long-backed clumsy animal of the horse species, though apparently of a very mulish temper.

'You have met with a sad accident,' said Mr Stewart; 'how did all this happen?' 'You may see how it happened plain eneugh,' returned the boy; 'the brig brak, and the cart couppet.' 'And did you and the horse coup likewise?' said Mr Stewart. 'O ay, we a' couppet thegither, for I was ridin' on his back.' 'And where is your father, and all the rest of the folk?' 'Whaur sud they be but in the hay-field? Dinna ye ken that we're takin' in our hay? John Tamson's and Jamie Forster's was in a week syne, but we're aye ahint the lave.'

All the party were greatly amused by the composure which the young peasant evinced under his misfortune, as well as by the shrewdness of his answers; and having learned from him that the hay-field was at no great distance, gave him some halfpence to hasten his speed, and promised to take care of his horse till he should return with assistance.

He soon appeared, followed by his father and two other men, who came on stepping at their usual pace. 'Why, farmer,' said Mr Stewart, 'you have trusted rather too long to this rotten plank, I think' (pointing to where it had given way); 'if you remember the last time I passed this road, which was several months since, I then told you that the bridge was in danger, and showed you how easily it might be repaired?'

'It is a' true,' said the farmer, moving his bonnet; 'but I thought it would do weel eneugh. I spoke to Jamie Forster and John Tamson about it; but they said they wad na fash themselves to mend a brig that was to serve a' the folk in the glen.'

'But you must now mend it for your own sake,' said Mr Stewart, 'even though a' the folk in the glen should be the better for it.'

'Ay, sir,' said one of the men, 'that's spoken like yoursel'! would everybody follow your example, there would be nothing in the world but peace and good neighbourhood. Only tell us what we are to do, and I'll work at your bidding till it be *pit-mirk*.'

'Well,' said Mr Stewart, 'bring down the planks that I saw lying in the barn-yard, and which, though you have been obliged to step over them every day since the stack they propped was taken in, have never been lifted. You know what I mean?'

'O yes, sir,' said the farmer, grinning, 'we ken what ye mean weel eneugh: and indeed I may ken, for I have fallen thrice owre them since they lay there, and often said they sud be set by, but we cou'dna be fashed.'

While the farmer, with one of the men, went up, taking the horse with them, for the planks in question, all that remained set to work, under Mr Stewart's direction, to remove the hay, and clear away the rubbish; Mrs Mason and Mary being the only idle spectators of the scene. In little more than half an hour the planks were laid, and covered with sod cut from the bank, and the bridge now only wanted a little

gravel to make it as good as new. This addition, however, was not essential towards rendering it passable for the car, which was conveyed over it in safety; but Mr Stewart, foreseeing the consequences of its remaining in this unfinished state, urged the farmer to complete the job on the present evening, and at the same time promised to reimburse him for the expense. The only answer he could obtain was, 'Ay, ay, we'll do't in time; but I'se warrant it'll do weel eneugh.'

Our party then drove off, and at every turning of the road expressed fresh admiration at the increasing beauty of the scene. Towards the top of the glen the hills seemed to meet, the rocks became more frequent and more prominent, sometimes standing naked and exposed, and sometimes peeping over the tops of the rowan-tree and weeping birch, which grew in great abundance on all the steepy banks. At length the village appeared in view. It consisted of about twenty or thirty thatched cottages, which, but for their chimneys, and the smoke that issued from them, might have passed for so many stables or hogsties, so little had they to distinguish them as the abodes of man. That one horse, at least, was the inhabitant of every dwelling, there was no room to doubt, as every door could not only boast its dunghill, but had a small cart stuck up on end directly before it; which cart, though often broken, and always dirty, seemed ostentatiously displayed as a proof of wealth.

In the middle of the village stood the kirk, a humble edifice, which meekly raised its head but a few degrees above the neighbouring houses. It was, however, graced by an ornament of peculiar beauty. Two fine old ash-trees, which grew at the east end, spread their protecting arms over its lowly roof, and served all the uses of a steeple and a belfry; for on one of the loftiest of these branches was the bell suspended which, on each returning Sabbath,

'Rang the blest summons to the house of God.'

On the other side of the churchyard stood the manse, distinguished from the other houses in the village by a sash window on each side of the door, and garret windows above; which showed that two floors were, or might be, inhabited; for in truth the house had such a sombre air that Mrs Mason, in passing, concluded it to be deserted.

As the houses stood separate from each other at the distance of many yards, she had time to contemplate the scene, and was particularly struck with the number of children which, as the car advanced, poured forth from every little cot to look at the strangers and their uncommon vehicle. On asking for John Macclarty's, three or four of them started forward to offer themselves as guides; and running before the car, turned down a lane towards the river, on a road so deep with ruts, that, though they had not twenty yards to go, it was attended with some danger. Mrs Mason, who was shaken to pieces by the jolting, was very glad to alight; but her limbs were in such a tremor, that Mr Stewart's arm was scarcely sufficient to support her to the door.

It must be confessed that the aspect of the dwelling where she was to fix her residence was by no means inviting. The walls were substantial, built, like the houses in the village, of stone and lime; but they were blackened by the mud which the cart-wheels had spattered from the ruts in winter: and on one side of the door completely covered from view by the contents of a great dunghill. On the other, and directly under the window, was a squashy pool, formed by the dirty water thrown from the house, and in it about twenty young ducks were at this time dabbling.

At the threshold of the door, room had been left for a paving-stone, but it had never been laid; and consequently the place became hollow, to the great advantage of the younger ducklings, who always found in it a plentiful supply of water, in which they could swim without danger. Happily Mr Stewart was provided with boots, so that he could take a firm step in it, while he lifted Mrs Mason, and set her down in safety within the threshold. But there an unforeseen danger awaited her, for there the great whey pot had stood since morning, when the cheese had been made, and was at the present moment filled with chickens, which were busily picking at the bits of curd which had hardened on the sides, and cruelly mocked their wishes. Over this Mr Stewart and Mrs Mason unfortunately tumbled. The pot was overturned, and the chickens, cackling with hideous din, flew about in all directions, some over their heads, and others making their way by the hallan (or inner door) into the house.

The accident was attended with no further bad consequences than a little hurt upon the shins: and all our party were now assembled in the kitchen; but, though they found the doors of the house open, they saw no appearance of any inhabitants. At length Mrs Macclarty came in, all out of breath, followed by her daughters, two big girls of eleven and thirteen years of age. She welcomed Mrs Mason and her friends with great kindness, and made many apologies for being in no better order to receive them; but said that both her gudeman and herself thought that her cousin would have stayed at Gowan-brae till after the fair, as they were too far off at Glenburnie to think of going to it; though it would, to be sure, be only natural for Mrs Mason to like to see all the grand sights that were to be seen there; for, to be sure, she would gang mony places before she saw the like. Mrs Mason smiled, and assured her she would have more pleasure in looking at the fine view from her door than in all the sights at the fair.

'Ay, it's a bonny piece of corn, to be sure,' returned Mrs Macclarty with great simplicity; 'but then, what with the trees, and rocks, and wimplings o' the burn, we have nae room to make parks o' ony size.'

'But were your trees, and rocks, and wimplings of the burn all removed,' said Mr Stewart, 'then your prospect would be worth the looking at, Mrs Macclarty; would it not?'

Though Mr Stewart's irony was lost upon the good woman, it produced a laugh among the young folks, which she, however, did not resent, but immediately fell to busying herself in sweeping the hearth, and adding turf to the fire, in order to make the kettle boil for tea.

'I think,' said Miss Mary, 'you might make your daughters save you that trouble,' looking at the two girls, who stood all this time leaning against the wall.

'O, poor things,' said their mother, 'they have not been used to it; they have enough of time for wark yet.'

'Depend upon it,' said Mrs Mason, 'young people can never begin too soon; your eldest daughter there will soon be as tall as yourself.'

'Indeed she's of a stately growth,' said Mrs Macclarty, pleased with the observation; 'and Jenny there is little ahint her; but what are they but bairns yet for a' that! In time, I warrant, they'll do weel eneugh. Meg can milk a cow as weel as I can do, when she likes.'

'And does she not always like to do all she can?' said Mrs Mason.

'O, we maunna complain,' returned the mother; 'she does well eneugh.'

The gawky girl now began to rub the wall up and down with her dirty fingers; but happily the wall was of too dusky a hue to be easily stained. And here let us remark the advantage which our cottages in general possess over those of our southern neighbours; theirs being so whitened up, that no one can have the comfort of laying a dirty hand upon them without leaving the impression; an inconvenience which reduces people to the necessity of learning to

stand upon their legs, without the assistance of their hands; whereas, in our country, custom has rendered the hands in standing at a door, or in going up or down a stair, no less necessary than the feet, as may be plainly seen in the finger-marks which meet one's eye in all directions.

Some learned authors have indeed adduced this propensity in support of the theory which teaches that mankind originally walked upon all fours, and that standing erect is an outrage on the laws of nature; while others, willing to trace it to a more honourable source, contend that, as the propensity evidently prevails chiefly among those who are conscious of being able to transmit the colour of their hands to the objects on which they place them, it is decidedly an impulse of genius, and, in all probability, derived from our Pictish ancestors, whose passion for painting is well known to have been great and universal.

The interior arrangements and accommodation of this unpromising cottage are neglected and uncomfortable. The farmer is a good easy man, but his wife is obstinate and prejudiced, and the children self-willed and rebellious. Mrs Mason finds the family quite incorrigible, but she effects a wonderful change among their neighbours. She gets a school established on her own plan, and boys and girls exert themselves to effect a reformation in the cottages of their parents. The most sturdy sticklers for the *gude auld gaits* are at length convinced of the superiority of the new system, and the village undergoes a complete transformation. In the management of these humble scenes, and the gradual display of character among the people, Mrs Hamilton evinces her knowledge of human nature, and her fine tact and discrimination as a novelist.

HANNAH MORE.

MRS HANNAH MORE adopted fiction merely as a means of conveying religious instruction. She can scarcely be said to have been ever 'free of the corporation' of novelists; nor would she perhaps have cared much to owe her distinction solely to her connexion with so motley and various a band. Hannah withdrew from the fascinations of London society, the theatres and opera, in obedience to what she considered the call of duty, and we suspect Tom Jones and Peregrine Pickle would have been as unworthy in her eyes. This excellent woman was one of five daughters, children of Jacob More, who taught a school in the village of Stapleton, in Gloucestershire, where Hannah was born in the year 1745. The family afterwards removed to Bristol, and there Hannah attracted the attention and patronage of Sir James Stonehouse, who had been many years a physician of eminence, but afterwards took orders and settled at Bristol. In her seventeenth year she published a pastoral drama, *The Search after Happiness*, which in a short time went through three editions. Next year she brought out a tragedy, *The Inflexible Captive*. In 1773 or 1774 she made her entrance into the society of London, and was domesticated with Garrick, who proved one of her kindest and steadiest friends. She was received with favour by Johnson, Reynolds, Burke, &c. Her sister has thus described her first interview with the great English moralist of the eighteenth century:



'We have paid another visit to Miss Reynolds; she had sent to engage Dr Percy (Percy's Collection, now you know him), quite a sprightly modern, instead of a rusty antique, as I expected: he was no sooner gone than the most amiable and obliging of women, Miss Reynolds, ordered the coach to take us to Dr Johnson's very own house: yes, Abyssinian Johnson! Dictionary Johnson! Ramblers, Idlers, and Irene Johnson! Can you picture to yourselves the palpitation of our hearts as we approached his mansion? The conversation turned upon a new work of his just going to the press (the Tour to the Hebrides), and his old friend Richardson. Mrs Williams, the blind poet, who lives with him, was introduced to us. She is engaging in her manners, her conversation lively and entertaining. Miss Reynolds told the doctor of all our rapturous exclamations on the road. He shook his scientific head at Hannah, and said "she was a silly thing!" When our visit was ended, he called for his hat, as it rained, to attend us down a very long entry to our coach, and not Rasselas could have acquitted himself more en cavalier. We are engaged with him at Sir Joshua's on Wednesday evening—what do you think of us? I forgot to mention, that not finding Johnson in his little parlour when we came in, Hannah seated herself in his great chair, hoping to catch a little ray of his genius: when he heard it, he laughed heartily, and told her it was a chair on which he never sat. He said it reminded him of Boswell and himself when they stopt a night, as they imagined, where the weird sisters appeared to Macbeth. The idea so worked on their enthusiasm, that it quite deprived them of rest. However, they learned the next morning, to their mortification, that they had been deceived, and were quite in another part of the country.'

In a subsequent letter (1776), after the publication of Hannah's poem, 'Sir Eldred of the Bower,' the same lively writer says—'If a wedding should take place before our return, don't be surprised—between the mother of Sir Eldred and the father of my much-loved Irene; nay, Mrs Montagu says if tender words are the precursors of connubial engagements, we may expect great things, for it is nothing but "child," "little fool," "love," and "dearest." After much critical discourse, he turns round to me, and with one of his most amiable looks, which must be seen to form the least idea of it, he says, "I have heard that you are engaged in the useful and honourable employment of teaching young ladies." Upon which, with all the same ease, familiarity, and confi-

dence we should have done had only our own dear Dr Stonehouse been present, we entered upon the history of our birth, parentage, and education; showing how we were born with more desires than guineas, and how, as years increased our appetites, the cupboard at home began to grow too small to gratify them; and how, with a bottle of water, a bed, and a blanket, we set out to seek our fortunes; and how we found a great house with nothing in it; and how it was like to remain so, till, looking into our knowledge-boxes, we happened to find a little *larning*, a good thing when land is gone, or rather none; and so at last, by giving a little of this little *larning* to those who had less, we got a good store of gold in return; but how, alas! we wanted the wit to keep it. "I love you both," cried the inamorato—"I love you all five. I never was at Bristol—I will come on purpose to see you. What! five women live happily together! I will come and see you—I have spent a happy evening—I am glad I came—God for ever bless you! you live lives to shame duchesses." He took his leave with so much warmth and tenderness, we were quite affected at his manner. If Hannah's head stands proof against all the adulation and kindness of the great folks here, why, then, I will venture to say nothing of this kind will hurt her hereafter. A literary anecdote: Mrs Medalle (Sterne's daughter) sent to all the correspondents of her deceased father, begging the letters which he had written to them; among other wits, she sent to Wilkes with the same request. He sent for answer, that as there happened to be nothing extraordinary in those he had received, he had burnt or lost them. On which the faithful editor of her father's works sent back to say, that if Mr Wilkes would be so good as to write a few letters in imitation of her father's style, it would do just as well, and she would insert them.'

In 1777 Garrick brought out Miss More's tragedy of *Percy* at Drury Lane, where it was acted seventeen nights successively. Her theatrical profits amounted to £600, and for the copyright of the play she got £150 more. Two legendary poems, *Sir Eldred of the Bower*, and *The Bleeding Rock*, formed her next publication. In 1779 the third and last tragedy of Hannah More was produced; it was entitled *The Fatal Falsehood*, but was acted only three nights. At this time she had the misfortune to lose her friend Mr Garrick by death, an event of which she has given some interesting particulars in her letters.

'From Dr Cadogan's I intended to have gone to the Adelphi, but found that Mrs Garrick was at that moment quitting her house, while preparations were making for the last sad ceremony: she very wisely fixed on a private friend's house for this purpose, where she could be at her ease. I got there just before her; she was prepared for meeting me; she ran into my arms, and we both remained silent for some minutes; at last she whispered, "I have this moment embraced his coffin, and you come next." She soon recovered herself, and said with great composure, "The goodness of God to me is inexpressible; I desired to die, but it is his will that I should live, and he has convinced me he will not let my life be quite miserable, for he gives astonishing strength to my body, and grace to my heart; neither do I deserve, but I am thankful for both." She thanked me a thousand times for such a real act of friendship, and bade me be comforted, for it was God's will. She told me they had just returned from Althorp, Lord Spencer's, where he had been reluctantly dragged, for he had felt unwell for some time; but during his visit he was often in such fine spirits, that they could not believe he was ill. On his return home, he appointed Cadogan to meet him, who ordered him an emetic, the warm bath, and the usual remedies, but with very little effect. On the Sunday he was in good spirits and free from pain; but as the suppression still continued, Dr Cadogan became extremely alarmed, and sent for Pott, Heberden, and Schomberg, who gave him up the moment they saw him. Poor Garrick stared to see his room full of doctors, not being conscious of his real state. No change happened till the Tuesday evening, when the surgeon who was sent for to blister and bleed him made light of his illness, assuring Mrs Garrick that he would be well in a day or two, and insisted on her going to lie down. Towards morning she desired to be called if there was the least change. Every time that she administered the draughts to him in the night, he always squeezed her hand in a particular manner, and spoke to her with the greatest tenderness and affection. Immediately after he had taken his last medicine, he softly said, "Oh dear!" and yielded up his spirit with a groan, and in his perfect senses. His behaviour during the night was all gentleness and patience, and he frequently made apologies to those about him for the trouble he gave them. On opening him, a stone was found that measured five inches and a-half round one way, and four and a-half the other; yet this was not the immediate cause of his death; his kidneys were quite gone. I paid a melancholy visit to the coffin yesterday, where I found room for meditation till the mind "burst with thinking." His new house is not so pleasant as Hampton, nor so splendid as the Adelphi, but it is commodious enough for all the wants of its inhabitant; and besides, it is so quiet that he never will be disturbed till the eternal morning, and never till then will a sweeter voice than his own be heard. May he then find mercy! They are preparing to hang the house with black, for he is to lie in state till Monday. I dislike this pageantry, and cannot help thinking that the disembodied spirit must look with contempt upon the farce that is played over its miserable relics. But a splendid funeral could not be avoided, as he is to be laid in the abbey with such illustrious dust, and so many are desirous of testifying their respect by attending. I can never cease to remember with affection and gratitude so warm, steady, and disinterested a friend; and I can most truly bear this testimony to his memory, that I never witnessed in any family more decorum, propriety, and regularity, than in his; where I never saw a card, nor even met (except in one instance) a person of his own profession at his table, of which Mrs Garrick, by her elegance of taste, her correctness of manner, and very original turn of humour, was the brightest ornament. All his pursuits and tastes were so decidedly intellectual, that it made the society, and the conversation which was always to be found in his circle, interesting and delightful.'

In 1782 Miss More presented to the world a volume of *Sacred Dramas*, with a poem annexed, entitled *Sensibility*. All her works were successful, and Johnson said he thought her the best of the female versifiers. The poetry of Hannah More is now forgotten, but 'Percy' is a good play, and it is clear that the authoress might have excelled as a dramatic writer, had she devoted herself to that difficult species of composition. In 1786 she published another volume of verse, *Florio, a Tale for Fine Gentlemen and Fine Ladies*; and *The Bas Bleu, or Conversation*. The latter (which Johnson complimented as 'a great performance') was an elaborate eulogy on the Bas Bleu Club, a literary assembly that met at Mrs Montagu's.* The following couplets

* These meetings were called the Blue Stocking Club, in consequence of one of the most admired of the members, Mr Benjamin Stillingfleet, always wearing blue stockings. The appellation soon became general as a name for pedantic or ridiculous literary ladies. Hannah More's poem proceeds on the

have been quoted and remembered as terse and pointed —

> 'In men this blunder still you find,
> All think their little set mankind'
>
> 'Small habits well pursued betimes,
> May reach the dignity of crimes'

Such lines mark the good sense and keen observation of the writer, and these qualities Hannah now resolved to devote exclusively to high objects The gay life of the fashionable world had lost its charms, and, having published her 'Bas Bleu,' she retired to a small cottage and garden near Bristol, where her sisters kept a flourishing boarding school Her first prose publication was *Thoughts on the Importance of the Manners of the Great to General Society*, produced in 1788 This was followed in 1791 by an *Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World* As a means of counteracting the political tracts and exertions of the Jacobins and levellers, Hannah More, in 1794, wrote a number of tales, published monthly under the title of *The Cheap Repository*, which attained to a sale of about a million each number Some of the little stories (as the 'Shepherd of Salisbury Plain') are well told, and contain striking moral and religious lessons With the same object, our authoress published a volume called *Village Politics* Her other principal works are—*Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education*, 1799, *Hints towards Forming the Character of a Young Princess*, 1805, *Cœlebs in Search of a Wife, comprehending Observations on Domestic Habits and Manners, Religion and Morals*, two volumes, 1809 *Practical Piety, or the Influence of the Religion of the Heart on the Conduct of Life*, two volumes, 1811, *Christian Morals*, two volumes, 1812, *Essay on the Character and Writings of St Paul*, two volumes, 1815, and *Moral Sketches of Prevailing Opinions and Manners, Foreign and Domestic, with Reflections on Prayer*, 1819 The collection of her works is comprised in eleven volumes octavo The work entitled 'Hints towards Forming the Character of a Young Princess,' was written with a view to the education of the Princess Charlotte, on which subject the advice and assistance of Hannah More had been requested by Queen Charlotte Of 'Cœlebs,' we are told that ten editions were sold in one year—a remarkable proof of the popularity of the work The tale is admirably written, with a fine vein of delicate irony and sarcasm, and some of the characters are well depicted, but, from the nature of the story, it presents few incidents or embellishments to attract ordinary novel readers It has not inaptly been styled 'a dramatic sermon' Of the other publications of the authoress, we may say, with one of her critics, 'it would be idle in us to dwell on works so well known as the "Thoughts on the Manners of the Great," the "Essay on the Religion of the Fashionable World," and so on, which finally established Miss More's name as a great moral writer, possessing a masterly command over the resources of our language, and devoting a keen wit and a lively fancy to the best and noblest of purposes' In her latter days there was perhaps a tincture of unnecessary gloom or severity in her religious views, yet, when we recollect her unfeigned sincerity and practical benevolence—her exertions to instruct the poor miners and cottagers—and the untiring zeal with which she laboured, even amidst severe bodily infirmities, to inculcate sound principles and intellectual cultivation, from the palace to the cottage, it is impossible not to rank her among the best benefactors of mankind.

mistake of a foreigner, who, hearing of the Blue Stocking Club, translated it literally 'Bas Bleu' Byron wrote a light satirical sketch of the *Blues* of his day—the frequenters of the London saloons—but it is unworthy of his genius.

The great success of the different works of our authoress enabled her to live in ease, and to dispense charities around her Her sisters also secured a competency, and they all lived together at Barley Grove, a property of some extent which they purchased and improved 'From the day that the school was given up, the existence of the whole sisterhood appears to have flowed on in one uniform current of peace and contentment, diversified only by new appearances of Hannah as an authoress, and the ups and downs which she and the others met with in the prosecution of a most brave and humane experiment—namely, their zealous effort to extend the blessings of education and religion among the inhabitants of certain villages situated in a wild country some eight or ten miles from their abode, who, from a concurrence of unhappy local and temporary circumstances, had been left in a state of ignorance hardly conceivable at the present day.'* These exertions were ultimately so successful, that the sisterhood had the gratification of witnessing a yearly festival celebrated on the hills of Cheddar, where above a thousand children, with the members of female clubs of industry (also established by them), after attending church service, were regaled at the expense of their benefactors Hannah More died on the 7th of September 1833, aged eighty-eight She had made about £30,000 by her writings, and she left, by her will, legacies to charitable and religious institutions amounting to £10,000

In 1834, *Memoirs of the Life and Correspondence of Mrs Hannah More*, by William Roberts, Esq, were published in four volumes In these we have a full account by Hannah herself of her London life, and many interesting anecdotes.

LADY MORGAN.

Lady Morgan (Sidney Owenson) has, during the last thirty or forty years, written in various departments of literature—in poetry, the drama, novels, biography, ethics, politics, and books of travels Whether she has written any one book that will become a standard portion of our literature, is doubtful, but we are indebted to her pen for a number of clever lively national sketches and anecdotes. She has fought her way to distinction, self-educated, in the midst of raillery, sarcasm, and vituperation, provoked on the one hand by her careless and bold avowal of liberal opinions on questions of politics and the 'minor morals' of life, and on the other by her ill-concealed worship of the fashions and follies of the great, which has led her democratic friends to pronounce the pretty severe opinion, that 'there is not a pernicious vanity or affectation belonging to tuft-hunting or *modishness*, which she does not labour to confirm and strengthen by precept, sentiment, and her own goodly example'† If Lady Morgan has not always taste, she has talent; if she has not always delicacy, she speaks boldly and freely; if she has got into the society of the great (the reputation of her writings, like those of Swift, doing the office of a blue ribbon or of a coach-and-six), she has told us all she knows about them. She has been as liberal of satire and sarcasm as of adulation. She has a masculine disregard of common opinion or censure, and a temperament, as she herself states, 'as cheery and genial as ever went to that strange medley of pathos and humour—the Irish character.' Mr Owenson, the father of our authoress, was a

* Quarterly Review, [illegible]

† Westminster Review, [illegible]

respectable actor, a favourite in the society of Dublin, and author of some popular Irish songs. His daughter inherited his predilection for national music and song. Very early in life she published a small volume of poetical effusions, and afterwards *The Lay of the Irish Harp*, and a selection of twelve Irish melodies, with music. One of these is the popular song of *Kate Kearney*, and we question whether this lyric will not outlive all Lady Morgan's other lucubrations. While still in her teens, Miss Owenson became a novelist. She published successively *St Clair*, *The Novice of St Dominick*, and *The Wild Irish Girl*. These works evinced a fervid imagination, though little acquaintance with either art or nature. The 'Wild Irish Girl' was exceedingly popular, and went through seven editions in two years.

Miss Owenson continued her labours as a novelist. *Patriotic Sketches*, *Ida*, and *The Missionary*, were her next works. *O'Donnel* soon followed, and was succeeded by *Florence Macarthy, an Irish Tale* (1818), and *The O'Briens and the O'Flahertys* (1827). In these works our authoress departed from the beaten track of sentimental novels, and ventured, like Miss Edgeworth, to portray national manners. We have the high authority of Sir Walter Scott for the opinion, that 'O'Donnel,' though deficient as a story, has 'some striking and beautiful passages of situation and description, and in the comic part is very rich and entertaining.' Lady Morgan's sketches of Irish manners are not always pleasing. Her high-toned society is disfigured with grossness and profligacy, and her subordinate characters are often caricatured. The vivacity and variety of these delineations constitute one of their attractions: if not always true, they are lively; for it was justly said, that 'whether it is a review of volunteers in the Phœnix Park, or a party at the Castle, or a masquerade, a meeting of United Irishmen, a riot in Dublin, or a jug-day at Bog-Moy—in every change of scene and situation our authoress wields the pen of a ready writer.' One complaint against these Irish sketches was their personality, the authoress indicating that some of her portraits at the vice-regal court, and those moving in the 'best society' of Dublin, were intended for well-known characters. Their conversation is often a sad jargon of prurient allusion, comments on dress, and quotations in French and Italian, with which almost every page is patched and disfigured. The unfashionable characters and descriptions—even the rapparees, and the lowest of the old Irish natives, are infinitely more entertaining than these offshoots of the aristocracy, as painted by Lady Morgan. Her strength evidently lies in describing the broad characteristics of her nation, their boundless mirth, their customs, their love of frolic, and their wild grief at scenes of death and calamity. The other works of our authoress are *France* and *Italy*, containing dissertations on the state of society, manners, literature, government, &c. of those nations: these are written in a bold sketchy style, and with many gross faults, they are spirited, acute, and entertaining. Lord Byron has borne testimony to the fidelity and excellence of 'Italy;' and if the authoress had been 'less ambitious of being always fine and striking,' and less solicitous to display her reading and high company, she might have been one of the most agreeable of tourists and observers. Besides these works, Lady Morgan has given to the world *The Princess* (a tale founded on the revolution in Belgium); *Dramatic Scenes from Real Life* (very poor in matter, and affected in style); *The Life and Times of Salvator Rosa*, two volumes; *The Book of the Boudoir* (autobiographical sketches and reminiscences); *Woman and her Master* (a philosophical history of woman down to the fall of the Roman empire); and various other shorter publications. In 1841 Lady Morgan published, in conjunction with her husband, Sir T. C. Morgan, M.D. (author of Sketches of the Philosophy of Life and Morals, &c.), two volumes, collected from the portfolios of the writers, and stray sketches which had previously appeared in periodicals, entitling the collection *The Book Without a Name*. In reviewing the literary progress of Lady Morgan, one of her friendly admirers (Mr Henry F. Chorley) has the following observations:—

'The strong national enthusiasm of childhood, at once somewhat indiscriminate in its warmth and limited in its scope, will be seen to have ended in fearless and decided political partisanship, in the espousing of ultra-liberal doctrines, abroad as well as at home. But let us quote Lady Morgan's own words from the preface to the last edition of O'Donnel. "After all, however," says she, "if I became that reviled but now very fashionable personage, a female politician, it was much in the same way as the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* spoke prose without knowing it, a circumstance perhaps not uncommon with Irish writers. * * For myself at least, born and dwelling in Ireland amidst my countrymen and their sufferings, I saw and I described, I felt and I pleaded: and if a political bias was ultimately taken, it originated in the natural condition of things, and not in 'malice aforethought' of the writer." In each successive novel, too, the characters will be found more and more boldly contrasted, the scenes prepared and arranged with finer artifice. If we cannot but note the strong family likeness which exists between all their plots, through every one of which a brilliant and devoted woman flits in masquerade, now to win a lover, now to save a friend, now to make a proselyte, we must also insist upon the living nature of many of their *dramatis personæ*, especially the broadly comic ones, instancing the Crawleys ("Florence Macarthy"), and Lieutenant O'Mealy ("The O'Briens"), and Lawrence Fegan and Sir Ignatius Dogherty ("The Princess"), and upon the thousand indications scattered here and there with apparent artlessness, but real design, which prove that though their writer loves to float upon the surface of life and society, she can at will dive into their depths, and bring up truths new and valuable.'

MRS SHELLEY.

In the summer of 1816, Lord Byron and Mr and Mrs Shelley were residing on the banks of the Lake of Geneva. They were in habits of daily intercourse, and when the weather did not allow of their boating excursions on the lake, the Shelleys often passed their evenings with Byron at his house at Diodati. 'During a week of rain at this time,' says Mr Moore, 'having amused themselves with reading German ghost-stories, they agreed at last to write something in imitation of them. "You and I," said Lord Byron to Mrs Shelley, "will publish ours together." He then began his tale of the Vampire; and having the whole arranged in his head, repeated to them a sketch of the story one evening, but from the narrative being in prose, made but little progress in filling up his outline. The most memorable result, indeed, of their story-telling compact, was Mrs Shelley's wild and powerful romance of *Frankenstein*—one of those original conceptions that take hold of the public mind at once and for ever.' 'Frankenstein' was published in 1817, and was instantly recognised as worthy of Godwin's daughter and Shelley's wife, and as, in fact,

possessing some of the genius and peculiarities of both. It is formed on the model of St Leon, but the supernatural power of that romantic visionary produces nothing so striking or awful as the grand conception of 'Frankenstein'—the discovery that he can, by his study of natural philosophy, create a living and sentient being. The hero, like Caleb Williams, tells his own story, and the curiosity it excites is equally concentrated and intense. A native of Geneva, Frankenstein, is sent to the university of Ingolstadt to pursue his studies. He had previously dabbled in the occult sciences, and the university afforded vastly extended facilities for prosecuting his abstruse researches. He pores over books on physiology, makes chemical experiments, visits even the receptacles of the dead and the dissecting room of the anatomist, and after days and nights of incredible labour and fatigue he succeeds in discovering the cause of generation and life; nay more, he became capable of bestowing animation upon lifeless matter! Full of his extraordinary discovery, he proceeds to create a man, and at length, after innumerable trials and revolting experiments, to seize and infuse the principle of life into his image of clay, he constructs and animates a gigantic figure, eight feet in height. His feelings on completing the creation of this monster are powerfully described:—

'It was on a dreary night of November that I beheld the accomplishment of my toil. With an anxiety that almost amounted to agony, I collected the instruments of life around me, that I might infuse a spark of being into the lifeless thing that lay at my feet. It was already one in the morning; the rain pattered dismally against the panes, and my candle was nearly burnt out, when, by the glimmer of the half-extinguished light, I saw the dull yellow eye of the creature open; it breathed hard, and a convulsive motion agitated its limbs.

How can I describe my emotions at this catastrophe, or how delineate the wretch whom with such infinite pains and care I had endeavoured to form? His limbs were in proportion, and I had selected his features as beautiful. Beautiful! Great God! His yellow skin scarcely covered the work of muscles and arteries beneath; his hair was of a lustrous black, and flowing; his teeth of a pearly whiteness; but these luxuriances only formed a more horrid contrast with his watery eyes, that seemed almost of the same colour as the dun white sockets in which they were set, his shrivelled complexion, and straight black lips.

The different accidents of life are not so changeable as the feelings of human nature. I had worked hard for nearly two years, for the sole purpose of infusing life into an inanimate body. For this I had deprived myself of rest and health. I had desired it with an ardour that far exceeded moderation; but now that I had finished, the beauty of the dream vanished, and breathless horror and disgust filled my heart. Unable to endure the aspect of the being I had created, I rushed out of the room, and continued a long time traversing my bed-chamber, unable to compose my mind to sleep. At length lassitude succeeded to the tumult I had before endured, and I threw myself on the bed in my clothes, endeavouring to seek a few moments of forgetfulness. But it was in vain; I slept indeed, but I was disturbed by the wildest dreams. I thought I saw Elizabeth, in the bloom of health, walking in the streets of Ingolstadt. Delighted and surprised, I embraced her, but as I imprinted the first kiss on her lips, they became livid with the hue of death; her features appeared to change, and I thought that I held the corpse of my dead mother in my arms; a shroud enveloped her form, and I saw the grave-worms crawling in the folds of the flannel. I started from my sleep with horror; a cold dew covered my forehead, my teeth chattered, and every limb became convulsed when, by the dim and yellow light of the moon, as it forced its way through the window shutters, I beheld the wretch—the miserable monster whom I had created. He held up the curtain of the bed, and his eyes, if eyes they may be called, were fixed on me. His jaws opened, and he muttered some inarticulate sounds, while a grin wrinkled his cheeks. He might have spoken, but I did not hear; one hand was stretched out, seemingly to detain me, but I escaped, and rushed down stairs. I took refuge in the court-yard belonging to the house which I inhabited, where I remained during the rest of the night, walking up and down in the greatest agitation, listening attentively, catching and fearing each sound as if it were to announce the approach of the demoniacal corpse to which I had so miserably given life.

Oh! no mortal could support the horror of that countenance. A mummy again endued with animation could not be so hideous as that wretch. I had gazed on him while unfinished; he was ugly then, but when those muscles and joints were rendered capable of motion, it became a thing such as even Dante could not have conceived.

I passed the night wretchedly. Sometimes my pulse beat so quickly and hardly that I felt the palpitation of every artery; at others I nearly sank to the ground through languor and extreme weakness. Mingled with this horror, I felt the bitterness of disappointment; dreams that had been my food and pleasant rest for so long a space, were now become a hell to me; and the change was so rapid, the overthrow so complete!

Morning, dismal and wet, at length dawned, and discovered to my sleepless and aching eyes the church of Ingolstadt, its white steeple and clock, which indicated the sixth hour. The porter opened the gates of the court which had that night been my asylum, and I issued into the streets, pacing them with quick steps, as if I sought to avoid the wretch whom I feared every turning of the street would present to my view. I did not dare return to the apartment which I inhabited, but felt impelled to hurry on, although wetted by the rain which poured from a black and comfortless sky.

I continued walking in this manner for some time, endeavouring, by bodily exercise, to ease the load that weighed upon my mind. I traversed the streets without any clear conception of where I was, or what I was doing. My heart palpitated in the sickness of fear, and I hurried on with irregular steps, not daring to look about me—

Like one who on a lonely road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round, walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.*

Continuing thus, I came at length opposite to the inn at which the various diligences and carriages usually stopped. Here I paused, I knew not why; but I remained some minutes with my eyes fixed on a coach that was coming towards me from the other end of the street. As it drew nearer, I observed that it was the Swiss diligence; it stopped just where I was standing, and on the door being opened, I perceived Henry Clerval, who, on seeing me, instantly sprung out. "My dear Frankenstein," exclaimed he, "how glad I am to see you! how fortunate that you should be here at the very moment of my alighting!"

Nothing could equal my delight on seeing Clerval; his presence brought back to my thoughts my father, Elizabeth, and all those scenes of home so dear to my

* Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner.'

recollection. I grasped his hand, and in a moment forgot my horror and misfortune; I felt suddenly, and for the first time during many months, calm and serene joy. I welcomed my friend, therefore, in the most cordial manner, and we walked towards my college. Clerval continued talking for some time about our mutual friends, and his own good fortune in being permitted to come to Ingolstadt. "You may easily believe," said he, "how great was the difficulty to persuade my father that it was not absolutely necessary for a merchant not to understand anything except book-keeping; and, indeed, I believe I left him incredulous to the last, for his constant answer to my unwearied intreaties was the same as that of the Dutch schoolmaster in the Vicar of Wakefield—'I have ten thousand florins a-year without Greek; I eat heartily without Greek.' But his affection for me at length overcame his dislike of learning, and he has permitted me to undertake a voyage of discovery to the land of knowledge."

"It gives me the greatest delight to see you; but tell me how you left my father, brothers, and Elizabeth."

"Very well, and very happy, only a little uneasy that they hear from you so seldom. By the by, I mean to lecture you a little upon their account myself. But, my dear Frankenstein," continued he, stopping short, and gazing full in my face, "I did not before remark how very ill you appear; so thin and pale; you look as if you had been watching for several nights."

"You have guessed right; I have lately been so deeply engaged in one occupation, that I have not allowed myself sufficient rest, as you see; but I hope, I sincerely hope, that all these employments are now at an end, and that I am at length free."

I trembled excessively; I could not endure to think of, and far less to allude to, the occurrences of the preceding night. I walked with a quick pace, and we soon arrived at my college. I then reflected, and the thought made me shiver, that the creature whom I had left in my apartment might still be there, alive, and walking about. I dreaded to behold this monster; but I feared still more that Henry should see him. Intreating him, therefore, to remain a few minutes at the bottom of the stairs, I darted up towards my own room. My hand was already on the lock of the door before I recollected myself. I then paused, and a cold shivering came over me. I threw the door forcibly open, as children are accustomed to do when they expect a spectre to stand in waiting for them on the other side; but nothing appeared. I stepped fearfully in; the apartment was empty, and my bedroom was also freed from its hideous guest. I could hardly believe that so great a good fortune could have befallen me; but when I became assured that my enemy had indeed fled, I clapped my hands for joy, and ran down to Clerval.

We ascended into my room, and the servant presently brought breakfast; but I was unable to contain myself. It was not joy only that possessed me: I felt my flesh tingle with excess of sensitiveness, and my pulse beat rapidly. I was unable to remain for a single instant in the same place; I jumped over the chairs, clapped my hands, and laughed aloud. Clerval at first attributed my unusual spirits to joy on his arrival; but when he observed me more attentively, he saw a wildness in my eyes for which he could not account; and my loud unrestrained heartless laughter frightened and astonished him.

"My dear Victor," cried he, "what, for God's sake, is the matter? Do not laugh in that manner. How ill you are! What is the cause of all this?"

"Do not ask me," cried I, putting my hands before my eyes, for I thought I saw the dreaded spectre glide into the room; "*he* can tell. Oh, save me! save me!" I imagined that the monster seized me; I struggled furiously, and fell down in a fit.

Poor Clerval! what must have been his feelings? A meeting which he anticipated with such joy so strangely turned to bitterness. But I was not the witness of his grief; for I was lifeless, and did not recover my senses for a long, long time.'

The monster ultimately becomes a terror to his creator, and haunts him like a spell. For two years he disappears, but at the end of that time he is presented as the murderer of Frankenstein's infant brother, and as waging war with all mankind, in consequence of the disgust and violence with which his appearance is regarded. The demon meets and confronts his maker, demanding that he should create him a helpmate, as a solace in his forced expatriation from society. Frankenstein retires and begins the hideous task, and while engaged in it during the secrecy of midnight, in one of the lonely islands of the Orcades, the monster appears before him.

'A ghastly grin wrinkled his lips as he gazed on me, where I sat fulfilling the task which he allotted to me. Yes, he had followed in my travels; he had loitered in forests, hid himself in caves, or taken refuge in wide and desert heaths; and he now came to mark my progress, and claim the fulfilment of my promise. As I looked on him, his countenance expressed the utmost extent of malice and treachery. I thought with a sensation of madness on my promise of creating another like to him, and, trembling with passion, tore to pieces the thing on which I was engaged. The wretch saw me destroy the creature on whose future existence he depended for happiness, and with a howl of devilish despair and revenge, withdrew.'

A series of horrid and malignant events now mark the career of the demon. He murders the friend of Frankenstein, strangles his bride on her wedding-night, and causes the death of his father from grief. He eludes detection, but Frankenstein, in agony and despair, resolves to seek him out, and sacrifice him to his justice and revenge. The pursuit is protracted for a considerable time, and in various countries, and at length conducts us to the ice-bound shores and islands of the northern ocean. Frankenstein recognises the demon, but ere he can reach him, the ice gives way, and he is afterwards with difficulty rescued from the floating wreck by the crew of a vessel that had been embayed in that polar region. Thus saved from perishing, Frankenstein relates to the captain of the ship his 'wild and wondrous tale,' but the suffering and exhaustion had proved too much for his frame, and he expires before the vessel had sailed for Britain. The monster visits the ship, and after mourning over the dead body of his victim, quits the vessel, resolved to seek the most northern extremity of the globe, and there to put a period to his wretched and unhallowed existence. The power of genius in clothing incidents the most improbable with strong interest and human sympathies is evinced in this remarkable story. The creation of the demon is admirably told. The successive steps by which the solitary student arrives at his great secret, after two years of labour, and the first glimpse which he obtains of the hideous monster, form a narrative that cannot be perused without sensations of awe and terror. While the demon is thus partially known and revealed, or seen only in the distance, gliding among cliffs and glaciers, appearing by moonlight to demand justice from his maker, or seated in his car among the tremendous solitudes of the northern ocean, the effect is striking and magnificent. The interest

ceases when we are told of the self-education of the monster, which is disgustingly minute in detail, and absurd in conception; and when we consider the improbability of his being able to commit so many crimes in different countries, conspicuous as he is in form, with impunity, and without detection. His malignity of disposition, and particularly his resentment towards Frankenstein, do not appear unnatural when we recollect how he has been repelled from society, and refused a companion by him who could alone create such another. In his wildest outbursts we partly sympathise with him, and his situation seems to justify his crimes. In depicting the internal workings of the mind and the various phases of the passions, Mrs Shelley evinces skill and acuteness. Like her father, she excels in mental analysis and in conceptions of the grand and the powerful, but fails in the management of her fable where probable incidents and familiar life are required or attempted.

In 1823 Mrs Shelley published another work of fiction, *Valperga; or the Life and Adventures of Castruccio, Prince of Lucca*, three volumes. The time of the story is that of the struggle between the Guelphs and the Ghibbelines. She is also the author of a novel upon the story of Perkin Warbeck.

[*Love.*]

It is said that in love we idolize the object, and placing him apart, and selecting him from his fellows, look on him as superior in nature to all others. We do so; but even as we idolize the object of our affections, do we idolize ourselves: if we separate him from his fellow mortals, so do we separate ourselves, and glorying in belonging to him alone, feel lifted above all other sensations, all other joys and griefs, to one hallowed circle from which all but his idea is banished: we walk as if a mist, or some more potent charm, divided us from all but him; a sanctified victim, which none but the priest set apart for that office could touch and not pollute, enshrined in a cloud of glory, made glorious through beauties not our own.

REV. C. R. MATURIN.

The REV. C. R. MATURIN, the poetical and eccentric curate of St Peter's, Dublin, came forward in 1807 as an imitator of the terrific and gloomy style of novel writing, of which Monk Lewis was the modern master. Its higher mysteries were known only to Mrs Radcliffe. The date of that style, as Maturin afterwards confessed, was out when he was a boy, and he had not powers to revive it. His youthful production was entitled *Fatal Revenge, or the Family of Montorio.* The first part of this title was the invention of the publisher, and it proved a good bookselling appellation, for the novel was in high favour in the circulating libraries. It is undoubtedly a work of genius—full of imagination and energetic language, though both are sometimes carried to extravagance or bombast. There was, however, as has been justly remarked, 'originality in the conception, hideous as it was, of the hero employing against the brother who had deceived him the agency of that brother's own sons, whom he persuades to parricide, by working on their visionary fears, and by the doctrines of fatalism; and then, when the deed is done, discovering that the victims whom he had reasoned and persecuted into crime were his own children!' The author made abundant use of supernatural machinery, or at least what appears to be such, until the unravelling of the plot discloses that the whole has been effected, like the mysteries of the Castle of Udolpho, by natural causes. Circumstance has been styled 'an unspiritual god,' and he seldom appears to less advantage than in the plots of Mr Maturin. Between 1807 and 1820 our author published a number of works of romantic fiction—*The Milesian Chief; The Wild Irish Boy; Women, or Pour et Contre*; and *Melmoth the Wanderer*—all works in three or four volumes each. 'Women' was well received by the public, but none of its predecessors, as the author himself states, ever reached a second edition. In 'Women' he aimed at depicting real life and manners, and we have some pictures of Calvinistic Methodists, an Irish Meg Merrilees, and an Irish hero, De Courcy, whose character is made up of contradictions and improbabilities. Two female characters, Eva Wentworth and Zaira, a brilliant Italian (who afterwards turns out to be the mother of Eva), are drawn with delicacy and fine effect. The former is educated in strict seclusion, and is purity itself. De Courcy is in love with both, and both are blighted by his inconstancy. Eva dies calmly and tranquilly, elevated by religious hope. Zaira meditates suicide, but desists from the attempt, and lives on, as if spell-bound to the death-place of her daughter and lover. De Courcy perishes of remorse. These scenes of deep passion and pathos are coloured with the lights of poetry and genius. Indeed the gradual decay of Eva is the happiest of all Mr Maturin's delineations, and has rarely been surpassed. The simple *truthfulness* of the description may be seen in passages like the following:—

'The weather was unusually fine, though it was September, and the evenings mild and beautiful. Eva passed them almost entirely in the garden. She had always loved the fading light and delicious tints of an evening sky, and now they were endeared by that which endears even indifferent things—an internal consciousness that we have not long to behold them. Mrs Wentworth remonstrated against this indulgence, and mentioned it to the physician; but he "answered neglectingly;" said anything that amused her mind could do her no harm, &c. Then Mrs Wentworth began to feel there was no hope; and Eva was suffered to muse life away unmolested. To the garden every evening she went, and brought her library with her; it consisted of but three books—the Bible, Young's Night Thoughts, and Blair's Grave. One evening the unusual beauty of the sky made her involuntarily drop her book. She gazed upward, and felt as if a book was open in heaven, where all the lovely and varying phenomena presented in living characters to her view the name of the Divinity. There was a solemn congeniality between her feelings of her own state and the view of the declining day—the parting light and the approaching darkness. The glow of the western heaven was still resplendent and glorious; a little above, the blending hues of orange and azure were softening into a mellow and indefinite light; and in the upper region of the air, a delicious blue darkness invited the eye to repose in luxurious dimness: one star alone showed its trembling head—another and another, like infant births of light; and in the dark east the half-moon, like a bark of pearl, came on through the deep still ocean of heaven. Eva gazed on; some tears came to her eyes; they were a luxury. Suddenly she felt as if she were quite well; a glow like that of health pervaded her whole frame—one of those indescribable sensations that seem to assure us of safety, while, in fact, they are announcing dissolution. She imagined herself suddenly restored to health and to happiness. She saw De Courcy once more, as in their early hours of love, when his face was to her as if it had been the face of an angel; thought after thought came back on her heart like

gleams of paradise. She trembled at the felicity that filled her whole soul; it was one of those fatal illusions, that disease, when it is connected with strong emotions of the mind, often flatters its victim with—that *mirage*, when the heart is a desert, which rises before the wanderer, to dazzle, to delude, and to destroy.'

'Melmoth,' another of Mr Maturin's works, is the wildest of his romances. The hero 'gleams with demon light,' and owing to a compact with Satan, lives a century and a-half, performing all manner of adventures, the most defensible of which is frightening an Irish miser to death. Some of the details in 'Melmoth' are absolutely sickening and loathsome. They seem the last convulsive efforts and distortions of the Monk Lewis school of romance. In 1824 (the year of his premature death) Mr Maturin published *The Albigenses*, a romance in four volumes. This work was intended by the author as one of a series of romances illustrative of European feelings and manners in ancient, in middle, and in modern times. Laying the scene of his story in France, in the thirteenth century, the author connected it with the wars between the Catholics and the Albigenses, the latter being the earliest of the reformers of the faith. Such a time was well adapted for the purposes of romance; and Mr Maturin in this work presented some good pictures of the crusaders, and of the Albigenses in their lonely worship among rocks and mountains. He had not, however, the power of delineating varieties of character, and his attempts at humour are wretched failures. In constructing a plot, he was also deficient; and hence 'The Albigenses,' wanting the genuine features of a historical romance, and destitute of the supernatural machinery which had imparted a certain degree of wild interest to the author's former works, was universally pronounced to be tedious and uninteresting. Passages, as we have said, are carefully finished and well drawn, and we subjoin a brief specimen.

[*A Lady's Chamber in the Thirteenth Century.*]

'I am weary,' said the lady; 'disarray me for rest. But thou, Claudine, be near when I sleep; I love thee well, wench, though I have not shown it hitherto. Wear this carkanet for my sake; but wear it not. I charge thee, in the presence of Sir Paladour. Now read me my riddle once more, my maidens.' As her head sunk on the silken pillow—'How may ladies sink most sweetly into their first slumber?'

'I ever sleep best,' said Blanche, 'when some withered crone is seated by the hearth fire to tell me tales of wizardry or goblins, till they are mingled with my dreams, and I start up, tell my beads, and pray her to go on, till I see that I am talking only to the dying embers or the fantastic forms shaped by their flashes on the dark tapestry or darker ceiling.'

'And I love,' said Germonda, 'to be lulled to rest by tales of knights met in forests by fairy damsels, and conducted to enchanted halls, where they are assailed by foul fiends, and do battle with strong giants; and are, in fine, rewarded with the hand of the fair dame, for whom they have periled all that knight or Christian may hold precious for the safety of body and of soul.'

'Peace and good rest to you all, my dame and maidens,' said the lady in whispering tones from her silken couch. 'None of you have read my riddle. She sleeps sweetest and deepest who sleeps to dream of her first love—her first—her last—her only. A fair good night to all. Stay thou with me, Claudine, and touch thy lute, wench, to the strain of some old ditty—old and melancholy—such as may so softly usher sleep that I feel not his downy fingers closing mine eyelids, or the stilly rush of his pinions as they sweep my brow.'

Claudine prepared to obey as the lady sunk to rest amid softened lights, subdued odours, and dying melodies. A silver lamp, richly fretted, suspended from the raftered roof, gleamed faintly on the splendid bed. The curtains were of silk, and the coverlet of velvet, faced with miniver; gilded coronals and tufts of plumage shed alternate gleam and shadow over every angle of the canopy; and tapestry of silk and silver covered every compartment of the walls, save where the uncouthly-constructed doors and windows broke them into angles, irreconcilable alike to every rule of symmetry or purpose of accommodation. Near the ample hearth, stored with blazing wood, were placed a sculptured desk, furnished with a missal and breviary gorgeously illuminated, and a black marble tripod supporting a vase of holy water: certain amulets, too, lay on the hearth, placed there by the care of Dame Marguerite, some in the shape of relics, and others in less consecrated forms, on which the lady was often observed by her attendants to look somewhat disregardfully. The great door of the chamber was closed by the departing damsels carefully; and the rich sheet of tapestry dropt over it, whose hushful sweeping on the floor seemed like the wish for a deep repose breathed from a thing inanimate. The castle was still, the silver lamp twinkled silently and dimly; the perfumes, burning in small silver vases round the chamber, began to abate their gleams and odours; the scented waters, scattered on the rushes with which the floor was strewn, flagged and failed in their delicious tribute to the sense; the bright moon, pouring its glories through the uncurtained but richly tinted casement, shed its borrowed hues of crimson, amber, and purple on curtain and canopy, as in defiance of the artificial light that gleamed so feebly within the chamber.

Claudine tuned her lute, and murmured the rude song of a troubadour, such as follows:—

Song.

Sleep, noble lady! They sleep well who sleep in warded castles. If the Count de Monfort, the champion of the church, and the strongest lance in the chivalry of France, were your foe as he is your friend, one hundred of the arrows of his boldest archers at their best flight would fail to reach a loophole of your towers.

Sleep, noble lady! They sleep well who are guarded by the valiant. Five hundred belted knights feast in your halls; they would not see your towers won, though to defend them they took the place of your vassals, who are tenfold that number; and, lady, I wish they were more for your sake. Valiant knights, faithful vassals, watch well your lady's slumbers; see that they be never broken but by the matin bell, or the sighs of lovers whispered between its tolls.

Sleep, noble lady! Your castle is strong, and the brave and the loyal are your guard.

Then the noble lady whispered to me through her silken curtain, 'A foe hath found his way to me, though my towers are strong, and the valiant are my guard, and the brave and the beautiful woo me in song, and with many kissings of their hands.' And I asked, what foe is that? The lady dropt her silken curtain, and slept; but methought in her dreams she murmured—'That foe is Love!'

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

We have already touched on the more remarkable and distinguishing features of the Waverley novels, and the influence which they exercised not only on this country, but over the whole continent of Europe. That long array of immortal fictions can only be

compared with the dramas of Shakspeare, as presenting an endless variety of original characters, scenes, historical situations, and adventures. They are marked by the same universal and genial sympathies, allied to every form of humanity, and free from all selfish egotism or moral obliquity. In painting historical personages or events, these two great masters evinced a kindred taste, and not dissimilar powers. The highest intellectual traits and imagination of Shakspeare were, it is true, not approached by Scott: the dramatist looked inwardly upon man and nature with a more profound and searching philosophy. He could effect more with his five acts than Scott with his three volumes. The novelist only pictured to the eye what his great prototype stamped on the heart and feelings. Yet both were great moral teachers, without seeming to teach. They were brothers in character and in genius, and they poured out their imaginative treasures with a calm easy strength and conscious mastery, of which the world has seen no other examples.

So early as 1805, before his great poems were produced, Scott had entered on the composition of *Waverley*, the first of his illustrious progeny of tales. He wrote about seven chapters, evidently taking Fielding, in his grave descriptive and ironical vein, for his model; but, getting dissatisfied with his attempt, he threw it aside. Eight years afterwards he met accidentally with the fragment, and determined to finish the story.* In the interval between the commencement of the novel in 1805 and its resumption in 1813, Scott had acquired greater freedom and self-reliance as an author. In *Marmion* and *The Lady of the Lake* he had struck out a path for himself, and the latter portion of 'Waverley' partook of the new spirit and enthusiasm. A large part of its materials resembles those employed in the 'Lady of the Lake'—Highland feudalism, military bravery and devotion, and the most easy and exquisite description of natural scenery. He added also a fine vein of humour, chaste yet ripened, and peculiarly his own, and a power of uniting history with fiction, that subsequently became one of the great sources of his strength. His portrait of Charles Edward, the noble old Baron of Bradwardine, the simple faithful clansman Evan Dhu, and the poor fool Davie Gellatley, with his fragments of song and scattered gleams of fancy and sensibility, were new triumphs of the author. The poetry had projected shadows and outlines of the Highland chief, the gaiety and splendour of the court, and the agitation of the camp and battle-field; but the humorous contrasts, homely observation, and pathos, displayed in 'Waverley,' disclosed far deeper observation and more original powers. The work was published in July 1814. Scott did not prefix his name to it, afraid that he might compromise his poetical reputation by a doubtful experiment in a new style (particularly by his copious use of Scottish terms and expressions); but the unmingled applause with which the tale was received was, he says, like having the property of a hidden treasure, 'not less gratifying than if all the world knew it was his own.' Henceforward Scott resolved, as a novelist, to preserve his mask, desirous to obviate all personal discussions respecting his own productions, and aware also of the interest and curiosity which his secrecy would impart to his subsequent productions.

* He had put the chapters aside, as he tells us, in a writing-desk wherein he used to keep fishing tackle. The desk—a substantial old mahogany cabinet—and part of the fishing-tackle are now in the possession of Scott's friend, Mr William Laidlaw, at Contin, in Ross-shire.

In February 1815—seven months after 'Waverley'—Scott published his second novel, *Guy Mannering*. It was the work of six weeks about Christmas, and marks of haste are visible in the construction of the plot and development of incidents. Yet what length of time or patience in revision could have added to the charm or hilarity of such portraits as that of Dandy Dinmont, or the shrewd and witty Counsellor Pleydell—the finished, desperate, sea-beaten villany of Hatteraick—the simple uncouth devotion of that gentlest of pedants, poor Dominie Sampson—or the wild savage virtues and crazed superstition of the gipsy-dweller in Derncleugh? The astrological agency and predictions so marvellously fulfilled are undoubtedly excrescences on the story, though suited to a winter's tale in Scotland. The love scenes and female characters, and even Mannering himself, seem also allied to the Minerva Press family, but the Scotch characters are all admirably filled up. There is also a captivating youthful feeling and spirit in the description of the wanderings and dangers of Bertram, and the events, improbable as they appear, which restore him to his patrimony; while the gradual decay and death of the old Laird of Ellangowan—carried out to the green as his castle and effects are in the hands of the auctioneer—are inexpressibly touching and natural. The interest of the tale is sustained throughout with dramatic skill and effect.

In May 1816 came forth *The Antiquary*, less romantic and bustling in incidents than either of its predecessors, but infinitely richer in character, dialogue, and humour. In this work Scott displayed his thorough knowledge of the middle and lower ranks of Scottish life. He confined his story chiefly to a small fishing town and one or two country mansions. His hero is a testy old Whig laird and bachelor, and his *dramatis personæ* are little better than this retired humorist—the family of a poor fisherman—a blue-gown mendicant—an old barber—and a few other humble 'landward and burrows town' characters. The sentimental Lord Glenallan, and the pompous Sir Arthur Wardour, with Lovel the unknown, and the fiery Hector M'Intyre (the latter a genuine Celtic portrait), are necessary to the plot and action of the piece, but they constitute only a small degree of the reader's pleasure or the author's fame. These rest on the inimitable delineation of Oldbuck, that model of black-letter and Roman-camp antiquaries, whose oddities and conversation are rich and racy as any of the old crusted port that John of the Girnel might have held in his monastic cellars—on the restless, garrulous, kind-hearted *gaberlunzie*, Edie Ochiltree, who delighted to *daunder* down the burnsides and green shaws—on the cottage of the Mucklebackets, and the death and burial of Steenie—and on that scene of storm and tempest by the sea-side, which is described with such vivid reality and appalling magnificence. The amount of curious reading, knowledge of local history and antiquities, power of description, and breadth of humour in the 'Antiquary,' render it one of the most perfect of the author's novels. If Cervantes and Fielding really excelled Scott in the novel (he is unapproached in romance), it must be admitted that the 'Antiquary' ranks only second to Don Quixote and Tom Jones. In none of his works has Scott shown greater power in developing the nicer shades of feeling and character, or greater felicity of phrase

and illustration. A healthy moral tone also pervades the whole—a clear and bracing atmosphere of real life; and what more striking lesson in practical benevolence was ever inculcated than those words of the rough old fisherman, ejaculated while he was mending his boat after returning from his son's funeral—'What would you have me do, unless I wanted to see four children starve because one is drowned? It's weel wi' you gentles, that can sit in the house wi' handkerchers at your een, when ye lose a freend; but the like of us maun to our wark again, if our hearts were beating as hard as my hammer.'

In December of the same year Scott was ready with two other novels, *The Black Dwarf*, and *Old Mortality*. These formed the first series of Tales of My Landlord, and were represented, by a somewhat forced and clumsy prologue, as the composition of a certain Mr Peter Pattieson, assistant-teacher at Gandercleuch, and published after his death by his pedagogue superior, Jedediah Cleishbotham. The new disguise (to heighten which a different publisher had been selected for the tales) was as unavailing as it was superfluous. The universal voice assigned the works to the author of 'Waverley,' and the second of the collection, 'Old Mortality,' was pronounced to be the greatest of his performances. It was another foray into the regions of history which was rewarded with the most brilliant spoil. Happy as he had been in depicting the era of the Forty-five, he shone still more in the gloomy and troublous times of the Covenanters. 'To reproduce a departed age,' says Mr Lockhart, 'with such minute and life-like accuracy as this tale exhibits, demanded a far more energetic sympathy of imagination than had been called for in any effort of his serious verse. It is indeed most curiously instructive for any student of art to compare the Roundheads of Rokeby with the Blue-bonnets of Old Mortality. For the rest, the story is framed with a deeper skill than any of the preceding novels; the canvass is a broader one; the characters are contrasted and projected with a power and felicity which neither he nor any other master ever surpassed; and notwithstanding all that has been urged against him as a disparager of the Covenanters, it is to me very doubtful whether the inspiration of chivalry ever prompted him to nobler emotions than he has lavished on the reanimation of their stern and solemn enthusiasm. This work has always appeared to me the Marmion of his novels.' He never surpassed it either for force or variety of character, or in the interest and magnificence of the train of events described. The contrasts are also managed with consummate art. In the early scenes Morton (the best of all his young heroes) serves as a foil to the fanatical and gloomy Burley, and the change effected in the character and feelings of the youth by the changing current of events, is traced with perfect skill and knowledge of human nature. The two classes of actors—the brave and dissolute cavaliers, and the resolute oppressed Covenanters—are not only drawn in their strong distinguishing features in bold relief, but are separated from each other by individual traits and peculiarities, the result of native or acquired habits. The intermingling of domestic scenes and low rustic humour with the stormy events of the warlike struggle, gives vast additional effect to the sterner passages of the tale, and to the prominence of its principal actors. How admirably, for example, is the reader prepared, by contrast, to appreciate that terrible encounter with Burley in his rocky fastness, by the previous description of the blind and aged widow, intrusted with the secret of his retreat, and who dwelt alone, 'like the widow of Zarephath,' in her poor and solitary cottage! The dejection and anxiety of Morton on his return from Holland are no less strikingly contrasted with the scene of rural peace and comfort which he witnesses on the banks of the Clyde, where Cuddie Headrigg's cottage sends up its thin blue smoke among the trees, 'showing that the evening meal was in the act of being made ready,' and his little daughter fetches water in a pitcher from the fountain at the root of an old oak-tree! The humanity of Scott is exquisitely illustrated by the circumstance of the pathetic verses, wrapping a lock of hair, which are found on the slain body of Bothwell—as to show that in the darkest and most dissolute characters some portion of our higher nature still lingers to attest its divine origin. In the same sympathetic and relenting spirit, Dirk Hatteraick, in 'Guy Mannering,' is redeemed from utter sordidness and villany by his one virtue of integrity to his employers. 'I was always faithful to my ship-owners—always accounted for cargo to the last stiver.' The image of God is never wholly blotted out of the human mind.

The year 1818 witnessed two other coinages from the Waverley mint, *Rob Roy* and *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*, the latter forming a second series of the Tales of My Landlord. The first of these works revived the public enthusiasm, excited by the 'Lady of the Lake' and 'Waverley,' with respect to Highland scenery and manners. The sketches in the novel are bold and striking—hit off with the careless freedom of a master, and possessing perhaps more witchery of romantic interest than elaborate and finished pictures. The character of Bailie Nicol Jarvie was one of the author's happiest conceptions, and the idea of carrying him to the wild rugged mountains, among outlaws and desperadoes—at the same time that he retained a keen relish of the comforts of the Saltmarket of Glasgow, and a due sense of his dignity as a magistrate—completed the ludicrous effect of the picture. None of Scott's novels was more popular than 'Rob Roy,' yet, as a story, it is the most ill-concocted and defective of the whole series. Its success was owing to its characters alone. Among these, however, cannot be reckoned its nominal hero, Osbaldiston, who, like Waverley, is merely a walking gentleman. Scott's heroes, as agents in the piece, are generally inferior to his heroines. The 'Heart of Mid-Lothian' is as essentially national in spirit, language, and actors, as 'Rob Roy,' but it is the nationality of the Lowlands. No other author but Scott (Galt, his best imitator in this department, would have failed) could have dwelt so long and with such circumstantial minuteness on the daily life and occurrences of a family like that of Davie Deans, the cow-feeder, without disgusting his high-bred readers with what must have seemed vulgar and uninteresting. Like Burns, he made 'rustic life and poverty'

Grow beautiful beneath his touch.

Duchesses, in their halls and saloons, traced with interest and delight the pages that recorded the pious firmness and humble heroism of Jeanie Deans, and the sufferings and disgrace of her unfortunate sister; and who shall say that in thus uniting different ranks in one bond of fellow-feeling, and exhibiting to the high and wealthy the virtues that often dwell with the lowly and obscure, Scott was not fulfilling one of the loftiest and most sacred missions upon earth?

A story of still more sustained and overwhelming pathos is *The Bride of Lammermoor*, published in 1819 in conjunction with *The Legend of Montrose*,

and both forming a third series of Tales of My Landlord. The Bride is one of the most finished of Scott's tales, presenting a unity and entireness of plot and action, as if the whole were bound together by that dreadful destiny which hangs over the principal actors, and impels them irresistibly to destruction. 'In this tale,' says Macaulay, 'above other modern productions, we see embodied the dark spirit of fatalism—that spirit which breathes in the writings of the Greek tragedians when they traced the persecuting vengeance of Destiny against the houses of Laius and of Atreus. Their mantle was for a while worn unconsciously by him who showed to us Macbeth: and here again, in the deepening gloom of this tragic tale, we feel the oppressive influence of this invisible power. From the time we hear the prophetic rhymes, the spell has begun its work, and the clouds of misfortune blacken round us; and the fated course moves solemnly onward, irresistible and unerring as the progress of the sun, and soon to end in a night of horror. We remember no other tale in which not doubt, but certainty, forms the groundwork of our interest.' If Shakspeare was unconscious of the classic fatalism he depicted with such unrivalled power, Scott was probably as ignorant of any such premeditation and design. Both followed the received traditions of their country, and the novelist, we know, composed his work in intervals of such acute suffering, allayed only by the most violent remedies, that on his recovery, after the novel had been printed, he recollected nothing but the mere outline of his story, with which he had been familiar from his youth. He had entirely forgot what he dictated from his sick-bed. The main incident, however, was of a nature likely to make a strong impression on his mind, and to this we must impute the grand simplicity and seeming completeness of art in the management of the fable. The character of the old butler, Caleb Balderston, has been condemned as a ridiculous and incongruous exaggeration. We are not sure that it does not materially heighten the effect of the tragic portion of the tale, by that force of contrast which we have mentioned as one of Scott's highest attributes as a novelist. There is, however, too much of the butler, and some of his inventions are mere tricks of farce. As Shakspeare descended to quibbles and conceits, Scott loved to harp upon certain phrases—as in Dominie Sampson, Bailie Nicol Jarvie, and the dowager lady of Tullietudlem—and to make his lower characters indulge in practical jokes, like those of old Caleb and Edie Ochiltree. The proverbs of Sancho, in Don Quixote, may be thought to come under the same class of inferior resources, to be shunned rather than copied by the novelist who aims at truth and originality; but Sancho's sayings are too rich and apposite to be felt as mere surplusage. The 'Legend of Montrose' is a brief imperfect historical novel, yet contains one of the author's most lively and amusing characters, worthy of being ranked with Bailie Jarvie; namely, the redoubted Ritt-master, Dugald Dalgetty. The union of the *soldado* with the pedantic student of Mareschal college is a conception as original as the Uncle Toby of Sterne.

The historical romance of *Ivanhoe* appeared in 1820. It is the most brilliant of all his pure romances, indeed the most splendid in any literature. The scene being laid in England, and in the England of Richard I., the author had to draw largely on his fancy and invention, and was debarred those attractive auxiliaries of every-day life, speech, and manners, which had lent such a charm to his Scottish novels. Here we had the remoteness of antiquity, the old Saxon halls and feasts, the resuscitation of chivalry in all its pomp and picturesqueness, the realisation of our boyish dreams about Cœur-de-lion, Robin Hood, and Sherwood Forest, with its grassy glades, and sylvan sports, and impenetrable foliage. We were presented with a series of the most splendid pictures, the canvass crowded with life and action—with the dark shades of cruelty, vice, and treason, and the brightness of heroic courage, dauntless fortitude, and uncorrupted faith and purity. The thrilling interest of the story is another of the merits of 'Ivanhoe'—the incidents all help on the narrative, as well as illustrate ancient manners. In the hall of Cedric, at the tournament or siege, we never cease to watch over the fate of Rowena and the Disinherited Knight; and the steps of the gentle Rebecca—the meek yet high-souled Jewess—are traced with still deeper and holier feeling.* The whole is a grand picturesque pageant, yet full of a gentle nobleness and proud simplicity.

The next works of Scott were of a tamer cast, though his foot was on Scottish ground. *The Monastery* and *Abbot*, both published in 1820, are defective in plot, and the first disfigured by absurd supernatural machinery. The character of Queen Mary in the 'Abbot' is, however, a correct and beautiful historical portrait, and the scenery in the neighbourhood of the Tweed—haunted glens and woods—is described with the author's accustomed felicity. A counterpart to Queen Mary, still more highly finished, was soon afforded in the delineation of her great rival, Elizabeth, in the romance of *Kenilworth*. This work appeared in January 1821, and was ranked next to 'Ivanhoe.' There was a profusion of rich picturesque scenes and objects, dramatic situations, and a well-arranged, involved, yet interesting plot. None of the plots in the Waverley novels are without blemish. 'None,' as Mr Macaulay remarks, 'have that completeness which constitutes one of the chief merits of Fielding's Tom Jones: there is always either an improbability, or a forced expedient, or an incongruous incident, or an unpleasant break, or too much intricacy, or a hurried conclusion; they are usually languid in the commencement, and abrupt in the close; too slowly opened, and too hastily summed up.' The spirit and fidelity of the delineations, the variety of scenes, and the interest of particular passages bearing upon the principal characters, blind the reader to these defects, at least on a first perusal. This was eminently the case with 'Kenilworth;' nor did this romance, amidst all its courtly gaieties, ambition, and splendour, fail to touch the heart: the fate of Amy Robsart has perhaps drawn as many tears as the story of Rebecca. The close of the same year witnessed another romantic, though less powerful tale—*The Pirate*. In this work Scott painted the wild sea scenery of Shetland, and gave a beautiful copy of primitive manners in the person and household of the old Udaller, Magnus Troil, and his fair daughters Minna and Brenda. The latter are flowers too delicate for such a cold and stormy clime, but they are creations of great loveliness, and are exquisitely discriminated in their individual characters. The novel altogether opened a new

* Rebecca was considered by Scott himself, as well as by the public, to be his finest female character. Mr Laidlaw, to whom part of the novel was dictated, speaks of the strong interest which Sir Walter evinced in filling up his outline. 'I shall make something of my Jewess,' said he one day in a tone of unusual exultation. 'You will indeed,' replied his friend; 'and I cannot help saying that you are doing an immense good, Sir Walter, by such sweet and noble tales, for the young people now will never bear to look at the vile trash of novels that used to be in the circulating libraries.' Sir Walter's eyes filled with tears.

world to the general reader, and was welcomed with all the zest of novelty.

Another genuine English historical romance made its appearance in May 1822. *The Fortunes of Nigel* afforded a complete panorama of the times of James I., executed with wonderful vigour and truth. The fulness and variety of the details show how closely Scott had studied the annals of this period, particularly all relating to the city and the court of London. His account of Alsatia surpasses even the scenes of Ben Jonson, and the dramatic contemporaries of Ben, descriptive of similar objects; and none of his historical likenesses are more faithful, more justly drawn, or more richly coloured, than his portrait of the poor, and proud, and pedantic King James. Scott's political predilections certainly did not in this case betray him into any undue reverence for sovereignty.

In 1823 no less than three separate works of fiction were issued—*Peveril of the Peak*, *Quentin Durward*, and *St Ronan's Well*. The first was a volume longer than any of its predecessors, and was more than proportionally heavy in style, though evincing in parts undiminished strength and talent. 'Quentin Durward' was a bold and successful inroad on French history. The delineations of Louis XI. and Charles the Bold may stand comparison with any in the whole range of fiction or history for force and discrimination. They seemed literally called up to a new existence, to play their part in another drama of life, as natural and spirit-stirring as any in which they had been actors. The French nation exulted in this new proof of the genius of Scott, and led the way in enthusiastic admiration of the work. 'St Ronan's Well' is altogether a secondary performance of the author, though it furnishes one of his best low comic characters, Meg Dods of the Cleikum Inn. *Redgauntlet* (1824) must be held to belong to the same class as 'St Ronan's Well,' in spite of much vigorous writing, humorous as well as pathetic (for the career of Peter Peebles supplies both), and notwithstanding that it embodies a great deal of Scott's own personal history and experiences. The *Tales of the Crusaders*, published in 1825, comprised two short stories, The Betrothed and The Talisman, the second a highly animated and splendid Eastern romance. Shortly after this period came the calamitous wreck of Scott's fortunes—the shivering of his household gods—amidst declining health and the rapid advances of age. His novel of *Woodstock* (1826) was hastily completed, but is not unworthy of his fame. The secret of the paternity of the novels was now divulged—how could it ever have been doubted?—and there was some satisfaction in having the acknowledgment from his own lips, and under his own hand, ere death had broken the wand of the magician. The *Life of Napoleon*, in nine volumes, was the great work of 1827; but at the commencement of the following year Scott published *The Chronicles of the Canongate*, first series, containing the Two Drovers, the Highland Widow, and the Surgeon's Daughter. The second of these short tales is the most valuable, and is pregnant with strong pathetic interest and Celtic imagination. The preliminary introductions to the stories are all finely executed, and constitute some of the most pleasing of the author's minor contributions to the elucidation of past manners and society. A number of literary tasks now engaged the attention of Scott, the most important of which were his *Tales of a Grandfather*, a *History of Scotland* for Lardner's Cyclopædia, *Letters on Demonology*, and new introductions and notes to the collected edition of the novels. A second series of the 'Chronicles of the Canongate' appeared in 1828, with only one tale, but that conceived and executed with great spirit, and in his best artistical style—The Fair Maid of Perth. Another romance was ready by May 1829, and was entitled *Anne of Geierstein*. It was less energetic than the former—more like an attempt to revive old forms and images than as evincing the power to create new ones; yet there are in its pages, as Mr Lockhart justly observes, 'occasional outbreaks of the old poetic spirit, more than sufficient to remove the work to an immeasurable distance from any of its order produced in this country in our own age. Indeed, the various play of fancy in the combination of persons and events, and the airy liveliness of both imagery and diction, may well justify us in applying to the author what he beautifully says of his King René—

A mirthful man he was; the snows of age
Fell, but they did not chill him. Gaiety,
Even in life's closing, touched his teeming brain
With such wild visions as the setting sun
Raises in front of some hoar glacier,
Painting the bleak ice with a thousand hues.'

The gaiety of Scott was the natural concomitant of kindly and gentle affections, a sound judgment, and uninterrupted industry. The minds of poets, it is said, never grow old, and Scott was hopeful to the last. Disease, however, was fast undermining his strength. His last work of fiction, published in 1831, was a fourth series of 'Tales of my Landlord,' containing Count Robert of Paris and Castle Dangerous. They were written after repeated shocks of paralysis and apoplexy, and are mere shadows of his former greatness. And with this effort closed the noble mind that had so long swayed the sceptre of romance. The public received the imperfect volumes with tenderness and indulgence, as the farewell offering of the greatest of their contemporaries—the last feeble gleams of a light soon to be extinguished—

A wandering witch-note of the distant spell;
And now 'tis silent all! Enchanter, fare thee well!

JOHN GALT.

JOHN GALT, author of *The Annals of the Parish*, and other novels which are valuable as reflecting back the peculiarities of Scottish life and manners 'sixty years since,' was a native of Irvine, in Ayrshire. He was born on the 2d of May 1779. His father commanded a West India vessel, and when the embryo novelist was in his eleventh year, the family went to live permanently at Greenock. Here Galt resided fourteen or fifteen years, displaying no marked proficiency at school, but evincing a predilection for poetry, music, and mechanics. He was placed in the custom-house at Greenock, and continued at the desk till about the year 1804, when, without any fixed pursuit, he went to London to 'push his fortune.' He had written a sort of epic poem on the battle of Largs, and this he committed to the press; but, conscious of its imperfections, he did not prefix his name to the work, and he almost immediately suppressed its sale. He then formed an unfortunate commercial connexion, which lasted three years, on the termination of which he entered himself of Lincoln's Inn, with the view of being in due time called to the bar. Happening to visit Oxford in company with some friends, he conceived, while standing with them in the quadrangle of Christ-church, the design of writing a life of Cardinal Wolsey. He set about the task with ardour; but his health failing, he went abroad. At Gibraltar he met with Lord Byron and Mr Hobhouse, then embarked on their tour for Greece, and the three

sailed in the same packet. Galt resided some time in Sicily, then repaired to Malta, and afterwards proceeded to Greece, where he again met with Byron, and also had an interview with Ali Pacha. After rambling for some time among the classic scenes of Greece, he proceeded to Constantinople, thence to Nicomedia, and northwards to Kirpe, on the shores of the Black Sea. Some commercial speculations, as to the practicability of landing British goods in defiance of the Berlin and Milan decrees, prompted these unusual wanderings. At one time, when detained by quarantine, Galt wrote or sketched out six dramas, which were afterwards published in a volume, constituting, according to Sir Walter Scott, 'the worst tragedies ever seen.' On his return he published his *Voyages and Travels*, and *Letters from the Levant*, which were well received. He next repaired to Gibraltar, to conduct a commercial business which it was proposed to establish there, but the design was defeated by the success of the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsula. He explored France to see if an opening could be found there, but no prospect appeared, and returning to England, he contributed some dramatic pieces to the New British Theatre. One of these, *The Appeal*, was brought out in the Edinburgh theatre in 1818, and performed four nights, Sir Walter Scott having written an epilogue for the play. He now devoted himself for some time to literary pursuits, writing in the periodical works, and residing in Scotland. Among his more elaborate compositions may be mentioned a *Life of Benjamin West*, the artist, *Historical Pictures*, *The Wandering Jew*, and *The Earthquake*, a novel in three volumes. He wrote for Blackwood's Magazine, in 1820, *The Ayrshire Legatees*, a series of letters containing an amusing Scottish narrative. His next work was 'The Annals of the Parish' (1821), which instantly became popular. It is worthy of remark that the Annals had been written some ten or twelve years before the date of its publication, and anterior to the appearance of Waverley and Guy Mannering, and that it was rejected by the publishers of those works, with the assurance, that a novel or work of fiction entirely Scottish would not take with the public! Mr Galt went on with his usual ardour in the composition of Scotch novels. He had now found where his strength lay, and *Sir Andrew Wylie*, *The Entail*, *The Steam-Boat*, and *The Provost*, were successively published—the two first with decided success. These were followed at no long intervals by *Ringan Gilhaize*, a story of the Scottish Covenanters; by *The Spaewife*, a tale of the times of James I. of Scotland; and *Rothelan*, a novel partly historical, founded on the work by Barnes on the life and reign of Edward I. Mr Galt also published anonymously, in 1824, an interesting imaginative little tale, *The Omen*, which was reviewed by Sir Walter Scott in Blackwood's Magazine. In fertility, Galt was only surpassed by Scott; and perhaps no other author could have written an equal number of works of fiction, varied in style and manner, within the same limited period. His genius was unequal, and he does not seem to have been able to discriminate between the good and the bad; but the vigour and copiousness of his mind were certainly remarkable. His friendly biographer, Dr Moir of Musselburgh, says justly, that the 'great drawback to Mr Galt's prosperity and happiness was the multitude of his resources, and from his being equally fitted for a student and man of the world. As the old proverb hath it, "the rolling stone gathers no fog;" so in the transition from one occupation and employment to another, he expended those powers which, if long concentrated on any particular object, must have produced great results.'* We next find Mr Galt engaged in the formation and establishment of the Canada Company, which involved him in a long labyrinth of troubles, vexation, and embarrassment. While the preliminary controversy was pending between the commissioners of this company, the Canada clergy, and the colonial office, previous to his departure for the scene of his new operations Galt composed his novel, *The Last of the Lairds*, also descriptive of Scottish life. He set out for America in 1826, his mission being limited to inquiry, for accomplishing which eight months were allowed. His duties, however, were increased, and his stay prolonged, by the numerous offers to purchase lots of land, and for determining on the system of management to be pursued by the company. A million of capital had been intrusted to his management. On the 23d of April, St George's day, 1827, Mr Galt proceeded to found the town of Guelph, in the upper province of Canada, which he did with due ceremony. The site selected for the town having been pointed out, 'a large maple tree,' he says, 'was chosen; on which, taking an axe from one of the woodmen, I struck the first stroke. To me, at least, the moment was impressive; and the silence of the woods that echoed to the sound was as the sigh of the solemn genius of the wilderness departing for ever.' The city soon prospered: in three months upwards of 160 building lots were engaged, and houses rising as fast as building materials could be prepared. Before the end of the year, however, the founder of the city was embroiled in difficulties. Some secret enemies had misrepresented him—he was accused of lowering the company's stock—his expenditure was complained of, and the company sent out an accountant to act not only in that capacity, but as cashier. Matters came to a crisis, and Mr Galt determined to return to England. Ample testimony has been borne to the skill and energy with which he conducted the operations of this company; but his fortune and his prospects had fled. Thwarted and depressed, he was resolved to battle with his fate, and he set himself down in England to build a new scheme of life, 'in which the secondary condition of authorship was made primary.' In six months he had six volumes ready. His first work was another novel in three volumes, *Lawrie Todd*, which is equal to 'The Annals of the Parish' or 'The Entail.' It was well received; and he soon after produced another, descriptive of the customs and manners of Scotland in the reign of Queen Mary, and entitled *Southennan*. The subject was a favourite with him, but his mode of treating it was by no means happy; while the public taste, accustomed to the historical novels of Scott, was impatient of any secondary work in this department. For a short time in the same year (1830) Mr Galt conducted the Courier newspaper, but this new employment did not suit him. It required more time, and incurred more responsibilities of opinion than he was prepared for, and he gladly left the daily drudgery to complete a *Life of Byron*, on which he was engaged for Colburn the publisher. The comparative brevity of this memoir (one small volume), the name of Galt as its author, and the interesting nature of the subject, soon sold three or four editions of the work; but it was sharply assailed by the critics. Some of the positions taken up by the author (as that, 'had Byron not been possessed of genius, he might have been a better man'), and some quaintness and affectation of expression, exposed him to well-merited ridicule. Mr Galt next executed a series of *Lives of the Players*, an amusing

* Biographical Memoir prefixed to Galt's novels, in Blackwood's Standard Novels.

compilation, and *Bogle Corbet*, another novel, the object of which, he said, was to give a view of society generally, as 'The Provost' was of burgh incidents simply, and of the sort of *genteel* persons who are sometimes found among the emigrants to the United States. Disease now invaded the robust frame of the novelist; but he wrote on, and in a short time four other works of fiction issued from his pen—*Stanley Buxton*, *The Member*, *The Radical*, and *Eben Erskine*. In 1832 an affection of the spine, and an attack resembling paralysis, greatly reduced Mr Galt, and subjected him to acute pain. Next year, however, he was again at the press. His work was a tale entitled *The Lost Child*. He also composed a memoir of his own life, in two volumes—a curious ill-digested melange, but worthy of perusal. In 1834 he published *Literary Miscellanies*, in three volumes, dedicated to King William IV., who generously sent a sum of £200 to the author. He returned to his native country a perfect wreck, the victim of repeated attacks of paralysis; yet he wrote several pieces for periodical works, and edited the productions of others. After severe and protracted sufferings, borne with great firmness and patience, Mr Galt died at Greenock on the 11th of April 1839.

Of a long list of our author's works, several are already forgotten. Not a few of his novels, however, bid fair to be permanent, and the 'Annals of the Parish' will probably be read as long as Waverley or Guy Mannering. This inimitable little tale is the simple record of a country minister during the fifty years of his incumbency. Besides many amusing and touching incidents, the work presents us with a picture of the rise and progress of a Scottish rural village, and its transition to a manufacturing town, as witnessed by the minister, a man as simple as Abraham Adams, imbued with all old-fashioned national feelings and prejudices, but thoroughly sincere, kind-hearted, and pious. This Presbyterian worthy, the Rev. Micah Balwhidder, is a fine representative of the primitive Scottish pastor; diligent, blameless, loyal, and exemplary in his life, but without the fiery zeal and 'kirk-filling eloquence' of the supporters of the Covenant. Micah is easy, garrulous, fond of a quiet joke, and perfectly ignorant of the world. Little things are great to him in his retirement and his simplicity; and thus we find him chronicling, among his memorable events, the arrival of a dancing-master, the planting of a pear-tree, the getting a new bell for the kirk, the first appearance of Punch's Opera in the country-side, and other incidents of a like nature, which he takes up indiscriminately with the breaking out of the American war, the establishment of manufactures, or the spread of French revolutionary principles. Amidst the quaint humour and shrewd observation of honest Micah are some striking and pathetic incidents. Mrs Malcolm, the widow of a Clyde shipmaster, comes to settle in his village; and being 'a genty body, calm and methodical,' she brought up her children in a superior manner, and they all get on in the world. One of them becomes a sailor; and there are few more touching narratives in the language than the account of this cheerful gallant-hearted lad, from his first setting off to sea to his death as a midshipman, in an engagement with the French. Taken altogether, this work of Mr Galt's is invaluable for its truth and nature, its quiet unforced humour and pathos, its genuine nationality as a faithful record of Scottish feeling and manners, and its rich felicity of homely antique Scottish phrase and expression, which to his countrymen is perhaps the crowning excellence of the author.

In the following passage the placing of Mr Balwhidder as minister of Dalmailing is admirably described:—

It was a great affair; for I was put in by the patron, and the people knew nothing whatsoever of me, and their hearts were stirred into strife on the occasion, and they did all that lay within the compass of their power to keep me out, insomuch that there was obliged to be a guard of soldiers to protect the presbytery; and it was a thing that made my heart grieve when I heard the drum beating and the fife playing as we were going to the kirk. The people were really mad and vicious, and flung dirt upon us as we passed, and reviled us all, and held out the finger of scorn at me; but I endured it with a resigned spirit, compassionating their wilfulness and blindness. Poor old Mr Kilfuddy of the Brachill got such a clash of glaur on the side of his face, that his eye was almost extinguished.

When we got to the kirk door, it was found to be nailed up, so as by no possibility to be opened. The sergeant of the soldiers wanted to break it, but I was afraid that the heritors would grudge and complain of the expense of a new door, and I supplicated him to let it be as it was; we were therefore obligated to go in by a window, and the crowd followed us in the most unreverent manner, making the Lord's house like an inn on a fair day with their grievous yelly-hooing. During the time of the psalm and the sermon they behaved themselves better, but when the induction came on, their clamour was dreadful; and Thomas Thorl, the weaver, a pious zealot in that time, got up and protested and said, 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber.' And I thought I would have a hard and sore time of it with such an outstrapolous people. Mr Given, that was then the minister of Lugton, was a jocose man, and would have his joke even at a solemnity. When the laying of the hands upon me was a-doing, he could not get near enough to put on his, but he stretched out his staff and touched my head, and said, to the great diversion of the rest, 'This will do well enough—timber to timber;' but it was an unfriendly saying of Mr Given, considering the time and the place, and the temper of my people.

After the ceremony we then got out at the window, and it was a heavy day to me; but we went to the manse, and there we had an excellent dinner, which Mrs Watts of the new inn of Irville prepared at my request, and sent her chaise-driver to serve, for he was likewise her waiter, she having then but one chaise, and that not often called for.

But although my people received me in this unruly manner, I was resolved to cultivate civility among them; and therefore the very next morning I began a round of visitations; but oh! it was a steep brae that I had to climb, and it needed a stout heart, for I found the doors in some places barred against me; in others, the bairns, when they saw me coming, ran crying to their mothers, 'Here's the feckless Mess-John;' and then, when I went in into the houses, their parents would not ask me to sit down, but with a scornful way said, 'Honest man, what's your pleasure here?' Nevertheless, I walked about from door to door, like a dejected beggar, till I got the almous deed of a civil reception, and, who would have thought it, from no less a person than the same Thomas Thorl that was so bitter against me in the kirk on the foregoing day.

Thomas was standing at the door with his green duffle apron and his red Kilmarnock nightcap—I mind him as well as if it was but yesterday—and he had seen me going from house to house, and in what manner I was rejected, and his bowels were moved, and he said to me in a kind manner, 'Come in, sir, and ease yoursel; this will never do; the clergy are

God's gorbies, and for their master's sake it behoves us to respect them. There was no ane in the whole parish mair against you than mysel, but this early visitation is a symptom of grace that I couldna have expectit from a bird out of the nest of patronage.' I thanked Thomas, and went in with him, and we had some solid conversation together, and I told him that it was not so much the pastor's duty to feed the flock, as to herd them well; and that although there might be some abler with the head than me, there wasna a he within the bounds of Scotland more willing to watch the fold by night and by day. And Thomas said he had not heard a mair sound observe for some time, and that if I held to that doctrine in the poopit, it wouldna be lang till I would work a change. 'I was mindit,' quoth he, 'never to set my foot within the kirk door while you were there; but to testify, and no to condemn without a trial, I'll be there next Lord's day, and egg my neighbours to be likewise, so ye'll no have to preach just to the bare walls and the laird's family.'

The 'Ayrshire Legatees' is a story of the same cast as the Annals, and describes (chiefly by means of correspondence) the adventures of another country minister and his family on a journey to London to obtain a rich legacy left him by a cousin in India. 'The Provost' is another portraiture of Scottish life, illustrative of the jealousies, contentions, local improvements, and *jobbery* of a small burgh in the olden time. Some of the descriptions in this work are very powerfully written. 'Sir Andrew Wylie' and 'The Entail' are more regular and ambitious performances, treble the length of the others, but not so carefully finished. The *pawkie* Ayrshire baronet is humorous, but not very natural. The character of Leddy Grippy in 'The Entail' was a prodigious favourite with Byron. Both Scott and Byron, it is said, read this novel three times over—no slight testimony to its merits. We should be disposed, however, to give the preference to another of Mr Galt's three-volume fictions, 'Lawrie Todd, or the Settlers,' a work which seems to have no parallel, since Defoe, for apparent reality, knowledge of human nature, and fertility of invention. The history of a real individual, a man named Grant Thorburn, supplied the author with part of his incidents, as the story of Alexander Selkirk did Defoe; but the mind and the experience of Galt are stamped on almost every page. In his former productions our author wrought with his recollections of the Scotland of his youth; the mingled worth, simplicity, *pawkiness*, and enthusiasm which he had seen or heard of as he loitered about Irvine or Greenock, or conversed with the country sires and matrons; but in 'Lawrie Todd' we have the fruit of his observations in the New World, presenting an entirely different and original phase of the Scottish character. Lawrie is by trade a nailmaker, who emigrates with his brother to America, and their stock of worldly goods and riches, on arriving at New York, consisted of about five shillings in money, and an old chest containing some articles of dress and other necessaries. Lawrie works hard at the nailmaking, marries a pious and industrious maiden (who soon dies), and in time becomes master of a grocer's shop, which he exchanges for the business of a seedsman. The latter is a bad affair, and Lawrie is compelled to sell all off, and begin the world again. He removes with his family to the backwoods, and once more is prosperous. He clears, builds, purchases land, and speculates to great advantage, till he is at length enabled to return to Scotland in some style, and visit the place of his nativity. This Scottish jaunt is a blemish in the work, for the incidents and descriptions are ridiculously exaggerated; but nothing can be better than the account of the early struggles of this humble hero—the American sketches of character with which the work abounds—the view it gives of life in the backwoods—or the peculiar *freshness* and vigour that seem to accompany every scene and every movement of the story. In perception of character and motive, within a certain sphere, Mr Galt stands unrivalled; and he has energy as well as quickness. His taste, however, was very defective; and thus, combined with the hurry and uncertainty of his latter days, led him to waste his original powers on subjects unfitted for his pen, and injurious to his reputation. The story of his life is a melancholy one; but his genius was an honour to his country, and merited a better reward.

THOMAS HOPE.

THOMAS HOPE, the author of *Anastasius*, was one of the merchant princes of England whom commerce had led to opulence, and who repaid the compliment by ennobling his origin and pursuits with taste, munificence, and genius. He was one of three brothers, wealthy merchants in Amsterdam. When a young man, he spent some years in foreign travel, visiting the principal places in Europe, Asia, and Africa. On his return he settled in London, purchased a large house, and a country mansion (Deepdene, near Dorking), and embellished both with drawings, picture galleries, sculpture, amphitheatres for antiques, and all other rare and costly appliances. His appearances as an author arose out of these favourite occupations and studies. In 1805 he published a folio volume of drawings and descriptions, entitled *Household Furniture and Decorations*. The ambitious style of this work, and the author's devotion to the forms of chairs, sofas, couches, and tables, provoked a witty piece of ridicule in the Edinburgh Review; but the man of taste and virtu triumphed. A more classical and appropriate style of furniture and domestic utensils gained ground; and with Mr Hope rests the honour of having achieved the improvement. Two other splendid publications proceeded from Mr Hope, *The Costume of the Ancients* (1809), and *Designs of Modern Costumes* (1812), both works evincing extensive knowledge and curious research. In 1819 Mr Hope burst forth as a novelist of the first order. He had studied human nature as well as architecture and costume, and his early travels had exhibited to him men of various creeds and countries. The result was *Anastasius, or Memoirs of a Modern Greek, written at the Close of the Eighteenth Century*, in three volumes. The author's name was not prefixed to the work—as it was given forth as a veritable history—but the secret soon became known, and Mr Hope, from being reputed as something like a learned upholsterer, or clever draughtsman, was at once elevated into a rivalry with Byron as a glowing painter of foreign scenery and manners, and with Le Sage and the other masters of the novel, in the art of conducting a fable and delineating character. The author turned from fiction to metaphysics, and composed a work *On the Origin and Prospects of Man*, which he did not live to see through the press, but which was published after his decease. His cosmogony is strange and unorthodox; but amidst his paradoxes, conceits, and abstruse speculations, are many ingenious views and eloquent disquisitions. Mr Hope died on the 3d of February 1831, and probate was granted for £180,000 personal property. Mr Beckford and 'Vathek' are the only parallels to Mr Hope and 'Anastasius' in oriental wealth and imagination.

'Anastasius' is one of the most original and dazzling of modern romances. The hero is, like Zeluco,

a villain spoiled by early indulgence; he becomes a renegade to his faith, a mercenary, a robber, and an assassin; but the elements of a better nature are sown in his composition, and break forth at times. He is a native of Chios, the son of Greek parents. To avoid the consequences of an amour with Helena, the consul's daughter, he runs off to sea in a Venetian vessel, which is boarded by pirates and captured. The pirates are in turn taken by a Turkish frigate, and carried before Hassan Pasha. Anastasius is released, fights with the Turks in the war against the Araonoots, and accompanies the Greek drogueman to Constantinople. Disgrace and beggary reduce him to various shifts and adventures. He follows a Jew quack doctor selling nostrums—is thrown into the Bagnio, or state prison—afterwards embraces the Turkish faith—revisits Greece—proceeds to Egypt—and subsequently ranges over Arabia, and visits Malta, Sicily, and Italy. His intrigues, adventures, sufferings, &c. are innumerable. Every aspect of Greek and Turkish society is depicted—sarcasm, piquant allusion, pathos and passion, and descriptions of scenery, are strangely intermingled in the narrative. Wit, epigram, and the glitter of rhetorical amplification, occupy too much space; but the scene is constantly shifting, and the work possesses the truth and accuracy of a book of travels joined to those of a romance. The traveller, too, is a thorough man of the world, has a keen insight into human weaknesses and foibles, and describes his adventures and impressions without hypocrisy or reserve. The most powerful passages are those in which pathos is predominant—such as the scenes with Euphrosyne, whom Anastasius has basely violated—his sensations on revisiting Greece and the tomb of Helena—his reflections on witnessing the dead Araonoot soldier whom he had slain—the horrors of the plague and famine—and, above all, the account of the death of Alexis, the child of Anastasius, and in whom were centred the only remains of his human affection, his love and hope. The gradual decay of this youth, and the intense anxiety and watchfulness of his father, constitute a scene of genuine grief and tenderness. We forget the craft and villany of Anastasius, thus humbled and prostrate. His wild gaiety and heartless jests, his degeneracy and sensualism, have passed away. They had palled upon himself, but one spring of pure affection remained to redeem his nature; and it is not without the strongest pity and kindred commiseration that we see the desperate adventurer reduced to loneliness and heartbroken despair. The scene is introduced by an account of his recovering his lost son in Egypt, and carrying him off to Europe:—

My cousin's letter had promised me a brilliant lot, and—what was better—my own pockets insured me a decent competence. The refinements of a European education should add every external elegance to my boy's innate excellence, and, having myself moderately enjoyed the good things of this world, while striving to deserve the better promised in the next, I should, ere my friends became tired of my dotage, resign my last breath in the arms of my child.

The blue sky seemed to smile upon my cheerful thoughts, and the green wave to murmur approbation of my plan. Almighty God! what was there in it so heinous to deserve that an inexorable fate should cast it to the winds?

In the midst of my dream of happiness, my eye fell upon the darling object in which centred all its sweets. Insensibly my child's prattle had diminished, and had at last subsided in an unusual silence. I thought he looked pale; his eyes seemed heavy, and his lips felt parched. The rose, that every morning, still so fresh, so erect on its stalk, at mid-day hung its heavy head, discoloured, wan, and fading; but so frequently had the billows, during the fury of the storm, drenched my boy's little crib, that I could not wonder he should have felt their effects in a severe cold. I put him to bed, and tried to hush him to sleep. Soon, however, his face grew flushed, and his pulse became feverish. I failed alike in my endeavours to procure him repose and to afford him amusement: but, though playthings were repulsed, and tales no longer attended to, still he could not bear me an instant out of his sight; nor would he take anything except at my hands. Even when—as too soon it did—his reason began to wander, his filial affection retained its pristine hold of his heart. It had grown into an adoration of his equally doting father; and the mere consciousness of my presence seemed to relieve his uneasiness.

Had not my feelings, a few moments only before, been those of such exceeding happiness, I should not so soon perhaps have conceived great alarm; but I had throughout life found every extraordinary burst of joy followed by some unforeseen calamity; and my exultation had just risen to so unusual a pitch, that a deep dismay now at once struck me to the heart. I felt convinced that I had only been carried to so high a pinnacle of joy, in order to be hurled with greater ruin into an abyss of wo. Such became my anxiety to reach Trieste, and to obtain the best medical assistance, that even while the ship continued to cleave the waves like an arrow, I fancied it lay like a log upon the main. How, then, did my pangs increase when, as if in resentment of my unjust complaints, the breeze, dying away, really left our keel motionless on the waters! My anguish baffled all expression.

In truth I do not know how I preserved my senses, except from the need I stood in of their aid: for, while we lay cursed with absolute immobility, and the sun ever found us, on rising, in the same place where it had left us on setting, my child—my darling child—was every instant growing worse, and sinking apace under the pressure of illness. To the deep and flushing glow of a complexion far exceeding in its transient brilliancy even the brightest hues of health, had succeeded a settled, unchanging, deadly paleness. His eye, whose round full orb was wont to beam upon me with mild but fervent radiance, now dim and wandering, for the most part remained half closed; and when, roused by my address, the idol of my heart strove to raise his languid look, and to meet the fearful inquiries of mine, he only showed all the former fire of his countenance extinct. In the more violent bursts, indeed, of his unceasing delirium, his wasting features sometimes acquired a fresh but sad expression. He would then start up, and with his feeble hands clasped together, and big tears rolling down his faded cheeks, beg in the most moving terms to be restored to his home: but mostly he seemed absorbed in inward musings, and, no longer taking note of the passing hour, he frequently during the course of the day moved his pallid lips, as if repeating to himself the little prayer which he had been wont to say at bed-time and at rising, and the blessings I had taught him to add, addressed to his mother on behalf of his father. If—wretched to see him thus, and doubly agonized to think that I alone had been the cause—I burst out into tears which I strove to hide, his perception of outward objects seemed all at once for a moment to return. He asked me whether I was hurt, and would lament that, young and feeble as he was, he could not yet nurse me as he wished; but promised me better care when he should grow stronger.

In this way hour after hour and day after day rolled on, without any progress in our voyage, while all I had left to do was to sit doubled over my child's

couch, watching all his wants, and studying all his looks, trying, but in vain, to discover some amendment. 'Oh for those days!' I now thought, 'when a calm at sea appeared an intolerable evil, only because it stopped some tide of folly or delayed some scheme of vice!'

At last one afternoon, when, totally exhausted with want of sleep, I sat down by my child in all the composure of torpid despair, the sailors rushed in one and all—for even they had felt my agony, and doted on my boy. They came to cheer me with better tidings. A breeze had just sprung up! The waves had again begun to ripple, and the lazy keel to stir. As minute pressed on minute, the motion of the ship became swifter; and presently, as if nothing had been wanting but a first impulse, we again dashed through the waves with all our former speed.

Every hour now brought us visibly nearer the inmost recess of the deep Adriatic and the end of our journey. Pola seemed to glide by like a vision: presently we passed Fiume: we saw Capo d'Istria but a few minutes: at last we descried Trieste itself! Another half hour, and every separate house became visible, and not long after we ran full sail into the harbour. The sails were taken in, the anchor was dropped, and a boat instantly came alongside.

All the necessary preparations had been made for immediately conveying my patient on shore. Wrapped up in a shawl, he was lifted out of his crib, laid on a pillow, and lowered into the boat, where I held him in my lap, protected to the best of my power from the roughness of the blast and the dashing of the spray until we reached the quay.

In my distress I had totally forgotten the taint contracted at Melada, and had purposed, the instant we stepped on shore, to carry my child straight to a physician. New anguish pierced my soul when two bayonets crossed upon my breast forced me, in spite of my alternate supplication and rage, to remain on the jettee, there to wait his coming, and his previous scrutiny of all our healthy crew. All I could obtain as a special favour was a messenger to hurry his approach, while, panting for his arrival, I sat down with my Alexis in my arms under a low shed which kept off a pelting shower. I scarce know how long this situation lasted. My mind was so wrapped up in the danger of my boy as to remain wholly unconscious of the bustle around, except when the removal of some cask or barrel forced me to shift my station. Yet, while wholly deaf to the unceasing din of the place, I could discern the faintest rumour that seemed to announce the approaching physician. O, how I cursed his unfeeling delay! how I would have paved his way with gold to have hastened his coming! and yet a something whispered continually in my ear that the utmost speed of man no longer could avail.

Ah! that at least, confirmed in this sad persuasion, I might have tasted the heart-rending pleasure of bestowing upon my departing child the last earthly endearments! but, tranquil, composed, and softly slumbering as he looked, I feared to disturb a repose on which I founded my only remaining hopes. All at once, in the midst of my despair, I saw a sort of smile light up my darling's features, and hard as I strove to guard against all vain illusions, I could not at this sight stop a ray of gladness from gliding unchecked into my trembling heart. Short, however, was the joy: soon vanished the deceitful symptom! On a closer view it only appeared to have been a slight convulsion which had hurried over my child's now tranquil countenance, as will sometimes dart over the smooth mirror of a dormant lake the image of a bird in the air. It looked like the response of a departing angel, to those already on high, that hailed his speedy coming. The soul of my Alexis was fast preparing for its flight.

Lest he might feel ill at ease in my lap, I laid him down upon my cloak, and kneeled by his side to watch the growing change in his features. The present now was all to me: the future I knew I no longer should reck. Feeling my breath close to his cheek, he half opened his eyes, looked as if after a long absence again suddenly recognising his father, and—putting out his little mouth—seemed to crave one last token of love. The temptation was too powerful: I gently pressed my lip upon that of my babe, and gathered from it the proffered kiss. Life's last faint spark was just going forth, and I caught it on the threshold. Scarce had I drawn back my face, when all respiration ceased. His eye-strings broke, his features fell, and his limbs stiffened for ever. All was over: Alexis was no more.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Mr Washington Irving, a native of America, commenced a career of literary exertion in this country by the publication in 1820 of *The Sketch-*



Washington Irving.

Book, a series of short tales and essays, sentimental and humorous, which were originally printed in an American periodical, but illustrative of English manners and scenery. Mr Irving had previously published in his native country a humorous *History of New York, by Knickerbocker*, being an imaginary account of the original Dutch inhabitants of that state; and he had also issued a satirical periodical entitled *Salmagundi*. 'The Sketch-Book' was received with great favour in Britain; its carefully elaborated style and beauties of diction were highly praised, and its portraitures of English rural life and customs, though too antiquated to be strictly accurate, were pleasing and interesting. It was obvious that the author had formed his taste upon that of Addison and Goldsmith; but his own great country, its early state of society, the red Indians, and native traditions, had also supplied him with a fund of natural and original description. His stories of Rip Van Winkle and the Sleepy Hollow are perhaps the finest pieces of original fictitious writing that this century has produced, next to the works of Scott. In 1822 Mr Irving continued the same style of fanciful English delineation in his *Bracebridge Hall*, in which we are introduced to the interior of a squire's mansion, and to a number of original

characters, drawn with delicacy and discrimination equal to those in his former work. In 1824 appeared another series of tales and sketches, but greatly inferior, entitled *Tales of a Traveller*. Having gone to Spain in connection with the United States embassy, Mr Irving studied the history and antiquities of that romantic country, and in 1828 published *The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*, in four volumes, written in a less ornate style than his former works, but valuable for the new information it communicates. Next year appeared *The Conquest of Granada*, and in 1832 *The Alhambra*, both connected with the ancient Moorish kingdom of Granada, and partly fictitious. Several lighter works have since



Washington Irving's Cottage.

issued from his fertile pen—*Astoria*, a narrative of American adventure, *A Tour in the Prairies*, *Abbotsford and Newstead*, &c. The principal works of Mr Irving are his 'Sketch Book' and 'Bracebridge Hall;' these are the corner-stones of his fame, and likely to be durable. In all his writings, however, there are passages evincing fine taste, gentle affections, and graceful description. His sentiments are manly and generous, and his pathetic and humorous sketches are in general prevented from degenerating into extravagance by practical good sense and a correct judgment. Modern authors have too much neglected the mere matter of style, but the success of Mr Irving should convince the careless that the graces of composition, when employed even on paintings of domestic life and the quiet scenes of nature, can still charm as in the days of Addison, Goldsmith, and Mackenzie.

[*Manners in New York in the Dutch Times.*]

The houses of the higher class were generally constructed of wood, excepting the gable end, which was of small black and yellow Dutch bricks, and always faced on the street, as our ancestors, like their descendants, were very much given to outward show, and were noted for putting the best leg foremost. The house was always furnished with abundance of large doors and small windows on every floor, the date of its erection was curiously designated by iron figures on the front; and on the top of the roof was perched a fierce little weathercock, to let the family into the important secret which way the wind blew. These, like the weathercocks on the tops of our steeples, pointed so many different ways, that every man could have a wind to his mind; and you would have thought old Æolus had set all his bags of wind adrift, pell-mell, to gambol about this windy metropolis; the most staunch and loyal citizens, however, always went according to the weathercock on the top of the governor's house, which was certainly the most correct, as he had a trusty servant employed every morning to climb up and point it whichever way the wind blew.

In those good days of simplicity and sunshine, a passion for cleanliness was the leading principle in domestic economy, and the universal test of an able housewife, a character which formed the utmost ambition of our unenlightened grandmothers. The front door was never opened except on marriages, funerals, New-Year's days, the festival of St Nicholas, or some such great occasion. It was ornamented with a gorgeous brass knocker, curiously wrought, sometimes into the device of a dog, and sometimes of a lion's head, and was daily burnished with such religious zeal, that it was oftentimes worn out by the very precautions taken for its preservation. The whole house was constantly in a state of inundation, under the discipline of mops, and brooms, and scrubbing-brushes, and the good housewives of those days were a kind of amphibious animal, delighting exceedingly to be dabbling in water, insomuch that a historian of the day gravely tells us, that many of his townswomen grew to have webbed fingers like unto a duck, and some of them, he had little doubt, could the matter be examined into, would be found to have the tails of mermaids, but this I look upon to be a mere sport of fancy, or, what is worse, a wilful misrepresentation.

The grand parlour was the sanctum sanctorum, where the passion for cleaning was indulged without control. In this sacred apartment no one was permitted to enter excepting the mistress and her confidential maid, who visited it once a week for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning, and putting things to rights, always taking the precaution of leaving their shoes at the door, and entering devoutly on their stocking-feet. After scrubbing the floor, sprinkling it with fine white sand, which was curiously stroked into angles, and curves, and rhomboids, with a broom, after washing the windows, rubbing and polishing the furniture, and putting a new bunch of evergreens in the fireplace, the window shutters were again closed to keep out the flies, and the room carefully locked up until the revolution of time brought round the weekly cleaning day.

As to the family, they always entered in at the gate, and most generally lived in the kitchen. To have seen a numerous household assembled around the fire, one would have imagined that he was tran-

sported back to those happy days of primeval simplicity which float before our imaginations like golden visions. The fireplaces were of a truly patriarchal magnitude, where the whole family, old and young, master and servant, black and white, nay, even the very cat and dog, enjoyed a community of privilege, and had each a prescriptive right to a corner. Here the old burgher would sit in perfect silence, puffing his pipe, looking in the fire with half-shut eyes, and thinking of nothing for hours together; the goede vrouw on the opposite side would employ herself diligently in spinning her yarn or knitting stockings. The young folks would crowd around the hearth, listening with breathless attention to some old crone of a negro who was the oracle of the family, and who, perched like a raven in a corner of the chimney, would croak forth for a long winter afternoon a string of incredible stories about New England witches, grisly ghosts, horses without heads, and hairbreadth escapes, and bloody encounters among the Indians.

In those happy days a well-regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sundown. Dinner was invariably a private meal, and the fat old burghers showed incontestable symptoms of disapprobation and uneasiness at being surprised by a visit from a neighbour on such occasions. But though our worthy ancestors were thus singularly averse to giving dinners, yet they kept up the social bonds of intimacy by occasional banquetings, called tea-parties.

As this is the first introduction of those delectable orgies, which have since become so fashionable in this city, I am conscious my fair readers will be very curious to receive information on the subject. Sorry am I that there will be but little in my description calculated to excite their admiration. I can neither delight them with accounts of suffocating crowds, nor brilliant drawing-rooms, nor towering feathers, nor sparkling diamonds, nor immeasurable trains. I can detail no choice anecdotes of scandal, for in those primitive times the simple folk were either too stupid or too good-natured to pull each other's characters to pieces; nor can I furnish any whimsical anecdotes of brag; how one lady cheated, or another bounced into a passion; for as yet there was no junto of dulcet old dowagers who met to win each other's money and lose their own tempers at a card-table.

These fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes, or noblesse—that is to say, such as kept their own cows and drove their own wagons. The company commonly assembled at three o'clock, and went away about six, unless it was in winter time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark. I do not find that they ever treated their company to iced creams, jellies, or syllabubs, or regaled them with musty almonds, mouldy raisins, or sour oranges, as is often done in the present age of refinement. Our ancestors were fond of more sturdy substantial fare. The tea-table was crowned with a huge earthen dish well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy. The company being seated around the genial board, and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in launching at the fattest pieces of this mighty dish, in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple-pies, or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast of an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough fried in hog's fat, and called dough-nuts, or oly koeks; a delicious kind of cake, at present scarce known in this city, excepting in genuine Dutch families.

The tea was served out of a majestic delft tea-pot ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses, tending pigs—with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies. The beaux distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot from a huge copper tea-kettle, which would have made the pigmy macaronies of these degenerate days sweat merely to look at it. To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup, and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum, until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was, to suspend a large lump directly over the tea-table by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth—an ingenious expedient, which is still kept up by some families in Albany, but which prevails, without exception, in Communipaw, Bergen, Flat-Bush, and all our uncontaminated Dutch villages.

At these primitive tea-parties the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting nor coquetting—no gambling of old ladies, nor hoyden chattering and romping of young ones—no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen with their brains in their pockets; nor amusing conceits and monkey divertisements of smart young gentlemen with no brains at all. On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush-bottomed chairs, and knit their own woollen stockings; nor ever opened their lips, excepting to say *yah Mynheer* or *yah ya Vrouw* to any question that was asked them; behaving in all things like decent well-educated damsels. As to the gentlemen, each of them tranquilly smoked his pipe, and seemed lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles with which the fireplaces were decorated; wherein sundry passages of Scripture were piously portrayed: Tobit and his dog figured to great advantage; Haman swung conspicuously on his gibbet; and Jonah appeared most manfully bouncing out of the whale, like Harlequin through a barrel of fire.

The parties broke up without noise and without confusion. They were carried home by their own carriages—that is to say, by the vehicles nature had provided them, excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a wagon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes, and took leave of them with a hearty smack at the door; which, as it was an established piece of etiquette, done in perfect simplicity and honesty of heart, occasioned no scandal at that time, nor should it at the present—if our great-grandfathers approved of the custom, it would argue a great want of reverence in their descendants to say a word against it.

[*A Rainy Sunday in an Inn.*]

[From 'Bracebridge Hall.']

It was a rainy Sunday in the gloomy month of November. I had been detained in the course of a journey by a slight indisposition, from which I was recovering; but I was still feverish, and was obliged to keep within doors all day, in an inn of the small town of Derby. A wet Sunday in a country inn! whoever has had the luck to experience one, can alone judge of my situation. The rain pattered against the casements, the bells tolled for church with a melancholy sound. I went to the windows in quest of something to amuse the eye, but it seemed as if I had been placed completely out of the reach of all amusement. The windows of my bed-room looked out among tiled roofs and stacks of chimneys, while those of my sitting-room commanded a full view of the stable-yard. I know of nothing more calculated to make a man sick of this world than a stable-yard on a rainy day. The place was littered with wet straw that had been kicked about by travellers and stable-boys. In one

corner was a stagnant pool of water surrounding an island of muck; there were several half-drowned fowls crowded together under a cart, among which was a miserable crest-fallen cock, drenched out of all life and spirit, his drooping tail matted, as it were, into a single feather, along which the water trickled from his back; near the cart was a half-dozing cow chewing the cud, and standing patiently to be rained on, with wreaths of vapour rising from her reeking hide; a wall-eyed horse, tired of the loneliness of the stable, was poking his spectral head out of a window, with the rain dripping on it from the eaves; an unhappy cur, chained to a dog-house hard by, uttered something every now and then between a bark and a yelp; a drab of a kitchen wench tramped backwards and forwards through the yard in pattens, looking as sulky as the weather itself, everything, in short, was comfortless and forlorn, excepting a crew of hard-drinking ducks, assembled like boon companions round a puddle, and making a riotous noise over their liquor.

I sauntered to the window, and stood gazing at the people picking their way to church, with petticoats hoisted mid-leg high, and dripping umbrellas. The bells ceased to toll, and the streets became silent. I then amused myself with watching the daughters of a tradesman opposite, who, being confined to the house for fear of wetting their Sunday finery, played off their charms at the front windows, to fascinate the chance tenants of the inn. They at length were summoned away by a vigilant vinegar-faced mother, and I had nothing further from without to amuse me.

The day continued lowering and gloomy; the slovenly, ragged, spongy clouds drifted heavily along; there was no variety even in the rain; it was one dull, continued, monotonous patter, patter, patter, excepting that now and then I was enlivened by the idea of a brisk shower, from the rattling of the drops upon a passing umbrella. It was quite refreshing (if I may be allowed a hackneyed phrase of the day) when in the course of the morning a horn blew, and a stage-coach whirled through the street, with outside passengers stuck all over it, cowering under cotton umbrellas, and seethed together, and reeking with the steams of wet box-coats and upper Benjamins. The sound brought out from their lurking-places a crew of vagabond boys and vagabond dogs, and the carroty-headed hostler, and that nondescript animal yclept Boots, and all the other vagabond race that infest the purlieus of an inn; but the bustle was transient; the coach again whirled on its way; and boy and dog, and hostler and Boots, all slunk back again to their holes; the street again became silent, and the rain continued to rain on.

The evening gradually wore away. The travellers read the papers two or three times over. Some drew round the fire, and told long stories about their horses, about their adventures, their overturns, and breakings-down. They discussed the credits of different merchants and different inns, and the two wags told several choice anecdotes of pretty chambermaids and kind landladies. All this passed as they were quietly taking what they called their nightcaps; that is to say, strong glasses of brandy and water or sugar, or some other mixture of the kind; after which they one after another rang for Boots and the chambermaid, and walked off to bed in old shoes cut down into marvellously uncomfortable slippers. There was only one man left—a short-legged, long-bodied, plethoric fellow, with a very large, sandy head. He sat by himself with a glass of port wine negus and a spoon, sipping and stirring, and meditating and sipping, until nothing was left but the spoon. He gradually fell asleep bolt upright in his chair, with the empty glass standing before him; and the candle seemed to fall asleep too, for the wick grew long and black, and cabbaged at the end, and dimmed the little light that remained in the chamber. The gloom that now prevailed was contagious. Around hung the shapeless and almost spectral box-coats of departed travellers, long since buried in deep sleep. I only heard the ticking of the clock, with the deep-drawn breathings of the sleeping toper, and the drippings of the rain—drop, drop, drop—from the eaves of the house.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART, the biographer of his illustrious father-in-law, Sir Walter Scott, and editor of the Quarterly Review, is author of four novels—*Valerius, a Roman Story*, three volumes, 1821; *Adam Blair*, one volume, 1822; *Reginald Dalton*, three volumes, 1823; and *Matthew Wald*, one volume, 1824.

The first of Mr Lockhart's productions is the best. It is a tale of the times of Trajan, when that emperor, disregarding the example of his predecessor Nerva, persecuted the small Christian community which had found shelter in the bosom of the Eternal City, and were calmly pursuing their pure worship and peaceful lives. As the blood of the martyr is the seed of the church, the Christians were extending their numbers, though condemned to meet in caves and sepulchres, and forced to renounce the honours and ambition of the world. The hero of the tale visits Rome for the first time at this interesting period. He is the son of a Roman commander, who had settled in Britain, and is summoned to Rome after the death of his parents to take possession of an estate to which, as the heir of the Valerii, he had become entitled. His kinsman Licinius, an eminent lawyer, receives him with affection, and introduces him to his friends and acquaintances. We are thus presented with sketches of the domestic society of the Romans, with pictures of the Forum, the baths, temples, and other marvels of Rome, which are briefly, but distinctly and picturesquely delineated. At the villa of Capito, an Epicurean philosopher, Valerius meets with the two fair nieces of his host, Sempronia and Athanasia. The latter is the heroine of the tale—a pure intellectual creation, in which we see united the Roman grace and feminine sweetness of the patrician lady, with the high-souled fortitude and elevation of the Christian. Athanasia has embraced the new faith, and is in close communion with its professors. Her charms overcome Valerius, who soon obtains possession of her secret; and after various adventures, in which he succours the persecuted maiden, and aids in her wonderful escape, he is at length admitted by baptism into the fellowship of the Christians, and embarks with Athanasia for Britain. The materials of such a story are necessarily romantic and impressive. The taste and splendour of ancient Rome present a fertile field for the imagination, and the transition from these to the sufferings, the devotion, and dangers of the early Christians, calls up a different and not less striking train of feelings and associations. In his serious and pathetic scenes the author is most successful. In the low humour of his attendants, the vulgar display of the rich widow, and the servile pedantry of the stoic tutor, there appear to us many sins against good taste. Some of the satirical touches and phrases are also at variance with the purity and elegance of the general strain of the story, and with the consummate art with which the author has wrought up his situations of a tragic and lofty nature, where we are borne along by a deep and steady feeling of refined pleasure, interest, and admiration. One of the most striking scenes in the novel is a

grand display at the Flavian amphitheatre, given by the emperor on the anniversary of the day on which he was adopted by Nerva. On this occasion a Christian prisoner is brought forward, either to renounce his faith in the face of the assembly, or to die in the arena. Eighty thousand persons were there met, 'from the lordly senators on their silken couches, along the parapet of the arena, up to the impenetrable mass of plebeian heads which skirted the horizon, above the topmost wall of the amphitheatre itself.' The scene concludes with the execution of the Christian. In another scene there is great classic grace, united with delicacy of feeling. It describes Athanasia in prison, and visited there by Valerius through the connivance of Silo, the jailer, who belongs to the Christian party:—

I had hurried along the darkening streets, and up the ascent of the Capitoline, scarce listening to the story of the Cretan. On reaching the summit, we found the courts about the temple of Jupiter already occupied by detachments of foot. I hastened to the Mamertine, and before the postern opened to admit us, the Prætorian squadron had drawn up at the great gate. Sabinus beckoned me to him. 'Caius,' said he, stooping on his horse, 'would to Heaven I had been spared this duty! Cotilius comes forth this moment, and then we go back to the Palatine; and I fear—I fear we are to guard thither your Athanasia. If you wish to enter the prison, quicken your steps.'

We had scarcely entered the inner court ere Sabinus also, and about a score of his Prætorians, rode into it. Silo and Boto were standing together, and both had already hastened towards me, but the jailer, seeing the centurion, was constrained to part from me with one hurried word:—'Pity me, for I also am most wretched! But you know the way; here, take this key, hasten to my dear lady, and tell her what commands have come.'

Alas! said I to myself, of what tidings am I doomed ever to be the messenger! but she was alone, and how could I shrink from any pain that might perhaps alleviate hers? I took the key, glided along the corridors, and stood once more at the door of the chamber in which I had parted from Athanasia. No voice answered to my knock; I repeated it three times, and then, agitated with indistinct apprehension, hesitated no longer to open it. No lamp was burning within the chamber, but from without there entered a wavering glare of deep saffron-coloured light, which showed me Athanasia extended on her couch. Its ominous and troubled hue had no power to mar the image of her sleeping tranquillity. I hung over her for a moment, and was about to disturb that slumber—perhaps the last slumber of peace and innocence—when the chamber walls were visited with a yet deeper glare. 'Caius,' she whispered, as I stepped from beside the couch, 'why do you leave me? Stay, Valerius!' I looked back, but her eyelids were still closed; the same calm smile was upon her dreaming lips. The light streamed redder and more red. All in an instant became as quiet without as within. I approached the window, and saw Cotilius standing in the midst of the court, Sabinus and Silo near him, the horsemen drawn up on either side, and a soldier close behind resting upon an unsheathed sword. I saw the keen blue eye as fierce as ever. I saw that the blood was still fervid in his cheeks, for the complexion of this man was of the same bold and florid brightness, so uncommon in Italy, which you have seen represented in the pictures of Sylla; and even the blaze of the torches seemed to strive in vain to heighten its natural scarlet. The soldier had lifted his sword, and my eye was fixed, as by fascination, when suddenly a deep voice was heard amidst the deadly silence—'Cotilius!—look up, Cotilius!'

Aurelius, the Christian priest, standing at an open window not far distant from that at which I was placed, stretched forth his fettered hand as he spake:—'Cotilius! I charge thee, look upon the hand from which the blessed water of baptism was cast upon thy head. I charge thee, look upon me, and say, ere yet the blow be given, upon what hope thy thoughts are fixed? Is this sword bared against the rebel of Cæsar, or a martyr of Jesus? I charge thee, speak, and for thy soul's sake speak truly.'

A bitter motion of derision passed over his lips, and he nodded, as if impatiently, to the Prætorian. Instinctively I turned me from the spectacle, and my eye rested again upon the couch of Athanasia—but not upon the vision of her tranquillity. The clap with which the corpse fell upon the stones had perhaps reached the sleeping ear, and we know with what swiftness thoughts chase thoughts in the wilderness of dreams. So it was that she started at the very moment when the blow was given, and she whispered—for it was still but a deep whisper—'Spare me, Trajan, Cæsar, Prince—have pity on my youth—strengthen, strengthen me, good Lord! Fie! fie! we must not lie to save life. Felix—Valerius—come close to me, Caius—Fie! let us remember we are Romans—'Tis the trumpet——'

The Prætorian trumpet sounded the march in the court below, and Athanasia, starting from her sleep, gazed wildly around the reddened chamber. The blast of the trumpet was indeed in her ear—and Valerius hung over her; but after a moment the cloud of the broken dream passed away, and the maiden smiled as she extended her hand to me from the couch, and began to gather up the ringlets that floated all down upon her shoulder. She blushed and smiled mindfully, and asked me hastily whence I came, and for what purpose I had come; but before I could answer, the glare that was yet in the chamber seemed anew to be perplexing her, and she gazed from me to the red walls, and from them to me again; and then once more the trumpet was blown, and Athanasia sprung from her couch. I know not in what terms I was essaying to tell her what was the truth, but I know, that ere I had said many words, she discovered my meaning. For a moment she looked deadly pale, in spite of all the glare of the torch beams; but she recovered herself, and said in a voice that sounded almost as if it came from a light heart—'But, Caius, I must not go to Cæsar without having at least a garland on my head. Stay here, Valerius, and I shall be ready anon—quite ready.'

It seemed to me as if she were less hasty than she had promised, yet many minutes elapsed not ere she returned. She plucked a blossom from her hair as she drew near to me, and said, 'Take it—you must not refuse one token more; this also is a sacred gift, Caius, you must learn never to look upon it without kissing these red streaks—these blessed streaks of the Christian flower.'

I took the flower from her hand and pressed it to my lips, and I remembered that the very first day I saw Athanasia she had plucked such a one when apart from all the rest in the gardens of Capito. I told her what I remembered, and it seemed as if the little circumstance had called up all the image of peaceful days, for once more sorrowfulness gathered upon her countenance. If the tear was ready, however, it was not permitted to drop; and Athanasia returned again to her flower.

'Do you think there are any of them in Britain?' said she, 'or do you think that they would grow there? You must go to my dear uncle, and he will not deny you when you tell him that it is for my sake he is to give you some of his. They call it the passion-flower—'tis an emblem of an awful thing, Caius, these purple streaks are like trickling drops; and here, look ye, they are all round the flower. Is

it not very like a bloody crown upon a pale brow? I will take one of them in my hand, too, Caius; and methinks I shall not disgrace myself when I look upon it, even though Trajan should be frowning upon me.'

I had not the heart to interrupt her; but heard silently all she said, and I thought she said the words quickly and eagerly, as if she feared to be interrupted.

The old priest came into the chamber while she was yet speaking so, and said very composedly, 'Come, my dear child, our friend has sent again for us, and the soldiers have been waiting already some space, who are to convey us to the Palatine. Come, children, we must part for a moment—perhaps it may be but for a moment—and Valerius may remain here till we return to him. Here, at least, dear Caius, you shall have the earliest tidings and the surest.'

The good man took Athanasia by the hand, and she, smiling now at length more serenely than ever, said only, 'Farewell then, Caius, for a little moment!' And so, drawing her veil over her face, she passed away from before me, giving, I think, more support to the ancient Aurelius than in her turn she received from him. I began to follow them, but the priest waved his hand as if to forbid me. The door closed after them, and I was alone.

'Adam Blair,' or, as the title runs, *Some Passages in the Life of Mr Adam Blair, Minister of the Gospel at Cross-Meikle*, is a narrative of the fall of a Scottish minister, from the purity and dignity of the pastoral character, and his restoration, after a season of deep penitence and contrition, to the duties of his sacred profession, in the same place which had formerly witnessed his worth and usefulness. The unpleasant nature of the story, and a certain tone of exaggeration and sentimentalism in parts of it, render the perusal of the work somewhat painful and disagreeable, and even of doubtful morality. But 'Adam Blair' is powerfully written, with an accurate conception of Scottish feeling and character, and passages of description equal to any in the author's other works. The tender-hearted enthusiastic minister of Cross-Meikle is hurried on to his downfall 'by fate and metaphysical aid,' and never appears in the light of a guilty person; while his faithful elder, John Maxwell, and his kind friends at Semplehaugh, are just and honourable representatives of the good old Scotch rural classes.

'Reginald Dalton' is the most extended of Mr Lockhart's fictions, and gives us more of the 'general form and pressure' of humankind and society than his two previous works. The scene is laid in England, and we have a full account of college life in Oxford, where Reginald, the hero, is educated, and where he learns to imbibe port, if not prejudice. The dissipation and extravagance of the son almost ruin his father, an English clergyman; and some scenes of distress and suffering consequent on this misconduct are related with true and manly feeling. Reginald joins in the *rows* and quarrels of the gownsmen (which are described at considerable length, and with apparently complete knowledge of similar scenes), but he has virtue enough left to fall in love; and the scene where he declares his passion to the fair Helen Hesketh is one of the most interesting and beautiful in the book. A duel, an elopement, the subtlety and craft of lawyers, and the final succession of Reginald to the patrimony of his ancestors, supply the usual excitement for novel readers; but much of this machinery is clumsily managed, and the value of the book consists in its pictures of English modern manners, and in its clear and manly tone of thought and style. The following is a description of an ancient English mansion:—

They halted to bait their horses at a little village on the main coast of the Palatinate, and then pursued their course leisurely through a rich and level country, until the groves of Grypherwast received them amidst all the breathless splendour of a noble sunset. It would be difficult to express the emotions with which young Reginald regarded, for the first time, the ancient demesne of his race. The scene was one which a stranger, of years and experience very superior to his, might have been pardoned for contemplating with some enthusiasm; but to him the first glimpse of the venerable front, embosomed amidst its

'Old contemporary trees,'

was the more than realisation of cherished dreams. Involuntarily he drew in his rein, and the whole party as involuntarily following the motion, they approached the gateway together at the slowest pace.

The gateway is almost in the heart of the village, for the hall of Grypherwast had been reared long before English gentlemen conceived it to be a point of dignity to have no humble roofs near their own. A beautiful stream runs hard by, and the hamlet is almost within the arms of the princely forest, whose ancient oaks, and beeches, and gigantic pine-trees darken and ennoble the aspect of the whole surrounding region. The peasantry, who watch the flocks and herds in those deep and grassy glades, the fishermen, who draw their subsistence from the clear waters of the river, and the woodmen, whose axes resound all day long among the inexhaustible thickets, are the sole inhabitants of the simple place. Over their cottages the hall of Grypherwast has predominated for many long centuries, a true old northern manor-house, not devoid of a certain magnificence in its general aspect, though making slender pretensions to anything like elegance in its details. The central tower, square, massy, rude, and almost destitute of windows, recalls the knightly and troubled period of the old Border wars; while the overshadowing roofs, carved balconies, and multifarious chimneys scattered over the rest of the building, attest the successive influence of many more or less tasteful generations. Excepting in the original baronial tower, the upper parts of the house are all formed of oak, but this with such an air of strength and solidity as might well shame many modern structures raised of better materials. Nothing could be more perfectly in harmony with the whole character of the place than the autumnal brownness of the stately trees around. The same descending rays were tinging with rich lustre the outlines of their bare trunks, and the projecting edges of the old-fashioned bay-windows which they sheltered; and some rooks of very old family were cawing overhead almost in the midst of the hospitable smoke-wreaths. Within a couple of yards from the door of the house an eminently respectable-looking old man, in a powdered wig and very rich livery of blue and scarlet, was sitting on a garden chair with a pipe in his mouth, and a cool tankard within his reach upon the ground.

The tale of *Matthew Wald* is related in the first person, and the hero experiences a great variety of fortune. He is not of the amiable or romantic school, and seems to have been adopted (in the manner of Godwin) merely as a medium for portraying strong passions and situations in life. The story of Matthew's first love, and some of the episodical narratives of the work, are interesting and ably written. There is also much worldly shrewdness and observation evinced in the delineation of some of the scenes and characters; but on the whole, it is the poorest of Mr Lockhart's novels. The awkward improbable manner in which the events are brought about, and the carelessness and inelegance of the language in many places, are remarkable in a writer of critical

habits and high attainments as a scholar. Mr Lockhart, we suspect, like Sheridan, requires time and patient revision to bring out fully his conceptions, and nevertheless is often tempted or impelled to hurry to a close.

Mr Lockhart is a native of the city of Glasgow, son of the late Rev. John Lockhart, minister of the College Church. He was educated at the university of his native city, and, in consequence of his superiority in his classes, was selected as one of the two students whom Glasgow college sends annually to Oxford, in virtue of an endowment named 'Snell's Foundation.' Having taken his degree, Mr Lockhart repaired to Edinburgh, and applied himself to the study of the law. He entered at the bar, but was quickly induced to devote himself chiefly to literature. Besides the works we have mentioned, Mr Lockhart was a regular contributor to Blackwood's Magazine, and imparted to that work a large portion of the spirit, originality, and determined political character which it has long maintained. In 1820 he was married to Sophia, the eldest daughter of Sir Walter Scott, a lady who possessed much of the conversational talent, the unaffected good humour, and liveliness of her father. Mrs Lockhart died on the 17th of May 1837, in London, whither Mr Lockhart had gone in 1825 to reside as successor to Mr Gifford in the editorship of the Quarterly Review.

PROFESSOR WILSON.

Professor Wilson carried the peculiar features and characteristics of his poetry into his prose compositions. The same amiable gentleness, tenderness, love of nature, pictures of solitary life, humble affections, and pious hopes, expressed in an elaborate but rich structure of language, which fixed upon the author of the Isle of Palms the title of a Lake Poet, may be seen in all his tales. The first of these appeared in 1822, under the name of *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life; a Selection from the Papers of the late Arthur Austin.* This volume consists of twenty-four short tales, three of which (The Elder's Funeral, The Snow-Storm, and The Forgers) had previously been published in Blackwood's Magazine. Most of them are tender and pathetic, and relate to Scottish rural and pastoral life. The innocence, simplicity, and strict piety of ancient manners are described as still lingering in our vales; but, with a fine spirit of homely truth and antique Scriptural phraseology, the author's scenes and characters are too Arcadian to be real. His second work, *The Trials of Margaret Lyndsay* (one volume, 1823), is more regular in construction and varied in incident. The heroine is a maiden in humble life, whose father imbibes the opinions of Paine, and is imprisoned on a charge of sedition, but afterwards released. He becomes irreligious and profane as well as disaffected, and elopes with the mistress of a brother reformer. The gradual ruin and deepening distress of this man's innocent family are related with much pathos. Margaret, the eldest daughter, endeavours to maintain the family by keeping a school; one of her brothers goes to sea, and Margaret forms an attachment to a sailor, the shipmate of her brother, who is afterwards drowned by the upsetting of a boat in the Firth of Forth. Sorrows and disasters continually accumulate on the amiable heroine. Her fortitude is put to a series of severe trials, and though it is impossible to resist the mournful interest of the story, we feel that the author has drawn too largely on the sympathies of his readers, and represented the path of virtuous duty in far too melancholy and oppressive a light. The successive bereavements and afflictions of Margaret Lyndsay are little relieved by episode or dialogue: they proceed in unvaried measure, with no bright allurements of imagination to reconcile us to the scenes of suffering that are so forcibly depicted. In many parts of the tale we are reminded of the affecting pictures of Crabbe—so true to human nature, so heart-rending in their reality and their grief. Of this kind is the description of the removal of the Lyndsays from their rural dwelling to one of the close lanes of the city, which is as natural and as truly pathetic as any scene in modern fiction:—

The twenty-fourth day of November came at last—a dim, dull, dreary, and obscure day, fit for parting everlastingly from a place or person tenderly beloved. There was no sun, no wind, no sound, in the misty and unechoing air. A deadness lay over the wet earth, and there was no visible heaven. Their goods and chattels were few; but many little delays occurred, some accidental, and more in the unwillingness of their hearts to take a final farewell. A neighbour had lent his cart for the flitting, and it was now standing loaded at the door ready to move away. The fire, which had been kindled in the morning with a few borrowed peats, was now out, the shutters closed, the door was locked, and the key put into the hand of the person sent to receive it. And now there was nothing more to be said or done, and the impatient horse started briskly away from Braehead. The blind girl and poor Marion were sitting in the cart—Margaret and her mother were on foot. Esther had two or three small flower-pots in her lap, for in her blindness she loved the sweet fragrance and the felt forms and imagined beauty of flowers; and the innocent carried away her tame pigeon in her bosom. Just as Margaret lingered on the threshold, the Robin Redbreast, that had been their boarder for several winters, hopped upon the stone seat at the side of the door, and turned up its merry eyes to her face. 'There,' said she, 'is your last crumb from us, sweet Roby, but there is a God who takes care o' us a'.' The widow had by this time shut down the lid of her memory, and left all the hoard of her thoughts and feelings, joyful or despairing, buried in darkness. The assembled group of neighbours, mostly mothers, with their children in their arms, had given the 'God bless you, Alice, God bless you, Margaret, and the lave,' and began to disperse; each turning to her own cares and anxieties, in which, before night, the Lyndsays would either be forgotten, or thought on with that unpainful sympathy which is all the poor can afford or expect, but which, as in this case, often yields the fairest fruits of charity and love.

A cold sleety rain accompanied the cart and the foot travellers all the way to the city. Short as the distance was, they met with several other flittings, some seemingly cheerful, and from good to better—others with wo-begone faces, going like themselves down the path of poverty on a journey from which they were to rest at night in a bare and hungry house. * *

The cart stopped at the foot of a lane too narrow to admit the wheels, and also too steep for a laden horse. Two or three of their new neighbours—persons in the very humblest condition, coarsely and negligently dressed, but seemingly kind and decent people—came out from their houses at the stopping of the cart-wheels, and one of them said, 'Ay, ay, here's the flitting, I'se warrant, frae Braehead. Is that you, Mrs Lyndsay? Hech, sers, but you've gotten a nasty cauld wet day for coming into Auld Reekie, as you kintra folks ca' Embro. Hae ye had ony tidings, say ye, o' your gudeman since he gaed aff wi' that limmer? Dool be wi' her and a' sic like.' Alice replied

kindly to such questioning, for she knew it was not meant unkindly. The cart was soon unladen, and the furniture put into the empty room. A cheerful fire was blazing, and the animated and interested faces of the honest folks who crowded into it, on a slight acquaintance, unceremoniously and curiously, but without rudeness, gave a cheerful welcome to the new dwelling. In a quarter of an hour the beds were laid down—the room decently arranged—one and all of the neighbours said, 'Gude night,' and the door was closed upon the Lyndsays in their new dwelling.

They blessed and ate their bread in peace. The Bible was then opened, and Margaret read a chapter. There was frequent and loud noise in the lane of passing merriment or anger, but this little congregation worshipped God in a hymn, Esther's sweet voice leading the sacred melody, and they knelt together in prayer. It has been beautifully said by one whose works are not unknown in the dwellings of the poor—

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinions flies from wo,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.

Not so did sleep this night forsake the wretched. He came like moonlight into the house of the widow and the fatherless, and, under the shadow of his wings, their souls lay in oblivion of all trouble, or perhaps solaced even with delightful dreams.

In 1824 Mr Wilson published another but inferior story, *The Foresters.* It certainly is a singular and interesting feature in the genius of an author known as an active man of the world, who has spent most of his time in the higher social circles of his native country and in England, and whose scholastic and political tastes would seem to point to a different result, that, instead of portraying the manners with which he is familiar—instead of indulging in witty dialogue or humorous illustration, he should have selected homely Scottish subjects for his works of fiction, and appeared never so happy or so enthusiastic as when expatiating on the joys and sorrows of his humble countrymen in the sequestered and unambitious walks of life.

Various other novels issued about this time from the Edinburgh press. Mrs Johnstone published anonymously *Clan Albyn* (1815), a tale written before the appearance of Waverley, and approaching that work in the romantic glow which it casts over Highland character and scenery. Mrs Grant of Laggan (a highly competent authority) has borne testimony to the correctness of the Highland descriptions in 'Clan Albyn.' A second novel, *Elizabeth de Bruce*, was published by Mrs Johnstone in 1827, containing happy sketches of familiar Scottish life. This lady is also authoress of some interesting tales for children, *The Diversions of Hollycot, The Nights of the Round Table,* &c. and is also an extensive contributor to the periodical literature of the day. Her style is easy and elegant, and her writings are marked by good sense and a richly cultivated mind.

Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Bart., has written two novels connected with Scottish life and history, *Lochandhu*, 1825, and *The Wolf of Badenoch*, 1827. In 1830 Sir Thomas wrote an interesting account of the Great Floods in Morayshire, which happened in the autumn of 1829. He was then a resident among the romantic scenes of this unexampled inundation, and has described its effects with great picturesqueness and beauty, and with many homely and pathetic episodes relative to the suffering people. Sir Thomas has also published a series of *Highland Rambles*, much inferior to his early novels, though abounding, like them, in striking descriptions of natural scenery. He has edited Gilpin's Forest Scenery, and Sir Uvedale Price's Essays on the Picturesque, adding much new matter to each; and he was commissioned to write a memorial of her Majesty Queen Victoria's visit to Scotland in 1842. A complete knowledge of his native country, its scenery, people, history, and antiquities—a talent for picturesque delineation—and a taste for architecture, landscape-gardening, and its attendant rural and elegant pursuits, distinguish this author.

The Youth and Manhood of Cyril Thornton, 1827, was hailed as one of the most vigorous and interesting fictions of the day. It contained sketches of college life, military campaigns, and other bustling scenes and adventures strongly impressed with truth and reality. Some of the foreign scenes in this work are very vividly drawn. It was the production of the late Thomas Hamilton, Esq., who visited America, and wrote a lively ingenious work on the new world, entitled *Men and Manners in America*, 1833. Mr Hamilton was one of the many travellers who disliked the peculiar customs, the democratic government, and social habits of the Americans; and he spoke his mind freely, but apparently in a spirit of truth and candour.

In 1828 a good imitation of the style of Galt was published by Mr Moir of Musselburgh, under the title of *The Life of Mansie Waugh, Tailor in Dalkeith.* Parts of this amusing autobiography had previously appeared in Blackwood's Magazine, and it was much relished for its quaint simplicity, shrewdness, and exhibition of genuine Scottish character.

Among the other writers of fiction who at this time published anonymously in Edinburgh was an English divine, Dr James Hook (1771-1828), the only brother of Theodore Hook, and who was dean of Worcester and archdeacon of Huntingdon. To indulge his native wit and humour, and perhaps to spread those loyal Tory principles which, like his brother, he carried to their utmost extent, Dr Hook wrote two novels, *Pen Owen*, 1822, and *Percy Mallory*, 1823. They are clever irregular works, touching on modern events and living characters, and discussing various political questions which then engaged attention. 'Pen Owen' is the superior novel, and contains some good humour and satire on Welsh genealogy and antiquities. Dr Hook wrote several political pamphlets, sermons, and charges.

Andrew Picken was born at Paisley in the year 1788. He was the son of a manufacturer, and brought up to a mercantile life. He was engaged in business for some time in the West Indies, afterwards in a bank in Ireland, in Glasgow, and in Liverpool. At the latter place he established himself as a bookseller, but was unsuccessful, chiefly through some speculations entered into at that feverish period, which reached its ultimatum in the panic of 1826. Mr Picken then went to London to pursue literature as a profession. While resident in Glasgow, he published his first work, *Tales and Sketches of the West of Scotland*, which gave offence by some satirical portraits, but was generally esteemed for its local fidelity and natural painting. His novel of *The Sectarian; or the Church and the Meeting-House*, three volumes, 1829, displayed more vigorous and concentrated powers; but the subject was unhappy, and the pictures which the author drew of the dissenters, representing them as selfish, hypocritical, and sordid, irritated a great body of the public. Next year Mr Picken made a more successful appearance. *The Dominie's Legacy*, three volumes, was warmly welcomed by novel readers, and a second edition was called for by the end of the year. This work consists of a number of Scottish stories (like Mr Carleton's Irish Tales), some humorous and some pathe-

tic. Minister Tam and Mary Ogilvy approach near to the happiest efforts of Galt. The characters and incidents are alike natural and striking. The same year our author conciliated the evangelical dissenters by an interesting religious compilation—*Travels and Researches of Eminent English Missionaries; including a Historical Sketch of the Progress and Present State of the Principal Protestant Missions of late Years.* In 1831 Mr Picken issued *The Club-Book*, a collection of original tales by different authors. Mr James, Tyrone Power, Galt, Mr Moir, James Hogg, Mr Jerdan, and Allan Cunningham, contributed each a story, and the editor himself added two—The Deer Stalkers, and the Three Kearneys. His next work was *Traditionary Stories of Old Families*, the first part of a series which was to embrace the legendary history of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Such a work might be rendered highly interesting and popular, for almost every old family has some traditionary lore—some tale of love, or war, or superstition—that is handed down from generation to generation. Mr Picken now applied himself to another Scottish novel, *The Black Watch* (the original name of the gallant 42d regiment); and he had just completed this work when he was struck with an attack of apoplexy, which in a fortnight proved fatal. He died on the 23d of November 1833. Mr Picken, according to one of his friends, 'was the dominie of his own tales—simple, affectionate, retiring; dwelling apart from the world, and blending in all his views of it the gentle and tender feelings reflected from his own mind.'

MISS FERRIER.

This lady is authoress of *Marriage*, published in 1818, *The Inheritance*, 1824, and *Destiny, or the Chief's Daughter*, 1831—all novels in three volumes each. We learn from Mr Lockhart's Life of Scott, that Miss Ferrier is daughter of James Ferrier, Esq., 'one of Sir Walter's brethren of the clerk's table;' and the great novelist, at the conclusion of the Tales of My Landlord, alluded to his 'sister shadow,' the author of 'the very lively work entitled Marriage,' as one of the labourers capable of gathering in the large harvest of Scottish character and fiction.* In his private diary he has also mentioned Miss Ferrier as 'a gifted personage, having, besides her great talents, conversation the least *exigeante* of any author, female at least, whom he had ever seen among the long list he had encountered with; simple, full of humour, and exceedingly ready at repartee; and all this without the least affectation of the blue stocking.' This is high praise; but the readers of Miss Ferrier's novels will at once recognise it as characteristic, and exactly what they would have anticipated. This lady is a Scottish Miss Edgeworth—of a lively, practical, penetrating cast of mind; skilful in depicting character and seizing upon national peculiarities; caustic in her wit and humour, with a quick sense of the ludicrous; and desirous of inculcating sound morality and attention to the courtesies and charities of life. In some passages, indeed, she evinces a deep religious feeling, approaching to the evangelical views of Hannah More; but the general strain of her writing relates to the foibles and oddities of mankind, and no one has drawn them with greater breadth of comic humour or effect. Her scenes often resemble the style of our best old comedies, and she may boast, like Foote, of adding many new and original characters to the stock of our comic literature. Her first work is a complete gallery of this kind. The plot is very inartificial; but after the first twenty pages, when Douglas conducts his pampered and selfish Lady Juliana to Glenfern castle, the interest never flags. The three maiden aunts at Glenfern—Miss Jacky, who was all over sense, the universal manager and detected, Miss Grizzy, the letter-writer, and Miss Nicky, who was not wanting for sense either, are an inimitable family group. Mrs Violet Macshake, the last remaining branch of the noble race of Girnachgowl, is a representative of the old hard-featured, close-handed, proud, yet kind-hearted Scottish matron, vigorous and sarcastic at the age of ninety, and despising all modern manners and innovations. Then there is the sentimental Mrs Gaffaw, who had weak nerves and headaches; was above managing her house, read novels, dyed ribbons, and altered her gowns according to every pattern she could see or hear of. There is a shade of caricature in some of these female portraits, notwithstanding the explanation of the authoress that they lived at a time when Scotland was very different from what it is now—when female education was little attended to even in families of the highest rank; and consequently the ladies of those days possessed a *raciness* in their manners and ideas that we should vainly seek for in this age of cultivation and refinement. It is not only, however, in satirising the foibles of her own sex that Miss Ferrier displays such original talent and humour. Dr Redgill, a medical hanger-on and diner-out, is a gourmand of the first class, who looks upon bad dinners to be the source of much of the misery we hear of in the married life, and who compares a woman's reputation to a beefsteak—'if once breathed upon, 'tis good for nothing.' Many sly satirical touches occur throughout the work. In one of Miss Grizzy's letters we hear of a Major MacTavish of the militia, who, independent of his rank, which Grizzy thought was very high, distinguished himself, and showed the greatest bravery once when there was a very serious riot about the raising the potatoes a penny a peck, when there was no occasion for it, in the town of Dunoon. We are told also that country visits should seldom exceed three days—the *rest* day, the *dressed* day, and the *pressed* day. There is a great shrewdness and knowledge of human nature in the manner in which the three aunts got over their sorrow for the death of their father, the old laird. 'They sighed and mourned for a time, but soon found occupation congenial to their nature in the little department of life: dressing crape; reviving black silk; converting

* In describing the melancholy situation of Sir Walter the year before his death, Mr Lockhart introduces Miss Ferrier in a very amiable light. 'To assist them (the family of Scott) in amusing him in the hours which he spent out of his study, and especially that he might be tempted to make those hours more frequent, his daughters had invited his friend the authoress of "Marriage" to come out to Abbotsford; and her coming was serviceable: for she knew and loved him well, and she had seen enough of affliction akin to his to be well skilled in dealing with it. She could not be an hour in his company without observing what filled his children with more sorrow than all the rest of the case. He would begin a story as gaily as ever, and go on, in spite of the hesitation in his speech, to tell it with highly picturesque effect, but before he reached the point, it would seem as if some internal spring had given way; he paused, and gazed round him with the blank anxiety of look that a blind man has when he has dropped his staff. Unthinking friends sometimes pained him sadly by giving him the catch-word abruptly. I noticed the delicacy of Miss Ferrier on such occasions. Her sight was bad, and she took care not to use her glasses when he was speaking; and she affected to be also troubled with deafness, and would say, "Well, I am getting as dull as a post; I have not heard a word since you said so and so," being sure to mention a circumstance behind that at which he had really halted. He then took up the thread with his habitual smile of courtesy, as if forgetting his case entirely in the consideration of the lady's infirmity.'

narrow hems into broad hems; and, in short, who so busy, so important, as the ladies of Glenfern?' The most striking picture in the book is that of the Mrs Violet MacShake, who is introduced as living in a lofty lodging in the Old Town of Edinburgh, where she is visited by her grand-nephew Mr Douglas, and his niece Mary. In person she is tall and hard-favoured, and dressed in an antiquated style:—

As soon as she recognised Mr Douglas, she welcomed him with much cordiality, shook him long and heartily by the hand, patted him on the back, looked into his face with much seeming satisfaction; and, in short, gave all the demonstrations of gladness usual with gentlewomen of a certain age. Her pleasure, however, appeared to be rather an *impromptu* than a habitual feeling; for, as the surprise wore off, her visage resumed its harsh and sarcastic expression, and she seemed eager to efface any agreeable impression her reception might have excited.

'And wha thought o' seein' ye enoo?' said she in a quick gabbling voice; 'what's brought you to the toon? Are you come to spend your honest faither's siller ere he's weel cauld in his grave, puir man?'

Mr Douglas explained that it was upon account of his niece's health.

'Health!' repeated she with a sardonic smile, 'it wad mak an ool laugh to hear the wark that's made aboot young fowk's health noo-a-days. I wonder what ye're a' made o',' grasping Mary's arm in her great bony hand—'a wheen puir feckless windlestraes—ye maun awa to Ingland for your healths. Set ye up! I wonder what cam o' the lasses i' my time that bute[1] to bide at hame? And whilk o' ye, I sude like to ken, 'll e'er leive to see ninety-sax, like me. Health! he, he!'

Mary, glad of a pretence to indulge the mirth the old lady's manner and appearance had excited, joined most heartily in the laugh.

'Tak aff yere bannot, bairn, an' let me see your face; wha can tell what like ye are wi' that snule o' a thing on your head?' Then after taking an accurate survey of her face, she pushed aside her pelisse—'Weel, its ae mercy I see ye hae neither the red heed nor the muckle cuits o' the Douglases. I kenna whuther your faither has them or no. I ne'er set een on him: neither him nor his braw leddy thought it worth their while to speer after me; but I was at nae loss, by a' accounts.'

'You have not asked after any of your Glenfern friends,' said Mr Douglas, hoping to touch a more sympathetic chord.

'Time eneugh—wull ye let me draw my breath, man—fowk canna say awthing at ance. An' ye bute to hae an Inglish wife tu, a Scotch lass wadna ser' ye. An' yere wean, I'se warran' its ane o' the warld's wonders—it's been unca lang o' comin'—he, he!'

'He has begun life under very melancholy auspices, poor fellow!' said Mr Douglas, in allusion to his father's death.

'An' wha's faut was that? I ne'er heard tell o' the like o't, to hae the bairn kirsened an' its grandfaither deein'! But fowk are naither born, nor kirsened, nor do they wad or dee as they used to du—awthing's changed.'

'You must, indeed, have witnessed many changes?' observed Mr Douglas, rather at a loss how to utter anything of a conciliatory nature.

'Changes!—weel a wat I sometimes wunder if it's the same warld, an' if it's my ain heed that's upon my shoothers.'

'But with these changes you must also have seen many improvements?' said Mary in a tone of diffidence.

[1] Behoved.

'Impruvements!' turning sharply round upon her; 'what ken ye about impruvements, bairn? A bonny impruvement, or ens no, to see tyleyors and sclaters leavin' whar I mind jewks and yerls. An' that great glowerin' New Toon there,' pointing out of her windows, 'whar I used to sit an' luck oot at bonny green parks, an' see the coos milket, and the bits o' bairnies rowin' an' tumlin', an' the lasses trampin' i' their tubs—what see I noo but stane an' lime, an' stoor an' dirt, an' idle cheels an' dinkit oot madams prancin'. Impruvements indeed!'

Mary found she was not likely to advance her uncle's fortune by the judiciousness of her remarks, therefore prudently resolved to hazard no more. Mr Douglas, who was more *au fait* to the prejudices of old age, and who was always amused with her bitter remarks, when they did not touch himself, encouraged her to continue the conversation by some observation on the prevailing manners.

'Mainers!' repeated she with a contemptuous laugh; 'what ca' ye mainers noo, for I dinna ken? ilk ane gangs bang intill their neebor's hoos, an' bang oot o't, as it war a chynge-hoos; an' as for the maister o't, he's no o' sae muckle vaalu as the flunky ahint his chyre. I' my grandfaither's time, as I hae heard him tell, ilka maister o' a family had his ain sate in his ain hoos; ay! an' sat wi' his hat on his heed afore the best o' the land, an' had his ain dish, an' was ay helpit first, an keepit up his owthority as a man sude du. Paurents war paurents than—bairns dardna set up their gabs afore them than as they du noo. They ne'er presumed to say their heeds war their ain i' thae days—wife an' servants, reteeners an' childer, a' trummelt i' the presence o' their heed.'

Here a long pinch of snuff caused a pause in the old lady's harangue. * *

Mr Douglas availed himself of the opportunity to rise and take leave.

'Oo, what's takin' ye awa, Archie, in sic a hurry? Sit doon there,' laying her hand upon his arm, 'an' rest ye, an' tak a glass o' wine an' a bit breed; or maybe,' turning to Mary, 'ye wad rather hae a drap broth to warm ye? What gars ye look sae blae, bairn? I'm sure it's no cauld; but ye're just like the lave; ye gang a' skiltin' about the streets half naked, an' than ye maun sit an' birsle yoursels afore the fire at hame.'

She had now shuffled along to the further end of the room, and opening a press, took out wine and a plateful of various-shaped articles of bread, which she handed to Mary.

'Hae, bairn—tak a cookie—tak it up—what are you feared for! it'll no bite ye. Here's t'ye, Glenfern, an' your wife an' your wean; puir tead, it's no had a very chancy ootset, weel a wat.'

The wine being drank, and the cookies discussed, Mr Douglas made another attempt to withdraw, but in vain.

'Canna ye sit still a wee, man, an' let me speer after my auld freens at Glenfern? Hoo's Grizzy, an' Jacky, an' Nicky?—aye workin' awa at the peels an' the drogs—he, he! I ne'er swallowed a peel nor gied a doit for drogs a' my days, an' see an ony o' them 'll rin a race wi' me whan they're naur five score.'

Mr Douglas here paid some compliments upon her appearance, which were pretty graciously received; and added that he was the bearer of a letter from his aunt Grizzy, which he would send along with a roebuck and brace of moor-game.

'Gin your roebuck's nae better than your last, atweel it's no worth the sendin': poor dry fissenless dirt, no worth the chowin'; weel a wat I begrudged my teeth on't. Your muirfowl war nae that ill, but they're no worth the carryin'; they're doug cheap i'

the market enoo, so it's nae great compliment. Gin ye had brought me a leg o' gude mútton, or a cauler sawmont, there would hae been some sense in't; but ye're ane o' the fowk that'll ne'er harry yoursell wi' your presents; it's but the pickle powther they cost ye, an' I'se warran' ye're thinkin' mair o' your ain diversion than o' my stamick whan ye're at the shootin' o' them, puir beasts.'

Mr Douglas had borne the various indignities levelled against himself and his family with a philosophy that had no parallel in his life before, but to this attack upon his game he was not proof. His colour rose, his eyes flashed fire, and something resembling an oath burst from his lips as he strode indignantly towards the door.

His friend, however, was too nimble for him. She stepped before him, and, breaking into a discordant laugh as she patted him on the back, 'So I see ye're just the auld man, Archie—aye ready to tak the strums an ye dinna get a' thing your ain wye. Mony a time I had to fleech ye oot o' the dorts when ye was a callant. Do ye mind hoo ye was affronted because I set ye doon to a cauld pigeon-pye an' a tanker o' tippenny ae night to your fowerhoors afore some leddies—he, he, he! Weel a wat yere wife maun hae her ain adoos to manage ye, for ye're a cumstairy chield, Archie.'

Mr Douglas still looked as if he was irresolute whether to laugh or be angry.

'Come, come, sit ye doon there till I speak to this bairn,' said she, as she pulled Mary into an adjoining bed-chamber, which wore the same aspect of chilly neatness as the one they had quitted. Then pulling a huge bunch of keys from her pocket, she opened a drawer, out of which she took a pair of diamond earrings. 'Hae, bairn,' said she, as she stuffed them into Mary's hand; 'they belanged to your faither's grandmother. She was a gude woman, an' had four-an'-twenty sons an' dochters, an' I wuss ye nae waur fortin than just to hae as mony. But mind ye,' with a shake of her bony finger, 'they maun a' be Scots. Gin I thought ye wad mairry ony pock-puddin', fient haed wad ye hae gotten frae me. Noo had your tongue, and dinna deive me wi' thanks,' almost pushing her into the parlour again; 'and sin ye're gawn awa' the morn, I'll see nae mair o' ye enoo—so fare ye weel. But, Archie, ye maun come an' tak your breakfast wi' me. I hae muckle to say to you; but ye mauna be sae hard upon my baps as ye used to be,' with a facetious grin to her mollified favourite as they shook hands and parted.

Aware, perhaps, of the defective outline or story of her first novel, Miss Ferrier has bestowed much more pains on the construction of the 'Inheritance.' It is too complicated for an analysis in this place; but we may mention that it is connected with high life and a wide range of characters, the heroine being a young lady born in France, and heiress to a splendid estate and peerage in Scotland, to which, after various adventures and reverses, she finally succeeds. The tale is well arranged and developed. Its chief attraction, however, consists in the delineation of characters. Uncle Adam and Miss Pratt —the former a touchy, sensitive, rich East Indian, and the latter another of Miss Ferrier's inimitable old maids—are among the best of the portraits; but the canvass is full of happy and striking sketches. 'Destiny' is connected with Highland scenery and Highland manners, but is far from romantic. Miss Ferrier is as *human* and as discerning in her tastes and researches as Miss Edgeworth. The chief, Glenroy, is proud and irascible, spoiled by the fawning of his inferiors, and in his family circle is generous without kindness, and profuse without benevolence. The Highland minister, Mr Duncan MacDow, is an admirable character, though no very prepossessing specimen of the country pastor, and, whether in his single or married state, is sufficiently amusing. Edith, the heroine, is a sweet and gentle creation, and there is strong feeling and passion in some of the scenes. In the case of masculine intellects, like those of the authoress of 'Marriage' and the great Irish novelist, the progress of years seems to impart greater softness and sensibility, and call forth all the gentler affections.

JAMES MORIER.

Mr James Morier, author of a *Journey through Persia*, and sometime secretary of embassy to the court of Persia, has embodied his knowledge of the



East in a series of novels—*The Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan*, three volumes, 1824 (with a second part published in two volumes in 1828); *Zohrab, the Hostage*, three volumes, 1832; *Ayesha, the Maid of Kars*, three volumes, 1834; and *The Mirza*, three volumes, 1841. The object of his first work was, he says, the single idea of illustrating Eastern manners by contrast with those of England, and the author evinces a minute and familiar acquaintance with the habits and customs of the Persians. The truth of his satirical descriptions and allusions was felt even by the court of Persia, for Mr Morier has published a letter from a minister of state in that country, expressing the displeasure which the king felt at the 'very foolish business' of the book. It is probable, however, as the author supposes, that this irritation may lead to reflection, and reflection to amendment, as he conceives the Persians to be, in talent and natural capacity, equal to any nation in the world, and would be no less on a level with them in feeling, honesty, and the higher moral qualities, were their education favourable. The hero of Mr Morier's tale is an adventurer like Gil Blas, and as much buffeted about in the world.

He is the son of a barber of Ispahan, and is successively one of a band of Turcomans, a menial servant, a pupil of the physician-royal of Persia, an attendant on the chief executioner, a religious devotee, and a seller of tobacco-pipes in Constantinople. Having by stratagem espoused a rich Turkish widow, he becomes an official to the Shah; and on his further distinguishing himself for his knowledge of the Europeans, he is appointed secretary to the mission of Mirzah Firouz, and accompanies the Persian ambassador to the court of England. In the course of his multiplied adventures, misfortunes, and escapes, the volatile unprincipled Hajji mixes with all classes, and is much in Tehran, Koordistan, Georgia, Bagdad, Constantinople, &c. The work soon became popular. 'The novelty of the style,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'which was at once perceived to be genuine oriental by such internal evidence as establishes the value of real old China—the gay and glowing descriptions of Eastern state and pageantry—the character of the poetry occasionally introduced—secured a merited welcome for the Persian picaroon. As a picture of oriental manners, the work had, indeed, a severe trial to sustain by a comparison with the then recent romance of Anastasius. But the public found appetite for both; and indeed they differ as comedy and tragedy, the deep passion and gloomy interest of Mr Hope's work being of a kind entirely different from the light and lively turn of our friend Hajji's adventures. The latter, with his morals sitting easy about him, a rogue indeed, but not a malicious one, with as much wit and cunning as enable him to dupe others, and as much vanity as to afford them perpetual means of retaliation; a sparrow-hawk, who, while he floats through the air in quest of the smaller game, is himself perpetually exposed to be pounced upon by some stronger bird of prey, interests and amuses us, while neither deserving nor expecting serious regard or esteem; and like Will Vizard of the hill, "the knave is our very good friend." Mr Morier, however, in the episode of Yusuf, the Armenian, and the account of the death of Zeenab, has successfully entered into the arena of pathetic and romantic description. The oriental scenes are the most valuable and original portions of "Hajji Baba," and possess the attraction of novelty to ordinary readers, yet the account of the constant embarrassment and surprise of the Persians at English manners and customs is highly amusing. The ceremonial of the dinner-table, that seemed to them "absolutely bristling with instruments of offence," blades of all sizes and descriptions, sufficient to have ornamented the girdles of the Shah's household, could not but puzzle those who had been accustomed simply to take everything up in their fingers. The mail-coach, the variety of our furniture and accommodation, and other domestic observances, were equally astonishing; but, above all, the want of ceremonial among our statesmen and public officers surprised the embassy. The following burst of oriental wonder and extravagance succeeds to an account of a visit paid them by the chairman and deputy-chairman of the East India Company, who came in a hackney-coach, and, after the interview, walked away upon their own legs.

"When they were well off, we all sat mute, only occasionally saying, 'Allah! Allah! there is but one Allah!' so wonderfully astonished were we. What! India? that great, that magnificent empire! —that scene of Persian conquest and Persian glory! —the land of elephants and precious stones, the seat of shawls and kincobs!—that paradise sung by poets, celebrated by historians more ancient than Iran itself!—at whose boundaries the sun is permitted to rise, and around whose majestic mountains, some clad in eternal snows, others in eternal verdure, the stars and the moon are allowed to gambol and carouse! What! is it so fallen, so degraded, as to be swayed by two obscure mortals, living in regions that know not the warmth of the sun? Two swine-eating infidels, shaven, impure, walkers on foot, and who, by way of state, travel in dirty coaches filled with straw! This seemed to us a greater miracle in government than even that of Beg Ian, the plaiter of whips, who governed the Turcomans and the countries of Samarcand and Bokhara, leading a life more like a beggar than a potentate."'

'Zohrab' is a historical novel, of the time of Aga Mohammed Shah, a famous Persian prince, described by Sir John Malcolm as having taught the Russians to beat the French by making a desert before the line of the invader's march, and thus leaving the enemy master of only so much ground as his cannon could command. This celebrated Shah is the real hero of the tale, though the honour is nominally awarded to Zohrab, an independent Mazanderini chief, who falls in love with the gentle and beautiful Amima, niece of the Shah. The style of the work is light, pleasant, and animated, and it is full of Persian life. 'Ayesha, the Maid of Kars,' is inferior to its predecessors, though certain parts (as the description of the freebooter, Corah Bey, and the ruins of Anni, the Spectre City, the attack on the Russian posts, the voyage to Constantinople, &c.) are in the author's happiest and most graphic manner. In this work Mr Morier introduces a novelty—he makes an English traveller, Lord Osmond, fall in love with a Turkish maiden, and while the Englishman is bearing off the Maid of Kars to Constantinople, Corah Bey intercepts them, and gets the lover sent off to the galleys. He is released through the intercession of the English ambassador, and carries his Eastern bride to England. Ayesha, the heroine, turns out to be the daughter of Sir Edward Wortley! There are improbabilities in this story which cannot be reconciled, and the mixture of European costume and characters among the scenery and society of the East, destroys that oriental charm which is so entire and so fascinating in 'Zohrab.' 'The Mirza' is a series of Eastern stories, connected by an outline of fiction like Moore's Lalla Rookh. In concluding this work, Mr Morier says, 'I may venture to assert that the East, as we have known it in oriental tales, is now fast on the change—"*C'est le commencement de la fin.*" Perhaps we have gleaned the last of the beards, and obtained an expiring glimpse of the heavy caoûk and the ample shalwar ere they are exchanged for the hat and the spruce pantaloon. How wonderful is it—how full of serious contemplation is the fact, that the whole fabric of Mohammedanism should have been assailed, almost suddenly as well as simultaneously, by events which nothing human could have foreseen. Barbary, Egypt, Syria, the banks of the Euphrates and Tigris, the Red Sea, Constantinople, Asia Minor, Persia, and Affghanistan, all more or less have felt the influence of European or anti-Mohammedan agencies. Perhaps the present generation may not see a new structure erected, but true it is they have seen its foundations laid.'

In 1838 appeared *The Banished; a Swabian Historical Tale*, edited by Mr Morier. This publication caused some disappointment, as the name of the author of 'Hajji Baba' excited expectations which 'The Banished' did not realise. The work is a translation from the German, a tale of the Swabian league in the sixteenth century.

JAMES BAILIE FRASER.

Mr James Bailie Fraser has, like Mr Morier, described the life and manners of the Persians by fictitious as well as true narratives. In 1828 he published *The Kuzzilbash, a Tale of Khorasan*, three volumes, to which he afterwards added a continuation under the name of *The Persian Adventurer*, the title of his first work not being generally understood: it was often taken, he says, for a cookery book! The term Kuzzilbash, which is Turkish, signifies Red-head, and was an appellation originally given by Shah Ismael I. to seven tribes bound to defend their king. These tribes wore a red cap as a distinguishing mark, which afterwards became the military head-dress of the Persian troops; hence the word Kuzzilbash is used to express a Persian soldier; and often, particularly among the Toorkomans and Oozbeks, is applied as a national designation to the people in general. Mr Fraser's hero relates his own adventures, which begin almost from his birth; for he is carried off while a child by a band of Toorkoman robbers, who plunder his father's lands and village, situated in Khorasan, on the borders of the great desert which stretches from the banks of the Caspian Sea to those of the river Oxus. The infant bravery of Ismael, the Kuzzilbash, interests Omer Khan, head of a tribe or camp of the plunderers, and he spares the child, and keeps him to attend on his own son Selim. In the camp of his master is a beautiful girl, daughter of a Persian captive; and with this young beauty, 'lovely as a child of the Peris,' Ismael forms an attachment that increases with their years. These early scenes are finely described; and the misfortunes of the fair Shireen are related with much pathos. The consequences of Ismael's passion force him to flee. He assumes the dress of the Kuzzilbash, and crossing the desert, joins the army of the victorious Nadir Shah, and assists in recovering the holy city of Mushed, the capital of Khorasan. His bravery is rewarded with honours and dignities; and after various scenes of love and war, the Kuzzilbash is united to his Shireen. 'Scenes of active life are painted by the author with the same truth, accuracy, and picturesque effect which he displays in landscapes or single figures. In war, especially, he is at home; and gives the attack, the retreat, the rally, the bloody and desperate close combat, the flight, pursuit, and massacre, with all the current of a heady fight, as one who must have witnessed such terrors.'

A brief but characteristic scene—a meeting of two warriors in the desert—is strikingly described, though the reader is probably haunted with an idea that European thoughts and expressions mingle with the author's narrative:—

By the time I reached the banks of this stream the sun had set, and it was necessary to seek some retreat where I might pass the night and refresh myself and my horse without fear of discovery. Ascending the river bed, therefore, with this intention, I soon found a recess where I could repose myself, surrounded by green pasture, in which my horse might feed; but as it would have been dangerous to let him go at large all night, I employed myself for a while in cutting the longest and thickest of the grass which grew on the banks of the stream for his night's repast, permitting him to pasture at will until dark; and securing him then close to the spot I meant to occupy, after a moderate meal, I commended myself to Allah, and lay down to rest.

The loud neighing of my horse awoke me with a start, as the first light of dawn broke in the East. Quickly springing on my feet, and grasping my spear and scimitar, which lay under my head, I looked around for the cause of alarm. Nor did it long remain doubtful; for, at the distance of scarce two hundred yards, I saw a single horseman advancing. To tighten my girdle round my loins, to string my bow, and prepare two or three arrows for use, was but the work of a few moments; before these preparations, however, were completed, the stranger was close at hand. Fitting an arrow to my bow, I placed myself upon guard, and examined him narrowly as he approached. He was a man of goodly stature and powerful frame; his countenance, hard, strongly marked, and furnished with a thick black beard, bore testimony of exposure to many a blast, but it still preserved a prepossessing expression of good humour and benevolence. His turban, which was formed of a cashmere shawl, sorely tached and torn, and twisted here and there with small steel chains, according to the fashion of the time, was wound around a red cloth cap that rose in four peaks high above the head. His oemah, or riding coat, of crimson cloth much stained and faded, opening at the bosom, showed the links of a coat of mail which he wore below; a yellow shawl formed his girdle; his huge shulwars, or riding trousers, of thick fawn-coloured Kerman woollen stuff, fell in folds over the large red leather boots in which his legs were cased; by his side hung a crooked scimitar in a black leather scabbard, and from the holsters of his saddle peeped out the butt-ends of a pair of pistols—weapons of which I then knew not the use, any more than of the matchlock which was slung at his back. He was mounted on a powerful but jaded horse, and appeared to have already travelled far.

When this striking figure had approached within thirty yards, I called out in the Turkish language, commonly used in the country, 'Whoever thou art, come no nearer on thy peril, or I shall salute thee with this arrow from my bow!' 'Why, boy,' returned the stranger in a deep manly voice, and speaking in the same tongue, 'thou art a bold lad, truly! but set thy heart at rest, I mean thee no harm.' 'Nay,' rejoined I, 'I am on foot, and alone. I know thee not, nor thy intentions. Either retire at once, or show thy sincerity by setting thyself on equal terms with me: dismount from thy steed, and then I fear thee not, whatever be thy designs. Beware!' And so saying, I drew my arrow to the head, and pointed it towards him. 'By the head of my father!' cried the stranger, 'thou art an absolute youth! but I like thee well; thy heart is stout, and thy demand is just; the sheep trusts not the wolf when it meets him in the plain, nor do we acknowledge every stranger in the desert for a friend. See,' continued he, dismounting actively, yet with a weight that made the turf ring again—'See, I yield my advantage; as for thy arrows, boy, I fear them not.' With that he slung a small shield, which he bore at his back, before him, as if to cover his face, in case of treachery on my part, and leaving his horse where it stood, he advanced to me.

Taught from my youth to suspect and to guard against treachery, I still kept a wary eye on the motions of the stranger. But there was something in his open though rugged countenance and manly bearing that claimed and won my confidence. Slowly I lowered my hand, and relaxed the still drawn string of my bow, as he strode up to me with a firm composed step.

'Youth,' said he, 'had my intentions been hostile, it is not thy arrows or thy bow, no, nor thy sword and spear, that could have stood thee much in stead. I am too old a soldier, and too well defended against such weapons, to fear them from so young an arm. But I am neither enemy nor traitor to attack thee unawares. I have travelled far during the past night, and mean to refresh myself awhile in this spot before

I proceed on my journey; thou meanest not,' added he with a smile, 'to deny me the boon which Allah extends to all his creatures? What! still suspicious? Come, then, I will increase thy advantage, and try to win thy confidence.' With that he unbuckled his sword, and threw it, with his matchlock, upon the turf a little way from him. 'See me now unarmed; wilt thou yet trust me?' Who could have doubted longer? I threw down my bow and arrows: 'Pardon,' cried I, 'my tardy confidence; but he that has escaped with difficulty from many perils, fears even their shadow: here,' continued I, 'are bread and salt, eat thou of them; thou art then my guest, and that sacred tie secures the faith of both.' The stranger, with another smile, took the offered food.

The following passage, describing the Kuzzilbash's return to his native village, affects us both by the view which it gives of the desolations caused in half barbarous countries by war and rapine, and the beautiful strain of sentiment which the author puts into the mouth of his hero:—

We continued for some time longer, riding over a track once fertile and well-cultivated, but now returned to its original desolation. The wild pomegranate, the thorn, and the thistle, grew high in the fields, and overran the walls that formerly enclosed them. At length we reached an open space, occupied by the ruins of a large walled village, among which a square building, with walls of greater height, and towers at each corner, rose particularly conspicuous.

As we approached this place I felt my heart stirred within me, and my whole frame agitated with a secret and indescribable emotion; visions of past events seemed hovering dimly in my memory, but my sensations were too indistinct and too confused to be intelligible to myself. At last a vague idea shot through my brain, and thrilled like a fiery arrow in my heart: with burning cheeks and eager eyes I looked towards my companion, and saw his own bent keenly upon me.

'Knowest thou this spot, young man?' said he, after a pause: 'if thy memory does not serve thee, cannot thy heart tell thee what walls are these?' I gasped for breath, but could not speak. 'Yes, Ismael,' continued he, 'these are the ruined walls of thy father's house; there passed the first days of thy childhood; within that broken tower thy eyes first saw the light! But its courts are now strewed with the unburied dust of thy kindred, and the foxes and wolves of the desert rear their young among its roofless chambers. These are the acts of that tribe to which thou hast so long been in bondage—such is the debt of blood which cries out for thy vengeance!'

I checked my horse to gaze on the scene of my infant years, and my companion seemed willing to indulge me. Is it indeed true, as some sages have taught, that man's good angel hovers over the place of his birth, and dwells with peculiar fondness on the innocent days of his childhood? and that in after years of sorrow and of crime she pours the recollection of those pure and peaceful days like balm over the heart, to soften and improve it by their influence? How could it be, without some agency like this, that, gazing thus unexpectedly on the desolate home of my fathers, the violent passions, the bustle, and the misery of later years, vanished from my mind like a dream; and the scenes and feelings of my childhood came fresh as yesterday to my remembrance? I heard the joyous clamour of my little brothers and sisters; our games, our quarrels, and our reconciliations, were once more present to me; the grave smile of my father, the kind but eternal gabble of my good old nurse; and, above all, the mild sweet voice of my beloved mother, as she adjusted our little disputes, or soothed our childish sorrows—all rushed upon my mind, and for a while quite overpowered me: I covered my face with my hands and wept in silence.

Besides his Eastern tales, Mr Fraser has written a story of his native country, *The Highland Smugglers*, in which he displays the same talent for description, with much inferior powers in constructing a probable or interesting narrative.

THEODORE EDWARD HOOK.

THEODORE EDWARD HOOK, the best of our fashionable novelists, was born in London, September 22, 1788. He was the son of a distinguished musical



composer; and at the early age of sixteen (after an imperfect course of education at Harrow school), he became a sort of partner in his father's business of music and song. In 1805 he composed a comic opera, *The Soldier's Return*, the overture and music, as well as the dialogues and songs, entirely by himself. The opera was highly successful, and young Theodore was ready next year with another afterpiece, *Catch Him Who Can*, which exhibited the talents of Liston and Mathews in a popular and effective light, and had a great run of success. Several musical operas were then produced in rapid succession by Hook, as *The Invisible Girl*, *Music Mad*, *Darkness Visible*, *Trial by Jury*, *The Fortress*, *Tekeli*, *Exchange no Robbery*, and *Killing no Murder*. Some of these still keep possession of the stage, and evince wonderful knowledge of dramatic art, musical skill, and literary powers in so young an author. They were followed (1808) by a novel which has been described as a mere farce in a narrative shape. The remarkable conversational talents of Theodore Hook, and his popularity as a writer for the stage, led him much into society. Flushed with success, full of the gaiety and impetuosity of youth, and conscious of his power to please and even fascinate in company, he surrendered himself up to the enjoyment of the passing hour, and became noted for his 'boisterous buffooneries,' his wild sallies of wit and drollery, and his practical *hoaxes*.

Amongst his various talents was one which, though

familiar in some other countries, whose language affords it facilities, has hitherto been rare, if not unknown in ours, namely the power of *improvisatising*, or extemporaneous composition of songs and music. Hook would at table turn the whole conversation of the evening into a song, sparkling with puns or witty allusions, and perfect in its rhymes. 'He accompanied himself (says a writer in the Quarterly Review) on the pianoforte, and the music was frequently, though not always, as new as the verse. He usually stuck to the common ballad measures; but one favourite sport was a mimic opera, and then he seemed to triumph without effort over every variety of metre and complication of stanza. About the complete extemporaneousness of the whole there could rarely be the slightest doubt.' This power of extempore verse seems to have been the wonder of all Hook's associates; it astonished Sheridan, Coleridge, and the most illustrious of his contemporaries, who used to hang delighted over such rare and unequivocal manifestations of genius. Hook had been introduced to the prince regent, afterwards George IV., and in 1812 he received the appointment of accomptant-general and treasurer to the colony of the Mauritius, with a salary of about £2000 per annum. This handsome provision he enjoyed for five years. The duties of the office were, however, neglected, and an examination being made into the books of the accomptant, various irregularities, omissions, and discrepancies were detected. There was a deficiency of about £12,000, and Hook was ordered home under the charge of a detachment of military. Thus a dark cloud hung over him for the remainder of his life; but it is believed that he was in reality innocent of all but gross negligence. On reaching London in 1819, he was subjected to a scrutiny by the Audit Board, which did not terminate until after the lapse of nearly five years. He was then pronounced to be liable to the crown for the deficit of £12,000. In the meantime he laboured assiduously at literature as a profession. He became, in 1820, editor of the John Bull newspaper, which he made conspicuous for its advocacy of high aristocratic principles, some virulent personalities, and much wit and humour. His political songs were generally admired for their point and brilliancy of fancy. In 1823, after the award had been given finding him a debtor to the crown in the sum mentioned, Hook was arrested, and continued nearly two years in confinement. His literary labours went on, however, without interruption, and in 1824 appeared the first series of his tales, entitled *Sayings and Doings*, which were so well received that the author was made £2000 richer by the production. In 1825 he issued a second series, and shortly after that publication he was released from custody, with an intimation, however, that the crown abandoned nothing of its claim for the Mauritius debt. The popular novelist now pursued his literary career with unabated diligence and spirit. In 1828 he published a third series of 'Sayings and Doings;' in 1830, *Maxwell;* in 1832, *The Life of Sir David Baird;* in 1833, *The Parson's Daughter*, and *Love and Pride*. In 1836 he became editor of the New Monthly Magazine, and contributed to its pages, in chapters, *Gilbert Gurney*, and the far inferior sequel, *Gurney Married*, each afterwards collected into a set of three volumes. In 1837 appeared *Jack Brag;* in 1839, *Births, Deaths, and Marriages; Precepts and Practice;* and *Fathers and Sons*. His last avowed work, *Peregrine Bunce*, supposed not to have been wholly written by him, appeared some months after his death. The production of thirty-eight volumes within sixteen years—the author being all the while editor, and almost sole writer, of a newspaper, and for several years the efficient conductor of a magazine—certainly affords, as the Quarterly Review remarks, sufficient proof that he never sank into idleness. At the same time Theodore Hook was the idol of the fashionable circles, and ran a heedless round of dissipation. Though in the receipt of a large income—probably not less than £3000 per annum—by his writings, he became involved in pecuniary embarrassments; and an unhappy connexion which he had formed, yet dared not avow, entailed upon him the anxieties and responsibilities of a family. Parts of a diary which he kept have been published, and there are passages in it disclosing his struggles, his alternations of hope and despair, and his ever-deepening distresses and difficulties, which are inexpressibly touching as well as instructive. At length, overwhelmed with difficulties, his children unprovided for, and himself a victim to disease and exhaustion before he had completed his 53d year, he died at Fulham on the 24th of August 1842."

The works of Theodore Hook are very unequal, and none of them perhaps display the rich and varied powers of his conversation. He was thoroughly acquainted with English life in the higher and middle ranks, and his early familiarity with the stage had taught him the effect of dramatic situations and pointed dialogue. The theatre, however, is not always a good school for taste in composition, and Hook's witty and tragic scenes and contrasts of character are often too violent in tone, and too little discriminated. Hence, though his knowledge of high life was undoubted, and his powers of observation rarely surpassed, his pictures of existing manners seem to wear an air of caricature, imparted insensibly by the peculiar habits and exuberant fancy of the novelist. His pathos is often overdone, and his mirth and joyousness carried into the regions of farce. He is very felicitous in exposing all ridiculous pretences and absurd affectation, and in such scenes his polished ridicule and the practical sagacity of the man of the world, conversant with its different ranks and artificial distinctions, are strikingly apparent. We may collect from his novels (especially the 'Sayings and Doings,' which were carefully written) as correct a notion of English society in certain spheres in the nineteenth century, as Fielding's works display of the manners of the eighteenth. To regularity of fable he made little pretension, and we suspect he paid little attention to style. He aimed at delineation of character—at striking scenes and situations—at reflecting the language and habits of actual life—and all this he accomplished, in some of his works, with a success that produced many rivals, but no superior.

THOMAS COLLEY GRATTAN—MR T. H. LISTER—MARQUIS OF NORMANBY.

Thomas Colley Grattan, an Irish writer of fiction, commenced his literary career in 1819 with a poetical romance entitled *Philibert*, which was smoothly versified, but possessed no great merit. In 1823 appeared his *Highways and Byways*, tales of continental wandering and adventure, written in a light, picturesque, and pleasing manner. These were so well received that the author wrote a second series, published in 1824, and a third in 1827. In 1830 he came forth with a novel in four volumes, *The Heiress of Bruges; a Tale of the Year Sixteen Hundred*. The plot of this work is connected with the attempts made by the Flemish to emancipate themselves from the foreign sway of Spain, in which they were assisted by the Dutch, under Prince Maurice. A power of vivid description and obser-

vation of nature appears to be Mr Grattan's principal merit. His style is often diffuse and careless; and he does not seem to have laboured successfully in constructing his stories. His pictures of ordinary life in the French provinces, as he wandered among the highways and byways of that country with a cheerful observant spirit, noting the peculiarities of the people, are his happiest and most original efforts.

Mr T. H. Lister, a gentleman of rank and aristocratic connexions, was author of three novels, descriptive of the manners of the higher classes; namely, *Granby*, 1826; *Herbert Lacy*, 1827; and *Arlington*, 1832. These works are pleasingly written, and may be considered as affording correct pictures of domestic society, but they possess no features of novelty or originality to preserve them for another generation. A strain of graceful reflection, in the style of the essays in the Mirror and Lounger, is mingled with the tale, and shows the author to have been a man of refined and cultivated taste and feeling. In 1838 Mr Lister published a Memoir of the Life and Administration of the Earl of Clarendon, in three volumes, a work of considerable talent and research, in preparing which the author had access to documents and papers unknown to his predecessors. Mr Lister died in June 1842, at which time he held the government appointment of Registrar-general of births, marriages, and deaths. The following brief description in 'Granby' may be compared with Mr Wordsworth's noble sonnet composed upon Westminster Bridge.

[*London at Sunrise.*]

Granby followed them with his eyes; and now, too full of happiness to be accessible to any feelings of jealousy or repining, after a short reverie of the purest satisfaction, he left the ball, and sallied out into the fresh cool air of a summer morning—suddenly passing from the red glare of lamplight to the clear sober brightness of returning day. He walked cheerfully onward, refreshed and exhilarated by the air of morning, and interested with the scene around him. It was broad daylight, and he viewed the town under an aspect in which it is alike presented to the late retiring votary of pleasure, and to the early rising sons of business. He stopped on the pavement of Oxford Street to contemplate the effect. The whole extent of that long vista, unclouded by the mid-day smoke, was distinctly visible to his eye at once. The houses shrunk to half their span, while the few visible spires of the adjacent churches seemed to rise less distant than before, gaily tipped with early sunshine, and much diminished in apparent size, but heightened in distinctness and in beauty. Had it not been for the cool gray tint which slightly mingled with every object, the brightness was almost that of noon. But the life, the bustle, the busy din, the flowing tide of human existence, were all wanting to complete the similitude. All was hushed and silent; and this mighty receptacle of human beings, which a few short hours would wake into active energy and motion, seemed like a city of the dead.

There was little to break this solemn illusion. Around were the monuments of human exertion, but the hands which formed them were no longer there. Few, if any, were the symptoms of life. No sounds were heard but the heavy creaking of a solitary wagon, the twittering of an occasional sparrow, the monotonous tone of the drowsy watchman, and the distant rattle of the retiring carriage, fading on the ear till it melted into silence: and the eye that searched for living objects fell on nothing but the grim great-coated guardian of the night, muffled up into an appearance of doubtful character between bear and man, and scarcely distinguishable, by the colour of his dress, from the brown flags along which he sauntered.

Two novels of the same class with those of Mr Lister were written by the present Marquis of Normanby; namely, *Matilda*, published in 1825, and *Yes and No, a Tale of the Day*, 1827. They were well received by the public, being in taste, correctness of delineation, and general good sense, superior to the ordinary run of fashionable novels.

LADY CAROLINE LAMB—LADY DACRE—COUNTESS OF MORLEY—LADY CHARLOTTE BURY.

Lady Caroline Lamb (1785-1828) was authoress of three works of fiction, which, from extrinsic circumstances, were highly popular in their day. The first, *Glenarvon*, was published in 1816, and the hero was understood to 'body forth' the character and sentiments of Lord Byron! It was a representation of the dangers attending a life of fashion. The second, *Graham Hamilton*, depicted the difficulties and dangers inseparable, even in the most amiable minds, from weakness and irresolution of character. The third, *Ada Reis* (1823), is a wild Eastern tale, the hero being introduced as the Don Juan of his day, a Georgian by birth, who, like Othello, is 'sold to slavery,' but rises to honours and distinctions. In the end Ada is condemned, for various misdeeds, to eternal punishment! The history of Lady Caroline Lamb is painfully interesting. She was united, before the age of twenty, to the Honourable William Lamb (now Lord Melbourne), and was long the delight of the fashionable circles, from the singularity as well as the grace of her manners, her literary accomplishments, and personal attractions. On meeting with Lord Byron, she contracted an unfortunate attachment for the noble poet, which continued three years, and was the theme of much remark. The poet is said to have trifled with her feelings, and a rupture took place. 'For many years Lady Caroline led a life of comparative seclusion, principally at Brocket Hall. This was interrupted by a singular and somewhat romantic occurrence. Riding with Mr Lamb, she met, just by the park-gates, the hearse which was conveying the remains of Lord Byron to Newstead Abbey. She was taken home insensible: an illness of length and severity succeeded. Some of her medical attendants imputed her fits, certainly of great incoherence and long continuance, to partial insanity. At this supposition she was invariably and bitterly indignant. Whatever be the cause, it is certain from that time her conduct and habits materially changed; and about three years before her death a separation took place between her and Mr Lamb, who continued, however, frequently to visit, and, to the day of her death, to correspond with her. It is just to both parties to add, that Lady Caroline constantly spoke of her husband in the highest and most affectionate terms of admiration and respect.'* A romantic susceptibility of temperament and character seems to have been the bane of this unfortunate lady. Her fate illustrates the wisdom of Thomson's advice—

Then keep each passion down, however dear,
Trust me, the tender are the most severe.

The Recollections of a Chaperon, 1833, by Lady Dacre, are a series of tales written with taste, feeling, and passion. This lady is, we believe, also authoress of *Trevelyan*, 1833, a novel which was considered at the time of its publication as the

* Annual Obituary for 1829.

best feminine novel, in many respects, that had appeared since Miss Edgeworth's Vivian. Among other works of this class may be mentioned the tale of *Dacre*, 1834, by the COUNTESS OF MORLEY; and several fashionable novels (*The Divorced*, *Family Records*, *Love*, *The Courtier's Daughter*, &c.) by LADY CHARLOTTE BURY. This lady is the supposed authoress of a *Diary Illustrative of the Times of George IV.*, a scandalous chronicle, published in 1838. It appears that her ladyship (then Lady Charlotte Campbell) had held an appointment in the household of the Princess of Wales, and during this time she kept a diary, in which she recorded the foibles and failings of the unfortunate princess and other members of the court. The work was strongly condemned by the two leading critical journals—the Edinburgh and Quarterly Review—and was received generally with disapprobation.

R. PLUMER WARD.

MR R. PLUMER WARD published in 1825 a singular metaphysical and religious romance entitled *Tremaine, or the Man of Refinement.* The author's name was not prefixed to his work; and as he alluded to his intimacy with English statesmen and political events, and seemed to belong to the evangelical party in the church, much speculation took place as to the paternity of the novel. The writer was evidently well-bred and intellectual—prone to philosophical and theological disquisitions, but at the same time capable of forcible delineation of character, and the management of natural dialogue and incidents. The prolixity of some of the dissertations and dialogues, where the story stood still for half a volume, that the parties might converse and dispute, rendered 'Tremaine' somewhat heavy and tedious, in spite of the vigour and originality of talent it displayed. In a subsequent work, *De Vere, or the Man of Independence*, 1827, the public dwelt with keen interest on a portraiture of Mr Canning, whose career was then about to close in his premature death. The contention in the mind of this illustrious statesman between literary tastes and the pursuits of ambition, is beautifully delineated in one passage which has been often quoted. It represents a conversation between Wentworth (Canning), Sir George Deloraine, a reserved and sentimental man, and Dr Herbert. The occasion of the conversation was Wentworth's having observed Deloraine coming out of Westminster Abbey by the door at Poets' Corner. Meeting at dinner, Sir George is rallied by Wentworth on his taste for the monuments of departed genius; which he defends, and he goes on to add—

'It would do all you men of power good if you were to visit them too; for it would show you how little more than upon a level is often the reputation of the greatest statesman with the fame of those who, by their genius, their philosophy, or love of letters, improve and gladden life even after they are gone.' The whole company saw the force of this remark, and Wentworth not the least among them. 'You have touched a theme,' said he, 'which has often engaged me, and others before me, with the keenest interest. I know nothing so calculated as this very reflection to cure us poor political slaves (especially when we feel the tugs we are obliged to sustain) of being dazzled by meteors.' 'Meteors do you call them?' said Dr Herbert. 'Men do not run after meteors with such rapid and persevering steps as you great people pursue ambition.' 'I grant you,' returned his friend; 'and if we did not think them something better, who would give himself [*q.* themselves] up to such labour, such invasions of their privacy and leisure, as we are forced to undergo?' 'What is it, then, that so seduces you?' 'A little intoxication,' returned Mr Wentworth, laughing off a subject which he did not wish carried too far; 'for which you philosophers say we ought to be whipped, and for which whipped we often are. Those, however, who want this whipping would do well to take Sir George's advice, and visit the shrines of the mighty dead. They would see how inferior most of themselves are in present estimation to beings who, when alive, could not, in splendour at least, compare with them.' I have too often made the reflection, and was not the happier for it.' 'You cannot be serious,' said the divine; 'since who are such real benefactors to mankind as enlightened legislators and patriot warriors? What poet, I had almost said what philosopher, can stand in competition with the founder or defender of his country?' 'Ask your own Homer, your own Shakspeare,' answered Wentworth, forgetting his ambition for a moment in his love of letters. 'You take me in my weak part,' said Herbert, 'and the subject would carry us too far. I would remark, however, that but for the Solons, the Romuluses, the Charlemagnes, and Alfreds, we should have no Homer or Shakspeare to charm us.' 'I know this is your favourite theme,' said the minister, 'and you know how much I agree with you. But this is not precisely the question raised by Sir George; which is, the superiority in the temple of fame enjoyed by men distinguished for their efforts in song or history (but who might have been mere beggars when alive) over those who flaunted it superciliously over them in a pomp and pride which are now absolutely forgotten.' 'I will have nothing to do with supercilious flaunters,' replied Herbert; 'I speak of the liberal, the patriotic, who seek power for the true uses of power, in order to diffuse blessing and protection all around them. These can never fail to be deservedly applauded; and I honour such ambition as of infinitely more real consequence to the world than those whose works (however I may love them in private) can, from the mere nature of things, be comparatively known only to a few.' 'All that is most true,' said Mr Wentworth; 'and for a while public men of the description you mention fill a larger space in the eye of mankind; that is, of contemporary mankind. But extinguish their power, no matter by what means, whether by losing favour at court, or being turned out by the country, to both which they are alike subject; let death forcibly remove them, or a queen die, and their light, like Bolingbroke's, goes out of itself; their influence is certainly gone, and where is even their reputation? It may glimmer for a minute, like the dying flame of a taper, after which they soon cease to be mentioned, perhaps even remembered.' 'Surely,' said the doctor, 'this is too much in extremes.' 'And yet,' continued Wentworth, 'have we not all heard of a maxim appalling to all lovers of political fame, "that nobody is missed?" Alas! then, are we not compelled to burst out with the poet:—

> "What boots it with incessant care,
> To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade,
> And strictly meditate the thankless muse?
> Were it not better done, as others use,
> To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
> Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?"

Both Sir George and De Vere kindled at this; and the doctor himself smiled, when the minister proceeded. 'In short,' said he, 'when a statesman, or even a conqueror is departed, it depends upon the happier poet or philosophic historian to make even his name known to posterity; while the historian or poet acquires immortality for himself in conferring upon his heroes an inferior existence.' 'Inferior existence!' exclaimed Herbert. 'Yes; for look at

Plutarch, and ask which are most esteemed, himself or those he records? Look at the old Claudii and Manlii of Livy; or the characters in Tacitus; or Mecænas, Agrippa, or Augustus himself—princes, emperors, ministers, esteemed by contemporaries as gods! Fancy their splendour in the eye of the multitude while the multitude followed them! Look at them now! Spite even of their beautiful historians, we have often difficulty in rummaging out their old names; while those who wrote or sang of them live before our eyes. The benefits they conferred passed in a minute, while the compositions that record them last for ever.' Mr Wentworth's energy moved his hearers, and even Herbert, who was too classical not to be shaken by these arguments. 'Still, however,' said the latter, 'we admire, and even wish to emulate Camillus, and Miltiades, and Alexander; a Sully and a Clarendon.' 'Add a Lord Burleigh,' replied the minister, 'who, in reference to Spenser, thought a hundred pounds an immense sum for a song! Which is now most thought of, or most loved?—the calculating minister or the poor poet? the puissant treasurer or he who was left "in suing long to bide?"' Sir George and De Vere, considering the quarter whence it came, were delighted with this question. The doctor was silent, and seemed to wish his great friend to go on. He proceeded thus—'I might make the same question as to Horace and Mecænas; and yet, I daresay, Horace was as proud of being taken in Mecænas's coach to the Capitol as the dean of St Patricks in Oxford's or Bolingbroke's to Windsor. Yet Oxford is even now chiefly remembered through that very dean, and so perhaps would Bolingbroke, but that he is an author, and a very considerable one himself. We may recollect,' continued he, 'the manner in which Whitelocke mentions Milton—that "*one* Milton, a blind man," was made secretary to Cromwell. Whitelocke was then the first subject in the state, and lived in all the pomp of the seals, and all the splendour of Bulstrode; while the blind man waked at early morn to listen to the lark bidding him good-morrow at his cottage window. Where is the lord-keeper now?—where the blind man? What is known of Addison as secretary of state? and how can his excellency compare with the man who charms us so exquisitely in his writings? When I have visited his interesting house at Bilton, in Warwickshire, sat in his very study, and read his very books, no words can describe my emotions. I breathe his official atmosphere here, but without thinking of him at all. In short, there is this delightful superiority in literary over political fame, that the one, to say the best of it, stalks in cold grandeur upon stilts, like a French tragedy actor, while the other winds itself into our warm hearts, and is hugged there with all the affection of a friend and all the admiration of a lover.' 'Hear! hear!' cried Sir George, which was echoed by De Vere and Herbert himself.

De Clifford, or the Constant Man, produced in 1841, is also a tale of actual life; and as the hero is at one time secretary to a cabinet minister, Mr Ward revels in official details, rivalries, and intrigue. In 1844 our author produced *Chatsworth, or the Romance of a Week.*

BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI.

Mr Benjamin D'Israeli, M. P., son of the venerable author of the Curiosities of Literature, composed a novel of the same class as Mr Ward's, which also puzzled the busy idlers of literature and fashion. *Vivian Grey*, two volumes, 1826, and continued in three more volumes in the following year, is a work of irregular imaginative talent, of little or no plot, but presenting views of society and character without any definite or intelligible purpose. The second part, in which Vivian is taken to Germany and Austria, is amusing from its travelling scenes and sketches. *Contarini Fleming, a Psychological Autobiography*, four volumes, 1832, is still more irregular than Mr D'Israeli's first work, but has some highly-finished scenes of passion and continental description.

MRS TROLLOPE.

Another keen observer and more caustic delineator of modern manners we have in Mrs Trollope, authoress of a long series of fictions. This lady first came before the public in 1832, when her *Domestic*



Mrs Trollope.

Manners of the Americans was published, and excited much attention. She drew so severe a picture of American faults and foibles - of their want of delicacy, their affectations, drinking, coarse selfishness, and ridiculous peculiarities—that the whole nation was incensed at their English satirist. There is much exaggeration in Mrs Trollope's sketches; but having truth for their foundation, her book is supposed to have had some effect in reforming the 'minor morals' and social habits of the Americans. The same year our authoress continued her satiric portraits in a novel entitled *The Refugee in America*, marked by the same traits as her former work, but exhibiting little art or talent in the construction of a fable. Mrs Trollope now tried new ground. In 1834 she published *Belgium and Western Germany in 1833*, countries where she found much more to gratify and interest her than in America, and where she travelled in generally good humour. The only serious evil which Mrs Trollope seems to have encountered in Germany was the tobacco-smoke, which she vituperates with unwearied perseverance. In 1837 she presented another novel, *The Vicar of Wrexhill*, an able and entertaining work, full of prejudices, but containing some excellent painting of manners and eccentricities. In 1838 our authoress appears again as a traveller. *Vienna and the Austrians* was of the same cast as 'Belgium and Germany,' but more deformed by prejudice. This journey also afforded Mrs Trollope materials for a novel, which she entitled *A Romance of Vienna*. Three novels were the fruit of 1839; namely, *The Widow Barnaby*, a highly amusing work, particularly the delineation of the bustling, scheming, unprincipled husband-

hunting widow; *Michael Armstrong, or the Factory Boy*, a caricature of the evils attendant on the manufacturing system; and *One Fault*, a domestic story, illustrating with uncommon vigour and effect the dismal consequences of that species of bad temper which proceeds from pride and over sensitiveness. In 1840 we had *The Widow Married;* and in 1841 *The Blue Belles of England*, and *Charles Chesterfield*. The latter relates the history of a youth of genius, and contains a satirical picture of the state of literature in England, branding authors, editors, and publishers with unprincipled profligacy, selfishness, and corruption. In 1842 Mrs Trollope, besides throwing off another novel (*The Ward of Thorpe Combe*), gave the public the result of a second visit to Belgium, describing the changes that had been effected since 1833, and also *A Visit to Italy*. The smart caustic style of our authoress was not so well adapted to the classic scenes, manners, and antiquities of Italy, as to the broader features of American life and character, and this work was not so successful as her previous publications. Returning to fiction, we find Mrs Trollope, as usual, prolific. Three novels, of three volumes each, were the produce of 1843—*Hargrave*, *Jessie Phillips*, and *The Laurringtons*. The first is a sketch of a man of fashion; the second an attack on the new English poor-law; and the third a lively satire on 'superior people,' the 'bustling Botherbys' of society. Reviewing the aggregate labours of this industrious authoress, we cannot say that she has done good proportioned to her talents. Her satire is directed against the mere superficialities of life, and is not calculated to check vice or encourage virtue. In depicting high life, she wants the genial spirit and humanity of Theodore Hook. She has scattered amusement among novel-readers by some of her delineations; but in all her mirth there is a mocking and bitter spirit, which is often as misplaced as it is unfeminine.

JOHN BANIM.

The *Tales of the O'Hara Family*, first and second series, 1825 and 1826, produced a strong and vivid impression on all readers of fiction. The author seemed to unite the truth and circumstantiality of Crabbe with the dark and gloomy power of Godwin; and in knowledge of Irish character, habits, customs, and feeling, he was superior to even Miss Edgeworth or Lady Morgan. The story of the Nowlans, and that of Croohore of the Bill-Hook, can never be forgotten by those who have once perused them. The force of the passions, and the effects of crime, turbulence, and misery, have rarely been painted with such overmastering energy, or wrought into narratives of more sustained and harrowing interest. The probability of his incidents was not much attended to by the author, and he indulged largely in scenes of horror and violence—in murders, abductions, pursuits, and escapes—but the whole was related with such spirit, raciness, and truth of costume and colouring, that the reader had neither time nor inclination to note defects. The very peculiarities of the Irish dialect and pronunciation (though constituting at first a difficulty in perusal, and always too much persisted in by Mr Banim) heightened the wild native flavour of the stories, and enriched them with many new and picturesque words and phrases. These original and striking tales were followed up in 1828 by another Irish story, *The Croppy*, connected with the insurrection in 1798. 'We paint,' said the author, 'from the people of a land amongst whom, for the last six hundred years, national provocations have never ceased to keep alive the strongest and often the worst passions of our nature; whose pauses, during that long lapse of a country's existence, from actual conflict in the field, have been but so many changes into mental strife, and who to this day are held prepared, should the war-cry be given, to rush at each other's throats, and enact scenes that, in the columns of a newspaper, would show more terribly vivid than any selected by us from former facts, for the purposes of candid, though slight illustration.' There was too much of this 'strong writing' in The Croppy, and worse faults were found in the prolixity of some of the dialogues and descriptions, and a too palpable imitation of the style of Sir Walter Scott in his historical romances. The scenes peculiarly Irish are, however, written with Mr Banim's characteristic vigour: he describes the burning of a cabin till we seem to witness the spectacle; and the massacre at Vinegar Hill is portrayed with the distinctness of dramatic action. Nanny the knitter is also one of his happiest Irish likenesses. The experiment made by the author to depict, like Scott, the manners and frivolities of the higher classes—to draw a sprightly heroine, a maiden aunt, or the ordinary characters and traits of genteel society—was decidedly a failure. His strength lay in the cabin and the wild heath, not in the drawing-room. In 1830 Mr Banim published *The Denounced*, in three volumes, a work consisting of two tales —The Last Baron of Crana, and The Conformists. The same beauties and defects which characterise The Croppy are seen in The Denounced; but The Conformists is a deeply-interesting story, and calls forth Mr Banim's peculiarities of description and knowledge of character in a very striking light. His object is to depict the evils of that system of anti-Catholic tyranny when the penal laws were in full force, by which home education was denied to Catholic families unless by a Protestant teacher. The more rigid of the Catholics abjured all instruction thus administered; and Mr Banim describes the effects of ignorance and neglect on the second son of a Catholic gentleman, haughty, sensitive, and painfully alive to the disadvantages and degradation of his condition. The whole account of this family, the D'Arcys, is written with great skill and effect. In 1838 Mr Banim collected several of his contributions to periodical works, and published them under the title of *The Bit o' Writin', and other Tales*. In 1842 he came forward with an original and excellent novel, in three volumes, *Father Connell*, the hero being an aged and benevolent Catholic priest, not unworthy of association with the Protestant Vicar of Wakefield. This primitive pastor becomes the patron of a poor vagrant boy, Neddy Fennell, whose adventures furnish the incidents for the story. There is, as usual with Mr Banim, a variety of incidents minutely related—scenes of gloom and terror—and a complete knowledge of the moral anatomy of our nature. This was destined to be the last work of the author. He died in August 1842, in the prime of life, in the neighbourhood of Kilkenny, which also was his birthplace. 'Mr Banim began life as a miniature painter; but, seduced from his profession by promptings too strong to be resisted, and by the success of a tragedy, *Damon and Pythias*, he early abandoned art, and adopted literature as a profession; and he will be long remembered as the writer of that powerful and painful series of novels, "The O'Hara Tales." Some years previous, the general sympathy was attracted to Mr Banim's struggle against the suffering and privation which came in the train of disease that precluded all literary exertion; and on that occasion Sir Robert Peel came to the aid of the distressed author, whose latter years were

restored to his native country, and made easy by a yearly pension of £150 from the civil list, to which an addition of £40 a-year was afterwards made for the education of his daughter, an only child.'* Besides the works we have mentioned, Mr Banim wrote *Boyne Water*, and other poetical pieces; and he contributed largely to the different magazines and annuals. 'The O'Hara Tales' had given him a name that carried general attraction to all lovers of light literature; and there are few of these short and hasty tales that do not contain some traces of his unrivalled Irish power and fidelity of delineation. In some respects Mr Banim was a mannerist: his knowledge extended over a wide surface of Irish history and of character, under all its modifications; but his style and imagination were confined chiefly to the same class of subjects, and to a peculiar mode of treating them. 'Thus the consciousness of power in the description of unhallowed and unregulated impulse, appears to draw him often away from contemplating those feelings of a more pleasing kind, to comprehend and to delineate which is so necessary a condition to the attainment of perfection in his art. Thus the boldness and minuteness of detail, which give reality to his frequent scenes of lawlessness and violence, are too often forced close on the verge of vulgar honour and melodramatic artifice. To be brief, throughout the whole of his writings there is a sort of overstrained excitement, a wilful dwelling upon turbulent and unchastened passions, which, as it is a vice most often incident to the workings of real genius, more especially of Irish genius, so perhaps it is one which meets with least mercy from well-behaved prosaic people.'† This defect he partially overcame in his later writings. 'Father Connell' is full of gentle affectionate feelings and delineation, and some of his smaller tales are distinguished by great delicacy and tenderness.

[*Description of the Burning of a Croppy's House.*]

The smith kept a brooding and gloomy silence; his almost savage yet steadfast glare fastened upon the element that, not more raging than his own bosom, devoured his dwelling. Fire had been set to the house in many places within and without; and though at first it crept slowly along the surface of the thatch, or only sent out bursting wreaths of vapour from the interior, or through the doorway, few minutes elapsed until the whole of the combustible roof was one mass of flame, shooting up into the serene air in a spire of dazzling brilliancy, mixed with vivid sparks, and relieved against a background of dark-gray smoke.

Sky and earth appeared reddened into common ignition with the blaze. The houses around gleamed hotly; the very stones and rocks on the hill-side seemed portions of fire; and Shawn-a-Gow's bare head and herculean shoulders were covered with spreading showers of the ashes of his own roof.

His distended eye fixed too upon the figures of the actors in this scene, now rendered fiercely distinct, and their scabbards, their buttons, and their polished black helmets, bickering redly in the glow, as, at a command from their captain, they sent up the hill-side three shouts over the demolition of the Croppy's dwelling. But still, though his breast heaved, and though wreaths of foam edged his lips, Shawn was silent; and little Peter n w feared to address a word to him. And other sights and occurrences claimed whatever attention he was able to afford. Rising to a pitch of shrillness that over-mastered the cheers of the yeomen, the cries of a man in bodily agony struck on the ears of the listeners on the hill, and looking hard towards a spot brilliantly illuminated, they saw Saunders Smyly vigorously engaged in one of his tasks as disciplinarian to the Ballybreehoone cavalry. With much ostentation, his instrument of torture was flourished round his head, and though at every lash the shrieks of the sufferer came loud, the lashes themselves were scarce less distinct.

A second group challenged the eye. Shawn-a-Gow's house stood alone in the village. A short distance before its door was a lime-tree, with benches contrived all round the trunk, upon which, in summer weather, the gossipers of the village used to seat themselves. This tree, standing between our spectators, and the blaze, cut darkly against the glowing objects beyond it; and three or four yeomen, their backs turned to the hill, their faces to the burning house, and consequently their figures also appearing black, seemed busily occupied in some feat that required the exertion of pulling with their hands lifted above their heads. Shawn flashed an inquiring glance upon them, and anon a human form, still, like their figures, vague and undefined in blackness, gradually became elevated from the ground beneath the tree, until its head almost touched a projecting branch, and then it remained stationary, suspended from that branch.

Shawn's rage increased to madness at this sight, though he did not admit it to be immediately connected with his more individual causes for wrath. And now came an event that made a climax, for the present, to his emotions, and at length caused some expressions of his pent-up feelings. A loud crackling crash echoed from his house; a volume of flame, taller and more dense than any by which it was preceded, darted up to the heavens; then almost former darkness fell on the hill-side; a gloomy red glow alone remained on the objects below; and nothing but thick smoke, dotted with sparks, continued to issue from his dwelling. After everything that could interiorly supply food to the flame had been devoured, it was the roof of his old house that now fell in.

'By the ashes o' my cabin, burnt down before me this night—an' I stannin' a houseless beggar on the hill-side lookin' at id—while I can get an Orangeman's house to take the blaze, an' a wisp to kindle the blaze up, I'll burn ten houses for that one!'

And so asseverating, he recrossed the summit of the hill, and, followed by Peter Rooney, descended into the little valley of refuge.

T. CROFTON CROKER.

Mr Croker has been one of the most industrious and tasteful collectors of the legendary lore, the poetical traditions and antiquities of Ireland. In 1824 appeared his *Researches in the South of Ireland*, one volume, quarto, containing a judicious and happy mixture of humour, sentiment, and antiquarianism. This was followed by *Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland*, 1827; *Legends of the Lakes, or Sayings and Doings at Killarney*, two volumes, 1828; *Daniel O'Rourke, or Rhymes of a Pantomime founded on that Story*, 1828; *Barney Mahoney*, 1832; *My Village* versus *Our Village*, 1832; *Popular Songs of Ireland*, 1839, &c. The tales of 'Barney Mahoney' and 'My Village' are Mr Croker's only efforts at strictly original composition, his other works being compilations, like Scott's Minstrelsy, and entered upon with equal enthusiasm and knowledge of his subject. Barney is a low Irish servant, and his adventures are characteristic, and amusing, though without much force or interest. 'My Village' is an English tale, and by no means happy either in conception or execution. Miss Mitford may have occasionally dressed or represented her village *en vaudeville*, like the back-scene of a theatre, but Mr Croker errs on the opposite side. He gives us a series of Dutch

* Athenæum for 1842. † Westminster Review, 1828.

paintings, too little relieved by imagination or passion to excite or gratify the curiosity of the reader. He is happiest among the fanciful legends of his native country, treasuring up their romantic features, quoting fragments of song, describing a lake or ruin, hitting off a dialogue or merry jest, and chronicling the peculiarities of his countrymen in their humours, their superstition, and rustic simplicity. The following is the account which he puts into the mouth of one of his characters, of the last of the Irish serpents.

Sure everybody has heard tell of the blessed St Patrick, and how he druve the sarpints and all manner of venomous things out of Ireland; how he 'bothered all the varmint' entirely. But for all that, there was one ould sarpint left, who was too cunning to be talked out of the country, and made to drown himself. St Patrick didn't well know how to manage this fellow, who was doing great havoc; till, at long last he bethought himself, and got a strong iron chest made with nine boults upon it. So one fine morning he takes a walk to where the sarpint used to keep; and the sarpint, who didn't like the saint in the least, and small blame to him for that, began to hiss and show his teeth at him like anything. 'Oh,' says St Patrick, says he, 'where's the use of making such a piece of work about a gentleman like myself coming to see you. 'Tis a nice house I have got made for you agin the winter; for I'm going to civilise the whole country, man and beast,' says he, 'and you can come and look at it whenever you please, and 'tis myself will be glad to see you.' The sarpint hearing such smooth words, thought that though St Patrick had druve all the rest of the sarpints into the sea, he meant no harm to himself; so the sarpint walks fair and easy up to see him and the house he was speaking about. But when the sarpint saw the nine boults upon the chest, he thought he was sould (betrayed), and was for making off with himself as fast as ever he could. ''Tis a nice warm house, you see,' says St Patrick, 'and 'tis a good friend I am to you.' 'I thank you kindly, St Patrick, for your civility,' says the sarpint; 'but I think it's too small it is for me'—meaning it for an excuse, and away he was going. 'Too small!' says St Patrick, 'stop, if you please,' says he, 'you're out in that, my boy, anyhow—I am sure 'twill fit you completely; and I'll tell you what,' says he, 'I'll bet you a gallon of porter,' says he, 'that if you'll only try and get in, there'll be plenty of room for you.' The sarpint was as thirsty as could be with his walk; and 'twas great joy to him the thoughts of doing St Patrick out of the gallon of porter; so, swelling himself up as big as he could, in he got to the chest, all but a little bit of his tail. 'There, now,' says he, 'I've won the gallon, for you see the house is too small for me, for I can't get in my tail.' When what does St Patrick do, but he comes behind the great heavy lid of the chest, and, putting his two hands to it, down he slaps it with a bang like thunder. When the rogue of a sarpint saw the lid coming down, in went his tail like a shot, for fear of being whipped off him, and St Patrick began at once to boult the nine iron boults. 'Oh, murder! wont you let me out, St Patrick?' says the sarpint; 'I've lost the bet fairly, and I'll pay you the gallon like a man.' 'Let you out, my darling,' says St Patrick, 'to be sure I will, by all manner of means; but you see I haven't time now, so you must wait till to-morrow.' And so he took the iron chest, with the sarpint in it, and pitches it into the lake here, where it is to this hour for certain; and 'tis the sarpint struggling down at the bottom that makes the waves upon it. Many is the living man (continued Picket) besides myself has heard the sarpint crying out from within the chest under the water—'Is it to-morrow yet?—is it to-morrow yet?' which, to be sure, it never can be: and that's the way St Patrick settled the last of the sarpints, sir.

The national character of Ireland was further illustrated by two collections of tales published anonymously, entitled *To-day in Ireland*, 1825; and *Yesterday in Ireland*, 1829. Though imperfectly acquainted with the art of a novelist, this writer is often correct and happy in his descriptions and historical summaries. Like Banim, he has ventured on the stormy period of 1798, and has been more minute than his great rival in sketching the circumstances of the rebellion. MR CROWE, author of *The English in Italy and France*, a work of superior merit, is said to be the author of these tales. The REV. CÆSAR OTWAY, of Dublin, in his *Sketches of Ireland*, and his *Tour in Connaught*, &c. 1839, has displayed many of the most valuable qualities of a novelist, without attempting the construction of a regular story. His lively style and humorous illustrations of the manners of the people render his topographical works very pleasant as well as instructive reading. Mr Otway was a keen theologian, a determined anti-Catholic, but full of Irish feeling and universal kindliness. He died in March 1842.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

GERALD GRIFFIN, author of some excellent Irish tales, was born at Limerick on the 12th of December 1803. His first schoolmaster appears to have been a true Milesian pedant and original, for one of his advertisements begins—'When ponderous polly-syllables promulgate professional powers!'—and he boasted of being one of *three* persons in Ireland who knew how to read correctly; namely, the Bishop of Killaloe, the Earl of Clare, and himself, Mr Mac-Eligot! Gerald was afterwards placed under a private tutor, whence he was removed to attend a school at Limerick. While a mere youth, he became connected with the Limerick Advertiser newspaper; but having written a tragedy, he migrated to London in his twentieth year, with the hope of distinguishing himself in literature and the drama. Disappointment very naturally followed, and Gerald betook himself to reporting for the daily press and contributing to the magazines. In 1825 he succeeded in getting an operatic melodrama brought out at the English Opera House; and in 1827 appeared his *Holland-Tide, or Munster Popular Tales*, a series of short stories, thoroughly Irish, and evincing powers of observation and description from which much might be anticipated. This fortunate beginning was followed up the same year by *Tales of the Munster Festivals, containing Card-Drawing, the Half-Sir, and Suil Dhuv the Coiner*, three volumes. The nationality of these tales, and the talent of the author in depicting the mingled levity and pathos of the Irish character, rendered them exceedingly popular. His reputation was still further increased by the publication, in 1829, of *The Collegians; a Second Series of Tales of the Munster Festivals*, three volumes, which proved to be the most popular of all his works, and was thought by many to place Griffin as an Irish novelist above Banim and Carleton. Some of the scenes possess a deep and melancholy interest; for, in awakening terror, and painting the sterner passions and their results, Griffin displayed the art and power of a master. 'The Collegians,' says a writer in the Edinburgh Review, 'is a very interesting and well-constructed tale, full of incident and passion. It is a history of the clandestine union of a young man of good birth and fortune with a girl of far inferior rank, and of the consequences

which too naturally result. The gradual decay of an attachment which was scarcely based on anything better than sensual love—the irksomeness of concealment—the goadings of wounded pride—the suggestions of self-interest, which had been hastily neglected for an object which proves inadequate when gained—all these combining to produce, first, neglect, and lastly, aversion, are interestingly and vividly described. An attachment to another, superior both in mind and station, springs up at the same time; and to effect a union with *her*, the unhappy wife is sacrificed. It is a terrible representation of the course of crime; and it is not only forcibly, but naturally displayed. The characters sometimes express their feelings with unnecessary energy, strong emotions are too long dwelt upon, and incidents rather slowly developed; but there is no common skill and power evinced in the conduct of the tale.' In 1830 Mr Griffin was again in the field with his Irish sketches. Two tales, *The Rivals*, and *Tracey's Ambition*, were well received, though improbable in plot and ill-arranged in incident. The author continued his miscellaneous labours for the press, and published, besides a number of contributions to periodicals, another series of stories, entitled *Tales of the Five Senses*. These are not equal to his 'Munster Tales,' but are, nevertheless, full of fine Irish description and character, and of that 'dark and touching power' which Mr Carleton assigns as the distinguishing excellence of his brother novelist. In 1832 the townsmen of Mr Griffin devolved upon him a very pleasing duty—to wait upon Mr Moore the poet, and request that he would allow himself to be put in nomination for the representation of the city of Limerick in parliament. Mr Moore prudently declined this honour, but appears to have given a characteristically kind and warm reception to his young enthusiastic visitor, and his brother, who accompanied him.

Notwithstanding the early success and growing reputation of Mr Griffin, he appears to have soon become tired of the world, and anxious to retreat from its toils and its pleasures. He had been educated in the Roman Catholic faith, and one of his sisters had, about the year 1830, taken the veil. This circumstance awakened the poetical and devotional feelings and desires that formed part of his character, and he grew daily more anxious to quit the busy world for a life of religious duty and service. The following verses, written at this time, are expressive of his new enthusiasm:—

Seven dreary winters gone and spent,
 Seven blooming summers vanished too,
Since on an eager mission bent,
 I left my Irish home and you.

How passed those years I will not say;
 They cannot be by words renewed—
God wash their sinful parts away!
 And blest be he for all their good.

With even mind and tranquil breast
 I left my youthful sister then,
And now in sweet religious rest
 I see my sister there again.

Returning from that stormy world,
 How pleasing is a sight like this!
To see that bark with canvass furled
 Still riding in that port of peace.

Oh, darling of a heart that still,
 By earthly joys so deeply trod,
At moments bids its owner feel
 The warmth of nature and of God!

Still be his care in future years
 To learn of thee truth's simple way,
And free from foundless hopes or fears,
 Serenely live, securely pray.

And when our Christmas days are past,
 And life's vain shadows faint and dim,
Oh, be my sister heard at last,
 When her pure hands are raised for him!

Christmas, 1830.

His mind, fixed on this subject, still retained its youthful buoyancy and cheerfulness, and he made a tour in Scotland, which afforded him the highest satisfaction and enjoyment. He retired from the world in the autumn of 1838, and joined the Christian Brotherhood (whose duty it is to instruct the poor) in the monastery at Cork. In the second year of his noviciate he was attacked with typhus fever, and died on the 12th of June 1840.

WILLIAM CARLETON.

WILLIAM CARLETON, author of *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*, was born at Prillisk, in the parish of Clogher, and county of Tyrone, in the year 1798. His father was a person in lowly station—a peasant—but highly and singularly gifted. His memory was unusually retentive, and as a teller of old tales, legends, and historical anecdotes, he was unrivalled; and his stock of them was inexhaustible. He spoke the Irish and English languages with nearly equal fluency. His mother was skilled in the native music of the country, and possessed the sweetest and most exquisite of human voices.* She was celebrated for the effect she gave to the Irish cry or 'keene.' 'I have often been present,' says her son, 'when she has "raised the keene" over the corpse of some relative or neighbour, and my readers may judge of the melancholy charm which accompanied this expression of her sympathy, when I assure them that the general clamour of violent grief was gradually diminished, from admiration, until it became ultimately hushed, and no voice was heard but her own—wailing in sorrowful but solitary beauty.' With such parents Carleton could not fail to imbibe the peculiar feelings and superstitions of his country. His humble home was a fitting nursery for Irish genius. His first schoolmaster was a Connaught man, named Pat Frayne, the prototype of Mat Kavanagh in the 'Hedge School.' He also received some instruction from a classical teacher, a 'tyrannical blockhead' who settled in the neighbourhood, and it was afterwards agreed to send him to Munster, as a poor scholar, to complete his education. The poor scholars of Munster are indebted for nothing but their bed and board, which they receive from the parents of the scholars. In some cases a collection is made to provide an outfit for the youth thus leaving home; but Carleton's own family supplied the funds supposed to be necessary. The circumstances attending his departure Mr Carleton has related in his fine tale, 'The Poor Scholar.' As he journeyed slowly along the road, his superstitious fears got the better of his ambition to be a scholar, and stopping for the night at a small inn by the way, a disagreeable dream determined the home-sick lad to return to his father's cottage. His affectionate parents were equally joyed to receive him; and Carleton seems to have done little for some years but join in the sports and pastimes of the people, and attend every wake, dance, fair, and merry-making in the

* These particulars concerning the personal history of the novelist are contained in his introduction to the last edition of the 'Traits and Stories.'

neighbourhood. In his seventeenth year he went to assist a distant relative, a priest, who had opened a classical school near Glasslough, county of Monaghan, where he remained two years. A pilgrimage to the far-famed Lough-derg, or St Patrick's Purgatory, excited his imagination, and the description of that performance, some years afterwards, 'not only,' he says, 'constituted my *debut* in literature, but was also the means of preventing me from being a pleasant strong-bodied parish priest at this day; indeed it was the cause of changing the whole destiny of my subsequent life.' About this time chance threw a copy of Gil Blas in his way, and his love of adventure was so stimulated by its perusal, that he left his native place, and set off on a visit to a Catholic clergyman in the county of Louth. He stopped with him a fortnight, and succeeded in procuring a tuition in the house of a farmer near Corcreagh. This, however, was a tame life and a hard one, and he resolved on precipitating himself on the Irish metropolis, with no other guide than a certain strong feeling of vague and shapeless ambition. He entered Dublin with only 2s. 9d. in his pocket. From this period we suppose we must date the commencement of Mr Carleton's literary career. In 1830 appeared his 'Traits and Stories,' two volumes, published in Dublin, but without the author's name. Mr Carleton, in his preface, 'assures the public, that what he offers is, both in manufacture and material, genuine Irish; yes, genuine Irish as to character, drawn by one born amidst the scenes he describes—reared as one of the people whose characters and situations he sketches—and who can cut and dress a shillaly as well as any man in his majesty's dominions; ay, and use it too; so let the critics take care of themselves.' The critics were unanimous in favour of the Irish sketcher. His account of the northern Irish—the Ulster creachts—was new to the reading public, and the 'dark mountains and green vales' of his native Tyrone, of Donegal, and Derry, had been left untouched by the previous writers on Ireland. A second series of these tales was published by Mr Carleton in 1832, and was equally well received. In 1839 he sent forth a powerful Irish story, *Fardorougha the Miser, or the Convicts of Lisnamona*, in which the passion of avarice is strikingly depicted, without its victim being wholly dead to natural tenderness and affection. Scenes of broad humour and comic extravagance are interspersed throughout the work. Two years afterwards (1841) appeared *The Fawn of Spring Vale, The Clarionet, and other Tales*, three volumes. There is more of pathetic composition in this collection than in the former; but one genial light-hearted humorous story, 'The Misfortunes of Barney Branagan,' was a prodigious favourite. The collection was pronounced by a judicious critic to be calculated 'for those quiet country haunts where the deep and natural pathos of the lives of the poor may be best read and taken to heart. Hence Mr Carleton appropriately dedicates his pages to Wordsworth. But they have the fault common to other modern Irish novels, of an exaggerated display of the darker vicissitudes of life: none better than the Rydal philosopher could teach the tale-writer that the effect of mists, and rains, and shadows, is lost without sunbreaks to relieve the gloom.' The great merit, however, of Mr Carleton, is the truth of his delineations and the apparent artlessness of his stories. If he has not the passionate energy—or, as he himself has termed it, 'the melancholy but indignant reclamations' of John Banim, he has not his party prejudices or bitterness. He seems to have formed a fair and just estimate of the character of his countrymen, and to have drawn it as it actually appeared to him at home and abroad—in feud and in festival—in the various scenes which passed before him in his native district and during his subsequent rambles. In examining into the causes which have operated in forming the character of the peasantry, Mr Carleton alludes to the long want of any fixed system of wholesome education. The clergy, until lately, took no interest in the matter, and the instruction of the children (where any instruction was obtained) was left altogether to hedge schoolmasters, a class of men who, with few exceptions, bestowed 'such an education upon the people as is sufficient almost, in the absence of all other causes, to account for much of the agrarian violence and erroneous principles which regulate their movements and feelings on that and similar subjects.' The lower Irish, too, he justly remarks, were, until a comparatively recent period, treated with apathy and gross neglect by the only class to whom they could or ought to look up for sympathy or protection. Hence those deep-rooted prejudices and fearful crimes which stain the history of a people remarkable for their social and domestic virtues. 'In domestic life,' says Mr Carleton, 'there is no man so exquisitely affectionate and humanised as the Irishman. The national imagination is active, and the national heart warm, and it follows very naturally that he should be, and is, tender and strong in all his domestic relations. Unlike the people of other nations, his grief is loud, but lasting; vehement, but deep; and whilst its shadow has been chequered by the laughter and mirth of a cheerful disposition, still, in the moments of seclusion, at his bed-side prayer, or over the grave of those he loved, it will put itself forth, after half a life, with a vivid power of recollection which is sometimes almost beyond belief.' A people thus cast in extremes—melancholy and humorous—passionate in affection and in hatred—cherishing the old language, traditions, and recollections of their country—their wild music, poetry, and customs—ready either for good or for evil—such a people certainly affords the novelist abundant materials for his fictions. The field is ample, and it has been richly cultivated.

[*Picture of an Irish Village and School-house.*]

The village of Findramore was situated at the foot of a long green hill, the outline of which formed a low arch, as it rose to the eye against the horizon. This hill was studded with clumps of beeches, and sometimes enclosed as a meadow. In the month of July, when the grass on it was long, many an hour have I spent in solitary enjoyment, watching the wavy motion produced upon its pliant surface by the sunny winds, or the flight of the cloud shadows, like gigantic phantoms, as they swept rapidly over it, whilst the murmur of the rocking trees, and the glancing of their bright leaves in the sun, produced a heartfelt pleasure, the very memory of which rises in my imagination like some fading recollection of a brighter world.

At the foot of this hill ran a clear deep-banked river, bounded on one side by a slip of rich level meadow, and on the other by a kind of common for the village geese, whose white feathers during the summer season lay scattered over its green surface. It was also the play-ground for the boys of the village school; for there ran that part of the river which, with very correct judgment, the urchins had selected as their bathing-place. A little slope or watering-ground in the bank brought them to the edge of the stream, where the bottom fell away into the fearful depths of the whirlpool under the hanging oak on the other bank. Well do I remember the first time I ventured to swim across it, and even yet do I see in imagination the two bunches of water flagons on

which the inexperienced swimmers trusted themselves in the water.

About two hundred yards above this, the *boreen** which led from the village to the main road crossed the river by one of those old narrow bridges whose arches rise like round ditches across the road—an almost impassable barrier to horse and car. On passing the bridge in a northern direction, you found a range of low thatched houses on each side of the road; and if one o'clock, the hour of dinner, drew near, you might observe columns of blue smoke curling up from a row of chimneys, some made of wicker creels plastered over with a rich coat of mud, some of old narrow bottomless tubs, and others, with a greater appearance of taste, ornamented with thick circular ropes of straw sewed together like bees' skeps with the peel of a brier; and many having nothing but the open vent above. But the smoke by no means escaped by its legitimate aperture, for you might observe little clouds of it bursting out of the doors and windows; the panes of the latter being mostly stopped at other times with old hats and rags, were now left entirely open for the purpose of giving it a free escape.

Before the doors, on right and left, was a series of dunghills, each with its concomitant sink of green rotten water; and if it happened that a stout-looking woman with watery eyes, and a yellow cap hung loosely upon her matted locks, came, with a chubby urchin on one arm and a pot of dirty water in her hand, its unceremonious ejection in the aforesaid sink would be apt to send you up the village with your finger and thumb (for what purpose you would yourself perfectly understand) closely, but not knowingly, applied to your nostrils. But, independently of this, you would be apt to have other reasons for giving your horse, whose heels are by this time surrounded by a dozen of barking curs, and the same number of shouting urchins, a pretty sharp touch of the spurs, as well as for complaining bitterly of the odour of the atmosphere. It is no landscape without figures; and you might notice—if you are, as I suppose you to be, a man of observation—in every sink as you pass along a 'slip of a pig' stretched in the middle of the mud, the very *beau ideal* of luxury, giving occasionally a long luxuriant grunt, highly expressive of his enjoyment; or perhaps an old farrower, lying in indolent repose, with half a dozen young ones jostling each other for their draught, and punching her belly with their little snouts, reckless of the fumes they are creating; whilst the loud crow of the cock, as he confidently flaps his wings on his own dunghill, gives the warning note for the hour of dinner.

As you advance, you will also perceive several faces thrust out of the doors, and rather than miss a sight of you, a grotesque visage peeping by a short cut through the paneless windows, or a tattered female flying to snatch up her urchin that has been tumbling itself heels up in the dust of the road, lest 'the gintleman's horse might ride over it;' and if you happen to look behind, you may observe a shaggy-headed youth in tattered frize, with one hand thrust indolently in his breast, standing at the door in conversation with the inmates, a broad grin of sarcastic ridicule on his face, in the act of breaking a joke or two upon yourself or your horse; or perhaps your jaw may be saluted with a lump of clay, just hard enough not to fall asunder as it flies, cast by some ragged gorsoon from behind a hedge, who squats himself in a ridge of corn to avoid detection.

Seated upon a hob at the door you may observe a toil-worn man without coat or waistcoat, his red muscular sunburnt shoulder peering through the remnant of a shirt, mending his shoes with a piece of twisted flax, called a *lingel*, or perhaps sewing two footless stockings, or *martyeens*, to his coat, as a substitute for sleeves.

* A little road.

In the gardens, which are usually fringed with nettles, you will see a solitary labourer, working with that carelessness and apathy that characterise an Irishman when he labours *for himself*, leaning upon his spade to look after you, and glad of any excuse to be idle.

The houses, however, are not all such as I have described—far from it. You see here and there, between the more humble cabins, a stout comfortable-looking farm-house with ornamental thatching and well-glazed windows; adjoining to which is a hay-yard with five or six large stacks of corn, well-trimmed and roped, and a fine yellow weather-beaten old hay-rick, half-cut—not taking into account twelve or thirteen circular strata of stones that mark out the foundations on which others had been raised. Neither is the rich smell of oaten or wheaten bread, which the good-wife is baking on the griddle, unpleasant to your nostrils; nor would the bubbling of a large pot, in which you might see, should you chance to enter, a prodigious square of fat, yellow, and almost transparent bacon tumbling about, to be an unpleasant object; truly, as it hangs over a large fire, with well-swept hearthstone, it is in good keeping with the white settle and chairs, and the dresser with noggins, wooden trenchers, and pewter dishes, perfectly clean, and as well polished as a French courtier.

As you leave the village, you have, to the left, a view of the hill which I have already described, and to the right a level expanse of fertile country, bounded by a good view of respectable mountains peering decently into the sky; and in a line that forms an acute angle from the point of the road where you ride, is a delightful valley, in the bottom of which shines a pretty lake; and a little beyond, on the slope of a green hill, rises a splendid house, surrounded by a park well-wooded and stocked with deer. You have now topped the little hill above the village, and a straight line of level road, a mile long, goes forward to a country town which lies immediately behind that white church with its spire cutting into the sky before you. You descend on the other side, and having advanced a few perches, look to the left, where you see a long thatched chapel, only distinguished from a dwelling-house by its want of chimneys, and a small stone cross that stands on the top of the eastern gable; behind it is a grave-yard, and beside it a snug public-house, well white-washed; then, to the right, you observe a door apparently in the side of a clay bank, which rises considerably above the pavement of the road. What! you ask yourself, can this be a human habitation? But ere you have time to answer the question, a confused buzz of voices from within reaches your ear, and the appearance of a little gorsoon with a red close-cropped head and Milesian face, having in his hand a short white stick, or the thigh-bone of a horse, which you at once recognise as 'the pass' of a village school, gives you the full information. He has an ink-horn, covered with leather, dangling at the button-hole (for he has long since played away the buttons) of his frize jacket—his mouth is circumscribed with a streak of ink—his pen is stuck knowingly behind his ear—his shins are dotted over with fire-blisters, black, red, and blue—on each heel a kibe—his 'leather crackers'—*videlicet*, breeches—shrunk up upon him, and only reaching as far down as the caps of his knees. Having spied you, he places his hand over his brows, to throw back the dazzling light of the sun, and peers at you from under it, till he breaks out into a laugh, exclaiming, half to himself, half to you—

'You a gintleman!—no, nor one of your breed never was, you procthorin' thief you!'

You are now immediately opposite the door of the seminary, when half a dozen of those seated next it notice you.

'Oh, sir, here's a gintleman on a horse!—masther, sir, here's a gintleman on a horse, wid boots and spurs on him, that's looking in at us.'

'Silence!' exclaims the master; 'back from the door—boys rehearse—every one of you rehearse, I say, you Bœotians, till the gintleman goes past!'

'I want to go out, if you plase, sir.'

'No, you don't, Phelim.'

'I do, indeed, sir.'

'What! is it afther conthradictin' me you'd be? Don't you see the "porter's" out, and you can't go.'

'Well, 'tis Mat Meehan has it, sir: and he's out this half-hour, sir; I can't stay in, sir!'

'You want to be idling your time looking at the gintleman, Phelim.'

'No, indeed, sir.'

'Phelim, I know you of ould—go to your sate. I tell you, Phelim, you were born for the encouragement of the hemp manufacture, and you'll die promoting it.'

In the meantime the master puts his head out of the door, his body stooped to a 'half-bend'—a phrase, and the exact curve which it forms, I leave for the present to your own sagacity—and surveys you until you pass. That is an Irish hedge-school, and the personage who follows you with his eye a hedge-schoolmaster.

MISS MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

Miss Mary Russell Mitford, the painter of English rural life in its happiest and most genial aspects, was born in 1789 at Alresford, in Hampshire. Reminiscences of her early boarding-school days are scattered through her works, and she appears to have been always an enthusiastic reader. When very young, she published a volume of miscellaneous poems, and a metrical tale in the style of Scott, entitled *Christine, the Maid of the South Seas*, founded on the discovery of the mutineers of the Bounty. In 1823 was produced her effective and striking tragedy of *Julian*, dedicated to Mr Macready the actor, 'for the zeal with which he befriended the production of a stranger, for the judicious alterations which he suggested, and for the energy, the pathos, and the skill with which he more than embodied its principal character.' Next year Miss Mitford published the first volume of *Our Village, Sketches of Rural Character and Scenery*, to which four other volumes were subsequently added, the fifth and last in 1832. 'Every one,' says a lively writer,* 'now knows Our Village, and every one knows that the nooks and corners, the haunts and the copses so delightfully described in its pages, will be found in the immediate neighbourhood of Reading, and more especially around Three-Mile Cross, a cluster of cottages on the Basingstoke road, in one of which our authoress has now resided for many years. But so little were the peculiar and original excellence of her descriptions understood, in the first instance, that, after having gone the round of rejection through the more important periodicals, they at last saw the light in no worthier publication than the Lady's Magazine. But the series of rural pictures grew, and the venture of collecting them into a separate volume was tried. The public began to relish the style so fresh, yet so finished, to enjoy the delicate humour and the simple pathos of the tales; and the result was, that the popularity of these sketches outgrew that of the works of loftier order proceeding from the same pen; that young writers, English and American, began to imitate so artless and charming a manner of narration; and that an obscure Berkshire hamlet, by the magic of talent and kindly feeling, was converted into a place of resort and interest for not a few of the finest spirits of the age.' Extending her observation from the country village to the market-town, Miss Mitford published another interesting volume of descriptions, entitled *Belford Regis*. She also gleaned from the new world three volumes of *Stories of American Life, by American Writers*, of which she remarks—'The scenes described and the personages introduced are as various as the authors, extending in geographical space from Canada to Mexico, and including almost every degree of civilisation, from the wild Indian and the almost equally wild hunter of the forest and prairies, to the cultivated inhabitant of the city and plain.' Besides her tragedies (which are little inferior to those of Miss Baillie as intellectual productions, while one of them, *Rienzi*, has been highly successful on the stage), Miss Mitford has written numerous tales for the annuals and magazines, showing that her industry is equal to her talents. It is to her English tales, however, that she must chiefly trust her fame with posterity; and there is so much unaffected grace, tenderness, and beauty in these rural delineations, that we cannot conceive their ever being considered obsolete or uninteresting. In them she has treasured not only the results of long and familiar observation, but the feelings and conceptions of a truly poetical mind. She is a prose Cowper, without his gloom or bitterness. In 1838 Miss Mitford's name was added to the pension list—a well-earned tribute to one whose genius has been devoted to the honour and embellishment of her country.

* Mr Chorley—The Authors of England.

COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

This lady, well known in the world of fashion and literature, is a native of Ireland, daughter of Edward Power, Esq., late of Curagheen, county Waterford. At the age of fifteen she became the wife of Captain Farmer of the 47th regiment, after whose death, in 1817, she was united to Charles John Gardiner, Earl of Blessington. In 1829 she was again left a widow. Lady Blessington now fixed her residence in London, and, by her rank and personal tastes, succeeded in rendering herself a centre of literary society. Her first publication was a volume of *Travelling Sketches in Belgium*, very meagre and ill-written. The next work commanded more attention: it was her *Conversations with Lord Byron*, whom she had met daily for some time at Genoa. In 1833 appeared *The Repealers*, a novel in three volumes, but containing scarcely any plot, and few delineations of character, the greater part being filled with dialogues, criticism, and reflections. Her ladyship is sometimes sarcastic, sometimes moral, and more frequently personal. One female sketch, that of Grace Cassidy, a young Irish wife, is the only one of the characters we can remember, and it shows that her ladyship is most at home among the scenes of her early days. To 'The Repealers' succeeded *The Two Friends*, *The Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman*, *The Confessions of an Elderly Lady*, *Desultory Thoughts*, *The Belle of a Season*, *The Governess*, *The Idler in Italy* (three volumes, 1839-40), *The Idler in France* (two volumes, 1841), *The Victims of Society*, and *Meredith*. Her recollections of Italy and France are perhaps the best of her works, for in these her love of anecdote, epigram, and sentiment, has full scope, without any of the impediments raised by a story.

MRS S. C. HALL.

MRS S. C. HALL, authoress of *Lights and Shadows of Irish Life*, and various other works, 'is a native of Wexford, though by her mother's side she is of Swiss



descent. Her maiden name was Fielding, by which, however, she was unknown in the literary world, as her first work was not published till after her marriage. She belongs to an old and excellent family in her native county. She first quitted Ireland at the early age of fifteen, to reside with her mother in England, and it was some time before she revisited her native country; but the scenes which were familiar to her as a child have made such a vivid and lasting impression on her mind, and all her sketches evince so much freshness and vigour, that her readers might easily imagine she had spent her life among the scenes she describes. To her early absence from her native country is probably to be traced one strong characteristic of all her writings—the total absence of party feeling on subjects connected with politics or religion.'* Mrs Hall's first work appeared in 1829, and was entitled *Sketches of Irish Character*. These bear a closer resemblance to the tales of Miss Mitford than to the Irish stories of Banim or Griffin, though the latter may have tended to direct Mrs Hall to the peculiarities of Irish character. They contain some fine rural description, and are animated by a healthy tone of moral feeling and a vein of delicate humour. The coquetry of her Irish girls (very different from that in high life) is admirably depicted. Next year Mrs Hall issued a little volume for children, *Chronicles of a School-Room*, consisting also of a series of tales, simple, natural, and touching. The home-truths and moral observations conveyed in these narratives reflect great credit on the heart and the judgment of the writer. Indeed good taste and good feeling may be said to preside over all the works of our authoress. In 1831 she issued a second series of 'Sketches of Irish Character,' fully equal to the first, and was well received. The Rapparee is an excellent story, and some of the satirical delineations are hit off with great truth and liveliness. In 1832 she ventured on a larger and more difficult work—a historical romance in three volumes, entitled *The Buccaneer*. The scene of this tale is laid in England at the time of the Protectorate, and Oliver himself is among the characters. The plot of 'The Buccaneer' is well managed, and some of the characters (as that of Barbara Iverk, the Puritan) are skilfully delineated; but the work is too feminine, and has too little of energetic passion for the stormy times in which it is cast. In 1834 Mrs Hall published *Tales of Woman's Trials*, short stories of decidedly moral tendency,



Mrs Hall's residence, Brompton.

written in the happiest style of the authoress. In 1835 appeared *Uncle Horace*, a novel, and in 1838 'Lights and Shadows of Irish Life,' three volumes. The latter had been previously published in the New Monthly Magazine, and enjoyed great popularity. The principal tale in the collection, The Groves of Blarney, was dramatised at one of the theatres with distinguished success. In 1840 Mrs

* Dublin University Magazine for 1840.

Hall issued what has been styled the best of her novels, *Marian; or a Young Maid's Fortunes*, in which her knowledge of Irish character is again displayed. Katey Macane, an Irish cook, who adopts Marian, a foundling, and watches over her with untiring affection, is equal to any of the Irish portraitures since those of Miss Edgeworth. The next work of our authoress was a series of *Stories of the Irish Peasantry*, contributed to Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, and afterwards published in a collected form. In 1840, Mrs Hall aided her husband in a work chiefly composed by him, and which reflects credit upon his talents and industry, *Ireland, its Scenery, Character, &c.* Topographical and statistical information is here blended with the poetical and romantic features of the country—the legends of the peasantry—scenes and characters of humour or pathos—and all that could be gathered in five separate tours through Ireland, added to early acquaintance and recollection of the country. The work was highly embellished by British artists, and extended to three large volumes. In tasteful description of natural objects, and pictures of every-day life, Mrs Hall has few superiors. Her humour is not so broad or racy as that of Lady Morgan, nor her observation so pointed and select as Miss Edgeworth's: her writings are also unequal, but in general they constitute easy delightful reading, and possess a simple truth and purity of sentiment that is ultimately more fascinating than the darker shades and colourings of imaginative composition.

[*Depending Upon Others.*]

[From 'Sketches of Irish Character.']

'*Independence!*'- it is the word, of all others, that Irish—men, women, and children—least understand; and the calmness, or rather indifference, with which they submit to dependence, bitter and miserable as it is, must be a source of deep regret to all who 'love the land,' or who feel anxious to uphold the dignity of human kind. Let us select a few cases from our Irish village, such as are abundant in every neighbourhood. Shane Thurlough, 'as dacent a boy,' and Shane's wife, as 'clane-skinned a girl,' as any in the world. There is Shane, an active handsome-looking fellow, leaning over the half-door of his cottage, kicking a hole in the wall with his brogue, and picking up all the large gravel within his reach to pelt the ducks with—those useful Irish scavengers. Let us speak to him. 'Good-morrow, Shane!' 'Och! the bright bames of heaven on ye every day! and kindly welcome, my lady; and wont ye step in and rest—it's powerful hot, and a beautiful summer, sure—the Lord be praised!' 'Thank you, Shane. I thought you were going to cut the hay-field to-day; if a heavy shower comes, it will be spoiled; it has been fit for the scythe these two days.' 'Sure it's all owing to that thief o' the world Tom Parrel, my lady. Didn't he promise me the loan of his scythe; and, by the same token, I was to pay him for it; and *depinding* on that, I didn't buy one, which I have been threatening to do for the last two years.' 'But why don't you go to Carrick and purchase one?' 'To Carrick! Och, 'tis a good step to Carrick, and my toes are on the ground (saving your presence), for I *depinded* on Tim Jarvis to tell Andy Cappler, the brogue-maker, to do my shoes; and, bad luck to him, the spalpeen! he forgot it.' 'Where's your pretty wife, Shane?' 'She's in all the wo o' the world, ma'am dear. And she puts the blame of it on me, though I'm not in the faut this time, anyhow. The child's taken the small-pox, and she *depinded* on me to tell the doctor to cut it for the cow-pox, and I *depinded* on Kitty Cackle, the limmer, to tell the doctor's own man, and thought she would not forget it, becase the boy's her bachelor; but out o' sight out o' mind—the never a word she tould him about it, and the babby has got it natural, and the woman's in heart trouble (to say nothing o' myself); and it the first, and all.' 'I am very sorry, indeed, for you have got a much better wife than most men.' 'That's a true word, my lady, only she's fidgetty like sometimes, and says I don't hit the nail on the head quick enough; and she takes a dale more trouble than she need about many a thing.' 'I do not think I ever saw Ellen's wheel without flax before, Shane?' 'Bad cess to the wheel!—I got it this morning about that too. I *depinded* on John Williams to bring the flax from O'Flaharty's this day week, and he forgot it; and she says I ought to have brought it myself, and I close to the spot. But where's the good? says I; sure he'll bring it next time.' 'I suppose, Shane, you will soon move into the new cottage at Clurn Hill? I passed it to-day, and it looked so cheerful; and when you get there you must take Ellen's advice, and *depend* solely on yourself.' 'Och, ma'am dear, don't mintion it; sure it's that makes me so down in the mouth this very minit. Sure I saw that born blackguard Jack Waddy, and he comes in here quite innocent like—"Shane, you've an eye to squire's new lodge," says he. "Maybe I have," says I. "I am yer man," says he. "How so?" says I. "Sure I'm as good as married to my lady's maid," said he; "and I'll spake to the squire for you my own self." "The blessing be about you," says I, quite grateful—and we took a strong cup on the strength of it—and, *depinding* on him, I thought all safe; and what d'ye think, my lady? Why, himself stalks into the place—talked the squire over, to be sure—and without so much as by yer lave, sates himself and his new wife on the laase in the house; and I may go whistle.' 'It was a great pity, Shane, that you didn't go yourself to Mr Clurn.' 'That's a true word for ye, ma'am dear; but it's hard if a poor man can't have a frind to *depind* on.'

SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER.

Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer is the youngest son of the late General Bulwer of Haydon Hall, county of Norfolk. He is said to have written verses when only five or six years old, but he has certainly never attained to the higher honours of the lyre. His poetry is in general stiff and artificial. At Cambridge, Mr Bulwer (his baronetcy was conferred upon him by the Whig government, whose policy he supported as a member of the House of Commons) was the successful competitor for the prize poem, and his first appearance as an author was made in 1826, when he published a volume of miscellaneous poems bearing the juvenile title of *Weeds and Wild Flowers*. In the following year he issued a poetical tale, *O'Neill, or the Rebel*, something of the style of Byron's Corsair, and echoing the tone of feeling and sentiment most characteristic of the noble poet. The following lines will illustrate our remark:—

Eternal air—and thou, my mother earth,
Hallowed by shade and silence—and the birth
Of the young moon (now watching o'er the sleep
Of the dim mountains and the dreaming deep);
And by yon star, heaven's eldest born—whose light
Calls the first smile upon the cheek of Night;
And beams and bodes, like faith beyond the tomb,
Life through the calm, and glory through the gloom;
My mother earth—and ye her loftier race,
Midst whom my soul hath held its dwelling-place;
Rivers, and rocks, and valleys, and ye shades
Which sleep at noonday o'er the haunted glades
Made musical by waters and the breeze,
All idly dallying with the glowing trees;

And songs of birds which, ever as they fly,
Breathe soul and gladness to the summer sky;
Ye courts of Nature, where aloof and lone
She sits and reigns with darkness for her throne;
Mysterious temples of the breathing God,
If mid your might my earliest steps have trod;
If in mine inmost spirit still are stored
The wild deep memories childhood most adored;
If still amid the drought and waste of years,
Ye hold the source of smiles and pangless tears:
Will ye not yet inspire me?—for my heart
Beats low and languid—and this idle art,
Which I have summoned for an idle end,
Forsakes and flies me like a faithless friend.
Are all your voices silent? I have made
My home as erst amid your thickest shade:
And even now your soft air from above
Breathes on my temples like a sister's love.
Ah! could it bring the freshness of the day
When first my young heart lingered o'er its lay,
Fain would this wintry soul and frozen string
Recall one wind—one whisper from the Spring!

In the same year (1827) Mr Bulwer published his first novel, *Falkland*, a highly-coloured tale of love and passion, calculated to excite and inflame, and evidently based on admiration of the peculiar genius and seductive errors of Byron. Taking up the style of the fashionable novels (rendered popular by Theodore Hook, but now on the wane), Mr Bulwer came forward with *Pelham, or the Adventures of a Gentleman*—a novel full of brilliant and witty writing, sarcastic levity, representations of the manners of the great, piquant remark, and scenes of deep and romantic interest. There was a want of artistic skill in the construction of the story, for the tragic and satirical parts were not harmoniously combined; but the picture of a man of fashion, so powerfully drawn, was irresistibly attractive, and a second edition of 'Pelham' was called for in a few months. Towards the close of the year (1828), Mr Bulwer issued *The Disowned*, intended by the author to contain 'scenes of more exciting interest and vivid colouring, thoughts less superficially expressed, passions more energetically called forth, and a more sensible and pervading moral tendency.' The work was considered to fulfil the promise of the preface, though it did not attain to the popularity of 'Pelham.' *Devereux, a Novel*, 1829, was a more finished performance. 'The lighter portion does not dispute the field with the deeper and more sombre, but follows gracefully by its side, relieving and heightening it. We move, indeed, among the great, but it is the great of other times—names familiar in our mouths—Bolingbroke, Louis, Orleans; amidst manners perhaps as frivolous as those of the day, but which the gentle touch of time has already invested with an antiquarian dignity: the passions of men, the machinery of great motives and universal feelings, occupy the front; the humours, the affections, the petty badges of sects and individuals, retire into the shadows of the back-ground: no under-current of persiflage or epicurean indifference checks the flow of that mournful enthusiasm which refreshes its pictures of life with living waters; its eloquent pages seem consecrated to the memory of love, honour, religion, and undeviating faith.'* In 1830 Mr Bulwer brought out another work of fiction, *Paul Clifford*, the hero being a romantic highwayman, familiar with the haunts of low vice and dissipation, but afterwards transformed and elevated by the influence of love. Parts are ably written; but the general effect of the novel was undoubtedly injurious to the public taste. Our author's love of satire, which had mingled largely in all his novels, took a more definite shape, in 1831, in *The Siamese Twins*, a poem satirical of fashion, of travellers, of politicians, London notoriety, and various other topics, discussed or glanced at in sportive or bitter mood, in verses that flow easily, and occasionally express vigorous and lively thoughts, but are wholly destitute of the *elixir vitæ* of poetical immortality. A few months afterwards we had *Eugene Aram, a Tale*, founded on the history of the English murderer of that name. In this work Mr Bulwer depicted the manners of the middle rank of life, and was highly successful in awakening curiosity and interest, and in painting scenes of tenderness, pathos, and distress. The character of the sordid but ingenious Eugene Aram is idealised by the fancy of the novelist. He is made an enthusiastic student and amiable visionary. The humbling part of his crime was, he says, 'its low calculations, its poor defence, its paltry trickery, its mean hypocrisy: these made his chiefest penance.' Unconscious that detection was close at hand, Aram is preparing to wed an interesting and noble-minded woman, the generous Madeline; and the scenes connected with this ill-fated passion possess a strong and tragical interest. Throughout the work are scattered some beautiful moral reflections and descriptions, imbued with poetical feeling and expression. Mr Bulwer now undertook the management of the New Monthly Magazine (which had attained a high reputation under the editorship of Campbell), and published in that work several essays and criticisms, subsequently collected and issued under the title of *The Student*. In 1833 appeared his *England and the English*, a series of observations on society, literature, the aristocracy, travelling, and other characteristics and peculiarities of the English people. Some of these are acute and clever, but many are tinged with prejudice, and a desire to appear original and sarcastic. *The Pilgrims of the Rhine*—a fanciful and beautifully illustrated work—was Mr Bulwer's next offering, and it was almost immediately afterwards succeeded by one of his best romances, *The Last Days of Pompeii*. This brilliant and interesting classic story was followed by one still more vigorous and masterly, the tale of *Rienzi*, perhaps the most complete, high-toned, and energetic of all the author's works. With industry as remarkable as his genius, Mr Bulwer went on preparing new works of fiction. *Ernest Maltravers* (1837) illustrates 'what, though rare in novels, is common in human life—the affliction of the good, the triumph of the unprincipled.' The character of Maltravers is far from pleasing; and Alice Darvil is evidently a copy from Byron's Haidee. Ferrers, the villain of the tale, is also a Byronic creation; and, on the whole, the violent contrasts and gloomy delineations of this novel render it more akin to the spurious offspring of sentimental romance, than to the family of the genuine English novel. A continuation of this work was given in the following year, under the title of *Alice, or the Mysteries*, with no improvement as to literary power or correct moral philosophy, but still containing some fresh and exquisite descriptions, and delightful portraiture. His next work was *Athens*, partly historical and partly philosophical—a book impressed with fine taste and research. In the same year (1838) we had *Leila, or the Siege of Granada*; and *Calderon the Courtier*—light and sketchy productions. Passing over the dramas of Bulwer, we come to *Night and Morning*, *Day and Night*, *Lights and Shadows*, *Glimmer and Gloom*, an affected title to a picturesque and interesting story. *Zanoni* (1842) is more unconnected in plot and vicious in style than the previous fictions of Bulwer, and possesses no strong or permanent interest. *Eva, the Ill-Omened Marriage*,

* Edinburgh Review for 1832.

and other Tales and Poems (1842) is another attempt of our author to achieve poetical honours: we cannot say a *highly successful* attempt; for, in spite of poetical feeling and fancy, the lines of Sir Edward Bulwer are cold glittering conceits and personations. His acute mental analysis is, however, seen in verses like the following:—

Talent and Genius.

Talent convinces—genius but excites;
This tasks the reason, that the soul delights.
Talent from sober judgment takes its birth,
And reconciles the pinion to the earth;
Genius unsettles with desires the mind,
Contented not till earth be left behind;
Talent, the sunshine on a cultured soil,
Ripens the fruit by slow degrees for toil.
Genius, the sudden Iris of the skies,
On cloud itself reflects its wondrous dyes:
And, to the earth, in tears and glory given,
Clasps in its airy arch the pomp of Heaven!
Talent gives all that vulgar critics need—
From its plain horn-book learn the dull to read;
Genius, the Pythian of the beautiful,
Leaves its large truths a riddle to the dull—
From eyes profane a veil the Isis screens,
And fools on fools still ask—'What Hamlet means?'

Bulwer's own works realise this description of genius: they unfold 'an Iris of the skies,' in which are displayed the rich colours and forms of the imagination, mixed and interfused with dark spots and unsightly shadows—with conceit, affectation, and egotism. Like his model, Byron, he paints vividly and beautifully, but often throws away his colours on unworthy objects, and leaves many of his pictures unfinished. The clear guiding judgment, well-balanced mind, and natural feeling of Scott, are wanting; but Bulwer's language and imagery are often exquisite, and his power of delineating certain classes of character and manners superior to that of any of his contemporaries. Few authors have displayed more versatility. He seems capable of achieving some great work in history as well as in fiction; and if he has not succeeded in poetry, he has outstripped most of his contemporaries in popularity as a dramatist.

CAPTAIN FREDERICK MARRYAT.

This popular naval writer—the best painter of sea characters since Smollett—commenced what has proved to be a busy and highly successful literary career in 1829, by the publication of *The Naval Officer*, a nautical tale, in three volumes. This work partook too strongly of the free spirit of the sailor, but, amidst its occasional violations of taste and decorum, there was a rough racy humour and dramatic liveliness that atoned for many faults. In the following year the captain was ready with other three volumes, more carefully finished, and presenting a well-compacted story, entitled *The King's Own*. Though occasionally a little awkward on land, Captain Marryat was at home on the sea, and whether serious or comic—whether delineating a captain, midshipman, or common tar, or even a carpenter, he evinced a minute practical acquaintance with all on board ship, and with every variety of nautical character. His vivid and striking powers of description were also displayed to much advantage in this novel. *Newton Foster, or the Merchant Service*, 1832, was our author's next work, and is a tale of various and sustained interest. It was surpassed, however, by its immediate successor, *Peter Simple*, the most amusing of all the author's works. His naval commander, Captain Savage, Chucks the boatswain, O'Brien the Irish lieutenant, and Muddle the carpenter, are excellent individual portraits—as distinct and life-like as Tom Bowling, Hatchway, or Pipes. The scenes in the West Indies display the higher powers of the novelist, and the escape from the French prison interests us almost as deeply as the similar efforts of Caleb Williams. Continuing his nautical scenes and portraits, Captain Marryat has since written about thirty volumes—as *Jacob Faithful* (one of his best productions), *The Phantom Ship*, *Mr Midshipman Easy*, *The Pacha of Many Tales*, *Japhet in Search of a Father*, *Poor Jack*, *Frank Mildmay*, *Joseph Rushbrook the Poacher*, *Masterman Ready*, *Percival Keene*, &c. In the hasty production of so many volumes, the *quality* could not always be equal. The nautical humour and racy dialogue could not always be produced at will, of a new and different stamp at each successive effort. Such, however, is the fertile fancy and active observation of the author, and his lively powers of amusing and describing, that he has fewer repetitions and less tediousness than almost any other writer equally voluminous. His last work, 'Percival Keene' (1842), betrays no falling-off, but, on the contrary, is one of the most vigorous and interesting of his 'sea changes.' 'Captain Marryat,' says a writer in the Quarterly Review, 'stands second to no living novelist but Miss Edgeworth. His happy delineations and contrasts of character, and easy play of native fun, redeem a thousand faults of verbosity, clumsiness, and coarseness. His strong sense and utter superiority to affectation of all sorts, command respect; and in his quiet effectiveness of circumstantial narrative, he sometimes approaches old Defoe. There is less of caricature about his pictures than those of any contemporary humorist—unless, perhaps, Morier; and he shows far larger and maturer knowledge of the real workings of human nature than any of the band, except the exquisite writer we have just named, and Mr Theodore Hook, of whom praise is equally superfluous.' This was written in 1839, before Charles Dickens had 'gathered all his fame;' and with all our admiration of Marryat, we should be disposed at present to claim for the younger novelist an equal, if not superior—as clear, and a more genial—knowledge of human nature—*at least on land.*

To vary or relieve his incessant toils at original composition, Captain Marryat made a trip to America in 1837, the result of which he gave to the world in 1839 in three volumes, entitled *A Diary in America, with Remarks on its Institutions.* This was flying at higher game than any he had previously brought down; but the real value of these volumes consists in their resemblance to parts of his novels—in humorous caricature and anecdote, shrewd observation, and lively or striking description. His account of the American navy is valuable; and so practical and sagacious an observer could not visit the schools, prisons, and other public institutions of the New World, without throwing out valuable reflections, and noting what is superior or defective. He is no admirer of the democratic government of America: indeed his Diary is as unfavourable to the national character as the previous sketches of Mrs Trollope or Captain Hall. But it is in relating traits of manners, peculiarities of speech, and other singular or ludicrous characteristics of the Americans, that Captain Marryat excels. These are as rich as his fictitious delineations, and, like them, probably owe a good deal to the suggestive fancy and love of drollery proper to the novelist. The success of this Diary induced the

author to add three additional volumes to it in the following year, but the continuation is greatly inferior.

[*A Prudent Sea Captain—Abuse of Ship Stores.*]

[From 'The King's Own.']

'Well, Mr Cheeks, what are the carpenters about?'

'Weston and Smallbridge are going on with the chairs—the whole of them will be finished to-morrow.'

'Well?'

'Smith is about the chest of drawers, to match the one in my Lady Capperbar's bed-room.'

'Very good. And what is Hilton about?'

'He has finished the spare-leaf of the dining-table, sir; he is now about a little job for the second-lieutenant.'

'A job for the second lieutenant, sir! How often have I told you, Mr Cheeks, that the carpenters are not to be employed, except on ship's duty, without my special permission.'

'His standing bed-place is broke, sir; he is only getting out a chock or two.'

'Mr Cheeks, you have disobeyed my most positive orders. By the by, sir, I understand you were not sober last night?'

'Please your honour,' replied the carpenter, 'I wasn't drunk—I was only a little fresh.'

'Take you care, Mr Cheeks. Well, now, what are the rest of your crew about?'

'Why, Thomson and Waters are cutting out the pales for the garden out of the jibboom; I've saved the heel to return.'

'Very well; but there wont be enough, will there?'

'No, sir; it will take a hand-mast to finish the whole.'

'Then we must expend one when we go out again. We can carry away a top-mast, and make a new one out of the hand-mast at sea. In the meantime, if the sawyers have nothing to do, they may as well cut the palings at once. And now, let me see—oh, the painters must go on shore to finish the attics.'

'Yes, sir; but my Lady Capperbar wishes the *jalowsees* to be painted vermilion; she says it will look more rural.'

'Mrs Capperbar ought to know enough about ship's stores by this time to be aware that we are only allowed three colours. She may choose or mix them as she pleases; but as for going to the expense of buying paint, I can't afford it. What are the rest of the men about?'

'Repairing the second cutter, and making a new mast for the pinnace.'

'By the by—that puts me in mind of it—have you expended any boat's masts?'

'Only the one carried away, sir.'

'Then you must expend two more. Mrs C—— has just sent me off a list of a few things that she wishes made while we are at anchor, and I see two poles for clothes-lines. Saw off the sheave-holes, and put two pegs through at right angles—you know how I mean?'

'Yes, sir. What am I to do, sir, about the cucumber frame? My Lady Capperbar says that she must have it, and I haven't glass enough. They grumbled at the yard last time.'

'Mrs C—— must wait a little. What are the armourers about?'

'They have been so busy with your work, sir, that the arms are in a very bad condition. The first-lieutenant said yesterday that they were a disgrace to the ship.'

'Who dares say that?'

'The first-lieutenant, sir.'

'Well, then, let them rub up the arms, and let me know when they are done, and we'll get the forge up.'

'The armourer has made six rakes and six hoes, and the two little hoes for the children; but he says that he can't make a spade.'

'Then I'll take his warrant away, by heavens, since he does not know his duty. That will do, Mr Cheeks. I shall overlook your being in liquor this time; but take care. Send the boatswain to me.'

A few other authors have, like Captain Marryat, presented us with good pictures of maritime life and adventures. *The Naval Sketch-Book*, 1828; *Sailors and Saints*, 1829; *Tales of a Tar*, 1830; *Land Sharks and Sea Gulls*, 1838; and other works, by CAPTAIN GLASSCOCK, R.N., are all genuine tales of the sea, and display a hearty comic humour and rich phraseology, with as cordial a contempt for regularity of plot! *Rattlin the Reefer*, and *Outward Bound, or a Merchant's Adventures*, by MR HOWARD, are better managed as to fable (particularly 'Outward Bound,' which is a well-constructed tale), but have not the same breadth of humour as Captain Glasscock's novels. *The Life of a Sailor*, and *Ben Brace*, by CAPTAIN CHAMIER, are excellent works of the same class, replete with nature, observation, and humour. *Tom Cringle's Log*, by MICHAEL SCOTT, and *The Cruise of the Midge* (both originally published in Blackwood's Magazine), are also veritable productions of the sea—a little coarse, but spirited, and showing us 'things as they are.' Mr Scott, who was a native of Glasgow, spent a considerable part of his life in a mercantile situation at Kingston in Jamaica. He died in his native city, in 1835, aged about forty-six.

MRS GORE.

This lady is a clever and prolific writer of tales and fashionable novels. Her first work (published anonymously) was, we believe, a small volume containing two tales, *The Lettre de Cachet*, and *The Reign of Terror*, 1827. One of these relates to the times of Louis XIV., and the other to the French Revolution. They are both interesting graceful tales—superior, we think, to some of the more elaborate and extensive fictions of the authoress. In 1830 appeared *Women as they Are, or the Manners of the Day*, three volumes—an easy sparkling narrative, with correct pictures of modern society—much lady-like writing on dress and fashion, and some rather misplaced derision or contempt for 'excellent wives' and 'good sort of men.' This novel soon went through a second edition, and Mrs Gore continued the same style of fashionable portraiture. In 1831 she issued *Mothers and Daughters, a Tale of the Year* 1830. Here the manners of gay life—balls, dinners, and fêtes—with clever sketches of character, and amusing dialogues, make up the customary three volumes. The same year we find Mrs Gore compiling a series of narratives for youth, entitled *The Historical Traveller*. In 1832 she came forward with *The Fair of May Fair*, a series of fashionable tales, that were not so well received. The critics hinted that Mrs Gore had exhausted her stock of observation, and we believe she went to reside in France, where she continued some years. Her next tale was entitled *Mrs Armytage*. In 1838 she published *The Book of Roses, or Rose-Fancier's Manual*, a delightful little work on the history of the rose, its propagation and culture. France is celebrated for its rich varieties of the queen of flowers, and Mrs Gore availed herself of the taste and experience of the French floriculturists. A few months afterwards came out *The Heir of Selwood, or Three Epochs of a Life*, a novel in which were exhibited sketches of Parisian as well as English society, and an interesting though somewhat confused plot. The year 1839 witnessed three more works of fiction

from this indefatigable lady, *The Cabinet Minister*, the scene of which is laid during the regency of George IV., and includes among its characters the great name of Sheridan; *Preferment, or My Uncle the Earl*, containing some good sketches of drawing-room society, but no plot; and *The Courtier of the Days of Charles II., and other Tales.* Next year we have *The Dowager, or the New School for Scandal;* and in 1841 *Greville, or a Season in Paris*; *Dacre of the South, or the Olden Time* (a drama); and *The Lover and her Husband*, &c. the latter a free translation of M. Bertrand's Gerfaut. In 1842 Mrs Gore published *The Banker's Wife, or Court and City*, in which the efforts of a family in the middle rank to outshine a nobleman, and the consequences resulting from this silly vanity and ambition, are truly and powerfully painted. The value of Mrs Gore's novels consists in their lively caustic pictures of fashionable and high society. 'The more respectable of her personages are affecters of an excessive prudery concerning the decencies of life—nay, occasionally of an exalted and mystical religious feeling. The business of their existence is to avoid the slightest breach of conventional decorum. Whatever, therefore, they do, is a fair and absolute measure of the prevailing opinions of the class, and may be regarded as not derogatory to their position in the eyes of their equals. But the low average standard of morality thus depicted, with its conventional distinctions, cannot be invented. It forms the atmosphere in which the parties live; and were it a compound, fabricated at the author's pleasure, the beings who breathe it could not but be universally acknowledged as fantastical and as mere monstrosities; they would indeed be incapable of acting in harmony and consistence with the known laws and usages of civil life. Such as a series of parliamentary reports, county meetings, race-horse transactions, &c. they will be found, with a reasonable allowance of artistic colouring, to reflect accurately enough the notions current among the upper classes respecting religion, politics, domestic morals, the social affections, and that coarse aggregate of dealing with our neighbours which is embraced by the term common honesty.'* Besides the works we have mentioned, Mrs Gore has published *The Desennuyée, The Peeress, The Woman of the World, The Woman of Business, The Ambassador's Wife*, and other novels. She contributes tales to the periodicals, and is perhaps unparalleled for fertility. Her works are all of the same class—all pictures of existing life and manners; but the want of genuine feeling, of passion, and simplicity, in her living models, and the endless frivolities of their occupations and pursuits, make us sometimes take leave of Mrs Gore's fashionable triflers in the temper with which Goldsmith parted from Beau Tibbs—'The company of fools may at first make us smile, but at last never fails of rendering us melancholy.'

[*Character of a Prudent Worldly Lady.*]

[From 'Women as they Are.']

Lady Lilfield was a thoroughly worldly woman—a worthy scion of the Mordaunt stock. She had professedly accepted the hand of Sir Robert because a connexion with him was the best that happened to present itself in the first year of her *début*—the 'best match' to be had at a season's warning! She knew that she had been brought out with the view to dancing at a certain number of balls, refusing a certain number of good offers, and accepting a better one, somewhere between the months of January and June; and she regarded it as a propitious dispensation of Providence to her parents and to herself, that the comparative proved a superlative—even a high sheriff of the county, a baronet of respectable date, with ten thousand a-year! She felt that her duty towards herself necessitated an immediate acceptance of the dullest 'good sort of man' extant throughout the three kingdoms; and the whole routine of her after-life was regulated by the same rigid code of moral selfishness. She was penetrated with a most exact sense of what was due to her position in the world; but she was equally precise in her appreciation of all that, in her turn, she owed to society; nor, from her youth upwards—

Content to dwell in decencies for ever—

had she been detected in the slightest infraction of these minor social duties. She knew with the utmost accuracy of domestic arithmetic—to the fraction of a course or an *entrée*—the number of dinners which Beech Park was indebted to its neighbourhood—the complement of laundry-maids indispensable to the maintenance of its county dignity—the aggregate of pines by which it must retain its horticultural precedence. She had never retarded by a day or an hour the arrival of the family-coach in Grosvenor Square at the exact moment creditable to Sir Robert's senatorial punctuality; nor procrastinated by half a second the simultaneous bobs of her ostentatious Sunday school, as she sailed majestically along the aisle towards her tall, stately, pharisaical, squirearchical pew. True to the execution of her tasks—and her whole life was but one laborious task—true and exact as the great bell of the Beech Park turret-clock, she was enchanted with the monotonous music of her own cold iron tongue; proclaiming herself the best of wives and mothers, because Sir Robert's rent-roll could afford to command the services of a first-rate steward, and butler, and housekeeper, and thus insure a well-ordered household; and because her seven substantial children were duly drilled through a daily portion of rice-pudding and spelling-book, and an annual distribution of mumps and measles! All went well at Beech Park; for Lady Lilfield was 'the excellent wife' of 'a good sort of man!'

So bright an example of domestic merit—and what country neighbourhood cannot boast of its duplicate?—was naturally superior to seeking its pleasures in the vapid and varying novelties of modern fashion. The habits of Beech Park still affected the dignified and primeval purity of the departed century. Lady Lilfield remained true to her annual eight rural months of the county of Durham; against whose claims Kemp town pleaded, and Spa and Baden bubbled in vain. During her pastoral seclusion, by a careful distribution of her stores of gossiping, she contrived to prose, in undetected tautology, to successive detachments of an extensive neighbourhood, concerning her London importance—her court dress—her dinner parties—and her refusal to visit the Duchess of ——; while, during the reign of her London importance, she made it equally her duty to bore her select visiting list with the history of the new Beech Park school-house—of the Beech Park double dahlias—and of the Beech Park privilege of uniting, in an aristocratic dinner party, the abhorrent heads of the rival political factions—the *Bianchi e Neri*—the houses of Montague and Capulet of the county palatine of Durham. By such minute sections of the wide chapter of colloquial boredom, Lady Lilfield acquired the character of being a very charming woman throughout her respectable clan of dinner-giving baronets and their wives; but the reputation of a very miracle of prosiness among those

Men of the world, who know the world like men.

She was but a weed in the nobler field of society.

* Athenæum, 1839.

Among the other female novelists may be mentioned Miss Landon (Mrs Maclean), authoress of *Francesca Carrara*, and *Ethel Churchill*—the latter a powerful and varied English story; Miss Ellen Pickering, whose novels—*Who shall be Heir*, *The Secret Foe*, and *Sir Michael Paulet*, 1841-42—evince great spirit and liveliness in sketching scenes and characters.

In humorous delineation of town and country manners and follies, the sketches entitled *Little Pedlington and the Pedlingtonians*, by Mr John Poole, two volumes, 1839, are a fund of lively satire and amusement. *The Ingoldsby Legends, or Mirth and Marvels*, by Mr Thomas Ingoldsby, 1840; and *My Cousin Nicholas*, by the same author, 1841, are marked by a similar comic breadth of humour. Mr Douglas Jerrold, author of *Men of Character*, three volumes, 1838, has written several amusing papers in the same style as the above, but has been more successful in writing light pieces for the stage. Mr Jerrold now edits a periodical—the Illuminated Magazine. Mr W. M. Thackeray has published (under the Cockney name of 'Michael Angelo Titmarsh') various graphic and entertaining works—*The Paris Sketch-Book*, 1840; *Comic Tales and Sketches*, 1841; and *The Irish Sketch-Book*, 1842. The latter is the most valuable; for Titmarsh is a quick observer, and original in style and description.

MISS HARRIET MARTINEAU.

Miss Harriet Martineau, an extensive miscellaneous writer, published in 1832 and 1833 a series of *Illustrations of Political Economy*, in the shape of tales or novels. One story represents the advantages of the division and economy of labour, another the utility of capital and machinery, and others relate to rent, population, &c. These tales contain many clever and striking descriptions, and evince much knowledge of human character. In 1837 Miss Martineau published the results of a visit to America, and a careful inspection of its institutions and national manners, under the title of *Society in America*. This she subsequently followed up by a *Retrospect of Western Travel*. Her first regular novel appeared in 1839, and was entitled *Deerbrook*. Though improbable in many of its incidents, this work abounds in eloquent and striking passages. The democratic opinions of the authoress (for in all but her anti-Malthusian doctrines Miss Martineau is a sort of female Godwin) are strikingly brought forward, and the characters are well drawn. 'Deerbrook' is a story of English domestic life. The next effort of Miss Martineau was in the historical romance. *The Hour and the Man*, 1840, is a novel or romance founded on the history of the brave Toussaint L'Ouverture, and with this *man* as hero, Miss Martineau exhibits as the *hour* of action the period when the slaves of St Domingo threw off the yoke of slavery. There is much passionate as well as graceful writing in this tale; its greatest defect is, that there is too much disquisition, and too little connected or regular fable. Among the other works of Miss Martineau are several for children, as *The Peasant and the Prince*, *The Settlers at Home*, *How to Observe*, &c. Her latest work, *Life in the Sick-Room, or Essays by an Invalid*, 1844, contains many interesting and pleasing sketches, full of acute and delicate thought and elegant description.

The following notice of our authoress appears in a recent publication, 'A New Spirit of the Age:'—'Harriet Martineau was born in the year 1802, one of the youngest among a family of eight children. Her father was a proprietor of one of the manufactories in Norwich, in which place his family, originally of French origin, had resided since the revocation of the edict of Nantes. She has herself ascribed her taste for literary pursuits to the extreme delicacy of her health in childhood; to the infirmity (deafness) with which she has been afflicted ever since, which, without being so complete as to deprive her absolutely of all intercourse with the world, yet obliged her to seek occupations and pleasures within herself; and to the affection which subsisted between her and the brother nearest her own age, the Rev. James Martineau, whose fine mind and talents are well known. The occupation of writing, first begun to gratify her own taste and inclination, became afterwards to her a source of honourable independence, when, by one of the disasters so common in trade, her family became involved in misfortunes. She was then enabled to reverse the common lot of unmarried daughters in such circumstances, and cease to be in any respect a burden. She realised an income sufficient for her simple habits, but still so small as to enhance the integrity of the sacrifice which she made to principle in refusing the pension offered to her by government in 1840. Her motive for refusing it was that she considered herself in the light of a political writer, and that the offer did not proceed from the people, but from the government, which did not represent the people.'

[*Effects of Love and Happiness on the Mind.*]

[From 'Deerbrook.']

There needs no other proof that happiness is the most wholesome moral atmosphere, and that in which the immortality of man is destined ultimately to thrive, than the elevation of soul, the religious aspiration, which attends the first assurance, the first sober certainty of true love. There is much of this religious aspiration amidst all warmth of virtuous affections. There is a vivid love of God in the child that lays its cheek against the cheek of its mother, and clasps its arms about her neck. God is thanked (perhaps unconsciously) for the brightness of his earth, on summer evenings, when a brother and sister, who have long been parted, pour out their heart-stores to each other, and feel their course of thought brightening as it runs. When the aged parent hears of the honours his children have won, or looks round upon their innocent faces as the glory of his decline, his mind reverts to Him who in them prescribed the purpose of his life, and bestowed its grace. But religious as is the mood of every good affection, none is so devotional as that of love, especially so called. The soul is then the very temple of adoration, of faith, of holy purity, of heroism, of charity. At such a moment the human creature shoots up into the angel; there is nothing on earth too defiled for its charity—nothing in hell too appalling for its heroism—nothing in heaven too glorious for its sympathy. Strengthened, sustained, vivified by that most mysterious power, union with another spirit, it feels itself set well forth on the way of victory over evil, sent out conquering and to conquer. There is no other such crisis in human life. The philosopher may experience uncontrollable agitation in verifying his principle of balancing systems of worlds, feeling, perhaps, as if he actually saw the creative hand in the act of sending the planets forth on their everlasting way; but this philosopher, solitary seraph as he may be regarded amidst a myriad of men, knows at such a moment no emotions so divine as those of the spirit becoming conscious that it is beloved—be it the peasant girl in the meadow, or the daughter of the sage reposing in her father's confidence, or the artisan beside his loom, or the man of letters musing by his fireside. The warrior about to strike the decisive blow for the liberties of a nation, however impressed with the

solemnity of the hour, is not in a state of such lofty resolution as those who, by joining hearts, are laying their joint hands on the whole wide realm of futurity for their own. The statesman who, in the moment of success, feels that an entire class of social sins and woes is annihilated by his hand, is not conscious of so holy and so intimate a thankfulness as they who are aware that their redemption is come in the presence of a new and sovereign affection. And these are many—they are in all corners of every land. The statesman is the leader of a nation, the warrior is the grace of an age, the philosopher is the birth of a thousand years; but the lover, where is he not? Wherever parents look round upon their children, there he has been—wherever children are at play together, there he will soon be—wherever there are roofs under which men dwell, wherever there is an atmosphere vibrating with human voices, there is the lover, and there is his lofty worship going on, unspeakable, but revealed in the brightness of the eye, the majesty of the presence, and the high temper of the discourse.

THOMAS MILLER.

Thomas Miller is one of the humble, happy, industrious self-taught sons of genius. He was brought up to the trade of a basketmaker, and while thus obscurely labouring 'to consort with the muse and support a family,' he attracted attention, first by his poetical effusions, and subsequently by a series of prose narratives and fictions remarkable for the freshness of their descriptions of rural life and English scenery. Through the kindness of Mr Rogers, our author was placed in the more congenial situation of a bookseller, and has had the gratification of publishing and selling his own works. Mr Miller's first prose composition was, we believe, *A Day in the Woods*, which was followed (1839) by *Rural Sketches*, both being somewhat in the style of Bloomfield's poetry—simple, picturesque, and cheerful in tone and spirit. His first novel was *Royston Gower*, 1838, which experienced such a reception as to induce the author to continue novel-writing. His second attempt was hazardous, from the associations it awakened, and the difficulty of painting historical characters of a distant age; it was entitled *Fair Rosamond, or the Days of King Henry II.* There was an evident improvement in the author's style, but the work, as a whole, was unsatisfactory and tedious. In 1840 he plunged again into a remote era of English history, requiring minute knowledge and practised skill to delineate with effect: his *Lady Jane Grey, a Historical Romance*, is defective in plot, but contains some interesting scenes and characters. 'There is,' says one of Miller's critics, 'a picturesqueness in the arrangement and colouring of his scenes—an occasional glimpse, now of pathos, now of humour, quaint and popular, but never vulgar—an ease in the use and combination of such few historical materials as suffice for his purpose, which put to shame the efforts of many who have been crammed in schools and lectured in colleges—and afford another evidence that creative power is like the air and the sunshine—visiting alike the cottage and the mansion, the basketmaker's shop and the literary gentleman's *sanctum*.' Miller's next appearance, in 1841, evinced still more decided improvement: *Gideon Giles, the Roper*, is a tale of English life, generally of humble characters, but rendered interesting by truthful and vigorous delineation. In 1842 Mr Miller came forward with another novel—*Godfrey Malvern, or the Life of an Author*, detailing the adventures and vicissitudes of a country youth who repairs to London in quest of literary fame and fortune. Some of the incidents in this work are exaggerated, yet the lives of Gerald Griffin, Dr Maginn, and other literary adventurers, contained almost as strange and sad varieties, and the author's own experience doubtless prompted some of his delineations. About the same time Mr Miller published a volume of poems—a collection of pieces contributed to different periodicals, and, like his prose works, simple and natural in feeling and description. One of these really beautiful effusions we subjoin:—

The Happy Valley.

It was a valley filled with sweetest sounds,
A languid music haunted everywhere,
Like those with which a summer eve abounds,
From rustling corn and song-birds calling clear,
Down sloping-uplands, which some wood surrounds,
With tinkling rills just heard, but not too near;
Or lowing cattle on the distant plain,
And swing of far-off bells, now caught, then lost again.

It seemed like Eden's angel-peopled vale,
So bright the sky, so soft the streams did flow;
Such tones came riding on the musk-winged gale,
The very air seemed sleepily to blow,
And choicest flowers enameled every dale,
Flushed with the richest sunlight's rosy glow;
It was a valley drowsy with delight,
Such fragrance floated round, such beauty dimmed the sight.

The golden-belted bees hummed in the air,
The tall silk grasses bent and waved along;
The trees slept in the steeping sunbeam's glare,
The dreamy river chimed its under-song,
And took its own free course without a care:
Amid the boughs did lute-tongued songsters throng,
Until the valley throbbed beneath their lays,
And echo echo chased through many a leafy maze.

And shapes were there, like spirits of the flowers,
Sent down to see the summer-beauties dress,
And feed their fragrant mouths with silver showers;
Their eyes peeped out from many a green recess,
And their fair forms made light the thick-set bowers;
The very flowers seemed eager to caress
Such living sisters, and the boughs, long-leaved,
Clustered to catch the sighs their pearl-flushed bosoms heaved.

One through her long loose hair was backward peeping,
Or throwing, with raised arm, the locks aside;
Another high a pile of flowers was heaping,
Or looking love askance, and when descried,
Her coy glance on the bedded-greensward keeping;
She pulled the flowers to pieces as she sighed,
Then blushed like timid daybreak when the dawn
Looks crimson on the night, and then again's withdrawn.

One, with her warm and milk-white arms outspread,
On tip-toe tripped along a sunlit glade;
Half turned the matchless sculpture of her head,
And half shook down her silken circling braid;
Her back-blown scarf an arched rainbow made;
She seemed to float on air, so light she sped;
Skimming the wavy flowers, as she passed by,
With fair and printless feet, like clouds along the sky.

One sat alone within a shady nook,
With wild-wood songs the lazy hours beguiling;
Or looking at her shadow in the brook,
Trying to frown, then at the effort smiling;
Her laughing eyes mocked every serious look;
'Twas as if Love stood at himself reviling;
She threw in flowers, and watched them float away,
Then at her beauty looked, then sang a sweeter lay.

Others on beds of roses lay reclined,
The regal flowers athwart their full lips thrown,
And in one fragrance both their sweets combined,
As if they on the self-same stem had grown,
So close were rose and lip together twined—
A double flower that from one bud had blown,
Till none could tell, so closely were they blended,
Where swelled the curving lip, or where the rose-bloom ended.

One half asleep, crushing the twined flowers,
Upon a velvet slope like Dian lay;
Still as a lark that mid the daisies cowers:
Her looped-up tunic tossed in disarray,
Showed rounded limbs, too fair for earthly bowers;
They looked like roses on a cloudy day;
The warm white dulled amid the colder green
The flowers too rough a couch that lovely shape to screen.

Some lay like Thetis' nymphs along the shore,
With ocean-pearl combing their golden locks,
And singing to the waves for evermore;
Sinking like flowers at eve beside the rocks,
If but a sound above the muffled roar
Of the low waves was heard. In little flocks
Others went trooping through the wooded alleys,
Their kirtles glancing white, like streams in sunny valleys.

They were such forms as, imaged in the night,
Sail in our dreams across the heaven's steep blue;
When the closed lid sees visions streaming bright,
Too beautiful to meet the naked view;
Like faces formed in clouds of silver light.
Women they were! such as the angels knew—
Such as the mammoth looked on, ere he fled,
Scared by the lovers' wings, that streamed in sunset red.

MR J. L. PEACOCK.

This gentleman has written some lively, natural, and humorous novels—*Headlong Hall*, 1816; *Nightmare Abbey*, 1818; *Maid Marian*, 1822; and *Crotchet Castle*, 1831. These were republished in 1837 in one volume of Bentley's Standard Library, and no single volume of fiction of modern production contains more witty or sarcastic dialogue, or more admirable sketches of eccentric and ludicrous characters. His *dramatis personæ* are finely arranged and diversified, and are full of life, argument, and observation. From the 'higher mood' of the author we extract one short sketch—a graphic account, in the tale of 'Maid Marian,' of freebooter life in the forest.

'I am in fine company,' said the baron.

'In the very best of company,' said the friar; 'in the high court of Nature, and in the midst of her own nobility. Is it not so? This goodly grove is our palace; the oak and the beech are its colonnade and its canopy; the sun, and the moon, and the stars, are its everlasting lamps; the grass, and the daisy, and the primrose, and the violet, are its many-coloured floor of green, white, yellow, and blue; the Mayflower, and the woodbine, and the eglantine, and the ivy, are its decorations, its curtains, and its tapestry; the lark, and the thrush, and the linnet, and the nightingale, are its unhired minstrels and musicians. Robin Hood is king of the forest both by dignity of birth and by virtue of his standing army, to say nothing of the free choice of his people, which he has indeed; but I pass it by as an illegitimate basis of power. He holds his dominion over the forest, and its horned multitude of citizen-deer, and its swinish multitude or peasantry of wild boars, by right of conquest and force of arms. He levies contributions among them by the free consent of his archers, their virtual representatives. If they should find a voice to complain that we are "tyrants and usurpers, to kill and cook them up in their assigned and native dwelling-place," we should most convincingly admonish them, with point of arrow, that they have nothing to do with our laws but to obey them. Is it not written that the fat ribs of the herd shall be fed upon by the mighty in the land? And have not they, withal, my blessing?—my orthodox, canonical, and archiepiscopal blessing? Do I not give thanks for them when they are well roasted and smoking under my nose? What title had William of Normandy to England that Robin of Locksley has not to merry Sherwood? William fought for his claim. So does Robin. With whom both? With any that would or will dispute it. William raised contributions. So does Robin. From whom both? From all that they could or can make pay them. Why did any pay them to William? Why do any pay them to Robin? For the same reason to both—because they could not or cannot help it. They differ, indeed, in this, that William took from the poor and gave to the rich, and Robin takes from the rich and gives to the poor; and therein is Robin illegitimate, though in all else he is true prince. Scarlet and John, are they not peers of the forest?—lords temporal of Sherwood? And am not I lord spiritual? Am I not archbishop? Am I not Pope? Do I not consecrate their banner and absolve their sins? Are not they State, and am not I Church? Are not they State monarchical, and am not I Church militant? Do I not excommunicate our enemies from venison and brawn, and, by'r Lady! when need calls, beat them down under my feet? The State levies tax, and the Church levies tithe. Even so do we. Mass!—we take all at once. What then? It is tax by redemption, and tithe by commutation. Your William and Richard can cut and come again, but our Robin deals with slippery subjects that come not twice to his exchequer. What need we, then, to constitute a court, except a fool and a laureate? For the fool, his only use is to make false knaves merry by art, and we are true men, and are merry by nature. For the laureate, his only office is to find virtues in those who have none, and to drink sack for his pains. We have quite virtue enough to need him not, and can drink our sack for ourselves.'

HORACE SMITH.

MR HORACE SMITH, one of the accomplished authors of the *Rejected Addresses*, was one of the first imitators of Sir Walter Scott in his historical romances. His *Brambletye House*, a tale of the civil wars, published in 1826, was received with distinguished favour by the public, though some of its descriptions of the plague in London were copied too literally from Defoe, and there was a want of spirit and truth in the embodiment of some of the historical characters. The success of this effort inspired the author to venture into various fields of fiction. He has subsequently written *Tor Hill; Zillah, a Tale of the Holy City; The Midsummer Medley; Walter Colyton; The Involuntary Prophet; Jane Lomax; The Moneyed Man; Adam Brown; The Merchant*, &c. 'The Moneyed Man' is the most natural and able of Mr Smith's novels, and contains some fine pictures of London city life. The author himself is fortunately a moneyed man. 'Mr Shelley said once, "I know not what Horace Smith must take me for sometimes: I am afraid he must think me a strange fellow; but is it not odd, that the only truly generous person I ever knew, who had money to be generous with, should be a stockbroker! And he writes poetry too," continued Mr Shelley, his voice rising in a fervour of astonishment—"he writes poetry and pastoral dramas, and yet knows how to

make money, and does make it, and is still generous."'* The poet also publicly expressed his regard for Mr Smith.

> Wit and sense,
> Virtue and human knowledge, all that might
> Make this dull world a business of delight,
> Are all combined in H. S.

GEORGE P. R. JAMES.

MR GEORGE P. R. JAMES is another of Scott's historical imitators, and perhaps the best of the numerous band. If he had not written so much—



George P. R. James.

if, instead of employing an amanuensis, to whom he dictates his 'thick-coming fancies,' he had concentrated his whole powers on a few congenial subjects or periods of history, and resorted to the manual labour of penmanship as a drag-chain on the machine, he might have attained to the highest honours of this department of composition. As it is, he has furnished many light, agreeable, and picturesque books—none of questionable tendency—and all superior to the general run of novels of the season. Mr James's first appearance as an author was made, we believe, in 1822, when he published a *History of the Life of Edward the Black Prince.* In 1829 he struck into that path in which he has been so indefatigable, and produced his historical romance of *Richelieu*, a very attractive fiction. In 1830 he issued two romances, *Darnley, or the Field of the Cloth of Gold*, and *De L'Orme.* Next year he produced *Philip Augustus;* in 1832 a *History of Charlemagne*, and a tale, *Henry Masterton;* in 1833 *Mary of Burgundy, or the Revolt of Ghent;* in 1834 *The Life and Adventures of John Marston Hall;* in 1835 *One in a Thousand, or the Days of Henri Quatre*, and *The Gipsy, a Tale;* in 1837 *Attila*, a romance, and *The Life and Times of Louis XIV.;* in 1838 *The Huguenot, a Tale of the French Protestants*, and *The Robber;* in 1839 *Henry of Guise*, and *A Gentleman of the Old School;* in 1840 *The King's Highway*, and *The Man at Arms;* in 1841 *Corse de Leon, Jacquerie, or the Lady and Page; The Ancient Régime*, and *A History of the Life of Richard Cœur de Lion;* in 1842 *Morley Ernstein;* in 1843 *Forest Days, Eva St Clair, The False Heir*, and *Arabella Stuart.* We have in this catalogue some seventy or eighty volumes. 'There seems,' says a lively writer, 'to be no limit to his ingenuity, his faculty of getting up scenes and incidents, dilemmas, artifices, *contretemps*, battles, skirmishes, disguises, escapes, trials, combats, adventures. He accumulates names, dresses, implements of war and peace, official retinues, and the whole paraphernalia of customs and costumes, with astounding alacrity. He appears to have exhausted every imaginable situation, and to have described every available article of attire on record. What he must have passed through—what triumphs he must have enjoyed—what exigencies he must have experienced—what love he must have suffered—what a grand wardrobe his brain must be! He has made some poetical and dramatic efforts, but this irresistible tendency to pile up circumstantial particulars is fatal to those forms of art which demand intensity of passion. In stately narratives of chivalry and feudal grandeur, precision and reiteration are desirable rather than injurious—as we would have the most perfect accuracy and finish in a picture of ceremonials; and here Mr James is supreme. One of his court romances is a book of brave sights and heraldic magnificence—it is the next thing to moving at our leisure through some superb and august procession.'

* Lord Byron and Some of his Contemporaries, by Leigh Hunt.

REV. G. R. GLEIG.

The REV. G. R. GLEIG, chaplain of Chelsea Hospital, in the early part of his life served in the army, and in 1825 he published his military reminiscences in an interesting narrative entitled *The Subaltern.* In 1829 he issued a work also partly fictitious, *The Chelsea Pensioners*, which was followed next year by *The Country Curate;* in 1837 by *The Hussar*, and *Traditions of Chelsea Hospital;* and in 1843 by *The Light Dragoon.* Besides many anonymous and other productions, Mr Gleig is author of *Memoirs of Warren Hastings*, a work which certainly has not added to his reputation.

W. H. MAXWELL—C. LEVER—S. LOVER.

Various military narratives, in which imaginary scenes and characters are mixed up with real events and graphic descriptions of continental scenery, have been published in consequence of the success of the Subaltern. Amongst the writers of this class is MR W. H. MAXWELL, author of *Stories of Waterloo*, 1829; *Wild Sports of the West; Adventures of Captain Blake; The Bivouac, or Stories of the Peninsular War; The Fortunes of Hector O'Halloran*, &c. MR C. LEVER is still more popular; for, in addition to his battle scenes and romantic exploits, he has a rich racy national humour, and a truly Irish love of frolic. His first work was *The Confessions of Harry Lorrequer*, which was followed by *Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon; Jack Hinton, the Guardsman; Tom Burke of 'Ours;'* and *Arthur O'Leary, his Wanderings and Ponderings in many Lands.* Mr Lever's heroes have all a strong love of adventure, a national proneness to blundering, and a tendency to get into scrapes and questionable situations. The author's chief fault is his often mistaking farce for comedy—mere animal spirits for wit or humour. MR SAMUEL LOVER, author of *Legends and Stories of Ireland, Rory O'More, Handy Andy, L. S. D.* &c. is also a genuine Irish writer, a strong lover of his country, and, like Moore, a poet and musician, as well as novelist. The scenes of war, rebellion, and adventure in Mr Lover's tales are related with much spirit.

JOHN FENIMORE COOPER.

John Fenimore Cooper, the American novelist, has obtained great celebrity in England, and over all Europe, for his pictures of the sea, sea-life, and wild Indian scenery and manners. His imagination



John Fenimore Cooper.

is essentially poetical. He invests the ship with all the interest of a living being, and makes his readers follow its progress, and trace the operations of those on board, with intense and never-flagging anxiety. Of humour he has scarcely any perception; and in delineating character and familiar incidents, he often betrays a great want of taste and knowledge of the world. 'When he attempts to catch the ease of fashion,' it has been truly said, 'he is singularly unsuccessful.' He belongs, like Mrs Radcliffe, to the romantic school of novelists—especially to the sea, the heath, and the primeval forest. Mr Cooper, according to a notice of him some years since in the New Monthly Magazine, was born at Burlington on the Delaware, in 1798, and was removed at an early age to Cooper's Town, a place of which he has given an interesting account in *The Pioneers*. At thirteen he was admitted to Yale college, New Haven, and three years afterwards he went to sea—an event that gave a character and colour to his after-life, and produced impressions of which the world has reaped the rich result. On his marriage to a lady in the state of New York, he quitted the navy, and devoted himself to composition. His first work was published in 1821, and since that period he must have written above seventy volumes. Among them are *The Pilot*: *The Pioneers*; *The Spy*; *The Prairie*; *The Last of the Mohicans*; *The Red Rover*; *The Borderers*; *The Bravo*; *The Deer Slayer*; *Eve Effingham*; *The Headsman*; *Heidenmauer*; *Homeward Bound*; *Jack o' Lantern*; *Mercedes of Castile*; *The Pathfinder*; *The Two Admirals*; *The Water Witch*; *Wyandotte*; *Ned Myers, or Life before the Mast*, &c. Besides his numerous works of fiction, Mr Cooper has written *Excursions in Italy*, 1838; a *History of the American Navy*, 1839, &c. In these he does not appear to advantage. He seems to cherish some of the worst prejudices of the Americans, and, in his zeal for republican institutions, to forget the candour and temper becoming an enlightened citizen of the world.

HALIBURTON.

Mr Haliburton, a judge in Nova Scotia, is the reputed author of a series of highly-amusing works illustrative of American and Canadian manners, abounding in shrewd sarcastic remarks on political questions, the colonies, slavery, domestic institutions and customs, and almost every familiar topic of the day. The first of these appeared in 1837, under the title of *The Clockmaker, or the Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville*. A second series was published in the following year, and a third in 1840. 'Sam Slick' was a universal favourite; and in 1843 the author conceived the idea of bringing him to England. *The Attaché, or Sam Slick in England*, gives an account of the sayings and doings of the clockmaker when elevated to the dignity of the 'Honourable Mr Slick, Attaché of the American Legation to the court of St James's.' There is the same quaint humour, acute observation, and laughable exaggeration in these volumes as in the former, but, on the whole, Sam is most amusing on the other side of the Atlantic.

W. HARRISON AINSWORTH.

Mr W. Harrison Ainsworth has written several picturesque romances, partly founded on English history and manners. His *Rookwood*, 1834, is a very animated narrative, in which the adventures of Turpin the highwayman are graphically related, and some of the vulgar superstitions of the last century coloured with the lights of genius. In the interest and rapidity of his scenes and adventures, Mr Ainsworth evinced a dramatic power and art, but no originality or felicity of humour or character. His second romance, *Crichton*, 1836, is founded on the marvellous history of the Scottish cavalier, but is scarcely equal to the first. He has since written *Jack Sheppard*, a sort of Newgate romance, *The Tower of London*, *Guy Fawkes*, *Old St Pauls*, and *Windsor Castle*. There are rich, copious, and brilliant descriptions in some of these works, but their tendency is at least doubtful. To portray scenes of low successful villany, and to paint ghastly and hideous details of human suffering, can be no elevating task for a man of genius, nor one likely to promote among novel readers a healthy tone of moral feeling or sentiment.

SAMUEL WARREN — MRS BRAY — ALBERT SMITH — HON. C. A. MURRAY.

In vivid painting of the passions, and depicting scenes of modern life, the tales of Mr Samuel Warren, F.R.S. have enjoyed a high and deserved degree of popularity. His *Passages from the Diary of a Late Physician*, two volumes, 1837, contain many touching and beautiful stories; and his *Ten Thousand a Year*, though in some parts ridiculously exaggerated, and too liable to the suspicion of being a satire upon the middle classes, is also an amusing and able novel. Mrs Bray, a Devonshire lady, and authoress of an excellent tour among the mountains and lakes of Switzerland, has written a number of historical and other novels—*De Foix, or Sketches of Manners and Customs of the Fourteenth Century*, 1826; *Henry de Pomeroy*; *The Protestant, a Tale of the Reign of Queen Mary*; *Talba, or the Moor of Portugal*; *Trelawney of Trelawney*, &c. An English novel, *Caleb Stukeley*, published anonymously in 1842, is a vigorous and interesting work, though in some parts coarse and vehement in style. *The Adventures of Mr Ledbury*, by Albert Smith, and *The Prairie Bird*, by the Honourable C. A. Murray, may be mentioned as

among the superior class of recent novels. The whole of these it would be impossible to enumerate; for not only does 'every year and month send out a new one,' but every magazine contains tales and parts of romances well written, and possessing many of the requisites for successful works of this description. The high and crowning glory of originality, wit, or inventive genius, must always be rare; but in no previous period of our literature was there so much respectable talent, knowledge, and imagination embarked in fictitious composition. One great name, however, yet remains to be mentioned.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Few authors have succeeded in achieving so brilliant a reputation as that secured by MR CHARLES DICKENS in the course of a few years. The sale of his works has been unexampled, and they have been translated into various languages, including even the Dutch and Russian. Writings so universally popular must be founded on truth and nature—must appeal to those passions and tastes common to mankind in every country; and at the same time must possess originality and force of delineation. The first publication of Dickens was a series of sketches and illustrations, chiefly of ordinary English and metropolitan life, known as *Sketches by Boz*. The earlier numbers of these were written for a newspaper, the Evening Chronicle, and the remainder for a magazine. They were afterwards collected and published in two volumes, bearing respectively the dates of 1836 and 1837. The author was then a young man of about twenty-six. In 1837 he began another series of a similar character, *The Pickwick Papers*, of which 30,000 copies are said to have been sold. Though defective in plan and arrangement, as Mr Dickens himself admits, the characters in this new series of sketches, and the spirit with which the incidents are described, amply atone for the want of any interesting or well-constructed plot. The hero, Pickwick, is almost as genial, unsophisticated, and original as My Uncle Toby, and his man, Sam Weller, is an epitome of London low life in its most agreeable and entertaining form. The dialogue overflowed with kindly humour, and felicities of phrase and expression; the description was so graphic and copious, and the comic scenes so finely blended with tenderness and benevolence, that the effect of the whole was irresistible. The satire and ridicule of the author were always well directed, and though coloured a little too highly, bore the clear impress of actual life and observation. To aid in these effects, Mr Dickens called in the artist and engraver. What Boz conceived and described, Phiz represented with so much truth, and spirit, and individuality—seizing upon every trait and feature, and preserving the same distinguishing characteristics throughout—that the characters appeared to stand bodily forth to the world as veritable personages of the day, destined to live for all time coming. The intimate acquaintance evinced in 'Pickwick' with the middle and low life of London, and of the tricks and knavery of legal and medical pretenders, the arts of bookmakers, and generally of particular classes and usages common to large cities, was a novelty in our literature. It was a restoration of the spirit of Hogarth, with equal humour and practical wit and knowledge, but informed with a better tone of humanity, and a more select and refined taste. 'There is no misanthropy in his satire,' said one of his critics, 'and no coarseness in his descriptions—a merit enhanced by the nature of his subjects. His works are chiefly pictures of humble life—frequently of the humblest. The reader is led through scenes of poverty and crime, and all the characters are made to discourse in the appropriate language of their respective classes; and yet we recollect no passage which ought to cause pain to the most sensitive delicacy, if read aloud in female society.'

The next work of our author was *Nicholas Nickleby*, a tale which was also issued in monthly numbers, and soon attained to extensive popularity. The plan of this work is more regular and connected than that of 'Pickwick,' the characters generally not overdrawn, and the progressive interest of the narrative well sustained. The character of Mrs Nickleby is a fine portraiture of the ordinary English wife, scarcely inferior in its kind to Fielding's Amelia; and Ralph Nickleby is also ably portrayed. The pedagogue Squeers, and his seminary of Dotheboys Hall, is one of the most amusing and graphic of English satirical delineations; and the picture it presents of imposture, ignorance, and brutal cupidity, is known to have been little, if at all, caricatured. The exposure was a public benefit. The ludicrous account of Mr Crummles and his theatrical company will occur to the reader as another of Dickens's happiest conceptions, though it is pushed into the region of farce. In several of our author's works there appears a minute knowledge of dramatic rules and stage affairs. He has himself, it is said, written an opera and a farce, and evidently takes pleasure in the business of the drama. May not some of his more startling contrasts in situation and description be traced to this predilection? *Oliver Twist*, the next work of Mr Dickens, is also a tale of English low life, of vice, wretchedness, and misery, drawn with the truth and vigour of Crabbe. The hero is an orphan brought up by the parish, and thrown among various scenes and characters of the lowest and worst description. The plot of this novel is well managed, and wrought up with consummate art and power. The interest of the dark and tragical portions of the story is overwhelming, though there is no unnatural exaggeration to produce effect, and no unnecessary gloom. Take, for example, the following account of a scene of death witnessed by Oliver while acting in the capacity of attendant to an undertaker.

[*Death and Funeral of a Pauper.*]

There was neither knocker nor bell-handle at the open door where Oliver and his master stopped; so, groping his way cautiously through the dark passage, and bidding Oliver keep close to him, and not be afraid, the undertaker mounted to the top of the first flight of stairs, and, stumbling against a door on the landing, rapped at it with his knuckles.

It was opened by a young girl of thirteen or fourteen. The undertaker at once saw enough of what the room contained, to know it was the apartment to which he had been directed. He stepped in, and Oliver followed him.

There was no fire in the room; but a man was crouching mechanically over the empty stove. An old woman, too, had drawn a low stool to the cold hearth, and was sitting beside him. There were some ragged children in another corner; and in a small recess, opposite the door, there lay upon the ground something covered with an old blanket. Oliver shuddered as he cast his eyes towards the place, and crept involuntarily closer to his master; for, though it was covered up, the boy *felt* that it was a corpse.

The man's face was thin and very pale; his hair and beard were grizzly, and his eyes were bloodshot. The old woman's face was wrinkled, her two remaining teeth protruded over her under lip, and her eyes were bright and piercing. Oliver was afraid to look

at either her or the man; they seemed so like the rats he had seen outside.

'Nobody shall go near her,' said the man, starting fiercely up as the undertaker approached the recess. 'Keep back! d—n you, keep back, if you've a life to lose.'

'Nonsense, my good man,' said the undertaker, who was pretty well used to misery in all its shapes—'nonsense!'

'I tell you,' said the man, clenching his hands and stamping furiously on the floor—'I tell you I wont have her put into the ground. She couldn't rest there. The worms would worry—not eat her—she is so worn away.'

The undertaker offered no reply to this raving, but producing a tape from his pocket, knelt down for a moment by the side of the body.

'Ah!' said the man, bursting into tears, and sinking on his knees at the feet of the dead woman; 'kneel down, kneel down; kneel round her every one of you, and mark my words. I say she starved to death. I never knew how bad she was till the fever came upon her, and then her bones were starting through the skin. There was neither fire nor candle; she died in the dark—in the dark. She couldn't even see her children's faces, though we heard her gasping out their names. I begged for her in the streets, and they sent me to prison. When I came back she was dying; and all the blood in my heart has dried up, for they starved her to death. I swear it before the God that saw it—they starved her!' He twined his hands in his hair, and with a loud scream rolled grovelling upon the floor, his eyes fixed, and the foam gushing from his lips.

The terrified children cried bitterly: but the old woman, who had hitherto remained as quiet as if she had been wholly deaf to all that passed, menaced them into silence; and having unloosened the man's cravat, who still remained extended on the ground, tottered towards the undertaker.

'She was my daughter,' said the old woman, nodding her head in the direction of the corpse, and speaking with an idiotic leer more ghastly than even the presence of death itself. 'Lord, Lord! well, it *is* strange that I who gave birth to her, and was a woman then, should be alive and merry now, and she lying there so cold and stiff! Lord, Lord!—to think of it; it's as good as a play, as good as a play!'

As the wretched creature mumbled and chuckled in her hideous merriment, the undertaker turned to go away.

'Stop, stop!' said the old woman in a loud whisper. 'Will she be buried to-morrow, or next day, or to-night? I laid her out, and I must walk, you know. Send me a large cloak; a good warm one, for it is bitter cold. We should have cake and wine, too, before we go! Never mind: send some bread; only a loaf of bread and a cup of water. Shall we have some bread, dear?' she said eagerly, catching at the undertaker's coat as he once more moved towards the door.

'Yes, yes,' said the undertaker; 'of course; anything, everything.' He disengaged himself from the old woman's grasp, and, dragging Oliver after him, hurried away.

The next day (the family having been meanwhile relieved with a half-quartern loaf and a piece of cheese, left with them by Mr Bumble himself) Oliver and his master returned to the miserable abode, where Mr Bumble had already arrived, accompanied by four men from the workhouse, who were to act as bearers. An old black cloak had been thrown over the rags of the old woman and the man; the bare coffin having been screwed down, was then hoisted on the shoulders of the bearers, and carried down stairs into the street.

'Now, you must put your best leg foremost, old lady,' whispered Sowerberry in the old woman's ear; 'we are rather late, and it wont do to keep the clergyman waiting. Move on, my men—as quick as you like.'

Thus directed, the bearers trotted on under their light burden, and the two mourners kept as near them as they could. Mr Bumble and Sowerberry walked at a good smart pace in front; and Oliver, whose legs were not so long as his master's, ran by the side.

There was not so great a necessity for hurrying as Mr Sowerberry had anticipated, however; for when they reached the obscure corner of the churchyard, in which the nettles grew, and the parish graves were made, the clergyman had not arrived, and the clerk, who was sitting by the vestry-room fire, seemed to think it by no means improbable that it might be an hour or so before he came. So they set the bier down on the brink of the grave; and the two mourners waited patiently in the damp clay, with a cold rain drizzling down, while the ragged boys, whom the spectacle had attracted into the churchyard, played a noisy game at hide-and-seek among the tombstones, or varied their amusements by jumping backwards and forwards over the coffin. Mr Sowerberry and Bumble, being personal friends of the clerk, sat by the fire with him, and read the paper.

At length, after the lapse of something more than an hour, Mr Bumble, and Sowerberry, and the clerk were seen running towards the grave; and immediately afterwards the clergyman appeared, putting on his surplice as he came along. Mr Bumble then thrashed a boy or two to keep up appearances; and the reverend gentleman, having read as much of the burial-service as could be compressed into four minutes, gave his surplice to the clerk, and ran away again.

'Now, Bill,' said Sowerberry to the grave-digger, 'fill up.'

It was no very difficult task, for the grave was so full that the uppermost coffin was within a few feet of the surface. The grave-digger shovelled in the earth, stamped it loosely down with his feet, shouldered his spade, and walked off, followed by the boys, who murmured very loud complaints at the fun being over so soon.

'Come, my good fellow,' said Bumble, tapping the man on the back, 'they want to shut up the yard.'

The man, who had never once moved since he had taken his station by the grave side, started, raised his head, stared at the person who had addressed him, walked forward for a few paces, and then fell down in a fit. The crazy old woman was too much occupied in bewailing the loss of her cloak (which the undertaker had taken off) to pay him any attention; so they threw a can of cold water over him, and when he came to, saw him safely out of the churchyard, locked the gate, and departed on their different ways.

'Well, Oliver,' said Sowerberry, as they walked home, 'how do you like it?'

'Pretty well, thank you, sir,' replied Oliver, with considerable hesitation. 'Not very much, sir.'

'Ah, you'll get used to it in time, Oliver,' said Sowerberry. 'Nothing when you *are* used to it, my boy.'

Oliver wondered in his own mind whether it had taken a very long time to get Mr Sowerberry used to it; but he thought it better not to ask the question, and walked back to the shop, thinking over all he had seen and heard.

The atrocities of Sykes in the same tale, particularly his murder of the girl Nancy, are depicted with extraordinary power.

In 1840 Mr Dickens commenced a new species of fiction, entitled *Master Humphrey's Clock*, designed, like the Tales of My Landlord, to comprise different

tales under one general title, and joined by one connecting narrative. The outline was by no means prepossessing or natural, but as soon as the reader had got through this exterior scaffolding, and entered on the first story, the genius of the author was found to be undiminished in vivid delineation of character and description. The effects of gambling are depicted with great force. There is something very striking in the conception of the helpless old gamester, tottering upon the verge of the grave, and at that period when most of our other passions are as much worn out as the frame which sustains them, still maddened with that terrible infatuation which seems to shoot up stronger and stronger as every other desire and energy dies away. Little Nell, the grandchild, is a beautiful creation of pure-mindedness and innocence, yet with those habits of pensive reflection, and that firmness and energy of mind which misfortune will often engraft on the otherwise buoyant and unthinking spirit of childhood; and the contrast between her and her grandfather, now dwindled in every respect but the one into a second childhood, and comforted, directed, and sustained by her unshrinking firmness and love, is very finely managed. The death of Nell is the most pathetic and touching of the author's serious passages—it is also instructive in its pathos, for we feel with the author, that 'when death strikes down the innocent and young, for every fragile form from which he lets the panting spirit free, a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of mercy, charity, and love, to walk the world and bless it. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the destroyer's steps there spring up bright creations that defy his power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to heaven.' In the course of this tale there are many interesting and whimsical incidents and adventures, with fine glimpses of rural scenes, old churches, and churchyards. The horrors of the almost hopeless want which too often prevails in the great manufacturing towns, and the wild and reckless despair which it engenders, are also described with equal mastery of colouring and effect. The sketch of the wretch whose whole life had been spent in watching, day and night, a furnace, until he imagined it to be a living being, and its roaring the voice of the only friend he had ever known, although perhaps grotesque, has something in it very terrible: we may smile at the wildness, yet shudder at the horror of the fancy. A second story, *Barnaby Rudge*, is included in 'Master Humphrey's Clock,' and this also contains some excellent minute painting, a variety of broad humour and laughable caricature, with some masterly scenes of passion and description. The account of the excesses committed during Lord George Gordon's riots in 1780 may vie with Scott's narrative of the Porteous mob; and poor Barnaby Rudge with his raven may be considered as no unworthy companion to Davie Gellatley. There is also a picture of an old English inn, the Maypole, near Epping Forest, and an old innkeeper, John Willet, which is perfect in its kind—such, perhaps, as only Dickens could have painted, though Washington Irving might have made the first etching. After completing these tales Mr Dickens made a trip to America, of which he published an account in 1842, under the somewhat quaint title of *American Notes for General Circulation*. This work disappointed the author's admirers, which may be considered as including nearly the whole of the reading public. The field had already been well gleaned, the American character and institutions frequently described and generally understood, and Mr Dickens could not hope to add to our knowledge on any of the great topics connected with the condition or future destinies of the new world. On one national point only did the novelist dissertate at length—the state of the newspaper press, which he describes as corrupt and debased beyond any experience or conception in this country. He also joins with Captain Basil Hall, Mrs Trollope, and Captain Marryat, in representing the social state and morality of the people as low and dangerous, destitute of high principle or generosity. So acute and practised an observer as Dickens could not travel without noting many oddities of character, and viewing familiar objects in a new light; and we are tempted to extract two short passages from his 'American Notes,' which show the masterly hand of the novelist. The first is a sketch of an *original* met with by our author on board a Pittsburg canal boat:—

A thin-faced, spare-figured man of middle age and stature, dressed in a dusty drabbish-coloured suit, such as I never saw before. He was perfectly quiet during the first part of the journey; indeed I don't remember having so much as seen him until he was brought out by circumstances, as great men often are. The canal extends to the foot of the mountain, and there of course it stops, the passengers being conveyed across it by land-carriage, and taken on afterwards by another canal boat, the counterpart of the first, which awaits them on the other side. There are two canal lines of passage-boat; one is called the Express, and one (a cheaper one) the Pioneer. The Pioneer gets first to the mountain, and waits for the Express people to come up, both sets of passengers being conveyed across it at the same time. We were the Express company, but when we had crossed the mountain, and had come to the second boat, the proprietors took it into their heads to draft all the Pioneers into it likewise, so that we were five-and-forty at least, and the accession of passengers was not all of that kind which improved the prospect of sleeping at night. Our people grumbled at this, as people do in such cases, but suffered the boat to be towed off with the whole freight aboard nevertheless; and away we went down the canal. At home I should have protested lustily, but, being a foreigner here, I held my peace. Not so this passenger. He cleft a path among the people on deck (we were nearly all on deck), and, without addressing anybody whomsoever, soliloquised as follows:—'This may suit *you*, this may, but it don't suit *me*. This may be all very well with down-easters and men of Boston raising, but it wont suit my figure nohow; and no two ways about *that;* and so I tell you. Now, I'm from the brown forests of the Mississippi, *I* am, and when the sun shines on me, it does shine—a little. It don't glimmer where *I* live, the sun don't. No. I'm a brown forester, I am. I an't a Johnny Cake. There are no smooth skins where I live. We're rough men there. Rather. If down-easters and men of Boston raising like this, I am glad of it, but I'm none of that raising, nor of that breed. No. This company wants a little fixing, *it* does. I'm the wrong sort of man for 'em, *I* am. They wont like me, *they* wont. This is piling of it up, a little too mountainous, this is.' At the end of every one of these short sentences he turned upon his heel, and walked the other way; checking himself abruptly when he had finished another short sentence, and turning back again. It is impossible for me to say what terrific meaning was hidden in the words of this brown forester, but I know that the other passengers looked on in a sort of admiring horror, and that presently the boat was put back to the wharf, and as many of the Pioneers as could be coaxed or bullied into going away, were got rid of. When we started again, some of the boldest spirits on board

made bold to say to the obvious occasion of this improvement in our prospects, 'Much obliged to you, sir!' whereunto the brown forester (waving his hand, and still walking up and down as before) replied, 'No you an't. You're none o' my raising. You may act for yourselves, *you* may. I have pinted out the way. Down-easters and Johnny Cakes can follow if they please. I an't a Johnny Cake, *I* an't. I am from the brown forests of the Mississippi, *I* am;' and so on, as before. He was unanimously voted one of the tables for his bed at night—there is a great contest for the tables—in consideration of his public services, and he had the warmest corner by the stove throughout the rest of the journey. But I never could find out that he did anything except sit there; nor did I hear him speak again until, in the midst of the bustle and turmoil of getting the luggage ashore in the dark at Pittsburg, I stumbled over him as he sat smoking a cigar on the cabin steps, and heard him muttering to himself, with a short laugh of defiance, 'I an't a Johnny Cake, *I* an't. I'm from the brown forests of the Mississippi. *I* am, damme!' I am inclined to argue from this that he had never left off saying so.

The following is completely in the style of Dickens —a finished miniature, yet full of heart:—

There was a little woman on board with a little baby; and both little woman and little child were cheerful, good-looking, bright-eyed, and fair to see. The little woman had been passing a long time with her sick mother in New York, and had left her home in St Louis, in that condition in which ladies who truly love their lords desire to be. The baby was born in her mother's house, and she had not seen her husband (to whom she was now returning) for twelve months, having left him a month or two after their marriage. Well, to be sure, there never was a little woman so full of hope, and tenderness, and love, and anxiety, as this little woman was; and all day long she wondered whether 'he' would be at the wharf; and whether 'he' had got her letter; and whether, if she sent the baby ashore by somebody else, 'he' would know it meeting it in the street; which, seeing that he had never set eyes upon it in his life, was not very likely in the abstract, but was probable enough to the young mother. She was such an artless little creature, and was in such a sunny, beaming, hopeful state, and let out all this matter clinging close about her heart so freely, that all the other lady passengers entered into the spirit of it as much as she; and the captain (who heard all about it from his wife) was wondrous sly, I promise you, inquiring every time we met at table, as in forgetfulness, whether she expected anybody to meet her at St Louis, and whether she would want to go ashore the night we reached it (but he supposed she wouldn't), and cutting many other dry jokes of that nature. There was one little weazen-dried, apple-faced old woman, who took occasion to doubt the constancy of husbands in such circumstances of bereavement; and there was another lady (with a lap dog), old enough to moralise on the lightness of human affections, and yet not so old that she could help nursing the baby now and then, or laughing with the rest when the little woman called it by its father's name, and asked it all manner of fantastic questions concerning him in the joy of her heart. It was something of a blow to the little woman, that when we were within twenty miles of our destination, it became clearly necessary to put this baby to bed. But she got over it with the same good humour, tied a handkerchief round her head, and came out into the little gallery with the rest. Then, such an oracle as she became in reference to the localities! and such facetiousness as was displayed by the married ladies, and such sympathy as was shown by the single ones, and such peals of laughter as the little woman herself (who would just as soon have cried) greeted every jest with! At last there were the lights of St Louis, and here was the wharf, and those were the steps; and the little woman, covering her face with her hands, and laughing (or seeming to laugh) more than ever, ran into her own cabin and shut herself up. I have no doubt that in the charming inconsistency of such excitement, she stopped her ears, lest she should hear 'him' asking for her—but I did not see her do it. Then a great crowd of people rushed on board, though the boat was not yet made fast, but was wandering about among the other boats to find a landing-place; and everybody looked for the husband, and nobody saw him, when, in the midst of us all—Heaven knows how she ever got there—there was the little woman clinging with both arms tight round the neck of a fine, good-looking, sturdy young fellow; and in a moment afterwards there she was again, actually clapping her little hands for joy, as she dragged him through the small door of her small cabin to look at the baby as he lay asleep!

In the course of the year 1843 Mr Dickens entered upon a new tale, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, in which many of his American reminiscences are embodied, and which evinces no diminution of his powers. Indeed, in freshness and vigour of thought and style, and versatility of character and invention, this story bids fair to rank among the most finished of the author's performances. About Christmas of the same year the fertile author threw off a light production in his happiest manner—a *Christmas Carol in Prose*—which enjoyed vast popularity, and was dramatised at the London theatres. Thus crowned with unrivalled success, buoyant in genius and spirit, and replete with generous and manly feeling, we may anticipate for Mr Dickens a long and honourable career. 'The difficulties to which he is exposed in his present periodical mode of writing are, in some respects, greater than if he allowed himself a wider field, and gave his whole work to the public at once. But he would be subjected to a severer criticism if his fiction could be read continuedly—if his power of maintaining a sustained interest could be tested—if his work could be viewed as a connected whole, and its object, plan, consistency, and arrangement, brought to the notice of the reader at once. This ordeal cannot be passed triumphantly without the aid of other qualities than necessarily belong to the most brilliant sketcher of detached scenes. We do not, however, mean to express a doubt that Mr Dickens can write with judgment as well as with spirit. His powers of observation and description are qualities rarer, and less capable of being acquired, than those which would enable him to combine the scattered portions of a tale into one consistent and harmonious whole. If he will endeavour to supply whatever may be effected by care and study—avoid imitation of other writers—keep nature steadily before his eyes—and check all disposition to exaggerate—we know no writer who seems likely to attain higher success in that rich and useful department of fiction which is founded on faithful representations of human character, as exemplified in the aspects of English life.'*

HISTORIANS.

In depth of research and intrinsic value, the historical works of this period far exceed those of any of our former sections. Access has been more readily obtained to all public documents, and private collections have been thrown open with a spirit of enlightened liberality. Certain departments of history —as the Anglo-Saxon period, and the progress

* Edinburgh Review for 1838.

generally of the English constitution—have also been cultivated with superior learning and diligence. The great works of Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon, still maintain their pre-eminence with the general reader, but the value of the two first has been materially diminished by subsequent investigations and new information.

WILLIAM MITFORD.

The most elaborate and comprehensive work we have here to notice, is *The History of Greece from the Earliest Period*, by WILLIAM MITFORD, Esq. The first volume of Mr Mitford's history came before the public in 1784, a second was published in 1790, and a third in 1797. It was not, however, till the year 1810 that the work was completed. Mr Mitford, descended of an ancient family in Northumberland, was born in London on the 10th of February 1744, and was educated first at Cheam school, Surrey, and afterwards at Queen's college, Oxford. He studied the law, but abandoned it on obtaining a commission in the South Hampshire Militia, of which regiment he was afterwards lieutenant-colonel. In 1761 he succeeded to the family estate in Hampshire, and was thus enabled to pursue those classical and historical studies to which he was ardently devoted. His first publication was an *Essay on the Harmony of Language, intended principally to illustrate that of the English Language*, 1774, which afterwards reached a second edition. While in the militia, he published a *Treatise on the Military Force, and particularly of the Militia of the Kingdom*. This subject seems to have engrossed much of his attention, for at a subsequent period of his life, when a member of the House of Commons, Mr Mitford advocated the cause of the militia with much fervour, and recommended a salutary jealousy relative to a standing army in this country. He was nevertheless a general supporter of ministers, and held the government appointment of Verdurer of the New Forest. Mr Mitford was twice elected member of parliament for the borough of Beeralston, in Devonshire, and afterwards for New Romney, in Kent. He died in 1827. The 'History of Greece' has passed through several editions. Byron says of Mr Mitford as a historian—'His great pleasure consists in praising tyrants, abusing Plutarch, spelling oddly, and writing quaintly; and what is strange, after all, *his* is the best modern history of Greece in any language, and he is perhaps the best of all modern historians whatsoever. Having named his sins (adds the noble poet), it is but fair to state his virtues—learning, labour, research, wrath, and partiality. I call the latter virtues in a writer, because they make him write in earnest.' The earnestness of Mr Mitford is too often directed against what he terms 'the inherent weakness and the indelible barbarism of democratical government.' He was a warm admirer of the English constitution and of the monarchical form of government, and this bias led him to be unjust to the Athenian people, whom he on one occasion terms 'the sovereign beggars of Athens.' His fidelity as a reporter of facts has also been questioned. 'He contracts the strongest individual partialities, and according as these lead, he is credulous or mistrustful—he exaggerates or he qualifies—he expands or he cuts down the documents on which he has to proceed. With regard to the bright side of almost every king whom he has to describe, Mr Mitford is more than credulous; for a credulous man believes all that he is told: Mr Mitford believes more than he is told. With regard to the dark side of the same individuals, his habits of estimating evidence are precisely in the opposite extreme. In treating of the democracies or of the democratical leaders, his statements are not less partial and exaggerated.'* It is undeniable that Mr Mitford has over-coloured the evils of popular government, but there is so much acuteness and spirit in his political disquisitions, and his narrative of events is so animated, full, and distinct, that he is always read with pleasure. His qualifications were great, and his very defects constitute a sort of individuality that is not without its attraction in so long a history.

[*Condemnation and Death of Socrates.*]

We are not informed when Socrates first became distinguished as a sophist; for in that description of men he was in his own day reckoned. When the wit of Aristophanes was directed against him in the theatre, he was already among the most eminent, but his eminence seems to have been then recent. It was about the tenth or eleventh year of the Peloponnesian war, when he was six or seven-and-forty years of age, that, after the manner of the old comedy, he was offered to public derision upon the stage by his own name, as one of the persons of the drama, in the comedy of Aristophanes, called The Clouds, which is yet extant. Some antipathy, it appears, existed between the comic poets collectively and the sophists or philosophers. The licentiousness of the former could indeed scarcely escape the animadversion of the latter, who, on the contrary, favoured the tragic poets, competitors with the comedians for public favour. Euripides and Aristophanes were particularly enemies; and Socrates not only lived in intimacy with Euripides, but is said to have assisted him in some of his tragedies. We are informed of no other cause for the injurious representation which the comic poet has given of Socrates, whom he exhibits in The Clouds as a flagitious yet ridiculous pretender to the occult sciences, conversing with the clouds as divinities, and teaching the principal youths of Athens to despise the received gods and to cozen men. The audience, accustomed to look on defamation with carelessness, and to hold as lawful and proper whatever might amuse the multitude, applauded the wit, and even gave general approbation to the piece; but the high estimation of the character of Socrates sufficed to prevent that complete success which the poet had promised himself. The crown which rewarded him whose drama most earned the public favour, and which Aristophanes had so often won, was on this occasion refused him.

Two or three-and-twenty years had elapsed since the first representation of The Clouds; the storms of conquest suffered from a foreign enemy, and of four revolutions in the civil government of the country, had passed; nearly three years had followed of that quiet which the revolution under Thrasybulus produced, and the act of amnesty should have confirmed, when a young man named Melitus went to the king-archon, and in the usual form delivered an information against Socrates, and bound himself to prosecute. The information ran thus:—'Melitus, son of Melitus, of the borough of Pitthos, declares these upon oath against Socrates, son of Sophroniscus, of the borough of Alopece: Socrates is guilty of reviling the gods whom the city acknowledges, and of preaching other new gods: moreover, he is guilty of corrupting the youth. Penalty, death.'

Xenophon begins his memorials of his revered master, with declaring his wonder how the Athenians could have been persuaded to condemn to death a man of such uncommonly clear innocence and exalted worth. Ælian, though for authority he can bear no comparison with Xenophon, has nevertheless, I think, given the

* Westminster Review for 1826.

solution. 'Socrates,' he says, 'disliked the Athenian constitution; for he saw that democracy is tyrannical, and abounds with all the evils of absolute monarchy.' But though the political circumstances of the times made it necessary for cotemporary writers to speak with caution, yet both Xenophon and Plato have declared enough to show that the assertion of Ælian was well-founded; and farther proof, were it wanted, may be derived from another early writer, nearly cotemporary, and deeply versed in the politics of his age, the orator Æschines. Indeed, though not stated in the indictment, yet it was urged against Socrates by his prosecutors before the court, that he was disaffected to the democracy; and in proof, they affirmed it to be notorious that he had ridiculed what the Athenian constitution prescribed, the appointment to magistracy by lot. 'Thus,' they said, 'he taught his numerous followers, youths of the principal families of the city, to despise the established government, and to be turbulent and seditious; and his success had been seen in the conduct of two of the most eminent, Alcibiades and Critias. Even the best things he converted to these ill purposes: from the most esteemed poets, and particularly from Homer, he selected passages to enforce his anti-democratical principles.'

Socrates, it appears, indeed, was not inclined to deny his disapprobation of the Athenian constitution. His defence itself, as it is reported by Plato, contains matter on which to found an accusation against him of disaffection to the sovereignty of the people, such as, under the jealous tyranny of the Athenian democracy, would sometimes subject a man to the penalties of high treason. 'You well know,' he says, 'Athenians, that had I engaged in public business, I should long ago have perished without procuring any advantage either to you or to myself. Let not the truth offend you; it is no peculiarity of your democracy, or of your national character; but wherever the people is sovereign, no man who shall dare honestly to oppose injustice—frequent and extravagant injustice—can avoid destruction.'

Without this proof, indeed, we might reasonably believe, that though Socrates was a good and faithful subject of the Athenian government, and would promote no sedition, no political violence, yet he could not like the Athenian constitution. He wished for wholesome changes by gentle means; and it seems even to have been a principal object of the labours to which he dedicated himself, to infuse principles into the rising generation that might bring about the desirable change insensibly. His scholars were chiefly sons of the wealthiest citizens, whose easy circumstances afforded leisure to attend him; and some of these zealously adopting his tenets, others merely pleased with the ingenuity of his arguments and the liveliness of his manner, and desirous to emulate his triumphs over his opponents, were forward, after his example, to engage in disputation upon all the subjects on which he was accustomed to discourse. Thus employed, and thus followed, though himself avoiding office and public business, those who governed or desired to govern the commonwealth through their influence among the many, might perhaps not unreasonably consider him as one who was or might become a formidable adversary, nor might it be difficult to excite popular jealousy against him.

Melitus, who stood forward as his principal accuser, was, as Plato informs us, no way a man of any great consideration. His legal description gives some probability to the conjecture, that his father was one of the commissioners sent to Lacedæmon from the moderate party, who opposed the ten successors of the thirty tyrants, while Thrasybulus held Piræus, and Pausanias was encamped before Athens. He was a poet, and stood forward as in a common cause of the poets, who esteemed the doctrine of Socrates injurious to their interest. Unsupported, his accusation would have been little formidable; but he seems to have been a mere instrument in the business. He was soon joined by Lycon, one of the most powerful speakers of his time. Lycon was the avowed patron of the rhetoricians, who, as well as the poets, thought their interest injured by the moral philosopher's doctrine. I know not that on any other occasion in Grecian history we have any account of this kind of party-interest operating; but from circumstances nearly analogous in our own country—if we substitute for poets the clergy, and for rhetoricians the lawyers—we may gather what might be the party-spirit, and what the weight of influence of the rhetoricians and poets in Athens. With Lycon, Anytus, a man scarcely second to any in the commonwealth in rank and general estimation, who had held high command with reputation in the Peloponnesian war, and had been the principal associate of Thrasybulus in the war against the thirty and the restoration of the democracy, declared himself a supporter of the prosecution. Nothing in the accusation could, by any known law of Athens, affect the life of the accused. In England, no man would be put upon trial on so vague a charge—no grand jury would listen to it. But in Athens, if the party was strong enough, it signified little what was the law. When Lycon and Anytus came forward, Socrates saw that his condemnation was already decided.

By the course of his life, however, and by the turn of his thoughts for many years, he had so prepared himself for all events, that, far from alarmed at the probability of his condemnation, he rather rejoiced at it, as at his age a fortunate occurrence. He was persuaded of the soul's immortality, and of the superintending providence of an all-good Deity, whose favour he had always been assiduously endeavouring to deserve. Men fear death, he said, as if unquestionably the greatest evil, and yet no man knows that it may not be the greatest good. If, indeed, great joys were in prospect, he might, and his friends for him, with somewhat more reason regret the event; but at his years, and with his scanty fortune—though he was happy enough at seventy still to preserve both body and mind in vigour—yet even his present gratifications must necessarily soon decay. To avoid, therefore, the evils of age, pain, sickness, decay of sight, decay of hearing, perhaps decay of understanding, by the easiest of deaths (for such the Athenian mode of execution—by a draught of hemlock—was reputed), cheered with the company of surrounding friends, could not be otherwise than a blessing.

Xenophon says that, by condescending to a little supplication, Socrates might easily have obtained his acquittal. No admonition or intreaty of his friends, however, could persuade him to such an unworthiness. On the contrary, when put upon his defence, he told the people that he did not plead for his own sake, but for theirs, wishing them to avoid the guilt of an unjust condemnation. It was usual for accused persons to bewail their apprehended lot, with tears to supplicate favour, and, by exhibiting their children upon the bema, to endeavour to excite pity. He thought it, he said, more respectful to the court, as well as more becoming himself, to omit all this; however aware that their sentiments were likely so far to differ from his, that judgment would be given in anger for it.

Condemnation pronounced wrought no change upon him. He again addressed the court, declared his innocence of the matters laid against him, and observed that, even if every charge had been completely proved, still, all together did not, according to any known law, amount to a capital crime. 'But,' in conclusion he said, 'it is time to depart—I to die, you to live; but which for the greater good, God only knows.'

It was usual at Athens for execution very soon to follow condemnation—commonly on the morrow; but it happened that the condemnation of Socrates took place on the eve of the day appointed for the sacred ceremony of crowning the galley which carried the annual offerings to the gods worshipped at Delos, and immemorial tradition forbade all executions till the sacred vessel's return. Thus, the death of Socrates was respited thirty days, while his friends had free access to him in the prison. During all that time he admirably supported his constancy. Means were concerted for his escape; the jailer was bribed, a vessel prepared, and a secure retreat in Thessaly provided. No arguments, no prayers, could persuade him to use the opportunity. He had always taught the duty of obedience to the laws, and he would not furnish an example of the breach of it. To no purpose it was urged that he had been unjustly condemned—he had always held that wrong did not justify wrong. He waited with perfect composure the return of the sacred vessel, reasoned on the immortality of the soul, the advantage of virtue, the happiness derived from having made it through life his pursuit, and, with his friends about him, took the fatal cup and died.

Writers who, after Xenophon and Plato, have related the death of Socrates, seem to have held themselves bound to vie with those who preceded them in giving pathos to the story. The purpose here has been rather to render it intelligible—to show its connexion with the political history of Athens—to derive from it illustration of the political history. The magnanimity of Socrates, the principal efficient of the pathos, surely deserves admiration; yet it is not that in which he has most outshone other men. The circumstances of Lord Russel's fate were far more trying. Socrates, we may reasonably suppose, would have borne Lord Russel's trial; but with Bishop Burnet for his eulogist, instead of Plato and Xenophon, he would not have had his present splendid fame. The singular merit of Socrates lay in the purity and the usefulness of his manners and conversation; the clearness with which he saw, and the steadiness with which he practised, in a blind and corrupt age, all moral duties; the disinterestedness and the zeal with which he devoted himself to the benefit of others; and the enlarged and warm benevolence, whence his supreme and almost only pleasure seems to have consisted in doing good. The purity of Christian morality, little enough, indeed, seen in practice, nevertheless is become so familiar in theory, that it passes almost for obvious, and even congenial to the human mind. Those only will justly estimate the merit of that near approach to it which Socrates made, who will take the pains to gather—as they may from the writings of his contemporaries and predecessors—how little conception was entertained of it before his time; how dull to a just moral sense the human mind has really been; how slow the progress in the investigation of moral duties, even where not only great pains have been taken, but the greatest abilities zealously employed; and when discovered, how difficult it has been to establish them by proofs beyond controversy, or proofs even that should be generally admitted by the reason of men. It is through the light which Socrates diffused by his doctrine, enforced by his practice, with the advantage of having both the doctrine and the practice exhibited to highest advantage in the incomparable writings of disciples such as Xenophon and Plato, that his life forms an era in the history of Athens and of man.

DR JOHN GILLIES—MR SHARON TURNER—WILLIAM COXE—GEORGE CHALMERS.

While the first volume of Mitford's history was before the public, and experiencing that degree of favour which induced the author to continue his work, DR JOHN GILLIES, historiographer to his majesty for Scotland, published *The History of Ancient Greece, its Colonies and Conquests*, two volumes, quarto, 1786. The monarchical spirit of the new historian was scarcely less decided than that of Mr Mitford, though expressed with less zeal and idiomatic plainness. 'The history of Greece,' says Dr Gillies, 'exposes the dangerous turbulence of democracy, and arraigns the despotism of tyrants. By describing the incurable evils inherent in every republican policy, it evinces the inestimable benefits resulting to liberty itself from the lawful dominion of hereditary kings, and the steady operation of well-regulated monarchy.' The history of Dr Gillies was executed with considerable ability and care; a sixth edition of the work (London, 1820, four volumes, 8vo.) has been called for, and it may still be consulted with advantage.

In 1799 MR SHARON TURNER, a solicitor, commenced the publication of a series of works on English history, by which he has obtained a highly respectable reputation. The first was a *History of the Anglo-Saxons*, the second a *History of England during the Middle Ages*: in subsequent publications he has continued the series to the end of the reign of Elizabeth; the whole being comprised in twelve volumes, and containing much new and interesting information on the government, laws, literature, and manners, as well as on the civil and ecclesiastical history of the country. From an ambitious attempt to rival Gibbon in loftiness of style and diction, Mr Turner has disfigured his history by a pomp of expression and involved intricacy of style, that often border on the ludicrous, and mar the effect of his narrative. This defect is more conspicuous in his latter volumes. The early part of his history, devoted to the Anglo-Saxons, and the labour, as he informs us, of sixteen years, is by far the most valuable. Mr Turner has also published a *Sacred History of the World*, in two volumes: this book is intended to afford to young persons a selected and concentrated view of the chief facts and reasonings on the creation, intellectual design, and divine economy of the world, conceived and expressed in such a manner as to suit the modern style of thought and argument in which philosophical subjects are presented.

WILLIAM COXE (1748-1828), archdeacon of Wilts, was the author of various historical works of a very elaborate character. His *Memoirs of the Life and Administration of Sir Robert Walpole*, published in 1798, in three quarto volumes, was the first tolerable account of any part of our history subsequent to the accession of the house of Hanover. It was followed by *Memoirs of Horatio Lord Walpole*, in which there was a view of the times between 1678 and 1757. These works derive a great value from the mass of original papers published in connexion with them, though the author's style is heavy and inelegant. His *History of the House of Austria*, 1807, and his *Memoirs of the Kings of Spain of the House of Bourbon*, 1813, were almost the first English works in which an acquaintance was displayed with the materials of European history extant in other languages than the French and Latin. Archdeacon Coxe also published the *Life and Select Works of Benjamin Stillingfleet*, and the *Life and Papers of the Duke of Marlborough*.

Resembling Turner and Coxe in the vastness of his undertakings, but inferior as a writer, was GEORGE CHALMERS (1744-1825), a native of Scotland, and originally a barrister in one of the American colonies before their disjunction from Britain. His first composition, *A History of the United Colonies, from their Settlement till the Peace of 1763*, appeared in 1780, and from time to time he gave to the

world many works connected with history, politics, and literature. In 1807 he commenced the publication of his *Caledonia*, of which three large volumes had appeared, when his death precluded the hope of its being completed. It contains a laborious antiquarian detail of the earlier periods of Scottish history, with minute topographical and historical accounts of the various provinces of the country.

WILLIAM ROSCOE.

WILLIAM ROSCOE (1753-1831), as the author of the *Life of Lorenzo de Medici*, and the *Life and Pontificate of Leo X.*, may be more properly classed with our historians than biographers. The two works contain an account of the revival of letters, and fill up the blank between Gibbon's Decline and Fall and Robertson's Charles V. Mr Roscoe was a native of Liverpool, the son of humble parents, and while engaged as clerk to an attorney, he devoted his leisure hours to the cultivation of his taste for poetry and elegant literature. He acquired a competent knowledge of the Latin, French, and Italian languages. After the completion of his clerkship, Mr Roscoe entered into business in Liverpool, and took an active part in every scheme of improvement, local and national. He wrote a poem on the *Wrongs of Africa*, to illustrate the evils of slavery, and also a pamphlet on the same subject, which was translated into French by Madame Necker. The stirring times in which he lived called forth several short political dissertations from his pen; but about the year 1789, he applied himself to the great task he had long meditated, a biographical account of Lorenzo de Medici. He procured much new and valuable information, and in 1796 published the result of his labours in two quarto volumes, entitled *The Life of Lorenzo de Medici, called the Magnificent.* The work was highly successful, and at once elevated Mr Roscoe into the proud situation of one of the most popular authors of the day. A second edition was soon called for, and Messrs Cadell and Davies purchased the copyright for L.1200. About the same time he relinquished the practice of an attorney, and studied for the bar, but ultimately settled as a banker in Liverpool. His next literary appearance was as the translator of *The Nurse*, a poem, from the Italian of Luigi Tansillo. In 1805 was published his second great work, 'The Life and Pontificate of Leo X.,' four volumes quarto, which, though carefully prepared, and also enriched with new information, did not experience the same success as his life of Lorenzo. 'The history of the reformation of religion,' it has been justly remarked, 'involved many questions of subtle disputation, as well as many topics of character and conduct; and, for a writer of great candour and discernment, it was scarcely possible to satisfy either the Papists or the Protestants.' The liberal sentiments and accomplishments of Mr Roscoe recommended him to his townsmen as a fit person to represent them in parliament, and he was accordingly elected in 1806. He spoke in favour of the abolition of the slave trade, and of the civil disabilities of the Catholics, which excited against him a powerful and violent opposition. Inclined himself to quiet and retirement, and disgusted with the conduct of his opponents, he withdrew from parliament at the next dissolution, and resolutely declined offering himself as a candidate. He still, however, took a warm interest in passing events, and published several pamphlets on the topics of the day. He projected a history of art and literature, a task well suited to his talents and attainments, but did not proceed with the work. Pecuniary embarrassments also came to cloud his latter days. The banking establishment of which he was a partner was forced in 1816 to suspend payment, and Mr Roscoe had to sell his library, pictures, and other works of art. His love of literature continued undiminished. He gave valuable assistance in the establishment of the Royal Institution of Liverpool, and on its opening, delivered an inaugural address on the origin and vicissitudes of literature, science, and art, and their influence on the present state of society. In 1827 he received the great gold medal of the Royal Society of Literature for his merits as a historian. He had previously edited an edition of Pope, in ten volumes, which led to some controversy with Mr Bowles, as Mr Roscoe had formed a more favourable, and, we think, *just* estimate of the poet than his previous editors.

MALCOLM LAING.

MALCOLM LAING, a zealous Scottish historian, was born in the year 1762 at Strynzia, his paternal estate, in Orkney. He was educated for the Scottish bar, and passed advocate in 1785. He appeared as an author in 1793, having completed Dr Henry's History of Great Britain after that author's death. The sturdy Whig opinions of Laing formed a contrast to the tame moderatism of Henry; but his attainments and research were far superior to those of his predecessor. In 1800 he published *The History of Scotland from the Union of the Crowns on the Accession of King James VI. to the throne of England, to the Union of the Kingdoms in the reign of Queen Anne; with two dissertations, historical and critical, on the Gowrie Conspiracy, and on the supposed authenticity of Ossian's Poems.* This is an able work, marked by strong prejudices and predilections, but valuable to the historical student for its acute reasoning and analysis. Laing attacked the translator of Ossian with unmerciful and almost ludicrous severity, in revenge for which, the Highland admirers of the Celtic muse attributed his sentiments to the prejudice natural to an Orkney man, caused by the severe checks given by the ancient Caledonians to their predatory Scandinavian predecessors! Laing replied by another publication—*The Poems of Ossian, &c. containing the Poetical Works of James Macpherson, Esq. in Prose and Rhyme, with Notes and Illustrations.* In 1804 he published another edition of his History of Scotland, to which he prefixed a *Preliminary Dissertation on the Participation of Mary Queen of Scots in the Murder of Darnley.* The latter is a very ingenious historical argument, the ablest of Mr Laing's productions, uniting the practised skill and acumen of the Scottish lawyer with the knowledge of the antiquary and historian. The latter portion of Mr Laing's life was spent on his paternal estate in Orkney, where he entered upon a course of local and agricultural improvement with the same ardour that he devoted to his literary pursuits. He died in the year 1818. 'Mr Laing's merit,' says a writer in the Edinburgh Review, 'as a critical inquirer into history, an enlightened collector of materials, and a sagacious judge of evidence, has never been surpassed. In spite of his ardent love of liberty, no man has yet presumed to charge him with the slightest sacrifice of historical integrity to his zeal. That he never perfectly attained the art of full, clear, and easy narrative, was owing to the peculiar style of those writers who were popular in his youth, and may be mentioned as a remarkable instance of the disproportion of particular talents to a general vigour of mind.'

JOHN PINKERTON.

JOHN PINKERTON (1758-1825) distinguished himself by the fierce controversial tone of his historical writings, and by the violence of his prejudices, yet was a learned and industrious collector of forgotten fragments of ancient history and of national antiquities. He was a native of Edinburgh, and bred to the law. The latter, however, he soon forsook for literary pursuits. He commenced by writing imperfect verses, which, in his peculiar antique orthography, he styled 'Rimes,' from which he diverged to collecting *Select Scottish Ballads*, 1783, and inditing an *Essay on Medals*, 1784. Under the name of Heron, he published some *Letters on Literature*, and was recommended by Gibbon to the booksellers as a fit person to translate the Monkish Historians. He afterwards (1786) published *Ancient Scottish Poems*, being the writings of Sir Richard Maitland and others, extracted from a manuscript in the Pepys Library at Cambridge. His first historical work was *A Dissertation on the Origin and Progress of the Scythians, or Goths*, in which he laid down that theory which he maintained through life, that the Celts of Ireland, Wales, and Scotland, are savages, and have been savages since the world began! His next important work was an *Inquiry into the History of Scotland Preceding the Reign of Malcolm III., or 1056*, in which he debates at great length, and, as Sir Walter Scott remarks, with much display of learning, on the history of the Goths, and the conquests which he states them to have obtained over the Celts in their progress through all Europe. In 1796 he published a *History of Scotland During the Reign of the Stuarts*, the most laborious and valuable of his works. He also compiled a *Modern Geography*, edited a *Collection of Voyages and Travels*, was some time editor of the Critical Review, wrote a *Treatise on Rocks*, and was engaged on various other literary tasks. Pinkerton died in want and obscurity in Paris.

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

CHARLES JAMES FOX (1749-1806), the celebrated statesman and orator, during his intervals of relaxation from public life, among other literary studies and occupations commenced a history of the reign of King James II., intending to continue it to the settlement at the revolution of 1688. An introductory chapter, giving a rapid view of our constitutional history from the time of Henry VII., he completed. He wrote also some chapters of his history, but at the time of his death he had made but little progress in his work. Public affairs, and a strong partiality and attachment to the study of the classics, and to works of imagination and poetry, were continually drawing him off from his historical researches, added to which he was fastidiously scrupulous as to all the niceties of language, and wished to form his plan exclusively on the model of ancient writers, without note, digression, or dissertation. 'He once assured me,' says Lord Holland, 'that he would admit no word into his book for which he had not the authority of Dryden.' We need not wonder, therefore, that Mr Fox died before completing his historical work. Such minute attention to style, joined to equal regard for facts and circumstances, must have weighed down any writer even of uninterrupted and active application. In 1808 the unfinished composition was given to the world by Lord Holland, under the title of *A History of the Early Part of the Reign of James the Second, with an Introductory Chapter*. An appendix of original papers was also added. The history is plainly written, without the slightest approach to pedantry or pretence; but the style of the great statesman, with all the care bestowed upon it, is far from being perfect. It wants force and vivacity, as if, in the process of elaboration, the graphic clearness of narrative and distinct perception of events and characters necessary to the historian had evaporated. The sentiments and principles of the author are, however, worthy of his liberal and capacious mind.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

As a philosophical historian, critic, and politician, SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH deserves honourable mention. He was also one of the last of the Scottish



Sir James Mackintosh.

metaphysicians, and one of the most brilliant conversers of his times—qualifications apparently very dissimilar. His candour, benevolence, and liberality, gave a grace and dignity to his literary speculations and to his daily life. Mackintosh was a native of Inverness-shire, and was born at Aldourie-house, on the banks of Loch Ness, October 24, 1765. His father was a brave Highland officer, who possessed a small estate, called Kylachy, in his native county, which James afterwards sold for £9000. From his earliest days James Mackintosh had a passion for books, and though all his relatives were Jacobites, he was a stanch Whig. After studying at Aberdeen (where he had as a college companion and friend the pious and eloquent Robert Hall), Mackintosh went to Edinburgh, and studied medicine. In 1788 he repaired to London, wrote for the press, and afterwards applied himself to the study of law. In 1791 he published his *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*, a defence of the French Revolution, in reply to Burke, which, for cogency of argument, historical knowledge, and logical precision, is a remarkable work to be written by a careless and irregular young man of twenty-six. Though his bearing to his great antagonist was chivalrous and polite, Mackintosh attacked his opinions with the ardour and impetuosity of youth, and his work was received with great applause. Four years afterwards he acknowledged to Burke that he had been the dupe of his own enthusiasm, and that a 'melancholy experience' had undeceived him. The excesses of the French Revolution had no doubt contributed to this change, which, though it afterwards was made

the cause of obloquy and derision to Mackintosh, seems to have been adopted with perfect sincerity and singleness of purpose. He afterwards delivered and published a series of lectures on the law of nature and nations, which greatly extended his reputation. In 1795 he was called to the bar, and in his capacity of barrister, in 1803, he made a brilliant defence of M. Peltier, an emigrant royalist of France, who had been indicted for a libel on Napoleon, then first cousul. The forensic display of Mackintosh is too much like an elaborate essay or dissertation, but it marked him out for legal promotion, and he received the appointment (to which his poverty, not his will, consented) of Recorder of Bombay. He was knighted, sailed from England in the beginning of 1804, and after discharging faithfully his high official duties, returned at the end of seven years, the earliest period that entitled him to his retiring pension of £1200 per annum. Mackintosh now obtained a seat in parliament, and stuck faithfully by his old friends the Whigs, without one glimpse of favour, till in 1827 his friend Mr Canning, on the formation of his administration, made him a privy councillor. On the accession of the Whig ministry in 1830, he was appointed a commissioner for the affairs of India. On questions of criminal law and national policy Mackintosh spoke forcibly, but he cannot be said to have been a successful parliamentary orator. Amid the bustle of public business he did not neglect literature, though he wanted resolution for continuous and severe study. The charms of society, the interruptions of public business, and the debilitating effects of his residence in India, also co-operated with his constitutional indolence in preventing the realisation of the ambitious dreams of his youth. He contributed, however. various articles to the Edinburgh Review, and wrote a masterly *Dissertation on the Progress of Ethical Philosophy* for the Encyclopædia Britannica. He wrote three volumes of a compendious and popular *History of England* for Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, which, though deficient in the graces of narrative and style, contains some admirable views of constitutional history and antiquarian research. His learning was abundant; he wanted only method and elegance. He also contributed a short but valuable life of Sir Thomas More (which sprung out of his researches into the reign of Henry VIII., and was otherwise a subject congenial to his taste) to the same miscellany; and he was engaged on a History of the Revolution of 1688, when his life was somewhat suddenly terminated on the 30th of May 1832. The portion of his history of the Revolution which he had written and corrected (amounting to about 350 pages) was published in 1834, with a continuation by some writer who was opposed to Sir James in many essential points. In the works of Mackintosh we have only the fragments of a capacious mind; but in all of them his learning, his candour, his strong love of truth, his justness of thinking and clearness in perceiving, and his genuine philanthropy, are conspicuous. It is to be regretted that he had no Boswell to record his conversation.

[*Chivalry and Modern Manners.*]

[From the Vindiciæ Gallicæ.]

The collision of armed multitudes [in Paris] terminated in unforeseen excesses and execrable crimes. In the eye of Mr Burke, however, these crimes and excesses assume an aspect far more important than can be communicated to them by their own insulated guilt. They form, in his opinion, the crisis of a revolution far more important than any change of government—a revolution in which the sentiments and opinions that have formed the manners of the European nations are to perish. 'The age of chivalry is gone, and the glory of Europe extinguished for ever.' He follows this exclamation by an eloquent eulogium on chivalry, and by gloomy predictions of the future state of Europe, when the nation that has been so long accustomed to give her the tone in arts and manners is thus debased and corrupted. A caviller might remark, that ages much more near the meridian fervour of chivalry than ours have witnessed a treatment of queens as little gallant and generous as that of the Parisian mob. He might remind Mr Burke that, in the age and country of Sir Philip Sidney, a queen of France, whom no blindness to accomplishment, no malignity of detraction, could reduce to the level of Maria Antoinetta, was, by 'a nation of men of honour and cavaliers,' permitted to languish in captivity, and expire on a scaffold; and he might add, that the manners of a country are more surely indicated by the systematic cruelty of a sovereign, than by the licentious frenzy of a mob. He might remark, that the mild system of modern manners which survived the massacres with which fanaticism had for a century desolated and almost barbarised Europe, might perhaps resist the shock of one day's excesses committed by a delirious populace.

But the subject itself is, to an enlarged thinker, fertile in reflections of a different nature. That system of manners which arose among the Gothic nations of Europe, of which chivalry was more properly the effusion than the source, is, without doubt, one of the most peculiar and interesting appearances in human affairs. The moral causes which formed its character have not perhaps been hitherto investigated with the happiest success. But to confine ourselves to the subject before us, chivalry was certainly one of the most prominent features and remarkable effects of this system of manners. Candour must confess that this singular institution is not *alone* admirable as a corrector of the ferocious ages in which it flourished. It contributed to polish and soften Europe. It paved the way for that diffusion of knowledge and extension of commerce which afterwards in some measure supplanted it, and gave a new character to manners. Society is inevitably progressive. In government, commerce has overthrown that 'feudal and chivalrous' system under whose shade it first grew. In religion, learning has subverted that superstition whose opulent endowments had first fostered it. Peculiar circumstances softened the barbarism of the middle ages to a degree which favoured the admission of commerce and the growth of knowledge. These circumstances were connected with the manners of chivalry; but the sentiments peculiar to that institution could only be preserved by the situation which gave them birth. They were themselves enfeebled in the progress from ferocity and turbulence, and almost obliterated by tranquillity and refinement. But the auxiliaries which the manners of chivalry had in rude ages reared, gathered strength from its weakness, and flourished in its decay. Commerce and diffused knowledge have, in fact, so completely assumed the ascendant in polished nations, that it will be difficult to discover any relics of Gothic manners but in a fantastic exterior, which has survived the generous illusions that made these manners splendid and seductive. Their direct influence has long ceased in Europe; but their indirect influence, through the medium of those causes, which would not perhaps have existed but for the mildness which chivalry created in the midst of a barbarous age, still operates with increasing vigour. The manners of the middle age were, in the most singular sense, compulsory. Enterprising benevolence was produced by general fierceness, gal-

lant courtesy by ferocious rudeness, and artificial gentleness resisted the torrent of natural barbarism. But a less incongruous system has succeeded, in which commerce, which unites men's interests, and knowledge, which excludes those prejudices that tend to embroil them, present a broader basis for the stability of civilised and beneficent manners.

Mr Burke, indeed, forebodes the most fatal consequences to literature, from events which he supposes to have given a mortal blow to the spirit of chivalry. I have ever been protected from such apprehensions by my belief in a very simple truth—*that diffused knowledge immortalises itself.* A literature which is confined to a few, may be destroyed by the massacre of scholars and the conflagration of libraries, but the diffused knowledge of the present day could only be annihilated by the extirpation of the civilised part of mankind.

[*Extract from Speech in Defence of Mr Peltier, for a Libel on Napoleon Bonaparte, February* 1803.]

Gentlemen—There is one point of view in which this case seems to merit your most serious attention. The real prosecutor is the master of the greatest empire the civilised world ever saw—the defendant is a defenceless proscribed exile. I consider this case, therefore, as the first of a long series of conflicts between the greatest power in the world, and the ONLY FREE PRESS remaining in Europe. Gentlemen, this distinction of the English press is new—it is a proud and a melancholy distinction. Before the great earthquake of the French Revolution had swallowed up all the asylums of free discussion on the continent, we enjoyed that privilege, indeed, more fully than others, but we did not enjoy it exclusively. In Holland, in Switzerland, in the imperial towns of Germany, the press was either legally or practically free. Holland and Switzerland are no more; and, since the commencement of this prosecution, fifty imperial towns have been erased from the list of independent states by one dash of the pen. Three or four still preserve a precarious and trembling existence. I will not say by what compliances they must purchase its continuance. I will not insult the feebleness of states whose unmerited fall I do most bitterly deplore.

These governments were, in many respects, one of the most interesting parts of the ancient system of Europe. The perfect security of such inconsiderable and feeble states, their undisturbed tranquillity amidst the wars and conquests that surrounded them, attested, beyond any other part of the European system, the moderation, the justice, the civilisation, to which Christian Europe had reached in modern times. Their weakness was protected only by the habitual reverence for justice which, during a long series of ages, had grown up in Christendom. This was the only fortification which defended them against those mighty monarchs to whom they offered so easy a prey. And, till the French Revolution, this was sufficient. Consider, for instance, the republic of Geneva; think of her defenceless position in the very jaws of France; but think also of her undisturbed security, of her profound quiet, of the brilliant success with which she applied to industry and literature while Louis XIV. was pouring his myriads into Italy before her gates; call to mind, if ages crowded into years have not effaced them from your memory, that happy period when we scarcely dreamed more of the subjugation of the feeblest republic in Europe than of the conquest of her mightiest empire, and tell me if you can imagine a spectacle more beautiful to the moral eye, or a more striking proof of progress in the noblest principles of civilisation. These feeble states, these monuments of the justice of Europe, the asylum of peace, of industry, and of literature: the organs of public reason, the refuge of oppressed innocence and persecuted truth, have perished with those ancient principles which were their sole guardians and protectors. They have been swallowed up by that fearful convulsion which has shaken the uttermost corners of the earth. They are destroyed, and gone for ever! One asylum of free discussion is still inviolate. There is still one spot in Europe where man can freely exercise his reason on the most important concerns of society, where he can boldly publish his judgment on the acts of the proudest and most powerful tyrants. The press of England is still free. It is guarded by the free constitution of our forefathers. It is guarded by the hearts and arms of Englishmen, and I trust I may venture to say, that if it be to fall, it will fall only under the ruins of the British empire. It is an awful consideration, gentlemen. Every other monument of European liberty has perished. That ancient fabric which has been gradually reared by the wisdom and virtue of our fathers, still stands. It stands, thanks be to God! solid and entire—but it stands alone, and it stands in ruins! Believing, then, as I do, that we are on the eve of a great struggle, that this is only the first battle between reason and power—that you have now in your hands, committed to your trust, the only remains of free discussion in Europe, now confined to this kingdom; addressing you, therefore, as the guardians of the most important interests of mankind; convinced that the unfettered exercise of reason depends more on your present verdict than on any other that was ever delivered by a jury, I trust I may rely with confidence on the issue—I trust that you will consider yourselves as the advanced guard of liberty—as having this day to fight the first battle of free discussion against the most formidable enemy that it ever encountered!

DR JOHN LINGARD, &c.

DR JOHN LINGARD, a Roman Catholic priest, published in 1819 three volumes of a *History of England from the Invasion by the Romans.* He subsequently continued his work in five more volumes, bringing down his narrative to the abdication of James II. To talents of a high order, both as respects acuteness of analysis and powers of description and narrative, Dr Lingard added unconquerable industry and access to sources of information new and important. He is generally more impartial than Hume, or even Robertson; but it is undeniable that his religious opinions have in some cases perverted the fidelity of his history, leading him to palliate the atrocities of the Bartholomew massacre, and to darken the shades in the characters of Queen Elizabeth, Cranmer, Anne Boleyn, and others connected with the reformation in the church. His work was subjected to a rigid scrutiny by Dr John Allen, in two elaborate articles in the Edinburgh Review, by the Rev. Mr Todd (who published a defence of the character of Cranmer), and by other zealous Protestant writers. To these antagonists Dr Lingard replied in 1826 by a vindication of his fidelity as a historian, which affords an excellent specimen of calm controversial writing. His work has now taken its place among the most valuable of our national histories. It has gone through three editions, and has been received with equal favour on the continent. The most able of his critics (though condemning his account of the English Reformation, and other passages evincing a peculiar bias) admits that Dr Lingard possesses, what he claims, the rare merit of having collected his materials from original historians and records, by which his narrative receives a freshness of character, and a stamp of originality, not to be found in any general history of England

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[illegible] *Cromwell['s] [dissolution] of the [Long] [Parliament] in 1653.*

[illegible] Cromwell [fixed] on his plan to procure the dissolution of the parliament, and to vest for a time the sovereign authority in a council of forty persons, with himself at their head. It was his wish to effect this quietly by the votes of the parliament—his resolution to effect it by open force, if such votes were refused. Several meetings were held by the officers and members at the lodgings of the lord-general in Whitehall. St. John and a few others gave their assent; the rest, under the guidance of Whitelock and [Widdrington], declared that the dissolution would be dangerous, and the establishment of the proposed council unwarrantable. In the meantime the house resumed the consideration of the new representative body; and several qualifications were voted, to all of which the officers raised objections, but chiefly to the 'admission of members,' a project to strengthen the government by the introduction of the presbyterian interest. 'Never,' said Cromwell, 'shall any of that judgment who have deserted the good cause be admitted to power.' On the last meeting, held on the [19th] of April, all these points were long and warmly debated. Some of the officers declared that the parliament must be dissolved 'one way or other;' but the general checked their indiscretion and precipitancy, and the assembly broke up at midnight, with an understanding that the leading men on each side should resume the subject in the morning.

At an early hour the conference was recommenced, and, after a short time, interrupted, in consequence of the receipt of a notice by the general, that it was the intention of the house to comply with the desires of the army. This was a mistake; the opposite party had indeed resolved to pass a bill of dissolution; not, however, the bill proposed by the officers, but their own bill, containing all the obnoxious provisions, and to pass it that very morning, that it might obtain the force of law before their adversaries could have time to appeal to the power of the sword. While Harrison 'most strictly and humbly' conjured them to pause before they took so important a step, Ingoldsby hastened to inform the lord-general at Whitehall. His resolution was immediately formed, and a company of musketeers received orders to accompany him to the house. At this eventful moment, big with the most important consequences both to himself and his country, whatever were the workings of Cromwell's mind, he had the art to conceal them from the eyes of the beholders. Leaving the military in the lobby, he entered the house and composedly seated himself on one of the outer benches. His dress was a plain suit of black cloth, with grey worsted stockings. For a while he seemed to listen with interest to the debate; but when the speaker was going to put the question, he whispered to Harrison, 'This is the time; I must do it,' and rising, put off his hat to address the house. [illegible] his language was decorous, and even laudatory. [illegible] he became more warm and animated; at [illegible] assumed all the vehemence of passion, and indulged in personal vituperation. He charged the members with self-seeking and profaneness, with the [illegible] of justice, and numerous acts of oppression; with [illegible] the lawyers, the constant advocates of tyranny, with neglecting the men who had [illegible] that they might gain the [illegible] from the cause; [illegible] in order to perpetuate their [illegible] their own power. But [illegible] had disowned them [illegible] to perform [illegible] Here the [illegible] Peter Wentworth, who [illegible] heard language so unparliamentary [illegible] the more offensive, because it was [illegible] by their own servant, whom they had [illegible] cherished, and whom, by their unprecedented [illegible] they had made what he was. At these words Cromwell put on his hat, and, springing from his place, exclaimed, 'Come, come, sir, I will put an end to your prating.' For a few seconds, apparently in the most violent agitation, he paced forward and backward, and then, stamping on the floor, added, 'You are no parliament; I say you are no parliament; bring them in, bring them in.' Instantly the door opened, and Colonel Worsley entered, followed by more than twenty musketeers. 'This,' cried Sir Henry Vane, 'is not honest; it is against morality and common honesty.' 'Sir Henry Vane,' replied Cromwell; 'O, Sir Henry Vane! The Lord deliver me from Sir Henry Vane! He might have prevented this. But he is a juggler, and has not common honesty himself!' From Vane he directed his discourse to Whitelock, on whom he poured a torrent of abuse; then pointing to Chaloner, 'There,' he cried, 'sits a drunkard;' next to Marten and Wentworth, 'There are two whoremasters;' and afterwards selecting different members in succession, described them as dishonest and corrupt livers, a shame and scandal to the profession of the gospel. Suddenly, however, checking himself, he turned to the guard and ordered them to clear the house. At these words Colonel Harrison took the speaker by the hand and led him from the chair; Algernon Sidney was next compelled to quit his seat; and the other members, eighty in number, on the approach of the military, rose and moved towards the door. Cromwell now resumed his discourse. 'It is you,' he exclaimed, 'that have forced me to do this. I have sought the Lord both day and night that he would rather slay me than put me on the doing of this work.' Alderman Allen took advantage of these words to observe, that it was not yet too late to undo what had been done; but Cromwell instantly charged him with peculation, and gave him into custody. When all were gone, fixing his eye on the mace, 'What,' said he, 'shall we do with this fool's bauble? Here, carry it away.' Then, taking the act of dissolution from the clerk, he ordered the doors to be locked, and, accompanied by the military, returned to Whitehall.

That afternoon the members of the council assembled in their usual place of meeting. Bradshaw had just taken the chair, when the lord-general entered, and told them that if they were there as private individuals, they were welcome; but if as the Council of State, they must know that the parliament was dissolved, and with it also the council. 'Sir,' replied Bradshaw, with the spirit of an ancient Roman, 'we have heard what you did at the house this morning, and before many hours all England will know it. But, sir, you are mistaken to think that the parliament is dissolved. No power under heaven can dissolve them but themselves; therefore, take you notice of that.' After this protest they withdrew. Thus, by the parricidal hands of its own children, perished the Long Parliament, which, under a variety of forms, had, for more than twelve years, defended and invaded the liberties of the nation. It fell without a struggle or a groan, unpitied and unregretted. The members slunk away to their homes, where they sought by submission to purchase the forbearance of their new master; and their partisans, if partisans they had, reserved themselves in silence for a day of retribution, which came not before Cromwell slept in his grave. The royalists congratulated each other on an event which they deemed a preparatory step to the restoration of the king; the army and navy [illegible]

merous addresses, declared that they would live and die, stand and fall, with the lord-general, and in every part of the country the congregations of the saints magnified the arm of the Lord, which had broken the mighty, that in lieu of the sway of mortal men, the fifth monarchy, the reign of Christ might be established on earth.

It would, however, be unjust to the memory of those who exercised the supreme power after the death of the king, not to acknowledge that there existed among them men capable of wielding with energy the destinies of a great empire. They governed only four years, yet, under their auspices, the conquests of Ireland and Scotland were achieved, and a navy was created, the rival of that of Holland and the terror of the rest of Europe. But there existed an essential error in their form of government. Deliberative assemblies are always slow in their proceedings, yet the pleasure of parliament, as the supreme power, was to be taken on every subject connected with the foreign relations or the internal administration of the country, and hence it happened, that among the immense variety of questions which came before it, those commanded immediate attention which were deemed of immediate necessity, while the others, though often of the highest importance to the national welfare, were first postponed, then neglected, and ultimately forgotten. To this habit of procrastination was perhaps owing the extinction of its authority. It disappointed the hopes of the country, and supplied Cromwell with the most plausible argument in defence of his conduct.

Besides his elaborate 'History of England,' Dr Lingard is author of a work evincing great erudition and research, on the *Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church*, published in 1806.

The great epoch of the English Commonwealth and the struggle by which it was preceded, has been illustrated by MR GEORGE BRODIE'S *History of the British Empire from the Accession of Charles I. to the Restoration*, four volumes, 1822, and by MR GODWIN'S *History of the Commonwealth of England*, four volumes, 1824–27. The former work is chiefly devoted to an exposure of the errors and misrepresentations of Hume, while Mr Godwin writes too much in the spirit of a partisan, without the calmness and dignity of the historian. Both works, however, afford new and important facts and illustrations of the momentous period of which they treat.

The *History of the Anglo-Saxons*, by SIR FRANCIS PALGRAVE, 1831, and the same author's elaborate account of the *Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth—Anglo Saxon Period*, are curious and valuable works. The history and literature of the Anglo-Saxons had long been neglected, but some accomplished scholars, following Mr Sharon Turner, have recently mastered the difficulties attendant on such a study, and introduced us more nearly to those founders of the English character and language. MR CONYBEARE'S *Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon Poetry*, the valuable translation of the *Saxon Chronicle* by MR INGRAM, the REV. MR BOSWORTH'S *Anglo Saxon Grammar*, and various works by Sir Francis Palgrave and MR THOMAS WRIGHT, have materially aided in this resuscitation.

MR SOUTHEY'S *History of Brazil*, three volumes quarto, 1810, and his *History of the Peninsular War*, two volumes quarto, 1823–28, are proofs of the laureate's untiring industry, and of the easy and admirable English style of which he was so consummate a master. The first is a valuable work, though too diffuse and minutely circumstantial. The *Memoirs of Spain during the Reigns of Philip IV. and Charles II.*, by MR JOHN DUNLOP, 1834, the *History of India*, by MR JAMES MILL, six volumes, 1819, and histories of *Chivalry* and of the *Crusades*, by CHARLES MILLS, Esq. (1789-1827), may be numbered among the useful histories of the period. Mr James Mill's 'History of India' is, indeed, of a higher character, being clear, well-digested, and of a philosophical tone and spirit.

HENRY HALLAM.

The greatest historical name in this period, and our greatest living historian, is HENRY HALLAM, author of several elaborate works. His first was a *View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages*, two volumes quarto, 1818, being an account of the progress of Europe from the middle of the fifth to the end of the fifteenth century. In 1827 he published *The Constitutional History of England from the Accession of Henry VII. to the Death of George II.*, also in two volumes, and in 1837–38 an *Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries*, in four volumes. With vast stores of knowledge, and indefatigable application, Mr Hallam possesses a clear and independent judgment, and a style grave and impressive, yet enriched with occasional imagery and rhetorical graces. His introduction to the 'Literature of Europe' is a great monument of his erudition. His knowledge of the language and literature of each nation is critical and profound, and his opinions are conveyed in a style remarkable for its succinctness and perspicuous beauty. In his two first works, Mr Hallam's views of political questions are those generally adopted by the Whig party, but are stated with calmness and moderation. He is peculiarly a supporter of *principles*, not of *men*, and he judges of character without party prejudice or passion.

[*Effects of the Feudal System.*]

[From the View of the Middle Ages.]

It is the previous state of society, under the grandchildren of Charlemagne, which we must always keep in mind, if we would appreciate the effects of the feudal system upon the welfare of mankind. The institutions of the eleventh century must be compared with those of the ninth, not with the advanced civilisation of modern times. The state of anarchy which we usually term feudal, was the natural result of a vast and barbarous empire feebly administered, and the cause, rather than the effect, of the general establishment of feudal tenures. These, by preserving the mutual relations of the whole, kept alive the feeling of a common country and common duties; and settled, after the lapse of ages, into the free constitution of England, the firm monarchy of France, and the federal union of Germany.

The utility of any form of policy may be estimated by its effects upon national greatness and security, upon civil liberty and private rights, upon the tranquillity and order of society, upon the increase and diffusion of wealth, or upon the general tone of moral sentiment and energy. The feudal constitution was little adapted for the defence of a mighty kingdom, far less for schemes of conquest. But as it prevailed alike in several adjacent countries, none had anything to fear from the military superiority of its neighbours. It was this inefficiency of the feudal militia, perhaps, that saved Europe, during the middle ages, from the danger of universal monarchy. In times when princes had little notions of confederacies for mutual protection, it is hard to say what might not have been the successes of an Otho, a Frederic, or a Philip Augustus, if they could have wielded the whole force of their subjects whenever their ambition required. If an empire equally extensive with that of Charlemagne,

and supported by military despotism, had been formed about the twelfth or thirteenth centuries, the seeds of commerce and liberty, just then beginning to shoot, would have perished; and Europe, reduced to a barbarous servitude, might have fallen before the free barbarians of Tartary.

If we look at the feudal polity as a scheme of civil freedom, it bears a noble countenance. To the feudal law it is owing that the very names of right and privilege were not swept away, as in Asia, by the desolating hand of power. The tyranny which, on every favourable moment, was breaking through all barriers, would have rioted without control, if, when the people were poor and disunited, the nobility had not been brave and free. So far as the sphere of feudality extended, it diffused the spirit of liberty and the notions of private right. Every one will acknowledge this who considers the limitations of the services of vassalage, so cautiously marked in those law-books which are the records of customs; the reciprocity of obligation between the lord and his tenant; the consent required in every measure of a legislative or general nature; the security, above all, which every vassal found in the administration of justice by his peers, and even (we may in this sense say) in the trial by combat. The bulk of the people, it is true, were degraded by servitude; but this had no connexion with the feudal tenures.

The peace and good order of society were not promoted by this system. Though private wars did not originate in the feudal customs, it is impossible to doubt that they were perpetuated by so convenient an institution, which indeed owed its universal establishment to no other cause. And as predominant habits of warfare are totally irreconcilable with those of industry, not merely by the immediate works of destruction which render its efforts unavailing, but through that contempt of peaceful occupations which they produce, the feudal system must have been intrinsically adverse to the accumulation of wealth, and the improvement of those arts which mitigate the evils or abridge the labours of mankind.

But, as a school of moral discipline, the feudal institutions were perhaps most to be valued. Society had sunk, for several centuries after the dissolution of the Roman empire, into a condition of utter depravity; where, if any vices could be selected as more eminently characteristic than others, they were falsehood, treachery, and ingratitude. In slowly purging off the lees of this extreme corruption, the feudal spirit exerted its ameliorating influence. Violation of faith stood first in the catalogue of crimes, most repugnant to the very essence of a feudal tenure, most severely and promptly avenged, most branded by general infamy. The feudal law-books breathe throughout a spirit of honourable obligation. The feudal course of jurisdiction promoted, what trial by peers is peculiarly calculated to promote, a keener feeling, as well as readier perception, of moral as well as of legal distinctions. In the reciprocal services of lord and vassal, there was ample scope for every magnanimous and disinterested energy. The heart of man, when placed in circumstances that have a tendency to excite them, will seldom be deficient in such sentiments. No occasions could be more favourable than the protection of a faithful supporter, or the defence of a beneficent sovereign, against such powerful aggression as left little prospect except of sharing in his ruin.

P. F. TYTLER—COLONEL NAPIER, &c.

The History of Scotland, by PATRICK FRASER TYTLER, Esq. is an attempt to 'build the history of that country upon unquestionable muniments.' The author professes to have anxiously endeavoured to examine the most authentic sources of information, and to convey a true picture of the times, without prepossession or partiality. He commences with the accession of Alexander III., because it is at that period that our national annals become particularly interesting to the general reader. The first volume of Mr Tytler's history was published in 1828, and a continuation has since appeared at intervals, conducting the narrative to the year 1603, when James VI. ascended the throne of England. The style of the history is plain and perspicuous, with sufficient animation to keep alive the attention of the reader. Mr Tytler has added considerably to the amount and correctness of our knowledge of Scottish history. He has taken up a few doubtful opinions on questions of fact; but the industry and talent he has evinced entitle him to the lasting gratitude of his countrymen. A second edition of this work, up to the period already mentioned, extends to nine volumes.

The History of the War in the Peninsula, and in the South of France, from the year 1807 to the year 1814, in six volumes, 1828-40, by COLONEL W. F. P. NAPIER, is acknowledged to be the most valuable record of that war which England waged against the power of Napoleon. Mr Southey had previously written a history of this period, but it was heavy and uninteresting, and is now rarely met with. Colonel Napier was an actor in the great struggle he records, and peculiarly conversant with the art of war. The most ample testimony has been borne to the accuracy of the historian's statements, and to the diligence and acuteness with which he has collected his materials. Further light has been thrown on the Spanish war, as well as on the whole of our other military operations from 1799 to 1818, by the publication of *The Despatches of Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington*, by LIEUTENANT-COLONEL GURWOOD, twelve volumes, 1836-8. The skill, moderation, and energy of the Duke of Wellington are strikingly illustrated by this compilation. 'No man ever before,' says a critic in the Edinburgh Review, 'had the gratification of himself witnessing the formation of such a monument to his glory. His despatches will continue to furnish, through every age, lessons of practical wisdom which cannot be too highly prized by public men of every station; whilst they will supply to military commanders, in particular, examples for their guidance which they cannot too carefully study, nor too anxiously endeavour to emulate.'

Ample materials for a comprehensive and complete history of the revolutionary war had been furnished, or existed in national repositories, and a work of this kind was undertaken by A. ALISON, Esq., a gentleman of the Scottish bar. Mr Alison's *History of Europe from the Commencement of the French Revolution in 1789 to the Restoration of the Bourbons in 1815*, was completed in 1842 in ten volumes. Exceptions may be taken to parts of this work as prolix in style and partial in statement. His account of the battle of Waterloo, for example, has been questioned by the highest living authority on that subject; but, taken as a whole, Mr Alison's history is honourable to his talents, no less than his industry. His style is generally clear and animated, and his arrangement of his vast materials orderly, and well adapted for effect.

The following are also recent contributions to this valuable department of our literature:—*A History of England from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle*, and a *History of the War of the Succession in Spain*, both by LORD MAHON; a *History of China*, by the REV. CHARLES GUTZLAFF; a *History of the Manners and Customs of Ancient Greece*, by

JAMES ST JOHN, a *History of Christianity from the Birth of Christ to the Abolition of Paganism in the Roman Empire*, by the REV. H. H. MILMAN, a *History of India* (the Hindoo and Mohammedan periods), by the HON. MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE, a *History of Modern Greece*, by JAMES EMERSON, a *History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain*, by W. H. PRESCOTT (a very interesting and valuable work), and a *History of the Conquest of Mexico*, by the same author, a *History of the Christian Church* by Dr BURTON. The various works written to simplify history, and adapt its details to young and uninstructed readers, far exceed enumeration.

BIOGRAPHERS

The French have cultivated biography with more diligence than the English, but much has been done of late years to remedy this defect in our national literature. Individual specimens of great value we have long possessed. The lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, and Herbert by Izaak Walton are entitled to the highest praise for the fulness of their domestic details, no less than for the fine simplicity and originality of their style. The lives of the poets by Johnson, and the occasional memoirs by Goldsmith, Mallet, and other authors, are either too general or too critical to satisfy the reader as representations of the daily life, habits, and opinions of those whom we venerate or admire. Mason's life of Gray was a vast improvement on former biographies, as the interesting and characteristic correspondence of the poet and his literary diary and journals, bring him personally before us, pursuing the silent course of his studies, or mingling occasionally as a retired scholar in the busy world around him. The success of Mason's bold and wise experiment prompted another and more complete work, the Life of Dr Johnson by Boswell. JAMES BOSWELL (1740-1795) was by birth and education a gentleman of rank and station—the son of a Scottish judge, and heir to an ancient family and estate. He had studied for the bar, but being strongly impressed with admiration of the writings and character of Dr Johnson, he attached himself to the rugged moralist, soothed and flattered his irritability, submitted to his literary despotism and caprice, and, sedulously cultivating his acquaintance and society whenever his engagements permitted, he took faithful and copious notes of his conversation. In 1773 he accompanied Johnson to the Hebrides, and after the death of the latter, he published, in 1785, his journal of the tour, being a record of each day's occurrences, and of the more striking parts of Johnson's conversation. The work was eminently successful, and in 1791 Boswell gave to the world his full-length portrait of his friend, *The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.*, in two volumes quarto. A second edition was published in 1794, and the author was engaged in preparing a third when he died. A great number of editions has since been printed, the latest of which was edited by Mr J. W. Croker. Anecdotes and recollections of Johnson were also published by Mrs Piozzi, Sir John Hawkins, Malone, Miss Reynolds, &c. Boswell had awakened public curiosity, and shown how much wit, wisdom, and sagacity, joined to real worth and benevolence, were concealed under the personal oddities and ungainly exterior of Johnson. Never was there so complete a portraiture of any single individual. The whole time spent by Boswell in the society of his illustrious friend did not amount to more than nine months, yet so diligent was he in writing and inquiring, so thoroughly did he devote himself to his subject, that notwithstanding his limited opportunities and his mediocre abilities, he was able to produce what all mankind have agreed in considering the best biography in existence. Though vain, shallow, and conceited, Boswell had taste enough to discern the racy vigour and richness of Johnson's conversation, and he was observant enough to trace the peculiarities of his character and temperament. He forced himself into society, and neglected his family and his profession, to meet his friend, and he was content to be ridiculed and slighted, so that he could thereby add one page to his journal, or one sentence of writing to his collection. He sometimes sat up three nights in a week to fulfil his task, and hence there is a freshness and truth in his notes and impressions which attest their fidelity. His work introduces us to a great variety of living characters, who speak, walk, and think, as it were, in our presence, and besides furnishing us with useful, affecting, and ennobling lessons of morality, lives over again the past for the delight and entertainment of countless generations of readers.



James Boswell

With a pardonable and engaging egotism, which forms an interesting feature in his character, the historian Gibbon had made several sketches of his own life and studies. From these materials, and embodying *verbatim* the most valuable portions, LORD SHEFFIELD compiled a memoir, which was published with the miscellaneous works of Gibbon in 1795. A number of the historian's letters were also included in this collection, but the most important and interesting part of the work is his journal and diary, giving an account of his literary occupations. The calm unshrinking perseverance and untiring energy of Gibbon form a noble example to all literary students, and where he writes of his own personal history and opinions, his lofty philosophical style never forsakes him. Thus he opens his slight memoir in the following strain —

'A lively desire of knowing and of recording our ancestors so generally prevails, that it must depend on the influence of some common principle in the minds of men. We seem to have lived in the persons of our forefathers; it is the labour and reward of vanity to extend the term of this ideal longevity. Our imagination is always active to enlarge the narrow circle in which nature has confined us.

Fifty or a hundred years may be allotted to an individual, but we step forwards beyond death with such hopes as religion and philosophy will suggest; and we fill up the silent vacancy that precedes our birth, by associating ourselves to the authors of our existence. Our calmer judgment will rather tend to moderate than to suppress the pride of an ancient and worthy race. The satirist may laugh, the philosopher may preach, but reason herself will respect the prejudices and habits which have been consecrated by the experience of mankind.

Gibbon states, that before entering upon the perusal of a book, he wrote down or considered what he knew of the subject, and afterwards examined how much the author had added to his stock of knowledge. A severe test for some authors! From habits like this sprung the *Decline and Fall*.

In 1800 DR JAMES CURRIE (1756-1805) published his edition of the works of Burns for the benefit of the poet's family, and enriched it with an excellent memoir, that has served for the groundwork of many subsequent lives of Burns. The candour and ability displayed by Currie have scarcely been sufficiently appreciated. Such a task was new to him, and was beset with difficulties. He believed that Burns's misfortunes arose chiefly from his errors; he lived at a time when this impression was strongly prevalent—yet he touched on the subject of the poet's frailties with delicacy and tenderness. He estimated his genius highly [illegible] with [illegible] reference to his personal position, and thus in some measure anticipated the more unequivocal award of posterity. His remarks on Scottish poetry, and on the condition of the Scottish peasantry, appear now somewhat prolix and affected; but at the time they were written, they tended to interest and inform the English reader, and to forward the author's benevolent object in extending the sale of the poet's works. Memoirs of Burns have since been written by Mr Lockhart, Mr Allan Cunningham, and various other authors, who have added something and fact to those related by Currie, and new [illegible] disquisitions on the character and genius of Burns. It cannot be said, however, that any of them [illegible] have composed a more able, luminous, or eloquent biography than that of the original editor.

After the death of Cowper in 1800, every poetical reader was anxious to learn the [illegible] and misfortunes of a poet who had [illegible] exquisite glimpses of his own life and habits, and the amiable traits of whose character shone so conspicuously in his verse. His letters and manuscripts were placed at the disposal of Hayley, whose talents as a poet were then greatly overrated, but who had personally known Cowper. According [illegible] Hayley published memoirs of the poet [illegible] correspondence in four volumes. The work was a valuable contribution to English biography. The inimitable letters of Cowper were themselves a treasure beyond price, and Hayley's prose, though often poor enough, was better than his poetry. What the 'hermit of Eartham' left undone has since been supplied by Southey, who in 1835 gave the world an edition of Cowper in fifteen volumes, about three of which are filled with a life and notes. The lives of both Hayley and Southey are written in the style of Mason's memoir, letters being freely interspersed throughout the narrative. Of a similar description, but not to be compared with these in point of interest or execution, is the life of Dr Beattie, by Sir William Forbes, published in 1806, in two volumes.

In the same year LORD HOLLAND published an *Account of the Life and Writings of Lope Felix de Vega*, the celebrated Spanish dramatist. De Vega was one of the most fertile writers upon record: his miscellaneous works fill twenty two quarto volumes, and his dramas twenty five volumes. He died in 1635, aged seventy three. His fame has been eclipsed by abler Spanish writers, but De Vega gave a great impulse to the literature of his nation, and is considered the parent of the continental drama. The amiable and accomplished nobleman who recorded the life of this [illegible] has himself paid the debt of nature. He [illegible] at Holland house, October 23, 1840 [illegible] Lord Holland was [illegible] but Holland house was [illegible] for its hospitality and [illegible] all shades of opinion [illegible]. As a literary man, the [illegible] has left few or no [illegible] that will survive; but he will [illegible] be remembered as a generous [illegible] nobleman, who with princely munificence and varied accomplishments, ever felt a strong interest in the welfare of the great mass of the people, who was an intrepid advocate of popular rights in the most difficult and trying times, and who, amidst all his courtesy and hospitality, held fast his integrity and consistency to the last.

The *Life of Nelson*, by SOUTHEY, published in two small volumes (since [illegible] one) in 1813, [illegible] may be considered [illegible] one of our [illegible] popular biographies. Its merit consists in the clearness and beautiful simplicity of its style, and [illegible] of facts [illegible] all that is unimportant or [illegible]. Mr Southey afterwards published a *Life of Wesley*, the celebrated founder of the Methodists, [illegible] evinces a minute acquaintance with the religious controversies and [illegible] of that period [illegible] the art of [illegible] and effect to his [illegible] sketches of [illegible] and his [illegible] curious and interesting [illegible] excitement. [illegible] lives of [illegible] edited by Dr Lardner.

The most valuable [illegible] biography of this [illegible] is the *Life of John Knox*, by DR THOMAS M'CRIE (1772-1835), a Scottish minister. Dr M'Crie [illegible] with the [illegible] and [illegible] of his [illegible] the most complete [illegible]. He devoted himself to his task as to a great Christian duty, and not only gave a complete account of the principal events of Knox's life, his sentiments, writings, and exertions in the cause [illegible] but illustrated with masterly ability, the whole contemporaneous history of Scotland. Men may differ as to the views taken by Dr M'Crie of some of those subjects, but there can be no variety of opinion as to the talents and learning he displayed. Following up his historical and theological retrospect, the same author afterwards published a life of Andrew Melville, but the subject is less interesting than that of his first biography. He wrote also memoirs of Veitch and Brysson (Scottish ministers, and supporters of the Covenant), and histories of the Reformation in Italy and in Spain. Dr M'Crie published in 1817, a series of papers in the Edinburgh Christian Instructor, containing a vindication of the Covenanters from the distorted view which he believed Sir Walter Scott to have given of them in his tale of Old Mortality. Sir Walter replied anonymously by reviewing his own work in the Quarterly Review! There were faults and absurdities on the side both of the Covenanters and the royalists, but the cavalier predilections of the great novelist

certainly led him to look with more regard on the latter—heartless and cruel as they were—than on the poor persecuted peasants.

The general demand for biographical composition tempted some of our most popular original writers to embark in this delightful department of literature. Southey, as we have seen, was early in the field; and his more distinguished poetical contemporaries, Scott, Moore, and Campbell, also joined. The first, besides his admirable memoirs of Dryden and Swift, prefixed to their works, contributed a series of lives of the English novelists to an edition of their works published by Ballantyne, which he executed with great taste, candour, and discrimination. He afterwards undertook a life of Napoleon Bonaparte, which was at first intended as a counterpart to Southey's Life of Nelson, but ultimately swelled out into nine volumes. The hurried composition of this work, and the habits of the author, accustomed to the dazzling creations of fiction, rather than the sober plodding of historical inquiry and calm investigation, led to many errors and imperfections. It abounds in striking and eloquent passages; the battles of Napoleon are described with great clearness and animation; and the view taken of his character and talents is, on the whole, just and impartial, very different from the manner in which Scott had alluded to Napoleon in his 'Vision of Don Roderick.' The great diffuseness of the style, however, and the want of philosophical analysis, render the life of Napoleon more a brilliant chronicle of scenes and events than a historical memoir worthy the genius of its author.

MR MOORE has published a *Life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan*, 1825; *Notices of the Life of Lord Byron*, 1830; and *Memoirs of Lord Edward Fitzgerald*, 1831. The first of these works is the most valuable; the second the most interesting. The 'Life of Byron,' by its intimate connexion with recent events and living persons, was a duty of very delicate and difficult performance. This was farther increased by the freedom and licentiousness of the poet's opinions and conduct, and by the versatility or *mobility* of his mind, which changed with every passing impulse and impression. 'As well,' says Mr Moore, 'from the precipitance with which he gave way to every impulse, as from the passion he had for recording his own impressions, all those heterogeneous thoughts, fantasies, and desires that, in other men's minds, "come like shadows, so depart," were by him fixed and embodied as they presented themselves, and at once taking a shape cognizable by public opinion, either in his actions or his words, in the hasty letter of the moment, or the poem for all time, laid open such a range of vulnerable points before his judges, as no one individual ever before, of himself, presented.' Byron left ample materials for his biographer. His absence from England, and his desire 'to keep the minds of the English public for ever occupied about him—if not with his merits, with his faults; if not in applauding, in blaming him,' led him to maintain a regular correspondence with Mr Moore and his publisher Mr Murray. He also kept a journal, and recorded memoranda of his opinions, his reading, &c. something in the style of Burns. His letters are rich and varied, but too often display an affectation of wit and smartness, and a still worse ambition of appearing more profligate than he was in reality. Byron had written memoirs of his own life, which he presented to Mr Moore, and which were placed by the latter at the disposal of Mrs Leigh, the noble poet's sister and executor, but which they, from a sense of what they thought due to his memory, consigned to the flames. The loss of the manuscript is not to be regretted, for much of it could never have been published, and all that was valuable was repeated in the journals and memorandum-books. Mr Moore's 'Notices' are written with taste and modesty, and in very pure and unaffected English. As an editor he preserved too much of what was worthless and unimportant; as a biographer he was too indulgent to the faults of his hero; yet who could have wished a friend to dwell on the errors of Byron?

MR CAMPBELL, besides the biographies in his *Specimens of the Poets*, has published a *Life of Mrs Siddons*, the distinguished actress, and a *Life of Petrarch*. The latter is homely and earnest, though on a romantic and fanciful subject. There is a *reality* about Campbell's biographies quite distinct from what might be expected to emanate from the imaginative poet.

The lives of *Burke* and *Goldsmith*, in two volumes each, by MR JAMES PRIOR, are examples of patient diligence and research, prompted by national feelings and admiration. Goldsmith had been dead half a century before the inquiries of his countryman and biographer began, yet he has collected a vast number of new facts, and placed the amiable and amusing poet in full length and in full dress (quoting even his tailors' bills) before the public.

Amongst other additions to our standard biography may be mentioned the *Life of Lord Clive*, by SIR JOHN MALCOLM; and the *Life of Lord Clarendon*, by MR T. H. LISTER. The *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh*, by MR PATRICK FRASER TYTLER (published in one volume in the Edinburgh Cabinet Library), is also valuable for its able defence of that adventurous and interesting personage, and for its careful digest of state papers and contemporaneous events. Free access to all public documents and libraries is now easily obtained, and there is no lack of desire on the part of authors to prosecute, or of the public to reward these researches. A *Life of Lord William Russell*, by LORD JOHN RUSSELL, is enriched with information from the family papers at Woburn Abbey; and from a similarly authentic private source, LORD NUGENT has written *Memoirs of Hampden*. *The Life, Journals, and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys*, by the REV. J. SMITH, records the successful career of the secretary to the Admiralty in the reigns of Charles II. and James II., and comprises a Diary kept by Pepys for about ten years, which is one of the most curiously minute and gossiping journals in the language.

While the most careful investigation is directed towards our classic authors—Shakspeare, Milton, Spenser, Chaucer, &c. forming each the subject of numerous memoirs—scarcely a person of the least note has been suffered to depart without the honours of biography. The present century has amply atoned for any want of curiosity on the part of former generations, and there is some danger that this taste or passion may be carried too far. Memoirs of 'persons of quality'—of wits, dramatists, artists, and actors, appear every season. Authors have become as familiar to us as our personal associates. Shy retired men like Charles Lamb, and dreamy recluses like Coleridge, have been portrayed in all their strength and weakness. We have lives of Shelley, of Keats, Hazlitt, Hannah More, Mrs Hemans, Mrs Maclean (L. E. L.), of James Smith (one of the authors of 'The Rejected Addresses'), of Monk Lewis, Hayley, and many authors of less distinction. In this influx of biographies, worthless materials are often elevated for a day, and the gratification of a prurient curiosity or idle love of gossip is more aimed at than literary excellence or sound instruction. The error, however, is one on the [illegible]

side. 'Better,' says the traditional maxim of English law, 'that nine guilty men should escape than that one innocent man should suffer'—and better, say we, that nine useless lives should be written than that one valuable one should be neglected. The chaff is easily winnowed from the wheat; and even in the memoirs of comparatively insignificant persons, some precious truth, some lesson of dear-bought experience, may be found treasured up for 'a life beyond life.' In what may be termed professional biography, facts and principles not known to the general reader are often conveyed. In lives like those of Sir Samuel Romilly, Mr Wilberforce, Mr Francis Horner, and Jeremy Bentham, new light is thrown on the characters of public men, and on the motives and sources of public events. Statesmen, lawyers, and philosophers both act and are acted upon by the age in which they live, and, to be useful, their biography should be copious. In the life of Sir Humphry Davy by his brother, and of James Watt by M. Arago, we have many interesting facts connected with the progress of scientific discovery and improvement; and in the lives of Curran, Grattan, and Sir James Mackintosh (each in two volumes), by their sons, the public history of the country is illustrated. Sir John Barrow's lives of Howe and Anson are excellent specimens of naval biography; and we have also lengthy memoirs of Lord St Vincent, Lord Collingwood, Sir Thomas Munro, Sir John Moore, Sir David Baird, Lord Exmouth, Lord Keppel, &c. On the subject of biography in general, we quote with pleasure an observation of Mr Carlyle:—

'If an individual is really of consequence enough to have his life and character recorded for public remembrance, we have always been of opinion that the public ought to be made acquainted with all the inward springs and relations of his character. How did the world and man's life, from his particular position, represent themselves to his mind? How did co-existing circumstances modify him from without—how did he modify these from within? With what endeavours and what efficacy rule over them? with what resistance and what suffering sink under them? In one word, what and how produced was the effect of society on him? what and how produced was his effect on society? He who should answer these questions in regard to any individual, would, as we believe, furnish a model of perfection in biography. Few individuals, indeed, can deserve such a study; and many lives will be written, and, for the gratification of innocent curiosity, ought to be written, and read, and forgotten, which are not in this sense biographies.'

Fulfilling this high destiny, and answering its severe conditions, Boswell's life of Johnson is undoubtedly the most valuable biography we possess. Moore's Byron, the life of Crabbe by his son, Lockhart's Burns, and the life of Bentham by Dr Bowring, are also cast in the same mould; but the work which approaches nearest to it is Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott, an elaborate biography, published in 1838, in seven large volumes. The near relationship of the author to his subject might have blinded his judgment, yet the life is written in a fair and manly spirit, without either suppressions or misstatements that could alter its essential features. Into the controversial points of the memoir we shall not enter: the author has certainly paid too little deference and regard to the feelings of several individuals; and in the whole of his conclusions with regard to the Messrs Ballantyne, and indeed on the whole question as to the parties chiefly blameable for Scott's ruin, we believe him to have been wrong; yet far more than enough remains to enable us to overlook these blemishes. The fearless confidence with which all that he knew and believed is laid before the public, and Scott presented to the world exactly as he was in life—in his schemes of worldly ambition as in his vast literary undertakings—is greatly to be admired, and will in time gather its meed of praise. The book, in the main, exhibits a sound and healthy spirit, calculated to exercise a great influence on contemporary literature. As an example and guide in real life, in doing and in suffering, it is equally valuable. 'The more the details of Scott's personal history are revealed and studied, the more powerfully will that be found to inculcate the same great lessons with his works. Where else shall we be better taught how prosperity may be extended by beneficence, and adversity confronted by exertion? Where can we see the "follies of the wise" more strikingly rebuked, and a character more beautifully purified and exalted than in the passage through affliction to death? His character seems to belong to some elder and stronger period than ours; and, indeed, I cannot help likening it to the architectural fabrics of other ages which he most delighted in, where there is such a congregation of imagery and tracery, such endless indulgence of whim and fancy, the sublime blending here with the beautiful, and there contrasted with the grotesque—half perhaps seen in the clear daylight, and half by rays tinged with the blazoned forms of the past—that one may be apt to get bewildered among the variety of particular impressions, and not feel either the unity of the grand design, or the height and solidness of the structure, until the door has been closed on the labyrinth of aisles and shrines, and you survey it from a distance, but still within its shadow.'*

We have enumerated the most original biographical works of this period, but a complete list of all the memoirs, historical and literary, that have appeared, would fill pages. Two general biographical dictionaries have also been published, one in ten volumes quarto, published between the years 1799 and 1815 by Dr Aikin; and another in thirty-two volumes octavo, re-edited, with great additions, between 1812 and 1816 by Mr Alexander Chalmers. An excellent epitome was published in 1828, in two large volumes, by John Gorton. In Lardner's Cyclopædia, Murray's Family Library, and the publications of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, are some valuable short biographies by authors of established reputation. The Lives of the Scottish Poets have been published by Mr David Irving, and a Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen by Mr Robert Chambers, in four volumes octavo. A more extended and complete general biographical dictionary than any which has yet appeared is at present in the course of publication, under the auspices of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

METAPHYSICAL WRITERS.

We have no profound *original* metaphysician in this period, but some rich and elegant commentators. PROFESSOR DUGALD STEWART expounded and illustrated the views of his distinguished teacher Dr Reid: and by his essays and treatises, no less than by his lectures, gave additional grace and popularity to the system. Mr Stewart was the son of Dr Matthew Stewart, professor of mathematics in the university of Edinburgh, and was born in the college buildings, November 22, 1753. At the early age of nineteen he undertook to teach his father's mathematical classes, and in two years was appointed his assistant and successor. A more congenial open-

* Lockhart's Life, vol. vii. p. 417.

ing occurred for him in 1780, when Dr Adam Fergusson retired from the moral philosophy chair. Stewart was appointed his successor, and continued to discharge the duties of the office till 1810, when Dr Thomas Brown was conjoined with him as colleague. The latter years of his life were spent in literary retirement at Kinneil House, on the banks of the Firth of Forth, about twenty miles from Edinburgh. His political friends, when in office in 1806, created for him the sinecure office of Gazette writer for Scotland, with a salary of £600 per annum. Mr Stewart died in Edinburgh on the 11th of June 1828. No lecturer was ever more popular than Dugald Stewart: his taste, dignity, and eloquence rendered him both fascinating and impressive. His writings are marked by the same characteristics, and can be read with pleasure even by those who have no great partiality for the metaphysical studies in which he excelled. They consist of *Philosophy of the Human Mind*, one volume of which was published in 1792, a second in 1813, and a third in 1827; also *Philosophical Essays*, 1810; a *Dissertation on the Progress of Metaphysical and Ethical Philosophy*, written in 1815 for the Encyclopædia; and a *View of the Active and Moral Powers of Man*, published only a few weeks before his death. Mr Stewart also published *Outlines of Moral Philosophy*, and wrote memoirs of Robertson the historian, and Dr Reid. 'All the years I remained about Edinburgh,' says Mr James Mill, himself an able metaphysician, 'I used, as often as I could, to steal into Mr Stewart's class to hear a lecture, which was always a high treat. I have heard Pitt and Fox deliver some of their most admired speeches; but I never heard anything nearly so eloquent as some of the lectures of Professor Stewart. The taste for the studies which have formed my favourite pursuits, and which will be so to the end of my life, I owe to him.'

DR THOMAS BROWN (1778–1820), the successor of Stewart in the moral philosophy chair of Edinburgh, was son of the Rev. Samuel Brown, minister of Kirkmabreck, in Galloway. His taste for metaphysics was excited by the perusal of Professor Stewart's first volume, a copy of which had been lent to him by Dr Currie of Liverpool. He appeared as an author before his twentieth year, his first work being a *Review of Dr Darwin's Zoonomia*. On the establishment of the Edinburgh Review, he became one of the philosophical contributors; and when a controversy arose in regard to Mr Leslie, who had, in his essay on heat, stated his approbation of Hume's theory of causation, Brown warmly espoused the cause of the philosopher, and vindicated his opinions in an *Inquiry into the Relation of Cause and Effect*. At this time our author practised as a physician, but without any predilection for his profession. His appointment to the chair of moral philosophy seems to have fulfilled his destiny, and he continued to discharge its duties amidst universal approbation and respect till his death. Part of his leisure was devoted to the cultivation of a talent, or rather taste, for poetry, which he early entertained; and he published *The Paradise of Coquettes*, 1814, *The Wanderer of Norway*, 1815, and *The Bower of Spring*, 1816. Though correct and elegant, with occasionally fine thoughts and images, the poetry of Dr Brown wants force and passion, and is now utterly forgotten. As a philosopher he was acute and searching, and a master of the power of analysis. His style wants the rich redundancy of that of Dugald Stewart, but is also enlivened with many eloquent passages, in which there is often a large infusion of the tenderest feeling. He quoted largely from the poets, especially Akenside, and was sometimes too flowery in his illustrations. His *Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind* are highly popular, and form a class-book in the university. In some of his views Dr Brown differed from Reid and Stewart. His distinctions have been pronounced somewhat hypercritical; but Mackintosh considers that he rendered a new and important service to mental science by what he calls 'secondary laws of suggestion or association—circumstances which modify the action of the general law, and must be distinctly considered, in order to explain its connection with the phenomena.'

[*Desire of the Happiness of Others.*]

[From Dr Brown's Lectures.]

It is this desire of the happiness of those whom we love, which gives to the emotion of love itself its principal delight, by affording to us constant means of gratification. He who truly wishes the happiness of any one, cannot be long without discovering some mode of contributing to it. Reason itself, with all its light, is not so rapid in discoveries of this sort as simple affection, which sees means of happiness, and of important happiness, where reason scarcely could think that any happiness was to be found, and has already by many kind offices produced the happiness of hours before reason could have suspected that means so slight could have given even a moment's pleasure. It is this, indeed, which contributes in no inconsiderable degree to the perpetuity of affection. Love, the mere feeling of tender admiration, would in many cases have soon lost its power over the fickle heart, and in many other cases would have had its power greatly lessened, if the desire of giving happiness, and the innumerable little courtesies and cares to which this desire gives birth, had not thus in a great measure diffused over a single passion the variety of many emotions. The love itself seems new at every moment, because there is every moment some new wish of love that admits of being gratified, or rather it is at once, by the most delightful of all combinations, new, in the tender wishes and cares with which it occupies us, and familiar to us, and endeared the more by the remembrance of hours and years of well-known happiness.

The desire of the happiness of others, though a desire always attendant on love, does not, however, necessarily suppose the previous existence of some one of those emotions which may strictly be termed love. This feeling is so far from arising necessarily from regard for the sufferer, that it is impossible for us not to feel it when the suffering is extreme, and before our very eyes, though we may at the same time have the utmost abhorrence of him who is agonizing in our sight, and whose very look, even in its agony, still seems to speak only that atrocious spirit which could again gladly perpetrate the very horrors for which public indignation, as much as public justice, had doomed it to its dreadful fate. It is sufficient that extreme anguish is before us; we wish it relief before we have paused to love, or without reflecting on our causes of hatred; the wish is the direct and instant emotion of our soul in these circumstances—an emotion which, in such peculiar circumstances, it is impossible for hatred to suppress, and which love may strengthen indeed, but is not necessary for producing. It is the same with our general desire of happiness to others. We desire, in a particular degree, the happiness of those whom we love, because we cannot think of them without tender admiration. But though we had known them for the first time simply as human beings, we should still have desired their happiness; that is to say, if no opposite interests had arisen, we should have wished them to be happy rather than to have any distress; yet there is nothing in this case which can-

responds with the tender esteem that is felt in love. There is the mere wish of happiness to them—a wish which itself, indeed, is usually denominated love, and which may without any inconvenience be so denominated in that general humanity which we call a love of mankind, but which we must always remember does not afford, on analysis, the same results as other affections of more cordial regard to which we give the same name. To love a friend is to wish his happiness indeed, but it is to have other emotions at the same instant, emotions without which this mere wish would be poor to constitute friendship. To love the natives of Asia or Africa, of whose individual virtues or vices, talents or imbecility, wisdom or ignorance, we know nothing, is to wish their happiness, but this wish is all which constitutes the faint and feeble love. It is a wish, however, which, unless when the heart is absolutely corrupted, renders it impossible for man to be wholly indifferent to man; and this great object is that which nature had in view. She has by a provident arrangement, which we cannot but admire the more the more attentively we examine it, accommodated our emotions to our means, making our love most ardent where our wish of giving happiness might be most effectual, and less gradually and less in proportion to our diminished means. From the affection of the mother for her new-born infant, which has been rendered the strongest of all affections, because it was to arise in circumstances where affection would be most needed, to that general philanthropy which extends itself to the remotest savage, on spots of the earth which we never are to visit, and which we as little think of ever visiting as of exploring any of the distant planets of our system, there is a scale of benevolent desire which corresponds with the necessities to be relieved, and our power of relieving them, or with the happiness to be afforded, and our power of affording happiness. How many opportunities have we of giving delight to those who live in our domestic circle, which would be lost before we could diffuse it to those who are distant from us! Our love, therefore, our desire of giving happiness, our pleasure in having given it, are stronger within the limits of this sphere of daily and hourly intercourse than beyond it. Of those who are beyond this sphere, the individuals most familiar to us are those whose happiness we must always know better how to promote than the happiness of strangers, with whose particular habits and inclinations we are little acquainted. Our love, and the desire of general happiness which attends it, are therefore, by the concurrence of many constitutional tendencies of our nature in fostering the generous wish, stronger as felt for an intimate friend than for one who is merely known to us. If there be an exception to this general scale of importance according to intimacy, it must be in the case of one who is absolutely a stranger,—a foreigner who comes among a people with whose general manners he is perhaps unacquainted, and who has no friend to whose attention he can lay claim from any prior intimacy. In this case, indeed, it is evident that our benevolence might be more usefully directed to one who is absolutely unknown, than to many who are better known by us, that live in our very neighbourhood, in the enjoyment of domestic loves and friendships of their own. Accordingly we find, that by a provision which might be termed singular, if we did not think of the universal bounty and wisdom of God—a modification of our general regard has been prepared in a sympathetic tendency of our nature for this case also. There is a species of affection to which the stranger gives birth merely as being a stranger. He is received and sheltered by our hospitality almost with the zeal with which our friendship delights to receive one with whom we have lived in cordial union, whose virtues we know and revere, and whose kindness has been to us no small part of the happiness of our life.

Is it possible to perceive this general proportion of our desire of giving happiness, in its various degrees, to the means which we possess, in various circumstances, of affording it, without admiration of an arrangement so simple in the principles from which it flows, and at the same time so effectual—an arrangement which exhibits proofs of goodness in our very wants, of wisdom in our very weaknesses, by the adaptation of these to each other, and by the ready resources which want and weakness find in these affections which everywhere surround them, like the presence and protection of God himself?

'O humanity!' exclaims Philocles in the Travels of Anacharsis, 'generous and sublime inclination, announced in infancy by the transports of a simple tenderness, in youth by the rashness of a blind but happy confidence, in the whole progress of life by the facility with which the heart is ever ready to contract attachment! O cries of nature! which resound from one extremity of the universe to the other, which fill us with remorse when we oppress a single human being, with a pure delight when we have been able to give one comfort! love, friendship, beneficence, sources of a pleasure that is inexhaustible! Men are unhappy only because they refuse to listen to your voice; and, ye divine authors of so many blessings! what gratitude do these blessings demand! If all which was given to man had been a mere instinct, that led beings overwhelmed with wants and evils, to lend to each other a reciprocal support, this might have been sufficient to bring the miserable near to the miserable; but it is only a goodness, infinite as yours, which could have formed the design of assembling us together by the attraction of love, and of diffusing, through the great associations which cover the earth, that vital warmth which renders society eternal by rendering it delightful.'

The Discourse on Ethical Philosophy (already alluded to) by SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH, and his review of Madame de Staël's Germany in the Edinburgh Review, unfold some interesting speculations on moral science. He agrees with Butler, Stewart, and the most eminent preceding moralists, in admitting the supremacy of the moral sentiments; but he proceeds a step further in the analysis of them. He attempts to explain the origin and growth of the moral faculty or principle, derived from Hartley's Theory of Association, and insists repeatedly on the value of utility, or beneficial tendency, as the great test or criterion of moral action. Some of the positions in Mackintosh's Discourse were combated with unnecessary and unphilosophical asperity by JAMES MILL, author of the able *Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind* (1829), in an anonymous *Fragment on Mackintosh*. Mill was a bold and original thinker, but somewhat coarse and dogmatical. Among the recent works on mental philosophy may be mentioned *Abercrombie's Inquiry into the Intellectual Powers*, and his *Philosophy of the Moral Feelings*. A *Treatise on the Formation and Publication of Opinions*, by MR BAILEY, follows out some of the views of Dr Brown in elegant and striking language. The *Essay on the Nature and Principles of Taste*, by the REV ARCHIBALD ALISON, is an elegant metaphysical treatise, though the doctrine which it aims at establishing partakes of the character of a paradox, and has accordingly failed to enter into the stock of our established ideas. The theory of Alison is, that material objects appear beautiful or sublime in consequence of their association with our moral feelings—that it is as they are significant of mental qualities that they become entitled to these appellations. This theory was ably illustrated by Mr Jeffrey in the Edinburgh Review.

in a paper which was afterwards expanded into an Essay on Beauty for the Encyclopædia Britannica. The book and the essay can now only be considered as remarkable examples of that misapplication of talent and labour which is incidental to the infancy of science—the time of its dreams.

The Scottish metaphysical school, of which Stewart, Brown, and Alison may be said to have been the last masters, will ever hold a high place in public estimation for the qualities which have been attributed to it; but it must be owned to have failed in producing any permanent impression on mankind; nor have we been brought by all its labours nearer to a just knowledge of mind as the subject of a science. The cause of this assuredly is, that none of these writers have investigated mind as a portion of nature, or in connexion with organization. Since the Scottish school began to pass out of immediate notice, this more philosophical mode of inquiry has been pursued by Dr Gall and his followers, with results which, though they have excited much prejudice, are nevertheless received by a considerable portion of the public. The leading doctrines of Gall are, that the brain is the organ of the mind, that various portions of the encephalon are the organs of various faculties of the mind, and that volume or size of the whole brain and its various parts is, other circumstances being equal, the measure of the powers of the mind and its various faculties in individuals. This system is founded upon observation—that is to say, it was found that large brains, unless when of inferior quality, or in an abnormal condition, were accompanied by superior intellect and force of character; also that, in a vast number of instances which were accurately noticed, a large development of a special part of the brain was accompanied by an unusual demonstration of a certain mental character, and never by the opposite. From these demonstrations the fundamental character of the various faculties was at length eliminated. Thus it happens that phrenology, as this system has been called, while looked on by many as a dream, is the only hypothesis of mind in which scientific processes of investigation have been followed, or for which a basis can be shown in nature. Among the British followers of Gall, the chief place is due to Mr George Combe of Edinburgh, author of a *System of Phrenology*, *The Constitution of Man Considered in Relation to External Objects*, &c.

[*Distinction between Power and Activity.*]

[From the 'System of Phrenology.']

There is a great distinction between power and activity of mind; and it is important to keep this difference in view. Power, strictly speaking, is the capability of thinking, feeling, or perceiving, however small in amount that capability may be; and in this sense it is synonymous with faculty: action is the exercise of power; while activity denotes the quickness, great or small, with which the action is performed, and also the degree of proneness to act. The distinction between power, action, and activity of the mental faculties, is widely recognized by describers of human nature. Thus Cowper says of the more violent affective faculties of man:—

'His passions, like the watery stores that sleep
Beneath the smiling surface of the deep,
Wait but the lashes of a wintry storm,
To frown, and roar, and shake his feeble form.'—*Hope.*

Again:—

'In every heart
Are sown the sparks that kindle fiery war;
Occasion needs but fan them, and they blaze.'
—*The Task*, B. 5.

Dr Thomas Brown, in like manner, speaks of latent propensities; that is to say, powers not in action. 'Vice already formed,' says he, 'is almost beyond our power: it is only in the state of latent propensity that we can with much reason expect to overcome it by the moral motives which we are capable of presenting:' and he alludes to the great extent of knowledge of human nature requisite to enable us 'to distinguish this propensity before it has expanded itself, and even before it is known to the very mind in which it exists, and to tame those passions which are never to rage.' In Crabbe's Tales of the Hall a character is thus described:—

'He seemed without a passion to proceed,
Or one whose passions no correction need;
Yet some believed those passions only slept,
And were in bounds by early habit kept.'

'Nature,' says Lord Bacon, 'will be buried a great time, and yet revive upon the occasion or temptation; like as it was with Æsop's damsel, turned from a cat to a woman, who sat very demurely at the board's end till a mouse ran before her.' In short, it is plain that we may have the capability of feeling an emotion—as anger fear, or pity—and that yet this power may be inactive, insomuch that, at any particular time, these emotions may be totally absent from the mind; and it is no less plain, that we may have the capability of seeing, tasting, calculating, reasoning, and composing music, without actually performing these operations.

It is equally easy to distinguish activity from action and power. When power is exercised, the action may be performed with very different degrees of rapidity. Two individuals may each be solving a problem in arithmetic, but one may do so with far greater quickness than the other; in other words, his faculty of Number may be more easily brought into action. He who solves abstruse problems slowly, manifests much power with little activity; while he who can quickly solve easy problems, and them alone, has much activity with little power. The man who calculates difficult problems with great speed, manifests in a high degree both power and activity of the faculty of Number.

As commonly employed, the word power is synonymous with strength, or much power, instead of denoting mere capacity, whether much or little, to act; while by activity is usually understood much quickness of action, and great proneness to act. As it is desirable, however, to avoid every chance of ambiguity, I shall employ the words power and activity in the sense first before explained; and to high degrees of power I shall apply the terms energy, intensity, strength, or vigour; while to great activity I shall apply the terms vivacity, agility, rapidity, or quickness.

In physics, strength is quite distinguishable from quickness. The balance-wheel of a watch moves with much rapidity, but so slight is its impetus, that a hair would suffice to stop it; the beam of a steam-engine progresses slowly and massively through space, but its energy is prodigiously great.

In muscular action these qualities are recognized with equal facility as different. The greyhound bounds over hill and dale with animated agility; but a slight obstacle would counterbalance his momentum, and arrest his progress. The elephant, on the other hand, rolls slowly and heavily along; but the impetus of his motion would sweep away an impediment sufficient to resist fifty greyhounds at the summit of their speed.

In mental manifestations (considered apart from organization), the distinction between energy and vivacity is equally palpable. On the stage Mrs Siddons and Mr John Kemble were remarkable for the solemn deliberation of their manner, both in declama-

tion and in action, and yet they were splendidly gifted with energy. They carried captive at once the sympathies and the understanding of the audience, and made every man feel his faculties expanding, and his whole mind becoming greater under the influence of their power. Other performers, again, are remarkable for agility of action and elocution, who, nevertheless, are felt to be feeble and ineffective in rousing an audience to emotion. Vivacity is their distinguishing attribute, with an absence of vigour. At the bar, in the pulpit, and in the senate, the same distinction prevails. Many members of the learned professions display great fluency of elocution and felicity of illustration, surprising us with the quickness of their parts, who, nevertheless, are felt to be neither impressive nor profound. They exhibit acuteness without depth, and ingenuity without comprehensiveness of understanding. This also proceeds from vivacity with little energy. There are other public speakers, again, who open heavily in debate—their faculties acting slowly but deeply, like the first heave of a mountain wave. Their words fall like minute guns upon the ear, and to the superficial they appear about to terminate ere they have begun their efforts. But even their first accent is one of power; it rouses and arrests attention; their very pauses are expressive, and indicate gathering energy to be embodied in the sentence that is to come. When fully animated, they are impetuous as the torrent, brilliant as the lightning's beam, and overwhelm and take possession of feebler minds, impressing them irresistibly with a feeling of gigantic power.

The distinction between vivacity and energy is well illustrated by Cowper in one of his letters. 'The mind and body,' says he, 'have in this respect a striking resemblance of each other. In childhood they are both nimble, but not strong; they can skip and frisk about with wonderful agility, but hard labour spoils them both. In maturer years they become less active but more vigorous, more capable of fixed application, and can make themselves sport with that which a little earlier would have affected them with intolerable fatigue.' Dr Charlton also, in his Brief Discourse Concerning the Different Wits of Men, has admirably described two characters, in one of which strength is displayed without vivacity, and in the other vivacity without strength: the latter he calls the man of 'nimble wit,' the former the man of 'slow but sure wit.' In this respect the French character may be contrasted with the Scotch.

As a general rule, the largest organs in each head have naturally the greatest, and the smallest the least, tendency to act, and to perform their functions with rapidity.

The temperaments also indicate the amount of this tendency. The nervous is the most vivacious, next the sanguine, then the bilious, while the lymphatic is characterised by proneness to inaction.

In a lymphatic brain, great size may be present and few manifestations occur through sluggishness; but if a strong external stimulus be presented, energy often appears. If the brain be very small, no degree of stimulus, either external or internal, will cause great power to be manifested.

A certain combination of organs—namely, Combativeness, Destructiveness, Hope, Firmness, Acquisitiveness, and Love of Approbation all large—is favourable to general vivacity of mind; and another combination—namely, Combativeness, Destructiveness, Hope, Firmness, and Acquisitiveness, small or moderate, with Veneration and Benevolence large—is frequently attended with sluggishness of the mental character; but the activity of the whole brain is constitutionally greater in some individuals than in others, as already explained. It may even happen that, in the same individual, one organ is naturally more active than another, without reference to size, just as the optic nerve is sometimes more irritable than the auditory, but this is by no means a common occurrence. Exercise greatly increases activity as well as power, and hence arise the benefits of education. Dr Spurzheim thinks that 'long fibres produce more activity, and thick fibres more intensity.'

The doctrine, that size is a measure of power, is not to be held as implying that much power is the only or even the most valuable quality which a mind in all circumstances can possess. To drag artillery over a mountain, or a ponderous wain through the streets of London, we would prefer an elephant or a horse of great size and muscular power; while, for graceful motion, agility, and nimbleness, we would select an Arabian palfrey. In like manner, to lead men in gigantic and difficult enterprises—to command by native greatness, in perilous times, when law is trampled under foot—to call forth the energies of a people, and direct them against a tyrant at home, or an alliance of tyrants abroad—to stamp the impress of a single mind upon a nation—to infuse strength into thoughts, and depth into feelings, which shall command the homage of enlightened men in every age—in short, to be a Bruce, Bonaparte, Luther, Knox, Demosthenes, Shakspeare, Milton, or Cromwell—a large brain is indispensably requisite. But to display skill, enterprise, and fidelity in the various [illegible] with success the less arduous [illegible] of philosophy—to excel in acuteness, taste, and felicity of expression—to acquire [illegible] and refined manners—a brain of moderate [illegible] perhaps more suitable than one that is very large; for wherever the energy is intense, it is rare that delicacy, refinement, and taste are present in an equal degree. Individuals possessing moderate[illegible] fill their proper sphere, and [illegible] for all their [illegible] in ordinary circumstances they distinguish themselves, but they [illegible] Persons with large brains, on the other hand, do not readily attain their appropriate place; common occurrences [illegible] them forth, and, while unknown, they are not trusted with great undertakings. Often, therefore, such men pine and die in obscurity. When, however, they attain their proper element, they are conscious of greatness, and glory in the exercise of their powers. Their mental energies [illegible] the obstacles to be surmounted, and blaze forth in all the magnificence of self-sustaining energetic genius, on occasions when feebler minds would sink in despair.

WRITERS IN DIVINITY.

Critical and biblical literature have made great progress within the last half century, but the number of illustrious divines is not great. The early fathers of the Protestant church had indeed done so much in general theology and practical divinity, that comparatively little was left to their successors.

DR PALEY.

The greatest divine of the period is DR WILLIAM PALEY, a man of remarkable vigour and clearness of intellect, and originality of character. His acquirements as a scholar and churchman were grafted on a homely, shrewd, and benevolent nature, which no circumstances could materially alter. There was no doubt or obscurity either about the man or his works: he stands out in bold relief among his brother divines, like a sturdy oak on a lawn or parterre—a little hard and cross-grained, but sound, fresh, and massive—dwarfing his neighbours with his weight and bulk, and intrinsic excellence.

He shall be like a tree that grows
Near planted by a river,
Which in his season yields his fruit,
And his leaf fadeth never.

So says our old version of the Psalms with respect to the fate of a righteous man, and Paley was a righteous man whose mind yielded precious fruit, and whose leaves will never fade. This excellent author was born at Peterborough in 1743. His father was afterwards curate of Giggleswick, Yorkshire, and teacher of the grammar-school there. At the age of fifteen he was entered as sizar at Christ's college, Cambridge, and after completing his academical course, he became tutor in an academy at Greenwich. As soon as he was of sufficient age, he was ordained to be assistant curate of Greenwich. He was afterwards elected a fellow of his college, and went thither to reside, engaging first as tutor. He next lectured in the university on moral philosophy and the Greek Testament. His college friend, Dr Law, bishop of Carlisle, presented him with the rectory of Musgrave, in Westmoreland, and he removed to his country charge, worth only £80 per annum. He was soon inducted into the vicarage of Dalston, in Cumberland, to a prebend's stall in Carlisle cathedral, and also to the archdeaconry of Carlisle. In 1785 appeared his long-meditated *Elements of Moral and Political Philosophy*; in 1790 his *Horæ Paulinæ*; and in 1794 his *View of the Evidences of Christianity*. Friends and preferment now crowded in on him. The bishop of London (Porteous) made him a prebend of St Paul's; the bishop of Lincoln presented him with the sub-deanery of Lincoln; and the bishop of Durham gave him the rectory of Bishop-Wearmouth, worth about a thousand pounds per annum—and all these within six months, the luckiest half-year of his life. The boldness and freedom of some of Paley's disquisitions on government, and perhaps a deficiency, real or supposed, in personal dignity, and some laxness, as well as an inveterate provincial homeliness, in conversation, prevented his rising to the bench of bishops. When his name was once mentioned to George III., the monarch is reported to have said 'Paley! what, *pigeon Paley?*'—an allusion to a famous sentence in the 'Moral and Political Philosophy' on property. As a specimen of his style of reasoning, and the liveliness of his illustrations, we subjoin this passage, which is part of an estimate of the relative duties of men in society:—

Of Property.

If you should see a flock of pigeons in a field of corn, and if (instead of each picking where and what it liked, taking just as much as it wanted, and no more) you should see ninety-nine of them gathering all they got into a heap, reserving nothing for themselves but the chaff and the refuse, keeping this heap for one, and that the weakest, perhaps worst pigeon of the flock; sitting round, and looking on all the winter, whilst this one was devouring, throwing about and wasting it; and if a pigeon, more hardy or hungry than the rest, touched a grain of the hoard, all the others instantly flying upon it and tearing it to pieces; if you should see this, you would see nothing more than what is every day practised and established among men. Among men you see the ninety-and-nine toiling and scraping together a heap of superfluities for one (and this one too, oftentimes, the feeblest and worst of the whole set—a child, a woman, a madman, or a fool), getting nothing for themselves all the while but a little of the coarsest of the provision which their own industry produces; looking quietly on while they see the fruits of all their labour spent or spoiled; and if one of the number take or touch a particle of the hoard, the others joining against him, and hanging him for the theft.

There must be some very important advantages to account for an institution which, in the view of it above given, is so paradoxical and unnatural.

The principal of these advantages are the following:—

I. It increases the produce of the earth.

The earth, in climates like ours, produces little without cultivation; and none would be found willing to cultivate the ground, if others were to be admitted to an equal share of the produce. The same is true of the care of flocks and herds of tame animals.

Crabs and acorns, red deer, rabbits, game, and fish, are all which we should have to subsist upon in this country, if we trusted to the spontaneous productions of the soil; and it fares not much better with other countries. A nation of North American savages, consisting of two or three hundred, will take up and be half-starved upon a tract of land which in Europe, and with European management, would be sufficient for the maintenance of as many thousands.

In some fertile soils, together with great abundance of fish upon their coasts, and in regions where clothes are unnecessary, a considerable degree of population may subsist without property in land, which is the case in the islands of Otaheite: but in less favoured situations, as in the country of New Zealand, though this sort of property obtain in a small degree, the inhabitants, for want of a more secure and regular establishment of it, are driven oftentimes by the scarcity of provision to devour one another.

II. It preserves the produce of the earth to maturity.

We may judge what would be the effects of a community of right to the productions of the earth, from the trifling specimens which we see of it at present. A cherry-tree in a hedgerow, nuts in a wood, the grass of an unstinted pasture, are seldom of much advantage to anybody, because people do not wait for the proper season of reaping them. Corn, if any were sown, would never ripen; lambs and calves would never grow up to sheep and cows, because the first person that met them would reflect that he had better take them as they are than leave them for another.

III. It prevents contests.

War and waste, tumult and confusion, must be unavoidable and eternal where there is not enough for all, and where there are no rules to adjust the division.

IV. It improves the conveniency of living.

This it does two ways. It enables mankind to divide themselves into distinct professions, which is impossible, unless a man can exchange the productions of his own art for what he wants from others, and exchange implies property. Much of the advantage of civilised over savage life depends upon this. When a man is, from necessity, his own tailor, tentmaker, carpenter, cook, huntsman, and fisherman, it is not probable that he will be expert at any of his callings. Hence the rude habitations, furniture, clothing, and implements of savages, and the tedious length of time which all their operations require.

It likewise encourages those arts by which the accommodations of human life are supplied, by appropriating to the artist the benefit of his discoveries and improvements, without which appropriation ingenuity will never be exerted with effect.

Upon these several accounts we may venture, with a few exceptions, to pronounce that even the poorest and the worst provided, in countries where property and the consequences of property prevail, are in a better situation with respect to food, raiment, houses, and what are called the necessaries of life, than any are in places where most things remain in common.

The balance, therefore, upon the whole, must preponderate in favour of property with a manifest and great excess.

Inequality of property, in the degree in which it exists in most countries of Europe, abstractedly considered, is an evil; but it is an evil which flows from those rules concerning the acquisition and disposal of property, by which men are incited to industry, and by which the object of their industry is rendered secure and valuable. If there be any great inequality unconnected with this origin, it ought to be corrected.

In 1802 Paley published his *Natural Theology*, his last work. He enjoyed himself in the country with his duties and recreations: he was particularly fond of angling; and he mixed familiarly with his neighbours in all their plans of utility, sociality, and even conviviality. He disposed of his time with great regularity: in his garden he limited himself to one hour at a time, twice a-day; in reading books of amusement, one hour at breakfast and another in the evening, and one for dinner and his newspaper. By thus dividing and husbanding his pleasures, they remained with him to the last. He died on the 25th of May 1805.

No works of a theological or philosophical nature have been so extensively popular among the educated classes of England as those of Paley. His perspicuity of intellect and simplicity of style are almost unrivalled. Though plain and homely, and often inelegant, he has such vigour and discrimination, and such a happy vein of illustration, that he is always read with pleasure and instruction. No reader is ever at a loss for his meaning, or finds him too difficult for comprehension. He had the rare art of popularising the most recondite knowledge, and blending the business of life with philosophy. The principles inculcated in some of his works have been disputed, particularly his doctrine of expediency as a rule of morals, which has been considered as trenching on the authority of revealed religion, and also lowering the standard of public duty. The system of Paley certainly would not tend to foster the great and heroic virtues. In his early life he is reported to have said, with respect to his subscription to the thirty-nine articles of the Church of England, that he was 'too poor to keep a conscience,' and something of the same laxness of moral feeling pervades his ethical system. His abhorrence of all hypocrisy and pretence was probably at the root of this error. Like Dr Johnson, he was a practical moralist, and looked with distrust on any high-strained virtue or enthusiastic devotion. He did not write for philosophers or metaphysicians, but for the great body of the people anxious to acquire knowledge, and to be able to give 'a reason for the hope that is in them.' He considered the art of life to consist in properly '*setting our habits*,' and for this no subtle distinctions or profound theories were necessary. His 'Moral and Political Philosophy' is framed on this basis of utility, directed by strong sense, a discerning judgment, and a sincere regard for the true end of all knowledge—the well-being of mankind here and hereafter. Of Paley's other works, Sir James Mackintosh has pronounced the following opinion:—'The most original and ingenious of his writings is the Horæ Paulinæ. The Evidences of Christianity are formed out of an admirable translation of Butler's Analogy, and a most skilful abridgment of Lardner's Credibility of the Gospel History. He may be said to have thus given value to two works, of which the first was scarcely intelligible to most of those who were most desirous of profiting by it; and the second soon wearies out the greater part of readers, though the few who are more patient have almost always been gradually won over to feel pleasure in a display of knowledge, probity, charity, and meekness unmatched by an avowed advocate in a cause deeply interesting his warmest feelings. His Natural Theology is the wonderful work of a man who, after sixty, had studied anatomy in order to write it; and it could only have been surpassed by a man (Sir Charles Bell) who, to great originality of conception and clearness of exposition, added the advantage of a high place in the first class of physiologists.'

[*The World was Made with a Benevolent Design.*]

[From 'Natural Theology.']

It is a happy world after all. The air, the earth, the water, teem with delighted existence. In a spring noon or a summer evening, on whichever side I turn my eyes, myriads of happy beings crowd upon my view. 'The insect youth are on the wing.' Swarms of new-born flies are trying their pinions in the air. Their sportive motions, their wanton mazes, their gratuitous activity, their continual change of place without use or purpose, testify their joy and the exultation which they feel in their lately discovered faculties. A bee amongst the flowers in spring is one of the most cheerful objects that can be looked upon. Its life appears to be all enjoyment, so busy and so pleased; yet it is only a specimen of insect life, with which, by reason of the animal being half-domesticated, we happen to be better acquainted than we are with that of others. The whole winged insect tribe, it is probable, are equally intent upon their proper employments, and, under every variety of constitution, gratified, and perhaps equally gratified, by the offices which the Author of their nature has assigned to them. But the atmosphere is not the only scene of enjoyment for the insect race. Plants are covered with aphides, greedily sucking their juices, and constantly, as it should seem, in the act of sucking. It cannot be doubted but that this is a state of gratification: what else should fix them so close to the operation, and so long? Other species are running about with an alacrity in their motions which carries with it every mark of pleasure. Large patches of ground are sometimes half covered with these brisk and sprightly natures. If we look to what the waters produce, shoals of the fry of fish frequent the margins of rivers, of lakes, and of the sea itself. These are so happy that they know not what to do with themselves. Their attitudes, their vivacity, their leaps out of the water, their frolics in it (which I have noticed a thousand times with equal attention and amusement), all conduce to show their excess of spirits, and are simply the effects of that excess. Walking by the sea-side in a calm evening upon a sandy shore and with an ebbing tide, I have frequently remarked the appearance of a dark cloud, or rather very thick mist, hanging over the edge of the water, to the height, perhaps, of half a yard, and of the breadth of two or three yards, stretching along the coast as far as the eye could reach, and always retiring with the water. When this cloud came to be examined, it proved to be nothing else than so much space filled with young shrimps in the act of bounding into the air from the shallow margin of the water, or from the wet sand. If any motion of a mute animal could express delight, it was this; if they had meant to make signs of their happiness, they could not have done it more intelligibly. Suppose, then, what I have no doubt of, each individual of this number to be in a state of positive enjoyment; what a sum, collectively, of gratification and pleasure have we here before our view!

The young of all animals appear to me to receive pleasure simply from the exercise of their limbs and bodily faculties, without reference to any end to be

attained, or any use to be answered by the exertion. A child, without knowing anything of the use of language, is in a high degree delighted with being able to speak. Its incessant repetition of a few articulate sounds, or perhaps of the single word which it has learned to pronounce, proves this point clearly. Nor is it less pleased with its first successful endeavours to walk, or rather to run (which precedes walking), although entirely ignorant of the importance of the attainment to its future life, and even without applying it to any present purpose. A child is delighted with speaking, without having anything to say; and with walking, without knowing where to go. And, prior to both these, I am disposed to believe that the waking hours of infancy are agreeably taken up with the exercise of vision, or perhaps, more properly speaking, with learning to see.

But it is not for youth alone that the great Parent of creation hath provided. Happiness is found with the purring cat no less than with the playful kitten; in the arm-chair of dozing age, as well as in either the sprightliness of the dance or the animation of the chase. To novelty, to acuteness of sensation, to hope, to ardour of pursuit, succeeds what is, in no inconsiderable degree, an equivalent for them all, 'perception of ease.' Herein is the exact difference between the young and the old. The young are not happy but when enjoying pleasure; the old are happy when free from pain. And this constitution suits with the degrees of animal power which they respectively possess. The vigour of youth was to be stimulated to action by impatience of rest; whilst to the imbecility of age, quietness and repose become positive gratifications. In one important step the advantage is with the old. A state of ease is, generally speaking, more attainable than a state of pleasure. A constitution, therefore, which can enjoy ease, is preferable to that which can taste only pleasure. This same perception of ease oftentimes renders old age a condition of great comfort, especially when riding at its anchor after a busy or tempestuous life. It is well described by Rousseau to be the interval of repose and enjoyment between the hurry and the end of life. How far the same cause extends to other animal natures, cannot be judged of with certainty. The appearance of satisfaction with which most animals, as their activity subsides, seek and enjoy rest, affords reason to believe that this source of gratification is appointed to advanced life under all or most of its various forms. In the species with which we are best acquainted, namely, our own, I am far, even as an observer of human life, from thinking that youth is its happiest season, much less the only happy one.

A new and illustrated edition of Paley's 'Natural Theology' was published in 1835, with scientific illustrations by Sir Charles Bell, and a preliminary discourse by Henry Lord Brougham.

DR RICHARD WATSON, bishop of Llandaff (1737-1816), did good service to the cause of revealed religion and social order by his replies to Gibbon the historian, and Thomas Paine. To the former he addressed a series of letters, entitled *An Apology for Christianity*, in answer to Gibbon's celebrated chapters on the rise and progress of Christianity; and when Paine published his Age of Reason, the bishop met it with a vigorous and conclusive reply, which he termed *An Apology for the Bible*. Watson also published a few sermons, and a collection of theological tracts, selected from various authors, in six volumes. His Whig principles stood in the way of his church preferment, and he had not magnanimity enough to conceal his disappointment, which is strongly expressed in an autobiographical memoir published after his death by his son. Dr Watson, however, was a man of forcible intellect, and of various knowledge. His controversial works are highly honourable to him, both for the manly and candid spirit in which they are written, and the logical clearness and strength of his reasoning.

DR BEILBY PORTEOUS, bishop of London (1731-1808), was a popular dignitary of the church, author of a variety of sermons and tracts connected with church discipline. He distinguished himself at college by a prize poem *On Death*, which has been often reprinted. It is but a feeble transcript of Blair's 'Grave.' Dr Porteous warmly befriended Beattie the poet (whom he wished to take orders in the church of England), and he is said to have assisted Hannah More in her novel of Cœlebs.



Tomb of Bishop Porteous at Sundridge, Kent.

DR SAMUEL HORSLEY, bishop of St Asaph (1733-1806), was one of the most conspicuous churchmen of his day. He belonged to the high church party, and strenuously resisted all political or ecclesiastical change. He was learned and eloquent, but prone to controversy, and deficient in charity and the milder virtues. His character was not unlike that of one of his patrons, Chancellor Thurlow, stern and unbending, but cast in a manly mould. He was an indefatigable student. His first public appearance was in the character of a man of science. He was some time secretary of the Royal Society—wrote various short treatises on scientific subjects, and published an edition of Sir Isaac Newton's works. As a critic and scholar he had few equals, and his disquisitions on the prophets Isaiah and Hosea, his translations of the Psalms, and his Biblical Criticisms (in four volumes), justly entitled him to the honour of the mitre. His sermons, in three volumes, are about the best in the language: clear, nervous, and profound, he entered undauntedly upon the most difficult subjects, and dispelled, by research and argument, the doubt that hung over several passages of Scripture. He was for many years engaged in a controversy with Dr Priestley on the subject of the divinity of Christ. Both of the combatants lost their temper; but when Priestley resorted to a charge of 'incompetency and ignorance,' it was evident that he felt himself sinking in the struggle. In intellect and scholarship, Horsley was

vastly superior to his antagonist. The political opinions and intolerance of the bishop were more successfully attacked by Robert Hall, in his Apology for the Freedom of the Press.

GILBERT WAKEFIELD (1756-1801) enjoyed celebrity both as a writer on controversial divinity and a classical critic. He left the church in consequence of his embracing Unitarian opinions, and afterwards left also the dissenting establishment at Hackney, to which he had attached himself. He published translations of some of the epistles in the New Testament, and an entire translation of the same sacred volume, with notes. He was also author of a work on Christian Evidence, in reply to Paine. The bishop of Llandaff having in 1798 written an address against the principles of the French Revolution, Wakefield replied to it, and was subjected to a crown prosecution for libel; he was found guilty, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. He published editions of Horace, Virgil, Lucretius, &c. which ranked him among the first scholars of his time. Wakefield was an honest, precipitate, and simple-minded man; a Pythagorean in his diet, and eccentric in many of his habits and opinions. 'He was,' says one of his biographers, 'as violent against Greek accents as he was against the Trinity, and anathematised the final N as strongly as episcopacy.'

The infidel principles which abounded at the period of the French Revolution, and continued to agitate both France and England for some years, induced a disregard of vital piety long afterwards in the higher circles of British society. To counteract this, MR WILBERFORCE, then member of parliament for the county of York, published in 1797 *A Practical View of the Prevailing Religious System of Professed Christians in the Higher and Middle Classes of this Country, Contrasted with Real Christianity.* Five editions of the work were sold within six months, and it still continues, in various languages, to form a popular religious treatise. The author attested, by his daily life, the sincerity of his opinions. William Wilberforce was the son of a wealthy merchant, and born at Hull in 1759. He was educated at Cambridge, and on completing his twenty-first year, was returned to parliament for his native town. He soon distinguished himself by his talents, and became the idol of the fashionable world—dancing at Almack's, and singing before the Prince of Wales. In 1784, while pursuing a continental tour with some relations, in company with Dean Milner, the latter so impressed him with the truths of Christianity, that Wilberforce entered upon a new life, and abandoned all his former gaieties. In parliament he pursued a strictly independent course. For twenty years he laboured for the abolition of the slave-trade, a question with which his name is inseparably entwined. His time, his talents, influence, and *prayers*, were directed towards the consummation of this object, and at length, in 1807, he had the high gratification of seeing it accomplished. The religion of Wilberforce was mild and cheerful, unmixed with austerity or gloom. He closed his long and illustrious life on the 27th July 1833, one of those men who, by their virtues, talents, and energy, impress their own character on the age in which they live. His latter years realised his own beautiful description—

[*On the Effects of Religion.*]

When the pulse beats high, and we are flushed with youth, and health, and vigour; when all goes on prosperously, and success seems almost to anticipate our wishes, then we feel not the want of the consolations of religion: but when fortune frowns, or friends forsake us; when sorrow, or sickness, or old age comes upon us, then it is that the superiority of the pleasures of religion is established over those of dissipation and vanity, which are ever apt to fly from us when we are most in want of their aid. There is scarcely a more melancholy sight to a considerate mind, than that of an old man who is a stranger to those only true sources of satisfaction. How affecting, and at the same time how disgusting, is it to see such a one awkwardly catching at the pleasures of his younger years, which are now beyond his reach; or feebly attempting to retain them, while they mock his endeavours and elude his grasp! To such a one gloomily, indeed, does the evening of life set in! All is sour and cheerless. He can neither look backward with complacency, nor forward with hope; while the aged Christian, relying on the assured mercy of his Redeemer, can calmly reflect that his dismission is at hand; that his redemption draweth nigh. While his strength declines, and his faculties decay, he can quietly repose himself on the fidelity of God; and at the very entrance of the valley of the shadow of death, he can lift up an eye dim perhaps and feeble, yet occasionally sparkling with hope, and confidently looking forward to the near possession of his heavenly inheritance, 'to those joys which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.' What striking lessons have we had of the precarious tenure of all sublunary possessions! Wealth, and power, and prosperity, how peculiarly transitory and uncertain! But religion dispenses her choicest cordials in the seasons of exigence, in poverty, in exile, in sickness, and in death. The essential superiority of that support which is derived from religion is less felt, at least it is less apparent, when the Christian is in full possession of riches and splendour, and rank, and all the gifts of nature and fortune. But when all these are swept away by the rude hand of time or the rough blasts of adversity, the true Christian stands, like the glory of the forest, erect and vigorous; stripped, indeed, of his summer foliage, but more than ever discovering to the observing eye the solid strength of his substantial texture.

Another distinguished volunteer in the cause of religious instruction, and an extensive miscellaneous writer, was MRS HANNAH MORE, whose works we have previously enumerated.

DR SAMUEL PARR—DR EDWARD MALTBY—REV. SYDNEY SMITH

DR SAMUEL PARR (1747-1825) was better known as a classical scholar than a theologian. His sermons on education are, however, marked with potency of argument and liberality of feeling. His celebrated Spital sermon, when printed, presented the singular anomaly of fifty-one pages of text and two hundred and twelve of notes. Mr Godwin attacked some of the principles laid down in this discourse, as not sufficiently democratic for his taste; for though a stanch Whig, Parr was no revolutionist or leveller. His object was to extend education among the poor, and to ameliorate their condition by gradual and constitutional means. Dr Parr was long head master of Norwich school, and in knowledge of Greek literature was not surpassed by any scholar of his day. His uncompromising support of Whig principles, his extensive learning, and a certain pedantry and oddity of character, rendered him always conspicuous among his brother churchmen. He died at Hatton, in Warwickshire, the perpetual curacy of which he had enjoyed for above forty years, and where he had faithfully discharged his duties as a parish pastor.

DR EDWARD MALTBY, the present bishop of Dur-

ham, was the favourite pupil of Parr at Norwich school. He is author of a work on the Christian Evidences; two volumes of sermons, 1819 and 1822; a third volume of sermons preached before the society of Lincoln's Inn, where he succeeded Dr Heber; and also of a vastly improved edition of Morell's Greek Thesaurus, which engaged his attention for about eleven years.

The REV. SIDNEY SMITH, well known as a witty miscellaneous writer and critic, is a canon residentiary of St Paul's. Mr Smith published two volumes of sermons in the year 1809. They are more remarkable for plain good sense than for originality or eloquence. A few sentences from a sermon on the *Love of our Country* will show the homely earnestness of this author's serious style:—

[*Difficulty of Governing a Nation.*]

It would seem that the science of government is an unappropriated region in the universe of knowledge. Those sciences with which the passions can never interfere, are considered to be attainable only by study and by reflection; while there are not many young men who doubt of their ability to make a constitution, or to govern a kingdom: at the same time there cannot, perhaps, be a more decided proof of a superficial understanding than the depreciation of those difficulties which are inseparable from the science of government. To know well the local and the natural man; to track the silent march of human affairs; to seize, with happy intuition, on those great laws which regulate the prosperity of empires; to reconcile principles to circumstances, and be no wiser than the times will permit; to anticipate the effects of every speculation upon the entangled relations and awkward complexity of real life; and to follow out the theorems of the senate to the daily comforts of the cottage, is a task which they will fear most who know it best—a task in which the great and the good have often failed, and which it is not only wise, but pious and just in common men to avoid.

[*Means of Acquiring Distinction.*]

It is natural to every man to wish for distinction; and the praise of those who can confer honour by their praise, in spite of all false philosophy, is sweet to every human heart; but as eminence can be but the lot of a few, patience of obscurity is a duty which we owe not more to our own happiness than to the quiet of the world at large. Give a loose, if you are young and ambitious, to that spirit which throbs within you; measure yourself with your equals; and learn, from frequent competition, the place which nature has allotted to you; make of it no mean battle, but strive hard; strengthen your soul to the search of truth, and follow that spectre of excellence which beckons you on beyond the walls of the world to something better than man has yet done. It may be you shall burst out into light and glory at the last; but if frequent failure convince you of that mediocrity of nature which is incompatible with great actions, submit wisely and cheerfully to your lot; let no mean spirit of revenge tempt you to throw off your loyalty to your country, and to prefer a vicious celebrity to obscurity crowned with piety and virtue. If you can throw new light upon moral truth, or by any exertions multiply the comforts or confirm the happiness of mankind, this fame guides you to the true ends of your nature: but, in the name of God, as you tremble at retributive justice, and, in the name of mankind, if mankind be dear to you, seek not that easy and accursed fame which is gathered in the work of revolutions; and deem it better to be for ever unknown, than to found a momentary name upon the basis of anarchy and irreligion.

[*The Love of our Country.*]

Whence does this love of our country, this universal passion, proceed? Why does the eye ever dwell with fondness upon the scenes of infant life? Why do we breathe with greater joy the breath of our youth? Why are not other soils as grateful, and other heavens as gay? Why does the soul of man ever cling to that earth where it first knew pleasure and pain, and, under the rough discipline of the passions, was roused to the dignity of moral life? Is it only that our country contains our kindred and our friends? And is it nothing but a name for our social affections? It cannot be this; the most friendless of human beings has a country which he admires and extols, and which he would, in the same circumstances, prefer to all others under heaven. Tempt him with the fairest face of nature, place him by living waters under shadowy trees of Lebanon, open to his view all the gorgeous allurements of the climates of the sun, he will love the rocks and deserts of his childhood better than all these, and thou canst not bribe his soul to forget the land of his nativity; he will sit down and weep by the waters of Babylon when he remembers thee, oh Sion!

DR HERBERT MARSH.

DR HERBERT MARSH, bishop of Peterborough, who died in May 1839 at an advanced age, obtained distinction as the translator and commentator of 'Michaelis's Introduction to the New Testament,' one of the most valuable of modern works on divinity. In 1807 this divine was appointed Lady Margaret's professor of divinity in the university of Cambridge, in 1816 he was made bishop of Llandaff, and in 1819 he succeeded to the see of Peterborough. Besides his edition of Michaelis, Dr Marsh published *Lectures on Divinity*, and a *Comparative View of the Churches of England and Rome*. He was author also of some controversial tracts on the Catholic question, the Bible society, &c. in which he evinced great acuteness, tinctured with asperity. In early life, during a residence in Germany, Dr Marsh published, in the German language, various tracts in defence of the policy of his own country in the continental wars; and more particularly a very elaborate *History of the Politics of Great Britain and France, from the Time of the Conference at Pilnitz to the Declaration of War*, a work which is said to have produced a marked impression on the state of public opinion in Germany, and for which he received a very considerable pension on the recommendation of Mr Pitt.

About the year 1833 appeared the first of the celebrated *Tracts for the Times, by Members of the University of Oxford*, which have originated a keen controversy among the clergy of the church of England, and caused a wide rent or schism in that ancient establishment. The peculiar doctrines or opinions of this sect are known by the term *Puseyism*, so called after one of their first and most intrepid supporters, DR EDWARD BOUVERIE PUSEY, second son of the late Hon. Philip Pusey, and grandson of the Earl of Radnor. This gentleman was born in 1800, and educated at Christ-church college, Oxford, where, in 1828, he became regius professor of Hebrew. In conjunction with several other members of the university of Oxford (Mr Newman, Professor Sewell, &c.), Dr Pusey established an association for spreading and advocating their views regarding church discipline and authority, and from this association sprung the 'Tracts for the Times.' 'The tenets maintained by the tract-writers were chiefly as follows:—They asserted the threefold order of ministry—bishops, priests, and deacons. They claimed a personal, not a merely official de-

scent from the apostles; that is, they declared that not only had the church ever maintained the three orders, but that an unbroken succession of individuals, canonically ordained, was enjoyed by the church, and essential to her existence; in short, that without this there could be *no church at all*. They held the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, of sacramental absolution, and of a real, in contradistinction to a figurative or symbolical presence in the Eucharist. They maintained the duty of fasting, of ritual obedience, and of communion with the apostolic church, declaring all dissenters, and, as a necessary consequence, the members of the church of Scotland, and all churches not episcopal, to be members of no church at all. They denied the validity of lay-baptism: they threw out hints from time to time which evidenced an attachment to the theological system supported by the nonjuring divines in the days of James II.; and the grand Protestant principle, as established by Luther—the right of private interpretation of Holy Scripture—they denied.'* The tracts were discontinued by order of the bishop of Oxford; but the same principles have been maintained in various publications, as in MR GLADSTONE'S two works, *On the Relation of the Church to the State*, and *Church Principles*; MR CHRISTMAS'S *Discipline of the Anglican Church*, &c. In 1843 Dr Pusey was suspended from preaching, and censured by the university for what was denounced as a heretical sermon in which he advanced the Roman Catholic doctrine of transubstantiation. The publications on this memorable controversy are not remarkable for any literary merit. The tracts are dry polemical treatises, interesting to comparatively few but zealous churchmen.

REV. ROBERT HALL.

The REV. ROBERT HALL, A.M. is justly regarded as one of the most distinguished ornaments of the body of English dissenters. He was the son of a Baptist minister, and born at Arnsby, near Leicester, on the 2d of May 1764. He studied divinity at an academy in Bristol for the education of young men preparing for the ministerial office among the Baptists, and was admitted a preacher in 1780, but next year attended King's college, Aberdeen. Sir James Mackintosh was at the same time a student of the university, and the congenial tastes and pursuits of the young men led to an intimate friendship between them. From their partiality to Greek literature, they were named by their class-fellows 'Plato and Herodotus.' Both were also attached to the study of morals and metaphysics, which they cherished through life. Hall entered the church as assistant to a Baptist minister at Bristol, whence he removed in 1790 to Cambridge. He first appeared as an author by publishing a controversial pamphlet entitled *Christianity Consistent with a Love of Freedom*, which appeared in 1791; in 1793 he published his eloquent and powerful treatise, *An Apology for the Freedom of the Press*; and in 1799 his sermon, *Modern Infidelity considered with respect to its Influence on Society*. The latter was designed to stem the torrent of infidelity which had set in with the French Revolution, and is no less remarkable for profound thought than for the elegance of its style and the splendour of its imagery. His celebrity as a writer was further extended by his *Reflections on War*, a sermon published in 1802; and *The Sentiments proper to the Present Crisis*, another sermon preached in 1803. The latter is highly eloquent and spirit-stirring—possessing, indeed, the fire and energy of a martial lyric or war-song. In November 1804 the noble intellect of Mr Hall was deranged, in consequence of severe study operating on an ardent and susceptible temperament. His friends set on foot a subscription for pecuniary assistance, and a life annuity of £100 was procured for him. He shortly afterwards resumed his ministerial functions, but in about twelve months he had another attack. This also was speedily removed; but Mr Hall resigned his church at Cambridge. On his complete recovery, he became pastor of a congregation at Leicester, where he resided for about twenty years. During this time he published a few sermons and criticisms in the Eclectic Review. The labour of writing for the press was opposed to his habits and feelings. He was fastidious as to style, and he suffered under a disease in the spine which entailed upon him acute pain. A sermon on the death of the Princess Charlotte in 1819 was justly considered one of the most impressive, touching, and lofty of his discourses. In 1826 he removed from Leicester to Bristol, where he officiated in charge of the Baptist congregation till within a fortnight of his death, which took place on the 21st of February 1831. The masculine intellect and extensive acquirements of Mr Hall have seldom been found united to so much rhetorical and even poetical brilliancy of imagination. His taste was more refined than that of Burke, and his style more chaste and correct. His solid learning and unfeigned piety gave a weight and impressiveness to all he uttered and wrote, while his classic taste enabled him to clothe his thoughts and imagery in language the most appropriate, beautiful, and commanding. Those who listened to his pulpit ministrations were entranced by his fervid eloquence, which truly disclosed the 'beauty of holiness,' and melted by the awe and fervour with which he dwelt on the mysteries of death and eternity. His published writings give but a brief and inadequate picture of his varied talents; yet they are so highly finished, and display such a combination of different powers—of logical precision, metaphysical acuteness, practical sense and sagacity, with a rich and luxuriant imagination, and all the graces of composition—that they must be considered among the most valuable contributions made to modern literature. A complete edition of his works has been published, with a life, by Dr Olinthus Gregory, in six volumes.

[*On Wisdom.*]

Every other quality besides is subordinate and inferior to wisdom, in the same sense as the mason who lays the bricks and stones in a building is inferior to the architect who drew the plan and superintends the work. The former executes only what the latter contrives and directs. Now, it is the prerogative of wisdom to preside over every inferior principle, to regulate the exercise of every power, and limit the indulgence of every appetite, as shall best conduce to one great end. It being the province of wisdom to preside, it sits as umpire on every difficulty, and so gives the final direction and control to all the powers of our nature. Hence it is entitled to be considered as the top and summit of perfection. It belongs to wisdom to determine when to act, and when to cease—when to reveal, and when to conceal a matter—when to speak, and when to keep silence—when to give, and when to receive; in short, to regulate the measure of all things, as well as to determine the end, and provide the means of obtaining the end pursued in every deliberate course of action. Every particular faculty or skill, besides, needs to derive direction from this;

* A New Spirit of the Age. Vol. i. p. 207.

they are all quite incapable of directing themselves. The art of navigation, for instance, will teach us to steer a ship across the ocean, but it will never teach us on what occasions it is proper to take a voyage. The art of war will instruct us how to marshal an army, or to fight a battle to the greatest advantage, but you must learn from a higher school when it is fitting, just, and proper to wage war or to make peace. The art of the husbandman is to sow and bring to maturity the precious fruits of the earth; it belongs to another skill to regulate their consumption by a regard to our health, fortune, and other circumstances. In short, there is no faculty we can exert, no species of skill we can apply, but requires a superintending hand—but looks up, as it were, to some higher principle, as a maid to her mistress for direction, and this universal superintendent is wisdom.

[From the Funeral Sermon for the Princess Charlotte of Wales.]

Born to inherit the most illustrious monarchy in the world, and united at an early period to the object of her choice, whose virtues amply justified her preference, she enjoyed (what is not always the privilege of that rank) the highest connubial felicity, and had the prospect of combining all the tranquil enjoyments of private life with the splendour of a royal station. Placed on the summit of society, to her every eye was turned, in her every hope was centred, and nothing was wanting to complete her felicity except perpetuity. To a grandeur of mind suited to her royal birth and lofty destination, she joined an exquisite taste for the beauties of nature and the charms of retirement, where, far from the gaze of the multitude, and the frivolous agitations of fashionable life, she employed her hours in visiting, with her distinguished consort, the cottages of the poor, in improving her virtues, in perfecting her reason, and acquiring the knowledge best adapted to qualify her for the possession of power and the cares of empire. One thing only was wanting to render our satisfaction complete in the prospect of the accession of such a princess; it was, that she might become the living mother of children.

The long-wished-for moment at length arrived; but, alas! the event anticipated with such eagerness will form the most melancholy part of our history.

It is no reflection on this amiable princess, to suppose that in her early dawn, with the dew of her youth so fresh upon her, she anticipated a long series of years, and expected to be led through successive scenes of enchantment, rising above each other in fascination and beauty. It is natural to suppose she identified herself with this great nation which she was born to govern; and that, while she contemplated its pre-eminent lustre in arts and in arms, its commerce encircling the globe, its colonies diffused through both hemispheres, and the beneficial effects of its institutions extending to the whole earth, she considered them as so many component parts of her grandeur. Her heart, we may well conceive, would often be ruffled with emotions of trembling ecstacy when she reflected that it was her province to live entirely for others, to compass the felicity of a great people, to move in a sphere which would afford scope for the exercise of philanthropy the most enlarged, of wisdom the most enlightened; and that, while others are doomed to pass through the world in obscurity, she was to supply the materials of history, and to impart that impulse to society which was to decide the destiny of future generations. Fired with the ambition of equalling or surpassing the most distinguished of her predecessors, she probably did not despair of reviving the remembrance of the brightest parts of their story, and of once more attaching the epoch of British glory to the annals of a female reign. It is needless to add that the nation went with her, and probably outstripped her in these delightful anticipations. We fondly hoped that a life so inestimable would be protracted to a distant period, and that, after diffusing the blessings of a just and enlightened administration, and being surrounded by a numerous progeny, she would gradually, in a good old age, sink under the horizon amidst the embraces of her family and the benedictions of her country. But, alas! these delightful visions are fled; and what do we behold in their room but the funeral-pall and shroud, a palace in mourning, a nation in tears, and the shadow of death settled over both like a cloud! Oh the unspeakable vanity of human hopes!—the incurable blindness of man to futurity!—ever doomed to grasp at shadows; 'to seize' with avidity what turns to dust and ashes in his hands; to sow the wind, and reap the whirlwind.

REV. JOHN FOSTER.

The REV. JOHN FOSTER (1770–1843) was author of a volume of *Essays, in a Series of Letters*, published in 1805, which was justly ranked among the most original and valuable works of the day. The essays are four in number—on a man's writing memoirs of himself; on decision of character; on the application of the epithet romantic; and on some of the causes by which evangelical religion has been rendered less acceptable to persons of cultivated taste. Mr Foster's essays are excellent models of vigorous thought and expression, uniting metaphysical nicety and acuteness with practical sagacity and common sense. He also wrote a volume on the *Evils of Popular Ignorance*, several sermons, and critical contributions to the Eclectic Review. Like Hall, Mr Foster was pastor of a Baptist congregation. He died at Stapleton, near Bristol.

In the essay On a Man's Writing Memoirs of Himself, Mr Foster thus speculates on a changeable character, and on the contempt which we entertain at an advanced period of life for what we were at an earlier period.—

Though in memoirs intended for publication a large share of incident and action would generally be necessary, yet there are some men whose mental history alone might be very interesting to reflective readers; as, for instance, that of a thinking man remarkable for a number of complete changes of his speculative system. From observing the usual tenacity of views once deliberately adopted in mature life, we regard as a curious phenomenon the man whose mind has been a kind of caravansera of opinions, entertained a while, and then sent on pilgrimage; a man who has admired and dismissed systems with the same facility with which John Buncle found, adored, married, and interred his succession of wives, each one being, for the time, not only better than all that went before, but the best in the creation. You admire the versatile aptitude of a mind sliding into successive forms of belief in this intellectual metempsychosis, by which it animates so many new bodies of doctrines in their turn. And as none of those dying pangs which hurt you in a tale of India attend the desertion of each of these speculative forms which the soul has a while inhabited, you are extremely amused by the number of transitions, and eagerly ask what is to be the next, for you never deem the present state of such a man's views to be for permanence, unless perhaps when he has terminated his course of believing everything in ultimately believing nothing. Even then, unless he is very old, or

feels more pride in being a sceptic, the conqueror of all systems, than he ever felt in being the champion of one, even then it is very possible he may spring up again, like a vapour of fire from a bog, and glimmer through new mazes, or retrace his course through half of those which he trod before You will observe that no respect attaches to this Proteus of opinion after his changes have been multiplied, as no party expect him to remain with them, nor deem him much of an acquisition if he should One, or perhaps two, considerable changes will be regarded as signs of a liberal inquirer, and therefore the party to which his first or his second intellectual conversion may assign him will receive him gladly But he will be deemed to have abdicated the dignity of reason when it is found that he can adopt no principles but to betray them, and it will be perhaps justly suspected that there is something extremely infirm in the structure of that mind, whatever vigour may mark some of its operations, to which a series of very different, and sometimes contrasted theories, can appear in succession demonstratively true, and which imitates [illegible] the perverseness which Petruchio only affected [illegible] declaring that which was yesterday the [illegible], to be to-day as certainly the moon

It would be curious to observe in a man, who should make such an exhibition of the course of his mind, the sly deceit of self-love. While he despises the system which he has rejected, he does not deem it to imply so great a want of sense in him once to have embraced it, as in the rest who were then or are now its disciples and advocates. No, in him it was no debility of reason; it was at the utmost but a [illegible] of it, and he probably is prepared to explain to you that such peculiar circumstances, as [illegible] a very strong and [illegible] mind, [illegible] consideration of the subject, and [illegible] the belief of what others [illegible] themselves [illegible] believing.

As to the things apparent in [illegible] opinions would be, what I have noticed [illegible], that there is scarcely any such thing [illegible] conviction. It would be amusing to [illegible] reason had, in one instance, [illegible] admiration of [illegible], or in another into opposition by the [illegible] not [illegible] reason [illegible] the truth [illegible] that interest could be essentially served by avowing it, how easily the impartial examiner could be induced to adopt some part of another man's opinions, after that other had zealously approved his favourite, especially if unpopular [illegible]; the Pharisees almost became partial even to Christ at the moment that he defended one of their doctrines against the Sadducees. It would be curious to see how a professed respect for a man's character and talents, and concern for his interests, might be changed, in consequence of some personal inattention experienced from him, into illiberal invective against him or his intellectual performances, and yet the railer, though actuated solely by petty revenge, account himself the model of equity and candour all the while It might be seen how the patronage of power could elevate miserable prejudices into revered wisdom, while poor old Experience was mocked with thanks for her instruction; and how the vicinity or society of the rich, and, as they are termed, great, could perhaps melt a soul that seemed to be of the stern consistence of early Rome, into the gentlest wax on which Corruption could wish to imprint the venerable creed—'The right divine of kings to govern wrong,' with the pious inference that justice was outraged when virtuous Tarquin was expelled. I am supposing the observer to perceive all these accommodating dexterities of reason; for it were probably absurd to expect that any mind should itself be able in its review to detect all its own obliquities, after having been so long beguiled, like the mariners in a story which I remember to have read, who followed the direction of their compass, infallibly right as they thought, till they arrived at an enemy's port, where they were seized and doomed to slavery. It happened that the wicked captain, in order to betray the ship, had concealed a large loadstone at a little distance on one side of the needle.

On the notions and expectations of one stage of life I suppose all reflecting [illegible] look back with a kind of contempt, though it may be often with the mingling wish that some of its enthusiasm of feeling could be recovered—I mean the period between [illegible] childhood and maturity. They will all wonder [illegible] their reason was then feeble, and they are prompt to exclaim, What fools we have been!—while they recollect how sincerely they entertained and advanced the most [illegible] on the interests of life and the questions of truth, how [illegible] astonished they were [illegible] the maturer sense of some of those around them [illegible] circumstances, what veneration they felt for [illegible] which they [illegible] what a fantastic [illegible] visual things; what complaints [illegible] their [illegible] on [illegible] which they have since [illegible], what happiness [illegible] they expected from sources which will [illegible] even common [illegible] the feel [illegible] could continue [illegible]

It is [illegible] the bottom [illegible] fifty [illegible] written [illegible] [illegible] the juvenile days of [illegible] He [illegible] It would [illegible] parties, would [illegible] and probably despise one another, and soon [illegible] if they were never to meet again. If the dissimilarity in mind were as great as in person, there would in both respects be a most striking contrast between the extremes at least, between the youth of seventeen and the sage of seventy. The one of these contrasts an old man might contemplate if he had a true portrait for which he sat in the bloom of his life, and should hold it beside a mirror in which he looks at his present countenance, and the other would be powerfully felt if he had such a genuine and detailed memoir as I have supposed. Might it not be worth while for a self-observant person, in early life to preserve, for the inspection of the old man, if he should live so long, such a mental likeness of the young one? If it be not drawn near the time, it can never be drawn with sufficient accuracy.

DR ADAM CLARKE.

Another distinguished dissenter was DR ADAM CLARKE (1760-1832), a profound Oriental scholar, author of a *Commentary on the Bible*, and editor of a collection of state papers supplementary to Rymer's Fœdera. Dr Clarke was a native of Moybeg, a village in Londonderry, Ireland, where his father was a schoolmaster. He was educated at Kingswood school, an establishment of Wesley's projecting for the instruction of itinerant preachers. In due time he himself became a preacher; and so indefatigable was he in propagating the doctrines of the Wesleyan persuasion, that he twice visited Shetland, and established there a Methodist mission. In the midst of his various journeys and active duties, Dr Clarke continued those researches which do honour to his name. He fell a victim to the cholera when that fatal pestilence visited our shores.

REV ARCHIBALD ALISON.

The REV. ARCHIBALD ALISON (1757-1838) was senior minister of St Paul's chapel, Edinburgh. After a careful education at Glasgow university and Baliol college, Oxford (where he took his degree of B.C.L. in 1784), Mr Alison entered into sacred orders, and was presented to different livings by Sir William Pulteney, Lord Loughborough, and Dr Douglas, bishop of Salisbury. Having, in 1784, married the daughter of Dr John Gregory of Edinburgh, Mr Alison looked forward to a [illegible] in Scotland, but it was not till the close of the [illegible] century that he was able to realise his wishes. In 1790 he published his admirable *Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste*, and in 1814 two volumes of sermons, justly admired for the elegance and beauty of their language, and their gentle persuasive inculcation of Christian duty. On points of doctrine and controversy the author is wholly silent. [illegible] writings, as one of his critics remarked, were designed for those who 'want to be roused to a sense of the beauty and the good that exist in the universe around them, and who are only indifferent to the feelings of their fellow-creatures, and negligent of the duties they impose, for want of some persuasive monitor to awake the dormant capacities of their nature, and to make them [illegible] the delights which providence has attached to their exercise.' A selection from the sermons of Mr Alison, consisting of those on the four seasons, spring, summer, autumn, and winter, was afterwards printed in a small volume.

[*From the Sermon on Autumn.*]

There is an eventide in the day—an hour when the sun retires and the shadows fall, and when nature assumes the appearances of soberness and silence. It is an hour from which everywhere the thoughtless fly, as peopled only in their imagination with images of gloom; it is the hour, on the other hand, which in every age the wise have loved, as bringing with it sentiments and affections more valuable than all the splendours of the day.

Its first impression is to still all the turbulence of thought or passion which the day may have brought forth. We follow with our eye the descending sun—we listen to the decaying sounds of labour and of toil, and, when all the fields are silent around us, we feel a kindred stillness to breathe upon our souls, and to calm them from the agitations of society. From this first impression there is a second which naturally follows it: in the day we are living with men, in the eventide we begin to live with nature; we see the world withdrawn from us, the shades of night darken over the habitations of men, and we feel ourselves alone. It is an hour fitted, as it would seem, by Him who made us to still, but with gentle hand, the throb of every unruly passion, and the ardour of every impure desire; and, while it veils for a time the world that misleads us, to awaken in our hearts those legitimate affections which the heat of the day may have dissolved. There is yet a farther scene it presents to us. While the world withdraws from us, and while the shades of the evening darken upon our dwellings, the splendours of the firmament come forward to our view. In the moments when earth is overshadowed, heaven opens to our eyes the radiance of a sublimer being; our hearts follow the successive splendours of the scene, and while we forget for a time the obscurity of earthly concerns, we feel that there are 'yet greater things than these.'

There is, in the second place, an 'eventide' in the year—a season, as we now witness, when the sun withdraws his propitious light, when the winds arise and the leaves fall, and nature around us seems to sink into decay. It is said, in general, to be the season of melancholy; and if by this word be meant that it is the time of solemn and of serious thought, it is undoubtedly the season of melancholy; yet it is a melancholy so soothing, so gentle in its approach, and so prophetic in its influence, that they who have known it feel, as instinctively, that it is the doing of God, and that the heart of man is not thus finely touched but to fine issues.

When we go out into the fields in the evening of the year, a different voice approaches us. We regard, even in spite of ourselves, the still but steady advances of [illegible]. A few days [illegible], and the summer of the year was grateful, and every element was filled with life, and the sun of heaven seemed to glory in his ascension. He is now enfeebled in his power; the desert no more 'blossoms like the rose;' the song of joy is no more heard among the branches, and the earth is strewed with that foliage which once bespoke the magnificence of summer. Whatever may be the passions which society has awakened, we pause amid this apparent desolation of nature. We sit down in the lodge 'of the wayfaring man in the wilderness,' and we feel that all we witness is the emblem of our own fate. Such also in a few years will be our own condition. The blossoms of our spring, the pride of our summer, will also fade into decay, and the pulse that now beats high with virtuous or with vicious desire, will gradually sink, and then must stop for ever. We rise from our meditations with hearts softened and subdued, and we return into life as into a shadowy scene, where we have 'disquieted ourselves in vain.'

Yet a few years, we think, and all that now bless, or all that now convulse humanity, will also have perished. The mightiest pageantry of life will pass, the loudest notes of triumph or of conquest will be silent in the grave; the wicked, wherever active, 'will cease from troubling,' and the weary, wherever suffering, 'will be at rest.' Under an impression so profound, we feel our own hearts better. The cares, the animosities, the hatreds which society may have engendered, sink unperceived from our bosoms. In the general desolation of nature we feel the littleness of our own passions—we look forward to that kindred evening which time must bring to all—we anticipate the graves of those we hate as of those we love. Every unkind passion falls with the leaves that fall around us, and we return slowly to our homes, and to the society which surrounds us, with the wish only to enlighten or to bless them.

If there were no other effects, my brethren, of such appearances of nature upon our minds, they would still be valuable—they would teach us humility, and with it they would teach us charity.

DR ANDREW THOMSON.

DR ANDREW THOMSON (1779-1831), an active and able minister of the Scottish church, was author of various sermons and lectures, and editor of the *Scottish Christian Instructor*, a periodical which exercised no small influence in Scotland on ecclesiastical questions. Dr Thomson was successively minister of Sprouston, in the presbytery of Kelso, of the East Church, Perth, and of St George's Church, Edinburgh. In the annual meetings of the general assembly he displayed great ardour and eloquence as a debater, and was the recognized leader of one of the church parties. He waged a long and keen warfare with the British and Foreign Bible Society for circulating the books of the Apocrypha along with the Bible, and his speeches on this subject, though exaggerated in tone and manner, produced a powerful effect. There was, in truth, always more of the debater than the divine in his public addresses, and he was an unmerciful opponent in controversy. When the question of the abolition of colonial slavery was agitated in Scotland, he took his stand on the expediency of immediate abolition, and by his public appearances on this subject, and the energy of his eloquence, carried the feelings of his countrymen completely along with him. The life of this ardent, impetuous, and independent man was brought suddenly and awfully to a close. In the prime of health and vigour he fell down dead at the threshold of his own door. The sermons of Dr Thomson scarcely support his high reputation as a church leader and debater. They are weighty and earnest, but without polish or elegance of style.

DR THOMAS CHALMERS.

The most distinguished and influential of living Scottish divines is THOMAS CHALMERS, D.D. and LL.D., one of the first Presbyterian ministers who obtained an honorary degree from the university of Cambridge,

Dr Thomas Chalmers.

and one of the few Scotsmen who have been elected a corresponding member of the Royal Institute of France. The collected works of Dr Chalmers fill twenty-five duodecimo volumes. Of these the two first are devoted to *Natural Theology*, three and four to *Evidences of Christianity*; five, *Moral Philosophy*; six, *Commercial Discourses*; seven, *Astronomical Discourses*; eight, nine, and ten, *Congregational Sermons*; eleven, *Sermons on Public Occasions*; twelve, *Tracts and Essays*; thirteen, *Introductory Essays*, originally prefixed to editions of Select Christian Authors; fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen, *Christian and Economic Polity of a Nation, more especially with reference to its Large Towns*; seventeen, *On Church and College Establishments*; eighteen, *On Church Extension*; nineteen and twenty, *Political Economy*; twenty-one, *The Sufficiency of a Parochial System without a Poor Rate*; twenty-two, three, four, and five, *Lectures on the Romans*. In all Dr Chalmers's works there is great energy and earnestness, accompanied with a vast variety of illustration. His knowledge is extensive, including science no less than literature, the learning of the philosopher with the fancy of the poet, and a familiar acquaintance with the habits, feelings, and daily life of the Scottish poor and middle classes. The labour with which he pursues any favourite topic, presenting it to the reader or hearer in every possible point of view, and investing it with the charms of a rich [illegible] imagination, is a peculiar feature in his intellectual character, and one well calculated to arrest attention.* It gives peculiar effect to his

* Robert Hall [illegible] to have been struck with this peculiarity [illegible] Hall's [illegible] Remarks, [illegible] the following extract [illegible] Mr Hall [illegible] in terms of great [illegible] his general character [illegible] independent judgment [illegible] that [illegible] who had [illegible] with Dr — ? Why [illegible] Hall himself had not so [illegible] that [illegible] You [illegible] Yes, sir, [illegible] thrown [illegible] Every [illegible] form [illegible] * * His mind [illegible] There is incessant [illegible] When I was at Leicester, he [illegible] Dr Chalmers's [illegible] the Scottish [illegible] that they [illegible] together, and set into [illegible] by [illegible] musing way, by [illegible] neither in the [illegible] If this [illegible] it will never do [illegible] the congregation gradually [illegible] the mass of his subject [illegible] weakness became strength [illegible] was turned into energy; and, bringing the whole volume of his mind to bear upon it, he poured forth a torrent of the most close and conclusive argument, brilliant with all the exuberance of an imagination which ranged over all nature for illustrations, and yet managed and applied each of them with the same unerring dexterity, as if that single one had been the study of a whole life. "The tartan beat us," said Mr Canning; "we have no preaching like that in England." Chalmers, like the celebrated French divines (according to Goldsmith), assumed all that dignity and zeal which become men who are ambassadors from Christ. The English divines, like timorous envoys, seem more solicitous not to offend the court to which they are sent, than to drive home the interests of their employers. The style of Dr

pulpit ministrations; for by concentrating his attention on one or two points at a time, and pressing these home with almost unexampled zeal and animation, a distinct and vivid impression is conveyed to the mind, unbroken by any extraneous or discursive matter. His pictures have little or no background—the principal figure or conception fills the canvas. The style of Dr Chalmers is far from being correct or elegant—it is often turgid, loose, and declamatory, vehement beyond the bounds of good taste, and disfigured by a peculiar and by no means graceful phraseology. These blemishes are, however, more than redeemed by his piety and eloquence, the originality of many of his views, and the astonishing force and ardour of his mind. His 'Astronomical Discourses' contain passages of great sublimity and beauty, and even the most humble and prosaic subject, treated by him, becomes attractive and poetical. His triumph is the triumph of genius, aided by the deepest conviction of the importance of the truths he inculcates.

Dr Chalmers is a native of Anstruther, in the county of Fife. A fugitive memoir states that he was born about the year 1780, that he studied at St Andrews, and was soon a smatterer in chemistry and natural philosophy, and, though there was no regular professor of that science at St Andrews, a chemist. After his admission to holy orders he officiated for sometime as assistant to the minister of Wilton near Hawick. He afterwards obtained the church of Kilmany, in his native county, where the activity of his mind was strikingly displayed. In addition to his parochial labours he lectured in the different towns on chemistry and other subjects; became an officer of a volunteer corps; and he wrote a book on the resources of the country, besides pamphlets on some of the topics of the day; and when the Edinburgh Encyclopædia was projected he was invited to be a contributor, and engaged to furnish the article 'Christianity,' which he afterwards completed with so much ability.* At Kilmany Dr Chalmers seems to have received more serious and solemn impressions as to his clerical duties; for in an address to the inhabitants of the parish, included in his tracts, there is the following remarkable passage:—

[The Inefficiency of Mere Moral Preaching.]

And here I cannot but record the effect of an actual though undesigned experiment which I prosecuted for upwards of twelve years among you. For the greater part of that time I could expatiate on the meanness of dishonesty, on the villany of falsehood, on the despicable arts of calumny—in a word, upon all those deformities of character which awaken the natural indignation of the human heart against the pests and the disturbers of human society. Now, could I, upon the strength of these warm expostulations, have got the thief to give up his stealing, and the evil speaker his censoriousness, and the liar his deviations from truth, I should have felt all the repose of one who had gotten his ultimate object. It never occurred to me that all this might have been done, and yet every soul of every hearer have remained in full alienation from God; and that even could I have established in the bosom of one who stole such a principle of abhorrence at the meanness of dishonesty that he was prevailed upon to steal no more, he might still have retained a heart as completely unturned to God, and as totally unpossessed by a principle of love to Him, as before. In a word, though I might have made him a more upright and honourable man, I might have left him as destitute of the essence of religious principle as ever. But the interesting fact is, that during the whole of that period in which I made no attempt against the natural enmity of the mind to God, while I was inattentive to the way in which this enmity is dissolved, even by the free offer on the one hand, and the believing acceptance on the other, of the gospel salvation; while Christ, through whose blood the sinner, who by nature stands afar off, is brought near to the heavenly Lawgiver whom he has offended, was scarcely ever spoken of, or spoken of in such a way as stripped him of all the importance of his character and his offices, even at this time I certainly did press the reformations of honour, and truth, and integrity among my people; but I never once heard of any such reformations having been effected amongst them. If there was anything at all brought about in this way, it was more than ever I got any account of. I am not sensible that all the vehemence with which I urged the virtues and the proprieties of social life had the weight of a feather on the moral habits of my parishioners. And it was not till I got impressed by the utter alienation of the heart in all its desires and affections from God; it was not till reconciliation to him became the distinct and the prominent object of my ministerial exertions; it was not till I took the Scriptural way of laying the method of reconciliation before them; it was not till the free offer of forgiveness through the blood of Christ was urged upon their acceptance, and the Holy Spirit given through the channel of Christ's mediatorship to all who ask him, was set before them as the unceasing object of their dependence and their prayers; it was not, in one word, till the contemplations of my people were turned to these great and essential elements in the business of a soul providing for its interest with God and the concerns of its eternity, that I ever heard of any of those subordinate reformations which I aforetime made the earnest and the zealous, but, I am afraid, at the same time, the ultimate object of my earlier ministrations. Ye servants, whose scrupulous fidelity has now attracted the notice and drawn forth in my hearing a delightful testimony from your masters, what mischief you would have done had your zeal for doctrines and sacraments been accompanied by the sloth and the remissness, and what, in the prevailing tone of moral relaxation, is counted the allowable purloining of your earlier days! But a sense of your heavenly Master's eye has brought another influence to bear upon you; and while you are thus striving to adorn the doctrine of God your Saviour in all things, you may, poor as you are, reclaim the great ones of the land to the acknowledgment of the faith. You have at least taught me that to preach Christ is the only effective way of preaching morality in all its branches; and out of your humble cottages have I gathered a lesson, which I pray God I may be enabled to carry with all its simplicity into a wider theatre, and to bring with all the power of its subduing efficacy upon the vices of a more crowded population.

From Kilmany Dr Chalmers removed to the new church of St John's in Glasgow, where his labours were unceasing and meritorious. Here his principal sermons were delivered and published; and his fame as a preacher and author was diffused not only over Great Britain, but throughout all Europe and America. In 1823 he removed to St Andrews, as professor of moral philosophy in the United college; and in 1828 he was appointed professor of divinity in the university of Edinburgh. This appointment he relinquished in 1843, on his secession from the established church.

Chalmers became the rage in Scotland among the young preachers, but few could do more than copy his defects.

* London Magazine.

[Picture of the Chase—Cruelty to Animals.]

The sufferings of the lower animals may, when out of sight, be out of mind. But more than this, these sufferings may be in sight, and yet out of mind. This is strikingly exemplified in the sports of the field, in the midst of whose varied and animating bustle that cruelty which all along is present to the senses may not for one moment have been present to the thoughts. There sits a somewhat ancestral dignity and glory on this favourite pastime of joyous old England; when the gallant knighthood, and the hearty yeomen, and the amateurs or virtuosos of the chase, and the full assembled jockeyship of half a province, muster together in all the pride and pageantry of their great emprize—and the panorama of some noble landscape, lighted up with autumnal clearness from an unclouded heaven, pours fresh exhilaration into every blithe and choice spirit of the scene—and every adventurous heart is braced and impatient for the hazards of the coming enterprise—and even the high-breathed coursers catch the general sympathy, and seem to fret in all the restiveness of their yet checked and irritated fire, till the echoing horn shall set them at liberty—even that horn which is the knell of death to some trembling victim now brought forth of its lurking-place to the delighted gaze, and borne down upon with the full and open cry of its ruthless pursuers. Be assured that, amid the whole glee and fervency of this tumultuous enjoyment, there might not, in one single bosom, be aught so fiendish as a principle of naked and abstract cruelty. The fear which gives its lightning-speed to the unhappy animal; the thickening horrors which, in the progress of exhaustion, must gather upon its flight; its gradually sinking energies, and, at length, the terrible certainty of that destruction which is awaiting it; that piteous cry which the ear can sometimes distinguish amid the deafening clamour of the bloodhounds as they spring exultingly upon their prey; the dread massacre and dying agonies of a creature so miserably torn;—all this weight of suffering, we admit, is not once sympathised with; but it is just because the suffering itself is not once thought of. It touches not the sensibilities of the heart; but just because it is never present to the notice of the mind. We allow that the hardy followers in the wild romance of this occupation, we allow them to be reckless of pain, but this is not rejoicing in pain. Theirs is not the delight of the savage, but the apathy of unreflecting creatures. They are wholly occupied with the chase itself and its spirit-stirring accompaniments, nor bestow one moment's thought on the dread violence of that infliction upon sentient nature which marks its termination. It is the spirit of the competition, and it alone, which goads onward this hurrying career; and even he who in at the death is foremost in the triumph, although to him the death itself is in sight, the agony of its wretched sufferer is wholly out of mind. * *

Man is the direct agent of a wide and continual distress to the lower animals, and the question is, Can any method be devised for its alleviation? On this subject that Scriptural image is strikingly realised, 'The whole inferior creation groaning and travailling together in pain,' because of him. It signifies not to the substantive amount of the suffering whether this be prompted by the hardness of his heart, or only permitted through the heedlessness of his mind. In either way it holds true, not only that the arch-devourer man stands pre eminent over the fiercest children of the wilderness as an animal of prey, but that for his lordly and luxurious appetite, as well as for his service or merest curiosity and amusement, Nature must be ransacked throughout all her elements. Rather than forego the veriest gratifications of vanity, he will wring them from the anguish of wretched and ill-fated creatures; and whether for the indulgence of his barbaric sensuality or barbaric splendour, can stalk paramount over the sufferings of that prostrate creation which has been placed beneath his feet. That beauteous domain whereof he has been constituted the terrestrial sovereign, gives out so many blissful and benignant aspects; and whether we look to its peaceful lakes, or to its flowery landscapes, or its evening skies, or to all that soft attire which overspreads the hills and the valleys, lighted up by smiles of sweetest sunshine, and where animals disport themselves in all the exuberance of gaiety—this surely were a more befitting scene for the rule of clemency, than for the iron rod of a murderous and remorseless tyrant. But the present is a mysterious world wherein we dwell. It still bears much upon its materialism of the impress of Paradise. But a breath from the air of Pandemonium has gone over its living generations; and so 'the fear of man and the dread of man is now upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air, and upon all that moveth upon the earth, and upon all the fishes of the sea; into man's hands are they delivered: every moving thing that liveth is meat for him; yea, even as the green herbs, there have been given to him all things.' Such is the extent of his jurisdiction, and with most full and wanton license has he revelled among its privileges. The whole earth labours and is in violence because of his cruelties; and from the amphitheatre of sentient Nature there sounds in fancy's ear the bleat of one wide and universal suffering—a dreadful homage to the power of Nature's constituted lord.

These sufferings are really felt. The beasts of the field are not so many automata without sensation, and just so constructed as to give forth all the natural signs and expressions of it. Nature hath not practised this universal deception upon our species. These poor animals just look, and tremble, and give forth the very indications of suffering that we do. Theirs is the distinct cry of pain. Theirs is the unequivocal physiognomy of pain. They put on the same aspect of terror on the demonstrations of a menaced blow. They exhibit the same distortions of agony after the infliction of it. The bruise, or the burn, or the fracture, or the deep incision, or the fierce encounter with one of equal or superior strength, just affects them similarly to ourselves. Their blood circulates as ours. They have pulsations in various parts of the body like ours. They sicken, and they grow feeble with age, and, finally, they die just as we do. They possess the same feelings; and, what exposes them to like suffering from another quarter, they possess the same instincts with our own species. The lioness robbed of her whelps causes the wilderness to ring aloud with the proclamation of her wrongs; or the bird whose little household has been stolen, fills and saddens all the grove with melodies of deepest pathos. All this is palpable even to the general and unlearned eye: and when the physiologist lays open the recesses of their system by means of that scalpel, under whose operation they just shrink and are convulsed as any living subject of our own species—there stands forth to view the same sentient apparatus, and furnished with the same conductors for the transmission of feeling to every minutest pore upon the surface. Theirs is unmixed and unmitigated pain—the agonies of martyrdom without the alleviation of the hopes and the sentiments whereof they are incapable. When they lay them down to die, their only fellowship is with suffering; for in the prison-house of their beset and bounded faculties there can no relief be afforded by communion with other interests or other things. The attention does not lighten their distress as it does that of man, by carrying off his spirit from that existing pungency and pressure which might else be overwhelming. There is but room in their myste-

rious economy for one inmate, and that is, the absorbing sense of their own single and concentrated anguish. And so in that bed of torment whereon the wounded animal lingers and expires, there is an unexplored depth and intensity of suffering which the poor dumb animal itself cannot tell, and against which it can offer no remonstrance—an untold and unknown amount of wretchedness of which no articulate voice gives utterance. But there is an eloquence in its silence; and the very shroud which disguises it only serves to aggravate its horrors.

[*Insignificance of this Earth.*]

Though the earth were to be burned up, though the trumpet of its dissolution were sounded, though yon sky were to pass away as a scroll, and every visible glory which the finger of the Divinity has inscribed on it were extinguished for ever—an event so awful to us, and to every world in our vicinity, by which so many suns would be extinguished, and so many varied scenes of life and population would rush into forgetfulness—what is it in the high scale of the Almighty's workmanship? a mere shred, which, though scattered into nothing, would leave the universe of God one entire scene of greatness and of majesty. Though the earth and the heavens were to disappear, there are other worlds which roll afar: the light of other suns shines upon them; and the sky which mantles them is garnished with other stars. Is it presumption to say that the moral world extends to these distant and unknown regions? that they are occupied with people? that the charities of home and of neighbourhood flourish there? that the praises of God are there lifted up, and his goodness rejoiced in? that there piety has its temples and its offerings? and the richness of the divine attributes is there felt and admired by intelligent worshippers?

And what is this world in the immensity which teems with them; and what are they who occupy it? The universe at large would suffer as little in its splendour and variety by the destruction of our planet, as the verdure and sublime magnitude of a forest would suffer by the fall of a single leaf. The leaf quivers on the branch which supports it. It lies at the mercy of the slightest accident. A breath of wind tears it from its stem, and it lights on the stream of water which passes underneath. In a moment of time the life, which we know by the microscope it teems with, is extinguished; and an occurrence so insignificant in the eye of man, and on the scale of his observation, carries in it to the myriads which people this little leaf an event as terrible and as decisive as the destruction of a world. Now, on the grand scale of the universe, we, the occupiers of this ball, which performs its little round among the suns and the systems that astronomy has unfolded—we may feel the same littleness and the same insecurity. We differ from the leaf only in this circumstance, that it would require the operation of greater elements to destroy us. But these elements exist. The fire which rages within may lift its devouring energy to the surface of our planet, and transform it into one wide and wasting volcano. The sudden formation of elastic matter in the bowels of the earth—and it lies within the agency of known substances to accomplish this—may explode it into fragments. The exhalation of noxious air from below may impart a virulence to the air that is around us; it may affect the delicate proportion of its ingredients; and the whole of animated nature may wither and die under the malignity of a tainted atmosphere. A blazing comet may cross this fated planet in its orbit, and realise all the terrors which superstition has conceived of it. We cannot anticipate with precision the consequences of an event which every astronomer must know to lie within the limits of chance and probability. It may hurry our globe towards the sun, or drag it to the outer regions of the planetary system, or give it a new axis of revolution—and the effect, which I shall simply announce without explaining it, would be to change the place of the ocean, and bring another mighty flood upon our islands and continents.

These are changes which may happen in a single instant of time, and against which nothing known in the present system of things provides us with any security. They might not annihilate the earth, but they would unpeople it, and we, who tread its surface with such firm and assured footsteps, are at the mercy of devouring elements, which, if let loose upon us by the hand of the Almighty, would spread solitude, and silence, and death over the dominions of the world.

Now, it is this littleness and this insecurity which make the protection of the Almighty so dear to us, and bring with such emphasis to every pious bosom the holy lessons of humility and gratitude. The God who sitteth above, and presides in high authority over all worlds, is mindful of man; and though at this moment his energy is felt in the remotest provinces of creation, we may feel the same security in his providence as if we were the objects of his undivided care.

It is not for us to bring our minds up to this mysterious agency. But such is the incomprehensible fact, that the same Being, whose eye is abroad over the whole universe, gives vegetation to every blade of grass, and motion to every particle of blood which circulates through the veins of the minutest animal; that though his mind takes into his comprehensive grasp immensity and all its wonders, I am as much known to him as if I were the single object of his attention; that he marks all my thoughts; that he gives birth to every feeling and every movement within me; and that, with an exercise of power which I can neither describe nor comprehend, the same God who sits in the highest heaven, and reigns over the glories of the firmament, is at my right hand to give me every breath which I draw, and every comfort which I enjoy.

TRAVELLERS.

Recent years have witnessed an immense influx of books of travels and voyages—journals and narratives of personal adventure—the result of that spirit of scientific discovery, religious zeal, and enlightened curiosity, which characterise the nineteenth century. In physical geography large advances have been made. The extension of commerce and improvement of navigation have greatly facilitated foreign travelling; steamboats now traverse both the Atlantic and Mediterranean; and the overland route to India has introduced us to a more intimate acquaintance with the countries, so fertile in interesting and romantic associations, which lie between India and Britain. Indeed, if we except some of the populous regions in the interior of Africa—still guarded by barbarous jealousy and bigotry—almost every corner of the earth has been penetrated by British enterprise; and those countries endeared to us from the associations of Holy Writ, the gorgeous and fascinating fictions of Eastern fable, or the wisdom and beauty of the classic philosophers and poets, have been rendered familiar to every class of British society. Even war has been instrumental in adding to our knowledge of foreign nations. The French invasion of Egypt led to the study of Egyptian antiquities—for Napoleon carried *savans* in his train—and our most valuable information regarding India has been derived from officers engaged in hostile missions and journeys caused by war. The embassies of Macartney and Amherst to China (the first of which was highly satisfactory)

were prompted by the unfriendly and narrow-minded conduct of the Chinese; and our late collision with the emperor has also added to our previous scanty knowledge of that vast unexplored country, and may yet be productive of higher results.

JAMES BRUCE.

One of the most romantic and persevering of our travellers was JAMES BRUCE of Kinnaird, a Scottish gentleman of ancient family and property, who devoted several years to a journey into Abyssinia to discover the sources of the river Nile. The fountains of celebrated rivers have led to some of our most interesting exploratory expeditions. Superstition has hallowed the sources of the Nile and the Ganges, and the mysterious Niger long wooed our adventurous travellers into the sultry plains of Africa. The inhabitants of mountainous countries still look with veneration on their principal streams, and as they roll on before them, connect them in imagination with the ancient glories or traditional legends of their native land. Bruce partook largely of this feeling, and was a man of an ardent enthusiastic temperament. He was born at Kinnaird House, in the county of Stirling, on the 14th of December 1730, and was intended for the legal profession. He was averse, however, to the study of the law, and entered into business as a wine-merchant in London. Being led to visit Spain and Portugal, he was struck with the architectural ruins and chivalrous tales of the Moorish dominion, and applied himself diligently to the study of Eastern antiquities and languages. On his return to England he became known to the government, and it was proposed that he should make a journey to Barbary, which had been partially explored by Dr Shaw. At the same time the consulship of Algiers became vacant, and Bruce was appointed to the office. He left England, and arrived at Algiers in 1763. Above six years were spent by our traveller at Algiers and in various travels (during which he surveyed and sketched the ruins of Palmyra and Baalbec), and it was not till June 1768 that he reached Alexandria. From thence he proceeded to Cairo, and embarked on the Nile. He arrived at Gondar, the capital of Abyssinia, and after some stay there, he set out for the sources of Bahr-el-Azek, under an impression that this was the principal branch of the Nile. The spot was at length pointed out by his guide—a hillock of green sod in the middle of a watery plain. The guide counselled him to pull off his shoes, as the people were all pagans, and prayed to the river as if it were God.

'Half undressed as I was,' continues Bruce, 'by the loss of my sash, and throwing off my shoes, I ran down the hill towards the hillock of green sod, which was about two hundred yards distant; the whole side of the hill was thick grown with flowers, the large bulbous roots of which appearing above the surface of the ground, and their skins coming off on my treading upon them, occasioned me two very severe falls before I reached the brink of the marsh. I after this came to the altar of green turf, which was apparently the work of art, and I stood in rapture above the principal fountain, which rises in the middle of it. It is easier to guess than to describe the situation of my mind at that moment—standing in that spot which had baffled the genius, industry, and inquiry of both ancients and moderns for the course of near three thousand years. Kings had attempted this discovery at the head of armies, and each expedition was distinguished from the last only by the difference of numbers which had perished, and agreed alone in the disappointment which had uniformly, and without exception, followed them all. Fame, riches, and honour, had been held out for a series of ages to every individual of those myriads these princes commanded, without having produced one man capable of gratifying the curiosity of his sovereign, or wiping off this stain upon the enterprise and abilities of mankind, or adding this desideratum for the encouragement of geography. Though a mere private Briton, I triumphed here, in my own mind, over kings and their armies! and every comparison was leading nearer and nearer to presumption, when the place itself where I stood, the object of my vain glory, suggested what depressed my short-lived triumph. I was but a few minutes arrived at the sources of the Nile, through numberless dangers and sufferings, the least of which would have overwhelmed me but for the continual goodness and protection of Providence: I was, however, but then half through my journey, and all those dangers through which I had already passed awaited me on my return; I found a despondency gaining ground fast, and blasting the crown of laurels which I had too rashly woven for myself.'

After several adventures in Abyssinia, in the course of which he received high personal distinctions from the king, Bruce obtained leave to depart. He returned through the great deserts of Nubia into Egypt, encountering the severest hardships and dangers from the sand-floods and simoom of the desert, and his own physical sufferings and exhaustion.

It was not until seventeen years after his return that Bruce published his travels. Parts had been made public, and were much ridiculed. Even Johnson doubted whether he had ever been in Abyssinia! The work appeared in 1790, in five large quarto volumes, with another volume of plates. The strangeness of the author's adventures at the court at Gondar, the somewhat inflated style of the narrative, and the undisguised vanity of the traveller, led to a disbelief of his statements, and numerous lampoons and satires, both in prose and verse, were



Staircase at Kinnaird House, Stirlingshire—Scene of Bruce's Fatal Accident.

directed against him. The really honourable and superior points of Bruce's character—such as his energy and daring, his various knowledge and acquirements, and his disinterested zeal in undertaking

such a journey at his own expense—were overlooked in this petty war of the wits. Bruce felt their attacks keenly; but he was a proud-spirited man, and did not deign to reply to pasquinades impeaching his veracity. He survived his publication only four years. The foot, which had trodden without failing the deserts of Nubia, slipped one evening in his own staircase, while handing a lady to her carriage, and he died in consequence of the injury then received, April 16, 1794. A second edition of the Travels, edited by Dr Alexander Murray (an excellent Oriental scholar), was published in 1805, and a third in 1813. The style of Bruce is prolix and inelegant, though occasionally energetic. He seized upon the most prominent points, and coloured them highly. The general accuracy of his work has been confirmed from different quarters. Mr Henry Salt, the next European traveller in Abyssinia, twice penetrated into the interior of the country—in 1805 and 1810—but without reaching so far as Bruce. This gentleman confirms the historical parts of Bruce's narrative; and Mr Nathaniel Pearce (who resided many years in Abyssinia, and was engaged by Salt) verifies one of Bruce's most extraordinary statements—the practice of the Abyssinians of eating raw meat cut out of a living cow! This was long ridiculed and disbelieved, though in reality it is not much more barbarous than the custom of the poor Highlanders in Scotland of bleeding their cattle in winter for food. Pearce witnessed the operation: a cow was thrown down, and two pieces of flesh, weighing about a pound, cut from the buttock, after which the wounds were sewed up, and plastered over with cow-dung. Dr Clarke and other travellers have borne testimony to the correctness of Bruce's drawings and maps. The only disingenuousness charged against our traveller is his alleged concealment of the fact, that the Nile, whose sources have been in all ages an object of curiosity, was the Bahr-el-Abiad, or White River, flowing from the west, and not the Bahr-el-Azrek, or Blue River, which descends from Abyssinia, and which he explored. It seems also clear that Paez, the Portuguese traveller, had long previously visited the source of the Bahr-el-Azrek.

MUNGO PARK, &c.

Next in interest and novelty to the travels of Bruce are those of Mungo Park in Central Africa. Mr Park was born at Fowlshiels, near Selkirk, on the 10th of September 1771. He studied medicine, and performed a voyage to Bencoolen in the capacity of assistant-surgeon to an East Indiaman. The African Association, founded in 1778 for the purpose of promoting discovery in the interior of Africa, had sent out several travellers—John Ledyard, Lucas, and Major Houghton—all of whom had died. Park, however, undeterred by these examples, embraced the society's offer, and set sail in May 1795. On the 21st of June following he arrived at Jillifree, on the banks of the Gambia. He pursued his journey towards the kingdom of Bambarra, and saw the great object of his mission, the river Niger flowing towards the east. The sufferings of Park during his journey, the various incidents he encountered, his captivity among the Moors, and his description of the inhabitants, their manners, trade, and customs, constitute a narrative of the deepest interest. The traveller returned to England towards the latter end of the year 1797, when all hope of him had been abandoned, and in 1799 he published his travels. The style is simple and manly, and replete with a fine moral feeling. One of his adventures (which had the honour of being turned into verse by the Duchess of Devonshire) is thus related. The traveller had reached the town of Sego, the capital of Bambarra, and wished to cross the river towards the residence of the king:—

I waited more than two hours without having an opportunity of crossing the river, during which time the people who had crossed carried information to Mansong, the king, that a white man was waiting for a passage, and was coming to see him. He immediately sent over one of his chief men, who informed me that the king could not possibly see me until he knew what had brought me into his country; and that I must not presume to cross the river without the king's permission. He therefore advised me to lodge at a distant village, to which he pointed, for the night, and said that in the morning he would give me further instructions how to conduct myself. This was very discouraging. However, as there was no remedy, I set off for the village, where I found, to my great mortification, that no person would admit me into his house. I was regarded with astonishment and fear, and was obliged to sit all day without victuals in the shade of a tree; and the night threatened to be very uncomfortable—for the wind rose, and there was great appearance of a heavy rain—and the wild beasts are so very numerous in the neighbourhood, that I should have been under the necessity of climbing up the tree and resting amongst the branches. About sunset, however, as I was preparing to pass the night in this manner, and had turned my horse loose that he might graze at liberty, a woman, returning from the labours of the field, stopped to observe me, and perceiving that I was weary and dejected, inquired into my situation, which I briefly explained to her; whereupon, with looks of great compassion, she took up my saddle and bridle, and told me to follow her. Having conducted me into her hut, she lighted up a lamp, spread a mat on the floor, and told me I might remain there for the night. Finding that I was very hungry, she said she would procure me something to eat. She accordingly went out, and returned in a short time with a very fine fish, which, having caused to be half broiled upon some embers, she gave me for supper. The rites of hospitality being thus performed towards a stranger in distress, my worthy benefactress (pointing to the mat, and telling me I might sleep there without apprehension) called to the female part of her family, who had stood gazing on me all the while in fixed astonishment, to resume their task of spinning cotton, in which they continued to employ themselves great part of the night. They lightened their labour by songs, one of which was composed extempore, for I was myself the subject of it. It was sung by one of the young women, the rest joining in a sort of chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words, literally translated, were these:—'The winds roared, and the rains fell. The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk—no wife to grind his corn. *Chorus.*—Let us pity the white man—no mother has he,' &c. &c. Trifling as this recital may appear to the reader, to a person in my situation the circumstance was affecting in the highest degree. I was oppressed by such unexpected kindness, and sleep fled from my eyes. In the morning I presented my compassionate landlady with two of the four brass buttons which remained on my waistcoat—the only recompense I could make her.

His fortitude under suffering, and the natural piety of his mind, are beautifully illustrated by an incident related after he had been robbed and stript of most of his clothes at a village near Kooma:—

After the robbers were gone, I sat for some time looking around me with amazement and terror.

Whichever way I turned, nothing appeared but danger and difficulty. I saw myself in the midst of a vast wilderness, in the depth of the rainy season, naked and alone, surrounded by savage animals, and men still more savage. I was five hundred miles from the nearest European settlement. All these circumstances crowded at once on my recollection, and I confess that my spirits began to fail me. I considered my fate as certain, and that I had no alternative but to lie down and perish. The influence of religion, however, aided and supported me. I reflected that no human prudence or foresight could possibly have averted my present sufferings. I was indeed a stranger in a strange land, yet I was still under the protecting eye of that Providence who has condescended to call himself the stranger's friend. At this moment, painful as my reflections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss in fructification irresistibly caught my eye. I mention this to show from what trifling circumstances the mind will sometimes derive consolation; for though the whole plant was not larger than the top of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of its roots, leaves, and capsula, without admiration. Can that Being, thought I, who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after his own image? Surely not. Reflections like these would not allow me to despair. I started up, and, disregarding both hunger and fatigue, travelled forwards, assured that relief was at hand; and I was not disappointed. In a short time I came to a small village, at the entrance of which I overtook the two shepherds who had come with me from Kooma. They were much surprised to see me; for they said they never doubted that the Foulahs, when they had robbed, had murdered me. Departing from this village, we travelled over several rocky ridges, and at sunset arrived at Sibidooloo, the frontier town of the kingdom of Manding.

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Park had discovered the Niger (or Joliba, or Quorra) flowing to the east, and thus set at rest the doubts as to its direction in the interior of Africa. He was not satisfied, however, but longed to follow up his discovery by tracing it to its termination. For some years he was constrained to remain at home, and he followed his profession of a surgeon in the town of Peebles. He embraced a second offer from the African Association, and arrived at Goree on the 28th of March 1805. Before he saw the Niger once more 'rolling its immense stream along the plain,' misfortunes had thickened around him. His expedition consisted originally of forty-four men; now only seven remained. He built a boat at Sansanding to prosecute his voyage down the river, and entered it on the 17th of November 1805, with the fixed resolution to discover the termination of the Niger, or to perish in the attempt. The party had sailed several days, when, on passing a rocky part of the river named Boussa, the natives attacked them, and Park and one of his companions (Lieutenant Martyn) were drowned while attempting to escape by swimming. The letters and journals of the traveller had been sent by him to Gambia previous to his embarking on the fatal voyage, and a narrative of the journey compiled from them was published in 1815.

Park had conjectured that the Niger and Congo were one river; and in 1816 a double expedition was planned, one part of which was destined to ascend the Congo, and the other to descend the Niger, hopes being entertained that a meeting would take place at some point of the mighty stream. The command of this expedition was given to CAPTAIN TUCKEY, an experienced naval officer, and he was accompanied by Mr Smith, a botanist, Mr Cranch, a zoologist, and by Mr Galway, an intelligent friend. The expedition was unfortunate—all died but Captain Tuckey, and he was compelled to abandon the enterprise from fever and exhaustion. In the narrative of this expedition, there is an interesting account of the country of Congo, which appears to be an undefined tract of territory, hemmed in between Loango on the north and Angola on the south, and stretching far inland. The military part of this expedition, under Major Peddie, was equally unfortunate. He did not ascend the Gambia, but pursued the route by the Rio Nunez and the country of the Foulahs. Peddie died at Kacundy, at the head of the Rio Nunez, and Captain Campbell, on whom the command then devolved, also sunk under the pressure of disease and distress. In 1819 two other travellers, Mr Ritchie and Lieutenant Lyon, proceeded from Tripoli to Fezzan, with the view of penetrating southward as far as Soudan. The climate soon extinguished all hopes from this expedition; Mr Ritchie sank beneath it, and Lieutenant Lyon was so reduced as to be able to extend his journey only to the southern frontiers of Fezzan.

DENHAM AND CLAPPERTON.

In 1822 another important African expedition was planned by a different route, under the care of MAJOR DENHAM, CAPTAIN CLAPPERTON, and DR OUDNEY. They proceeded from Tripoli across the Great Desert to Bornou, and in February 1823 arrived at Kouka, the capital of Bornou. An immense lake, the Tshad, was seen to form the receptacle of the rivers of Bornou, and the country was highly populous. The travellers were hospitably entertained at Kouka. Oudney fell a victim to the climate, but Clapperton penetrated as far as Sockatoo, the residence of the Sultan Bello, and the capital of the Fellatah empire. The sultan received him with much state, and admired all the presents that were brought to him. 'Everything,' he said, 'is wonderful, but you are the greatest curiosity of all.' The traveller's presence of mind is illustrated by the following anecdote:—

'March 19, I was sent for,' says Clapperton, 'by the sultan, and desired to bring with me the "looking-glass of the sun," the name they gave to my sextant. I first exhibited a planisphere of the heavenly bodies. The sultan knew all the signs of the zodiac, some of the constellations, and many of the stars, by their Arabic names. The looking-glass of the sun was then brought forward, and occasioned much surprise. I had to explain all its appendages. The inverting telescope was an object of immense astonishment; and I had to stand at some little distance to let the sultan look at me through it, for his people were all afraid of placing themselves within its magical influence. I had next to show him how to take an observation of the sun. The case of the artificial horizon, of which I had lost the key, was sometimes very difficult to open, as happened on this occasion: I asked one of the people near me for a knife to press up the lid. He handed me one quite too small, and I quite inadvertently asked for a dagger for the same purpose. The sultan was immediately thrown into a fright; he seized his sword, and half-drawing it from the scabbard, placed it before him, trembling all the time like an aspen leaf. I did not deem it prudent to take the least notice of his alarm, although it was I who had in reality most cause of fear; and on receiving the dagger, I calmly opened the case, and returned the weapon to its owner.

with apparent unconcern. When the artificial horizon was arranged, the sultan and all his attendants had a peep at the sun, and my breach of etiquette seemed entirely forgotten.'

Sockatoo formed the utmost limit of the expedition. The result was published in 1826, under the title of *Narrative of Travels and Discoveries in Northern and Central Africa, in the years* 1822, 1823, *and* 1824, *by Major Denham, Captain Clapperton, and the late Dr Oudney.* Clapperton resumed his travels in 1825, and completed a journey across the continent of Africa from Tripoli to Benin, accompanied by Captain Pearce, a naval surgeon, a draughtsman, and Richard Lander, a young man who volunteered to accompany him as a confidential servant. They landed at Badagry, in the Bight of Benin; but death soon cut off all but Clapperton and Lander. They pursued their course, and visited Boussa, the scene of Mungo Park's death. They proceeded to Sockatoo after an interesting journey, with the view of soliciting permission from the sultan to visit Timbuctoo and Bornou. In this Clapperton was unsuccessful; and being seized with dysentery, he died in the arms of his faithful servant on the 13th of April 1827. Lander was allowed to return, and in 1830 he published an account of Captain Clapperton's last expedition. The unfortunate traveller was at the time of his death in his 39th year.

Clapperton made valuable additions to our knowledge of the interior of Africa. 'The limit of Lieutenant Lyon's journey southward across the desert was in latitude 24 degrees, while Major Denham, in his expedition to Mandara, reached latitude 9 degrees 15 minutes, thus adding 14¾ degrees, or 900 miles, to the extent explored by Europeans. Hornemann, it is true, had previously crossed the desert, and had proceeded as far southwards as Nyffé, in latitude 10½ degrees: but no account was ever received of his journey. Park in his first expedition reached Silla, in longitude 1 degree 34 minutes west, a distance of 1100 miles from the mouth of the Gambia. Denham and Clapperton, on the other hand, from the east side of Lake Tshad in longitude 17 degrees, to Sockatoo in longitude 5½ degrees, explored a distance of 700 miles from east to west in the heart of Africa; a line of only 400 miles remaining unknown between Silla and Sockatoo. But the second journey of Captain Clapperton added tenfold value to these discoveries. He had the good fortune to detect the shortest and most easy road to the populous countries of the interior; and he could boast of being the first who had completed an itinerary across the continent of Africa from Tripoli to Benin.'*

RICHARD LANDER.

The honour of discovering and finally determining the course of the Niger was left to RICHARD LANDER. Under the auspices of government, Lander and his brother left England in January 1830, and arrived at Badagry on the 19th of March. From Boussa they sailed down the Niger, and ultimately *entered the Atlantic* by the river Nun, one of the branches from the Niger. They returned from their triumphant expedition in June 1831, and published an account of their travels in three small volumes, for which Mr Murray, the eminent bookseller, is said to have given a thousand guineas! Richard Lander was induced to embark in another expedition to Africa—a commercial speculation fitted out by some Liverpool merchants, which proved an utter failure. A party of natives attacked the adventurers on the river Niger, and Lander was wounded by a musket ball. He arrived at Fernando Po, but died from the effects of his wound on the 16th of February 1834, aged thirty-one. A narrative of this unfortunate expedition was published in 1837, in two volumes, by Mr Macgregor Laird and Mr Oldfield, surviving officers of the expedition.

BOWDICH, CAMPBELL, AND BURCHELL.

Of Western Africa, interesting accounts are given in the *Mission to Ashantee*, 1819, by MR BOWDICH; and of Southern Africa, in the Travels of MR CAMPBELL, a missionary, 1822; and in *Travels in Southern Africa*, 1822, by MR BURCHELL. Campbell was the first to penetrate beyond Lattakoo, the capital of the Boshuana tribe of the Matchapins. He made two missions to Africa, one in 1813, and a second in 1820, both being undertaken under the auspices of the Missionary Society. He founded a Christian establishment at Lattakoo, but the natives evinced little disposition to embrace the pure faith, so different from their sensual and superstitious rites. Until Mr Bowdich's mission to Ashantee, that powerful kingdom and its capital, Coomassie (a city of 100,000 souls), although not nine days' journey from the English settlements on the coast, were known only by name, and very few persons in England had ever formed the faintest idea of the barbaric pomp and magnificence, or of the state, strength, and political condition of the Ashantee nation.

J. L. BURCKHARDT—J. B. BELZONI.

Among the numerous victims of African discovery are two eminent travellers—Burckhardt and Belzoni. JOHN LUDWIG BURCKHARDT (1785-1817) was a native of Switzerland, who visited England, and was engaged by the African Association. He proceeded to Aleppo in 1809, and resided two years in that city, personating the character of a Mussulman doctor of laws, and acquiring a perfect knowledge of the language and customs of the East. He visited Palmyra, Damascus, and Lebanon; stopped some time at Cairo, and made a pilgrimage to Mecca, crossing the Nubian desert by the route taken by Bruce. He returned to Cairo, and was preparing to depart thence in a caravan for Fezzan, in the north of Africa, when he was cut off by a fever. His journals, letters, and memoranda, were all preserved, and are very valuable. He was an accurate observer of men and manners, and his works throw much light on the geography and moral condition of the countries he visited. They were published at intervals from 1819 to 1830. JOHN BAPTIST BELZONI was a native of Padua, in Italy, who came to England in 1803. He was a man of immense stature and muscular strength, capable of enduring the greatest fatigue. From 1815 to 1819 he was engaged in exploring the antiquities of Egypt. Works on this subject had previously appeared—The Egyptiaca of Hamilton, 1809; Mr Legh's Narrative of a Journey in Egypt, 1816; Captain Light's Travels, 1818; and Memoirs relating to European and Asiatic Turkey, &c. by Mr R. Walpole, 1817. Mr Legh's account of the antiquities of Nubia—the region situated on the upper part of the Nile—had attracted much attention. While the temples of Egypt are edifices raised above ground, those of Nubia are excavated rocks, and some, almost of mountain magnitude have been hewn into temples and chiseled into sculpture. Mr Legh was the first adventurer in this career. Belzoni acted as assistant to Mr Salt (the British consul at Egypt) in

* History of Maritime and Inland Discovery.

exploring the Egyptian pyramids and ancient tombs. Some of these remains of art were eminently rich and splendid, and one which he discovered near Thebes, containing a sarcophagus of the finest Oriental alabaster, minutely sculptured with hundreds of figures, he brought with him to Britain, and it is now in the British Museum. In 1820 he published *A Narrative of Operations and Recent Discoveries within the Pyramids, Temples, &c. in Egypt and Nubia*, which shows how much may be done by the labour and unremitting exertions of one individual. Belzoni's success in Egypt, his great bodily strength, and his adventurous spirit, inspired him with the hope of achieving discoveries in Africa. He sailed to the coast of Guinea, with the intention of travelling to Timbuctoo, but died at Benin of an attack of dysentery on the 3d of December 1823. We subjoin a few passages from Belzoni's narrative:—

[*The Ruins at Thebes.*]

On the 22d, we saw for the first time the ruins of great Thebes, and landed at Luxor. Here I beg the reader to observe, that but very imperfect ideas can be formed of the extensive ruins of Thebes, even from the accounts of the most skilful and accurate travellers. It is absolutely impossible to imagine the scene displayed, without seeing it. The most sublime ideas that can be formed from the most magnificent specimens of our present architecture, would give a very incorrect picture of these ruins; for such is the difference not only in magnitude, but in form, proportion, and construction, that even the pencil can convey but a faint idea of the whole. It appeared to me like entering a city of giants, who, after a long conflict, were all destroyed, leaving the ruins of their various temples as the only proofs of their former existence. The temple of Luxor presents to the traveller at once one of the most splendid groups of Egyptian grandeur. The extensive propylæon, with the two obelisks, and colossal statues in the front; the thick groups of enormous columns; the variety of apartments, and the sanctuary it contains; the beautiful ornaments which adorn every part of the walls and columns, described by Mr Hamilton; cause in the astonished traveller an oblivion of all that he has seen before. If his attention be attracted to the north side of Thebes by the towering remains that project a great height above the wood of palm-trees, he will gradually enter that forest-like assemblage of ruins of temples, columns, obelisks, colossi, sphinxes, portals, and an endless number of other astonishing objects, that will convince him at once of the impossibility of a description. On the west side of the Nile, still the traveller finds himself among wonders. The temples of Gournou, Memnonium, and Medinet Aboo, attest the extent of the great city on this side. The unrivalled colossal figures in the plains of Thebes, the number of tombs excavated in the rocks, those in the great valley of the kings, with their paintings, sculptures, mummies, sarcophagi, figures, &c. are all objects worthy of the admiration of the traveller, who will not fail to wonder how a nation which was once so great as to erect these stupendous edifices, could so far fall into oblivion that even their language and writing are totally unknown to us.

[*Opening a Tomb at Thebes.*]

On the 16th of October 1817, I set a number of fellahs, or labouring Arabs, to work, and caused the earth to be opened at the foot of a steep hill, and under the bed of a torrent, which, when it rains, pours a great quantity of water over the spot in which they were digging. No one could imagine that the ancient Egyptians would make the entrance into such an immense and superb excavation just under a torrent of water; but I had strong reasons to suppose that there was a tomb in that place, from indications I had previously observed in my search of other sepulchres. The Arabs, who were accustomed to dig, were all of opinion that nothing was to be found there; but I persisted in carrying on the work; and on the evening of the following day we perceived the part of the rock that had been hewn and cut away. On the 18th, early in the morning, the task was resumed; and about noon, the workmen reached the opening, which was eighteen feet below the surface of the ground. When there was room enough for me to creep through a passage that the earth had left under the ceiling of the first corridor, I perceived immediately, by the painting on the roof, and by the hieroglyphics in basso-relievo, that I had at length reached the entrance of a large and magnificent tomb. I hastily passed along this corridor, and came to a staircase 23 feet long, at the foot of which I entered another gallery 37 feet 3 inches long, where my progress was suddenly arrested by a large pit 30 feet deep and 14 feet by 12 feet 3 inches wide. On the other side, and in front of me, I observed a small aperture 2 feet wide and 2 feet 6 inches high, and at the bottom of the pit a quantity of rubbish. A rope fastened to a piece of wood, that was laid across the passage against the projections which formed a kind of doorway, appeared to have been used formerly for descending into the pit; and from the small aperture on the opposite side hung another which reached the bottom, no doubt for the purpose of ascending. The wood, and the rope fastened to it, crumbled to dust on being touched. At the bottom of the pit were several pieces of wood placed against the side of it, so as to assist the person who was to ascend by means of the rope into the aperture. It was not till the following day that we contrived to make a bridge of two beams, and crossed the pit, when we discovered the little aperture to be an opening forced through a wall, that had entirely closed what we afterwards found to be the entrance into magnificent halls and corridors beyond. The ancient Egyptians had closely shut it up, plastered the wall over, and painted it like the rest of the sides of the pit, so that, but for the aperture, it would have been impossible to suppose that there was any further proceeding. Any one would have concluded that the tomb ended with the pit. Besides, the pit served the purpose of receiving the rain-water which might occasionally fall in the mountain, and thus kept out the damp from the inner part of the tomb. We passed through the small aperture, and then made the full discovery of the whole sepulchre.

An inspection of the model will exhibit the numerous galleries and halls through which we wandered; and the vivid colours and extraordinary figures on the walls and ceilings, which everywhere met our view, will convey an idea of the astonishment we must have felt at every step. In one apartment we found the carcase of a bull embalmed; and also scattered in various places wooden figures of mummies covered with asphaltum to preserve them. In some of the rooms were lying about statues of fine earth, baked, coloured blue, and strongly varnished; in another part were four wooden figures standing erect, four feet high, with a circular hollow inside, as if intended to contain a roll of papyrus. The sarcophagus of Oriental alabaster was found in the centre of the hall, to which I gave the name of the saloon, without a cover, which had been removed and broken; and the body that had once occupied this superb coffin had been carried away. We were not, therefore, the first who had profanely entered this mysterious mansion of the dead, though there is no doubt it had remained undisturbed since the time of the invasion of the Persians.

The architectural ruins and monuments on the banks of the Nile are stupendous relics of former ages. They reach back to the period when Thebes poured her heroes through a hundred gates, and Greece and Rome were the desert abodes of barbarians. 'From the tops of the Pyramids,' said Napoleon to his soldiers on the eve of battle, 'the shades of forty centuries look down upon you.' Learning and research have unveiled part of the mystery of these august memorials. Men like Belzoni have penetrated into the vast sepulchres, and unearthed the huge sculptures, and scholars like Young and Champollion, by discovering the hieroglyphic writing of the ancient Egyptians, have been able to ascertain their object and history. The best English books on Egypt are, *The Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians*, by J. G. WILKINSON, 1837, and *An Account of the Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians*, by EDWARD W. LANE, 1836.

EDWARD D. CLARKE.

One of the most original and interesting of modern travellers was the late REV. DR EDWARD DANIEL CLARKE (1769–1822), a fellow of Jesus college, Cambridge, and the first professor of mineralogy in that university. In 1799 Dr Clarke set out with Mr Malthus, and some other college friends, on a journey among the northern nations. He travelled for three years and a half, visiting the south of Russia, part of Asia, Turkey, Egypt, and Palestine. The first volume of his travels appeared in 1810, and included Russia, Tartary, and Turkey. The second, which became more popular, was issued in 1812, and included Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land; and three other volumes appeared at intervals till 1819. The sixth volume was published after his death, part being contributed by Mr Walpole, author of travels in the Levant. Dr Clarke received from his publishers the large sum of £6000 for his collection of travels. Their success was immediate and extensive. As an honest and accomplished writer, careful in his facts, clear and polished in his style, and comprehensive in his knowledge and observation, Dr Clarke has not been excelled by any general European traveller.

[Description of the Pyramids.]

We were roused as soon as the sun dawned by Antony, our faithful Greek servant and interpreter, with the intelligence that the pyramids were in view. We hastened from the cabin, and never will the impression made by their appearance be obliterated. By reflecting the sun's rays, they appeared as white as snow, and of such surprising magnitude, that nothing we had previously conceived in our imagination had prepared us for the spectacle we beheld. The sight instantly convinced us that no power of description, no delineation, can convey ideas adequate to the effect produced in viewing these stupendous monuments. The formality of their construction is lost in their prodigious magnitude; the mind, elevated by wonder, feels at once the force of an axiom, which, however disputed, experience confirms—that in vastness, whatsoever be its nature, there dwells sublimity. Another proof of their indescribable power is, that no one ever approached them under other emotions than those of terror, which is another principal source of the sublime. In certain instances of irritable feeling, this impression of awe and fear has been so great as to cause pain rather than pleasure; hence, perhaps, have originated descriptions of the pyramids which represent them as deformed and gloomy masses, without taste or beauty. Persons who have derived no satisfaction from the contemplation of them, may not have been conscious that the uneasiness they experienced was a result of their own sensibility. Others have acknowledged ideas widely different, excited by every wonderful circumstance of character and of situation—ideas of duration, almost endless; of power, inconceivable; of majesty, supreme; of solitude, most awful; of grandeur, of desolation, and of repose.

Upon the 23d of August 1802 we set out for the pyramids, the inundation enabling us to approach within less than a mile of the larger pyramid in our djerm.* Messrs Hammer and Hamilton accompanied us. We arrived at Djiza at daybreak, and called upon some English officers, who wished to join our party upon this occasion. From Djiza our approach to the pyramids was through a swampy country, by means of a narrow canal, which, however, was deep enough, and we arrived without any obstacle at nine o'clock at the bottom of a sandy slope leading up to the principal pyramid. Some Bedouin Arabs, who had assembled to receive us upon our landing, were much amused by the eagerness excited in our whole party to prove who should first set his foot upon the summit of this artificial mountain. With what amazement did we survey the vast surface that was presented to us when we arrived at this stupendous monument, which seemed to reach the clouds. Here and there appeared some Arab guides upon the immense masses above us, like so many pigmies, waiting to show the way to the summit. Now and then we thought we heard voices, and listened; but it was the wind in powerful gusts sweeping the immense ranges of stone. Already some of our party had begun the ascent, and were pausing at the tremendous depth which they saw below. One of our military companions, after having surmounted the most difficult part of the undertaking, became giddy in consequence of looking down from the elevation he had attained; and being compelled to abandon the project, he hired an Arab to assist him in effecting his descent. The rest of us, more accustomed to the business of climbing heights, with many a halt for respiration, and many an exclamation of wonder, pursued our way towards the summit. The mode of ascent has been frequently described; and yet, from the questions which are often proposed to travellers, it does not appear to be generally understood. The reader may imagine himself to be upon a staircase, every step of which, to a man of middle stature, is nearly breast high; and the breadth of each step is equal to its height; consequently the footing is secure; and although a retrospect in going up be sometimes fearful to persons unaccustomed to look down from any considerable elevation, yet there is little danger of falling. In some places, indeed, where the stones are decayed, caution may be required; and an Arab guide is always necessary to avoid a total interruption; but, upon the whole, the means of ascent are such that almost every one may accomplish it. Our progress was impeded by other causes. We carried with us a few instruments, such as our boat-compass, a thermometer, a telescope, &c.; these could not be trusted in the hands of the Arabs, and they were liable to be broken every instant. At length we reached the topmost tier, to the great delight and satisfaction of all the party. Here we found a platform thirty-two feet square, consisting of nine large stones, each of which might weigh about a ton, although they are much inferior in size to some of the stones used in the construction of this pyramid. Travellers of all ages, and of various nations, have here inscribed their names. Some are written in Greek, many in French, a few in Arabic, one or two in English, and others in Latin. We were as desirous as our predecessors to leave a memorial of our arrival; it seemed to be a tribute of thankfulness due for the success of our undertaking; and pre-

* Boat of the Nile.

sently every one of our party was seen busied in adding the inscription of his name.

Upon this area, which looks like a point when seen from Cairo or from the Nile, it is extraordinary that none of those numerous hermits fixed their abode who retired to the tops of columns and to almost inaccessible solitudes upon the pinnacles of the highest rocks. It offers a much more convenient and secure retreat than was selected by an ascetic, who [illegible] his residence upon the architrave of a temple in the vicinity of Athens. The heat, according to [illegible] thermometer at the time of our coming, did not exceed 81 degrees, and the same temperature continued during the time we remained, a strong wind [illegible] from the north west. The view from this eminence amply fulfilled our expectations, nor do the accounts which have been given of it, [illegible] of the year, exaggerate the novelty [illegible] the sight. All [illegible] towards Cairo and the Delta resembled a [illegible] with [illegible]. Forests of palm trees were seen [illegible] the water, the inundation spreading over the land [illegible] stood so as to give them [illegible] the flood. To the north, [illegible] nothing could be distinguished but a [illegible] diversified by plantations [illegible] south we saw the pyramids [illegible] east of these, smaller monuments [illegible] near to the Nile [illegible] [illegible] pyramids of [illegible] [illegible] near the [illegible] of considerable [illegible] west, the [illegible] extending [illegible] single [illegible] landscape, except [illegible] [illegible]

Upon the south east side [illegible] the Sphinx, the most [illegible] remains of all the world [illegible] the French have [illegible] statue, and all [illegible] figure, these were before [illegible] Instead, however [illegible] concerning the work upon which [illegible] rest, the pedestal proves to be [illegible] of brickwork and [illegible] like the most magnificent [illegible] and wholly out of character [illegible] prodigious labour bestowed upon [illegible] the gigantic appearance of [illegible] Beyond the Sphinx we [illegible] the sandy waste the remains [illegible] ferent building, perhaps the [illegible]

Immediately beneath [illegible] and western side, we saw so many tombs that [illegible] unable to count them, [illegible] being [illegible] sand, others rising considerably above it. All these are of an oblong form, with sides sloping like the roofs of European houses. A plan of their situation and appearance is given in Pococke's Travels. The second pyramid, standing to the south west, has the remains of a covering near its vertex, as of a plating of stone which had once invested all its four sides. Some persons, deceived by the external hue of this covering, have believed it to be of marble, but its white appearance is owing to a partial decomposition affecting the surface only. Not a single fragment of marble can be found anywhere near this pyramid. It is surrounded by a paved court, having walls on the outside, and places as for doors or portals in the walls, also an advanced work or portico. A third pyramid, of much smaller dimensions than the second, appears beyond the Sphinx to the south west; and there are three others, one of which is nearly buried in the sand, between the large pyramid and this statue to the south east.

CLASSIC TRAVELLERS—FORSYTH, EUSTACE, &c.

The classic countries of Greece and Italy have been described by various travellers, scholars, poets, painters, architects [illegible] The celebrated *Travels of Anacharsis* [illegible] were published in 178[illegible], and [illegible] translated into English. This excellent work (of which the hero is an interesting [illegible] romance) excited [illegible] general enthusiasm with respect to the [illegible] history of Greece. Dr Clarke's travels further stimulated inquiry, and Byron's Childe Harold drew attention to the natural beauty [illegible] scenery and monuments.

Mr (now Sir) [illegible] the following [illegible] an account of his [illegible] and Dr Holland in 181[illegible] [illegible] A [illegible] two quarto volumes, was published in 1819 by Mr Edward Dodwell, entitled [illegible] Greece [illegible] in 182[illegible] [illegible] William [illegible] *Travels in Greece and* [illegible] with remarks on the ancient [illegible] scholar, Edward [illegible] *Islands* [illegible] Wordsworth [illegible] issued [illegible] Italy [illegible] [illegible] This [illegible] His [illegible] [illegible] marked [illegible] sense [illegible]

[illegible] power and [illegible] [illegible] A [illegible] Arts and Letters, [illegible] in Italy [illegible] in 18[illegible] and [illegible] Mr Forsyth (1763-1815) [illegible] the county of Moray, [illegible] Turin [illegible] [illegible] an unjust order [illegible] all British subjects travelling in his dominions. After several years of detention, he prepared the [illegible] Italy, and published [illegible] England [illegible] means of enlisting the sympathies of Napoleon and the leading members of the National Institute in his behalf. This last effort for freedom failed, and the author always regretted that he had made it. Mr Forsyth was at length released on the downfall of Napoleon in 1814. The 'Remarks' thus hastily prepared for a special purpose, could hardly have been improved if expanded into regular dissertations and essays. They are vigorous and acute, evincing keen observation and original thinking, as well as the perfect knowledge of the scholar and the critic. Some detached sentences from Forsyth will show his peculiar and picturesque style. First, of the author's journey to Rome:—

vintage was in full glow. Men, women, children, asses, all were variously engaged in the work. I remarked in the scene a prodigality and negligence which I never saw in France. The grapes dropped unheeded from the panniers, and hundreds were left unculled on the vines. The vintagers poured upon us as we passed the richest ribaldry of the Italian language, and seemed to claim from Horace's old *vindemiator* a prescriptive right to abuse the traveller.'*

[*The Coliseum.*]

A colossal taste gave rise to the Coliseum. Here, indeed, gigantic dimensions were necessary, for though hundreds could enter at once, and fifty thousand find seats, the space was still insufficient for Rome, and the crowd for the morning games began at midnight. Vespasian and Titus, as if presaging their own destinies, hurried the building, and left several marks of their precipitancy behind. In the upper walls they have inserted stones which had evidently been dressed for a different purpose. Some of the arcades are grossly unequal ... mouldings ... the same level and form round the whole ellipse, and every order is full of licence. The Doric has no *triglyphs* nor *metopes*, and its arch is too low for its columns; the Ionic repeats the entablature of the Doric; the third order is but a rough cast of the Corinthian, and its foliage the thickest water-plant; the fourth seems a mere repetition of the third in pilasters; and the whole is crowned by a heavy Attic. Happily for the Coliseum, the shape necessary to an amphitheatre has given it a stability of construction sufficient to resist fires and earthquakes, and lightning, and sieges. Its elliptical form was the hoop which bound and held it entire till barbarians rent that consolidating ring; popes widened the breach; and time, not unassisted, continues the work of dilapidation. At this moment the hermitage is threatened with a dreadful crash, and a generation not very remote must be content, I apprehend, with the picture of this tremendous monument. Of the interior elevation, two slopes, by some called *meniana*, are already dismantled; the *arena*, the *podium*, are interred. No member runs entire round the whole ellipse, but every member made such a circuit, and reappears so often, that plans, sections, and elevations of the original work are drawn with the precision of a modern fabric. When the whole amphitheatre was entire, a child might comprehend its design in a moment, and go direct to his place without straying in the porticos, for each arcade bears its number engraved, and opposite to every fourth arcade was a staircase. This multiplicity of wide, straight, and separate passages, proves the attention which the ancients paid to the safe discharge of a crowd; it finely illustrates the precept of Vitruvius, and exposes the perplexity of some modern theatres. Every nation has undergone its revolution of vices, and as cruelty is not the present vice of ours, we can all humanely execrate the purpose of amphitheatres, now that they lie in ruins. Moralists may tell us that the truly brave are never cruel, but this monument says 'No.' Here sat the conquerors of the world, coolly to enjoy the tortures and death of men who had never offended them. Two aqueducts were scarcely sufficient to wash off the human blood which a few hours' sport shed in this imperial shambles. Twice in one day came the senators and matrons of Rome to the butchery; a virgin always gave the signal for slaughter; and when glutted with bloodshed, those ladies sat down in the wet and streaming *arena* to a luxurious supper! Such reflections check our regret for its ruin. As it now stands, the Coliseum is a striking image of Rome itself—decayed, vacant, serious, yet grand—half gray and half green—erect on one side and fallen on the other, with consecrated ground in its bosom—inhabited by a beadsman; visited by every caste; for moralists, antiquaries, painters, architects, devotees, all meet here to meditate, to examine, to draw, to measure, and to pray. 'In contemplating antiquities,' says Livy, 'the mind itself becomes antique.' It contracts from such objects a venerable rust, which I prefer to the polish and the point of those wits who have lately profaned this august ruin with ridicule.

In the year following the publication of Forsyth's original and valuable work, appeared *A Classical Tour in Italy*, in two large volumes, by JOHN CHETWODE EUSTACE, an English Catholic priest who had travelled in Italy in the capacity of tutor. Though pleasantly written, Eustace's work is one of no authority. Sir John Cam Hobhouse (who furnished the notes to the fourth canto of Lord Byron's Childe Harold, and afterwards published a volume of Historical Illustrations to the same poem) characterises Eustace's as 'one of the most inaccurate and unsatisfactory writers that have in our times attained a temporary reputation.' Mr Eustace died at Naples in 1815. *Letters from the North of Italy*, addressed to Mr Hallam the historian, by W. STEWART ROSE, Esq. in two volumes, 1819, are justly descriptive and partly critical, and though somewhat affected in style, form an unusually miscellany. *A Tour through the Southern Provinces of the Kingdom of Naples*, by the Hon. R. KEPPEL CRAVEN (1821) is rather of ... than a work of reflection, but is plainly and pleasingly written. *The Diary of an Invalid*, by HENRY MATTHEWS (1820), and *Rome in the Nineteenth Century* (1820) by Miss WALDIE, are both interesting works: the first is lively and picturesque in style, and was well received by the public. In 1821 LADY MORGAN published a work entitled *Italy*, containing pictures of Italian society and manners, drawn with more vivacity and point than delicacy. *Observations on Italy*, by MR JOHN BELL (1825) and a *Description of the Antiquities of Rome*, by DR BURTON (1828), are works of accuracy and research. *Illustrations of the Passes of the Alps*, by W. BROCKEDON (1828-9), unite the effects of the artist's pencil with the information of the observant topographer. MR BECKFORD, author of the romance of 'Vathek,' had in early life written *Sketches of Italy, Spain, and Portugal*. After remaining unpublished for more than forty years, two volumes of these graphic and picturesque delineations were given to the world in 1834. Time has altered some of the objects described by the accomplished traveller, but his work abounds in passages of permanent interest, and of finished and beautiful composition. Every season adds to the number of works on Italy and the other parts of the continent.

[*Funeral Ceremony at Rome.*]

[From Matthews's 'Diary of an Invalid.']

One day, in my way home, I met a funeral ceremony. A crucifix hung with black, followed by a train of priests, with lighted tapers in their hands, headed the procession. Then came a troop of figures dressed in white robes, with their faces covered with masks of the same materials. The bier followed, on

* The poet Rogers has sketched the same joyous scene of Italian life—

'Many a canzonet
Comes through the leaves, the vines in light festoons
From tree to tree, the trees in avenues,
And every avenue a covered walk
Hung with black clusters. 'Tis enough to make
The sad man merry, the benevolent one
Melt into tears, so general is the joy.'

which lay the corpse of a young woman arrayed in all the ornaments of dress, with her face exposed, where the bloom of life yet lingered. The members of different fraternities followed the bier, dressed in the robes of their orders, and all masked. They carried lighted tapers in their hands, and chanted out prayers in a sort of mumbling recitative. I followed the train to the church, for I had doubts whether the beautiful figure I had seen on the bier was not a figure of wax; but I was soon convinced it was indeed the corpse of a fellow-creature, cut off in the pride and bloom of youthful maiden beauty. Such is the Italian mode of conducting the last scene of the tragi-comedy of life. As soon as a person dies, the relations leave the house, and fly to bury themselves and their griefs in some other retirement. The care of the funeral devolves on one of the fraternities who are associated for this purpose in every parish. These are dressed in a sort of domino and hood, which, having holes for the eyes, answers the purpose of a mask, and completely conceals the face. The funeral of the very poorest is thus conducted with quite as much ceremony as need be. This is perhaps a better system than our own, where the relatives are exhibited as a spectacle to impertinent curiosity, whilst from feelings of duty they follow to the grave the remains of those they loved. But ours is surely an unphilosophical view of the subject. It looks as if we were materialists, and considered the cold clod as the sole remains of the object of our affection. The Italians reason better, and perhaps feel as much as ourselves, when they regard the body, deprived of the soul that animated, and the mind that informed it, as no more a part of the departed spirit than the clothes which it has also left behind. The ultimate disposal of the body is perhaps conducted here with too much of that spirit which would disregard all claims that 'this mortal coil' can have to our attention. As soon as the funeral service is concluded, the corpse is stripped and consigned to those who have the care of the interment. There are large vaults underneath the churches for the reception of the dead. Those who can afford it, are put into a wooden shell before they are cast into one of these Golgothas; but the great mass are tossed in without a rag to cover them. When one of these caverns is full, it is bricked up; and after fifty years it is opened again, and the bones are removed to other places prepared for their reception. So much for the last scene of the drama of life. With respect to the first act, our conduct of it is certainly more natural. Here they swathe and swaddle their children till the poor urchins look like Egyptian mummies. To this frightful custom one may attribute the want of strength and symmetry of the men, which is sufficiently remarkable.

[*Statue of the Medicean Venus at Florence.**]

[From Mathews's Diary.]

The statue that enchants the world—the unimitated, the inimitable Venus. One is generally disappointed after great expectations have been raised; but in this instance I was delighted at first sight, and each succeeding visit has charmed me more. It is indeed a wonderful work in conception and execution—but I doubt whether Venus be not a misnomer. Who can recognize in this divine statue any traits of the Queen of Love and Pleasure? It seems rather intended as a personification of all that is [illegible] graceful, and beautiful, not only abstracted from [illegible] human infirmities, but elevated [illegible] feelings and affections; for [illegible] the beauty is like the [illegible] sex. I was at first reminded of Milton's Eve; but in Eve, even in her days of innocence, there was some tincture of humanity, of which there is none in the Venus; in whose eye there is no heaven, and in whose gesture there is no love.

* This celebrated work of art was discovered in the villa of Adrian, in Tivoli, in the sixteenth century, broken into thirteen pieces. The restorations are by a Florentine sculptor. It was brought to Florence in the year 1680. It measures in stature only 4 feet 11 inches. There is no expression of passion or sentiment in the statue: it is an image of abstract or ideal beauty.

[*A Morning in Venice.*]

[From Beckford's 'Sketches of Italy,' &c.]

It was not five o'clock before I was aroused by a loud din of voices and splashing of water under my balcony. Looking out, I beheld the grand canal so entirely covered with fruits and vegetables on rafts and in barges, that I could scarcely distinguish a wave. Loads of grapes, peaches, and melons arrived and disappeared in an instant, for every vessel was in motion; and the crowds of purchasers, hurrying from boat to boat, formed a very lively picture. Amongst the multitudes I remarked a good many whose dress and carriage announced something above the common rank; and, upon inquiry, I found they were noble Venetians just come from their casinos, and met to refresh themselves with fruit before they retired to sleep for the day.

Whilst I was observing them, the sun began to colour the balustrades of the palaces, and the pure exhilarating air of the morning drawing me abroad, I procured a gondola, laid in my provision of bread and grapes, and was rowed under the Rialto, down the grand canal, to the marble steps of S. Maria della Salute, erected by the senate in performance of a vow to the Holy Virgin, who begged off a terrible pestilence in 1630. The great bronze portal opened whilst I was standing on the steps which lead to it, and discovered the interior of the dome, where I expatiated in solitude; no mortal appearing, except one old priest, who trimmed the lamps, and muttered a prayer before the high altar, still wrapped in shadows. The sunbeams began to strike against the windows of the cupola, just as I left the church, and was wafted across the waves to the spacious platform in front of St Giorgio Maggiore, one of the most celebrated works of Palladio. When my first transport was a little subsided, and I had examined the graceful design of each particular ornament, and united the just proportion and grand effect of the whole in my mind, I planted my umbrella on the margin of the sea, and viewed at my leisure the vast range of palaces, of porticos, of towers, opening on every side, and extending out of sight. The doge's palace, and the tall columns at the entrance of the piazza of St Mark, form, together with the arcades of the public library, the lofty Campanile, and the cupolas of the ducal church, one of the most striking groups of buildings that art can boast of. To behold at one glance these stately fabrics, so illustrious in the records of former ages, before which, in the flourishing times of the republic, so many valiant chiefs and princes have landed, loaded with Oriental spoils, was a spectacle I had long and ardently desired. I thought of the days of Frederick Barbarossa, when looking up the piazza of St Mark, along which he marched in solemn procession to cast himself at the feet of Alexander III., and pay a tardy homage to St Peter's successor. Here were no longer those splendid fleets that attended his progress; one solitary galeas was all I beheld, anchored opposite the palace of the doge, and surrounded by crowds of gondolas, whose sable hues contrasted strongly with its vermilion oars and shining ornaments. A party-coloured multitude was continually shifting from one side of the piazza to the other; whilst senators and

magistrates, in long black robes, were already arriving to fill their respective offices.

I contemplated the busy scene from my peaceful platform, where nothing stirred but aged devotees creeping to their devotions; and whilst I remained thus calm and tranquil, heard the distant buzz of the town. Fortunately, some length of waves rolled between me and its tumults, so that I ate my grapes and read Metastasio undisturbed by officiousness or curiosity. When the sun became too powerful, I entered the nave.

After I had admired the masterly structure of the roof and the lightness of its arches, my eyes naturally directed themselves to the pavement of white and ruddy marble, polished, and reflecting like a mirror the columns which rise from it. Over this I walked to a door that admitted me into the principal quadrangle of the convent, surrounded by a cloister supported on Ionic pillars beautifully proportioned. A flight of stairs opens into the court, adorned with balustrades and pedestals sculptured with elegance truly Grecian. This brought me to the refectory, where the *chef d'œuvre* of Paul Veronese, representing the marriage of Cana in Galilee, was the first object that presented itself. I never beheld so gorgeous a group of wedding garments before; there is every variety of fold and plait that can possibly be imagined. The attitudes and countenances are more uniform, and the guests appear a very genteel decent sort of people, well used to the mode of their times, and accustomed to miracles.

Having examined this fictitious repast, I cast a look on a long range of tables covered with very excellent realities, which the monks were coming to devour with energy, if one might judge from their appearance. These sons of penitence and mortification possess one of the most spacious islands of the whole cluster; a princely habitation, with gardens and open porticos that engross every breath of air; and what adds not a little to the charms of their abode, is the facility of making excursions from it whenever they have a mind.

[*Description of Pompeii.*]

[From Williams's 'Travels in Italy, Greece,' &c.]

Pompeii is getting daily disencumbered, and a very considerable part of this Grecian city is unveiled. We entered by the Appian way, through a narrow street of marble tombs, beautifully executed, with the names of the deceased plain and legible. We looked into the columbary below that of Marius Arius Diomedes, and perceived jars containing the ashes of the dead, with a small lamp at the side of each. Arriving at the gate, we perceived a sentry-box in which the skeleton of a soldier was found with a lamp in his hand: proceeding up the street beyond the gate, we went into several streets, and entered what is called a coffee-house, the marks of cups being visible on the stone: we came likewise to a tavern, and found the sign (not a very decent one) near the entrance. The streets are lined with public buildings and private houses, most of which have their original painted decorations fresh and entire. The pavement of the streets is much worn by carriage wheels, and holes are cut through the side stones for the purpose of fastening animals in the market-place; and in certain situations are placed stepping-stones, which give us a rather unfavourable idea of the state of the streets. We passed two beautiful little temples; went into a surgeon's house, in the operation-room of which chirurgical instruments were found; entered an ironmonger's shop, where an anvil and hammer were discovered; a sculptor's and a baker's shop, in the latter of which may be seen an oven and grinding mills, like old Scotch querns. We examined likewise an oilman's shop, and a wine shop lately opened, where money was found in the till; a school in which was a small pulpit, with steps up to it, in the middle of the apartment; a great theatre; a temple of justice; an amphitheatre about 220 feet in length; various temples; a barrack for soldiers, the columns of which are scribbled with their names and jests; wells, cisterns, seats, tricliniums, beautiful Mosaic; altars, inscriptions, fragments of statues, and many other curious remains of antiquity. Among the most remarkable objects was an ancient wall, with part of a still more ancient marble frieze, built in it as a common stone; and a stream which has flowed under this once subterraneous city long before its burial; pipes of Terra Cotta to convey the water to the different streets; stocks for prisoners, in one of which a skeleton was found. All these things incline one almost to look for the inhabitants, and wonder at the desolate silence of the place.

The houses in general are very low, and the rooms are small; I should think not above ten feet high. Every house is provided with a well and a cistern. Everything seems to be in proportion. The principal streets do not appear to exceed 16 feet in width, with side pavements of about 3 feet; some of the subordinate streets are from 6 to 10 feet wide, with side pavements in proportion: these are occasionally high, and are reached by steps. The columns of the barracks are about 15 feet in height; they are made of tuffa with stucco; one-third of the shaft is smoothly plastered, the rest fluted to the capital. The walls of the houses are often painted red, and some of them have borders and antique ornaments, masks, and imitations of marble; but in general poorly executed. I have observed on the walls of an eating-room various kinds of food and game tolerably represented; one woman's apartment was adorned with subjects relating to love, and a man's with pictures of a martial character. Considering that the whole has been under ground upwards of seventeen centuries, it is certainly surprising that they should be as fresh as at the period of their burial. The whole extent of the city, not one half of which is excavated, may be about four miles.

ARCTIC DISCOVERY—ROSS, PARRY, FRANKLIN, &C.

Contemporaneous with the African expeditions already described, a strong desire was felt in this country to prosecute our discoveries in the Northern seas, which for fifty years had been neglected. The idea of a north-west passage to Asia still presented attractions, and on the close of the revolutionary war, an effort to discover it was resolved upon. In 1818 an expedition was fitted out, consisting of two ships, one under the command of CAPTAIN JOHN ROSS, and another under LIEUTENANT, now SIR EDWARD PARRY. The most interesting feature in this voyage is the account of a tribe of Esquimaux hitherto unknown, who inhabited a tract of country extending on the shore for 120 miles, and situated near Baffin's Bay. A singular phenomenon was also witnessed—a range of cliffs covered with snow of a deep crimson colour, arising from some vegetable substance. When the expedition came to Lancaster Sound, a passage was confidently anticipated; but after sailing up the bay, Captain Ross conceived that he saw land—a high ridge of mountains, extending directly across the bottom of the inlet—and he abandoned the enterprise. Lieutenant Parry and others entertained a different opinion from that of their commander as to the existence of land, and the admiralty fitted out a new expedition, which sailed in 1819, for the purpose of again exploring Lancaster Sound. The expedition, including two ships, the Hecla and Griper, was intrusted to Captain Parry, who had the satisfaction of verifying the correctness of his former impressions, by sailing through what Captain Ross

supposed to be a mountain barrier in Lancaster Sound. 'To have sailed upwards of thirty degrees of longitude beyond the point reached by any former navigator—to have discovered many new lands, islands, and bays—to have established the much-contested existence of a Polar sea north of America—finally, after a wintering of eleven months, to have brought back his crew in a sound and vigorous state—were enough to raise his name above that of any former Arctic voyager.' The long winter sojourn in this Polar region was relieved by various devices and amusements: a temporary theatre was fitted up, and the officers came forward as amateur performers. A sort of newspaper was also established, called the North Georgian Gazette, to which all were invited to contribute; and excursions abroad were kept up as much as possible. The brilliant results of Captain Parry's voyage soon induced another expedition to the Northern seas of America. That commander hoisted his flag on board the 'Fury,' and Captain Lyon, distinguished by his services in Africa, received the command of the 'Hecla.' The ships sailed in May 1821. It was more than two years ere they returned; and though the expedition, as to its main object of finding a passage into the Polar sea, was a failure, various geographical discoveries were made. The tediousness of winter, when the vessels were frozen up, was again relieved by entertainments similar to those formerly adopted; and further gratification was afforded by intercourse with the Esquimaux, who, in their houses of snow and ice, burrowed along the shores. We shall extract part of Captain Parry's account of this shrewd though savage race.

[Description of the Esquimaux.]

The Esquimaux exhibit a strange mixture of intellect and dulness, of cunning and simplicity, of ingenuity and stupidity; few of them could count beyond five, and not one of them beyond ten, nor could any of them speak a dozen words of English after a constant intercourse of seventeen or eighteen months; yet many of them could imitate the manners and actions of the strangers, and were on the whole excellent mimics. One woman in particular, of the name of Iligluik, very soon attracted the attention of our voyagers by the various traits of that superiority of understanding for which, it was found, she was remarkably distinguished, and held in esteem even by her own countrymen. She had a great fondness for singing, possessed a soft voice and an excellent ear; but, like another great singer who figured in a different society, 'there was scarcely any stopping her when she had once begun;' she would listen, however, for hours together to the tunes played on the organ. Her superior intelligence was perhaps most conspicuous in the readiness with which she was made to comprehend the manner of laying down on paper the geographical outline of that part of the coast of America she was acquainted with, and the neighbouring islands, so as to construct a chart. At first it was found difficult to make her comprehend what was meant; but when Captain Parry had discovered that the Esquimaux were already acquainted with the four cardinal points of the compass, for which they have appropriate names, he drew them on a sheet of paper, together with that portion of the coast just discovered, which was opposite to Winter Island, where then they were, and of course well known to her.

We desired her (says Captain Parry) to complete the rest, and to do it *mikkee* (small), when, with a countenance of the most grave attention and peculiar intelligence, she drew the coast of the continent beyond her own country, as lying nearly north from Winter Island. The most important part still remained, and it would have amused an unconcerned looker-on to have observed the anxiety and suspense depicted on the countenances of our part of the group till this was accomplished, for never were the tracings of a pencil watched with more eager solicitude. Our surprise and satisfaction may therefore in some degree be imagined when, without taking it from the paper, Iligluik brought the continental coast short round to the westward, and afterwards to the S S.W., so as to come within three or four days' journey of Repulse Bay.

I am, however, compelled to acknowledge, that in proportion as the superior understanding of this extraordinary woman became more and more developed, her head (for what female head is indifferent to praise?) began to be turned by the general attention and numberless presents she received. The superior decency and even modesty of her behaviour had combined, with her intellectual qualities, to raise her in our estimation far above her companions; and I often heard others express what I could not but agree in, that for Iligluik alone, of all the Esquimaux women, that kind of respect could be entertained which modesty in a female never fails to command in our sex. Thus regarded, she had always been freely admitted into the ships, the quarter-masters at the gangway never thinking of refusing entrance to 'the wise woman,' as they called her. Whenever any explanation was necessary between the Esquimaux and us, Iligluik was sent for as an interpreter; information was chiefly obtained through her, and she thus found herself rising into a degree of consequence to which, but for us, she could never have attained. Notwithstanding a more than ordinary share of good sense on her part, it will not therefore be wondered at if she became giddy with her exaltation—considered her admission into the ships and most of the cabins no longer an indulgence, but a right—ceased to return the slightest acknowledgment for any kindness or presents—became listless and inattentive in unravelling the meaning of our questions, and careless whether her answers conveyed the information we desired. In short, Iligluik in February and Iligluik in April were confessedly very different persons; and it was at last amusing to recollect, though not very easy to persuade one's self, that the woman who now sat demurely in a chair, so confidently expecting the notice of those around her, and she who had at first, with eager and wild delight, assisted in cutting snow for the building of a hut, and with the hope of obtaining a single needle, were actually one and the same individual.

No kind of distress can deprive the Esquimaux of their cheerful temper and good humour, which they preserve even when severely pinched with hunger and cold, and wholly deprived for days together both of food and fuel—a situation to which they are very frequently reduced. Yet no calamity of this kind can teach them to be provident, or to take the least thought for the morrow; with them, indeed, it is always either a feast or a famine. The enormous quantity of animal food (they have no other) which they devour at a time is almost incredible. The quantity of meat which they procured between the first of October and the first of April was sufficient to have furnished about double the number of working people, who were moderate eaters, and had any idea of providing for a future day; but to individuals who can demolish four or five pounds at a sitting, and at least ten in the course of a day, and who never bestow a thought on to-morrow, at least with the view to provide for it by economy, there is scarcely any supply which could secure them from occasional scarcity. It is highly probable that the alternate feasting and fasting to which the gluttony and improvidence of these people so constantly subject them, may have oc-

casioned many of the complaints that proved fatal during the winter; and on this account we hardly knew whether to rejoice or not at the general success of their fishery.'

A third expedition was undertaken by Captain Parry, assisted by Captain Hoppner, in 1824, but it proved still more unfortunate. The broken ice in Baffin's Bay retarded his progress until the season was too far advanced for navigation in that climate. After the winter broke up, huge masses of ice drove the ships on shore, and the 'Fury' was so much injured, that it was deemed necessary to abandon her with all her stores. In April 1827 Captain Parry once more sailed in the 'Hecla,' to realise, if possible, his sanguine expectations; but on this occasion he projected reaching the North Pole by employing light boats and sledges, which might be alternately used, as compact fields of ice, or open sea, interposed in his route. On reaching Hecla Cove they left the ship to commence their journey on the ice. Vigorous efforts were made to reach the Pole, still 500 miles distant; but the various impediments they had to encounter, and particularly the drifting of the snow-fields, frustrated all their endeavours; and after two months spent on the ice, and penetrating about a degree farther than any previous expedition, the design was abandoned. These four expeditions were described by Captain Parry in separate volumes, which were read with great avidity. The whole have since been published in six small volumes, constituting one of the most interesting series of adventures and discoveries recorded in our language.

Following out the plan of northern discovery, an expedition was, in 1819, despatched overland to proceed from the Hudson's Bay factory, tracing the coast of the Northern ocean. This expedition was commanded by CAPTAIN JOHN FRANKLIN, accompanied by Dr Richardson, a scientific gentleman; two midshipmen—Mr Hood and Mr Back—and two English seamen. The journey to the Coppermine River displayed the characteristic ardour and hardihood of British seamen. Great suffering was experienced. Mr Hood lost his life, and Captain Franklin and Dr Richardson were on the point of death, when timely succour was afforded by some Indians. 'The results of this journey, which, including the navigation along the coast, extended to 5500 miles, are obviously of the greatest importance to geography. As the coast running northward was followed to Cape Turnagain, in latitude 68½ degrees, it is evident that if a north-west passage exist, it must be found beyond that limit.' The narratives of Captain Franklin, Dr Richardson, and Mr Back, form a fitting and not less interesting sequel to those of Captain Parry. The same intrepid parties undertook, in 1823, a second expedition to explore the shores of the Polar seas. The coast between the Mackenzie and Coppermine rivers, 902 miles, was examined. Subsequent expeditions were undertaken by CAPTAIN LYON and CAPTAIN BEECHEY. The former failed through continued bad weather; but Captain Beechey having sent his master, Mr Elson, in a barge to prosecute the voyage to the east, that individual penetrated to a sandy point, on which the ice had grounded, the most northern part of the continent then known. Captain Franklin had, only four days previous, been within 160 miles of this point, when he commenced his return to the Mackenzie River, and it is conjectured, with much probability, that had he been aware that by persevering in his exertions for a few days he might have reached his friends, it is possible that a knowledge of the circumstance might have induced him, through all hazards, to continue his journey. The intermediate 160 miles still remained unexplored. In 1829 Captain, now Sir John Ross, disappointed at being outstripped by Captain Parry in the discovery of the strait leading into the Polar sea, equipped a steam-vessel, solely from private resources, and proceeded to Baffin's Bay. 'It was a bold but inconsiderate undertaking, and every soul who embarked on it must have perished, but for the ample supplies they received from the Fury, or rather from the provisions and stores which, by the providence of Captain Parry, had been carefully stored up on the beach; for the ship herself had entirely disappeared. He proceeded down Regent's Inlet as far as he could in his little ship, the Victory; placed her amongst ice clinging to the shore, and after two winters, left her there; and in returning to the northward, by great good luck fell in with a whaling ship, which took them all on board and brought them home.' Captain James Ross, nephew of the commander, collected some geographical information in the course of this unfortunate enterprise.

The interval of 160 miles between Point Barrow, reached by Beechey's master, and the farthest point to which Captain Franklin penetrated, was in 1837 surveyed by MR THOMAS SIMPSON and the servants of the Hudson's Bay Company. The latter had with great generosity lent their valuable assistance to complete the geography of that region, and Mr Simpson was enthusiastically devoted to the same object. In the summer of 1837 he, with his senior officer, Mr Dease, started from the Great Slave Lake, following the steps of Franklin as far as the point called Franklin's Farthest, whence they traced the remainder of the coast to the westward to Point Barrow, by which they completed our knowledge of this coast the whole way west of the Coppermine River, as far as Behring's Straits. Wintering at the north-east angle of the Great Bear Lake, the party descended the Coppermine River, and followed the coast eastwards as far as the mouth of the Great Fish River, discovered by Back in 1834. The expedition comprised 'the navigation of a tempestuous ocean beset with ice, for a distance exceeding 1400 geographical or 1600 statute miles, in open boats, together with all the fatigues of long land journeys and the perils of the climate.' In 1839 the Geographical Society of London rewarded Mr Simpson with a medal for 'advancing almost to completion the solution of the great problem of the configuration of the northern shore of the North American continent.' While returning to Europe in June 1840, Mr Simpson died, it is supposed, by his own hand in a paroxysm of insanity, after shooting two of the four men who accompanied him from the Red River colony. Mr Simpson was a native of Dingwall, in Ross-shire, and at the time of his melancholy death, was only in his thirty-second year. His *Narrative of the Discoveries on the North Coast of America, Effected by the Officers of the Hudson's Bay Company during the years* 1836–39, was published in 1843.

Valuable information connected with the Arctic regions was afforded by MR WILLIAM SCORESBY, a gentleman who, while practising the whale fishing, had become the most learned observer and describer of the regions of ice. His account of the *Northern Whale Fishery*, 1822, is a standard work of great value, and he is author also of an *Account of the Arctic Regions*.

EASTERN TRAVELLERS.

The scenes and countries mentioned in Scripture have been frequently described since the publications of Dr Clarke. BURCKHARDT traversed Petræa (the Edom of the prophecies); MR WILLIAM RAE

WILSON, in 1823, published *Travels in Egypt and the Holy Land;* MR CLAUDIUS JAMES RICH (the accomplished British resident at Bagdad, who died in 1821, at the early age of thirty-five) wrote an excellent memoir of the remains of Babylon; the HON. GEORGE KEPPEL performed the overland journey to India in 1824, and gave a narrative of his observations in Bassorah, Bagdad, the ruins of Babylon, &c. MR J. S. BUCKINGHAM also travelled by the overland route (taking, however, the way of the Mediterranean and the Turkish provinces in Asia Minor), and the result of his journey was given to the world in three separate works (the latest published in 1827), entitled *Travels in Palestine; Travels among the Arab Tribes;* and *Travels in Mesopotamia.* DR R. R. MADDEN, a medical gentleman, who resided several years in India, in 1829 published *Travels in Egypt, Turkey, Nubia, and Palestine. Letters from the East,* and *Recollections of Travel in the East* (1830), by JOHN CARNE, Esq. of Queen's college, Cambridge, extend, the first over Syria and Egypt, and the second over Palestine and Cairo. Mr Carne is a judicious observer and picturesque describer, yet he sometimes ventures on doubtful biblical criticism. The miracle of the passage of the Red Sea, for example, he thinks should be limited to a specific change in the direction of the winds. The idea of representing the waves standing like a wall on each side must consequently be abandoned. 'This,' he says, 'is giving a literal interpretation to the evidently figurative language of Scripture, where it is said that "God caused the sea to go back all night by a strong east wind;" and when the morning dawned, there was probably a wide and waste expanse, from which the waters had retired to some distance; and that the "sea returning in his strength in the morning," was the rushing back of an impetuous and resistless tide, inevitable, but not instantaneous, for it is evident the Egyptians turned and fled at its approach.' In either case a miracle must have been performed, and it seems unnecessary and hypercritical to attempt reducing it to the lowest point. Mr Milman, in his history of the Jews, has fallen into this error, and explained away the miracles of the Old Testament till all that is supernatural, grand, and impressive disappears.

Travels along the Mediterranean and Parts Adjacent (1822), by DR ROBERT RICHARDSON, is an interesting work, particularly as relates to antiquities. The doctor travelled by way of Alexandria, Cairo, &c. to the second cataract of the Nile, returning by Jerusalem, Damascus, Balbec, and Tripoli. He surveyed the temple of Solomon, and was the first acknowledged Christian received within its holy walls since it has been appropriated to the religion of Mohammed. The *Journal to Some Parts of Ethiopia* (1822), by MESSRS WADDINGTON and HANBURY, gives an account of the antiquities of Ethiopia and the extirpation of the Mamelukes.

SIR JOHN MALCOLM was author of a *History of Persia,* and *Sketches of Persia.* MR MORIER'S *Journeys through Persia, Armenia, and Asia Minor,* abound in interesting descriptions of the country, people, and government. SIR WILLIAM OUSELY (who had been private secretary to the British embassy in Persia) has published three large volumes of travels in various countries of the East, particularly Persia, in 1810, 1811, and 1812 This work illustrates subjects of antiquarian research, history, geography, philology, &c. and is valuable to the scholar for its citations from rare Oriental manuscripts. Another valuable work on this country is SIR ROBERT KER PORTER'S *Travels in Georgia, Persia, Babylonia, &c.* published in 1822.

[*View of Society in Bagdad.*]

[From Sir R. K. Porter's 'Travels.']

The wives of the higher classes in Bagdad are usually selected from the most beautiful girls that can be obtained from Georgia and Circassia; and, to their natural charms, in like manner with their captive sisters all over the East, they add the fancied embellishments of painted complexions, hands and feet dyed with henna, and their hair and eyebrows stained with the rang, or prepared indigo leaf. Chains of gold, and collars of pearls, with various ornaments of precious stones, decorate the upper part of their persons, while solid bracelets of gold, in shapes resembling serpents, clasp their wrists and ankles. Silver and golden tissued muslins not only form their turbans, but frequently their under garments. In summer the ample pelisse is made of the most costly shawl, and in cold weather, lined and bordered with the choicest furs. The dress is altogether very becoming; by its easy folds and glittering transparency, showing a fine shape to advantage, without the immodest exposure of the open vest of the Persian ladies. The humbler females generally move abroad with faces totally unveiled, having a handkerchief rolled round their heads, from beneath which their hair hangs down over their shoulders, while another piece of linen passes under their chin, in the fashion of the Georgians. Their garment is a gown of a shift form, reaching to their ankles, open before, and of a gray colour. Their feet are completely naked. Many of the very inferior classes stain their bosoms with the figures of circles, half-moons, stars, &c. in a bluish stamp. In this barbaric embellishment the poor damsel of Irak Arabi has one point of vanity resembling that of the ladies of Irak Ajem. The former frequently adds this frightful cadaverous hue to her lips; and, to complete her savage appearance, thrusts a ring through the right nostril, pendent with a flat button-like ornament set round with blue or red stones.

But to return to the ladies of the higher circles, whom we left in some gay saloon of Bagdad. When all are assembled, the evening meal or dinner is soon served. The party, seated in rows, then prepare themselves for the entrance of the show, which, consisting of music and dancing, continues in noisy exhibition through the whole night. At twelve o'clock supper is produced, when pilaus, kabobs, preserves, fruits, dried sweetmeats, and sherbets of every fabric and flavour, engage the fair *convives* for some time. Between this second banquet and the preceding, the perfumed narquilly is never absent from their rosy lips, excepting when they sip coffee, or indulge in a general shout of approbation, or a hearty peal of laughter at the freaks of the dancers or the subject of the singers' madrigals. But no respite is given to the entertainers; and, during so long a stretch of merriment, should any of the happy guests feel a sudden desire for temporary repose, without the least apology she lies down to sleep on the luxurious carpet that is her seat; and thus she remains, sunk in as deep an oblivion as if the nummud were spread in her own chamber. Others speedily follow her example, sleeping as sound; notwithstanding that the bawling of the singers, the horrid jangling of the guitars, the thumping on the jar-like double-drum, the ringing and loud clangour of the metal bells and castanets of the dancers, with an eternal talking in all keys, abrupt laughter, and vociferous expressions of gratification, making in all a full concert of distracting sounds, sufficient, one might suppose, to awaken the dead. But the merry tumult and joyful strains of this conviviality gradually become fainter and fainter; first one and then another of the visitors (while even the performers are not spared by the soporific god) sink down under the drowsy influence, till at length the whole carpet is covered with the sleeping

beauties, mixed indiscriminately with handmaids, dancers, and musicians, as fast asleep as themselves. The business, however, is not thus quietly ended. 'As soon as the sun begins to call forth the blushes of the morn, by lifting the veil that shades her slumbering eyelids,' the faithful slaves rub their own clear of any lurking drowsiness, and then tug their respective mistresses by the toe or the shoulder, to rouse them up to perform the devotional ablutions usual at the dawn of day. All start mechanically, as if touched by a spell; and then commences the splashing of water and the muttering of prayers, presenting a singular contrast to the vivacious scene of a few hours before. This duty over, the fair devotees shake their feathers like birds from a refreshing shower, and tripping lightly forward with garments, and perhaps looks, a little the worse for the wear of the preceding evening, plunge at once again into all the depths of its amusements. Coffee, sweetmeats, kalious, as before, accompany every obstreperous repetition of the midnight song and dance; and all being followed up by a plentiful breakfast of rice, meats, fruits, &c. towards noon the party separate, after having spent between fifteen and sixteen hours in this riotous festivity.

Travels in the East, by the Rev. Horatio Southgate (1840), describe the traveller's route through Greece, Turkey, Armenia, Koordistan, Persia, and Mesopotamia, and give a good account of the Mohammedan religion, and its rites and ceremonies. The following is a correction of a vulgar error:—

[*Religious Status of Women in the Mohammedan System.*]

The place which the Mohammedan system assigns to woman in the other world has often been wrongfully represented. It is not true, as has sometimes been reported, that Mohammedan teachers deny her admission to the felicities of Paradise. The doctrine of the Koran is, most plainly, that her destiny is to be determined in like manner with that of every accountable being; and according to the judgment passed upon her is her reward, although nothing definite is said of the place which she is to occupy in Paradise. Mohammed speaks repeatedly of 'believing women,' commends them, and promises them the recompense which their good deeds deserve.

The regulations of the Sunneh are in accordance with the precepts of the Koran. So far is woman from being regarded in these institutions as a creature without a soul, that special allusion is frequently made to her, and particular directions given for her religious conduct. Respecting her observance of Ramazan, her ablutions, and many other matters, her duty is taught with a minuteness that borders on indecorous precision. She repeats the creed in dying, and, like other Mussulmans, says, 'In this faith I have lived, in this faith I die, and in this faith I hope to rise again.' She is required to do everything of religious obligation equally with men. The command to perform the pilgrimage to Mecca extends to her. In my journeys, I often met with women on their way to the Holy City. They may even undertake this journey without the consent of their husbands, whose authority in religious matters extends only to those acts of devotion which are not obligatory.

Women are not, indeed, allowed to be present in the mosques at the time of public prayers; but the reason is not that they are regarded, like pagan females, as unsusceptible of religious sentiments, but because the meeting of the two sexes in a sacred place is supposed to be unfavourable to devotion. This, however, is an Oriental, not a Mohammedan prejudice. The custom is nearly the same among the Christians as among the Mussulmans. In the Greek churches the females are separated from the males, and concealed behind a lattice; and something of the same kind I have observed among the Christians of Mesopotamia.

Letters from the South, two volumes, 1837, by Mr Thomas Campbell, the poet, give an account of a voyage made by that gentleman to Algiers. The letters are descriptive, without any political or colonial views, but full of entertaining gossip and poetical sketches of striking and picturesque objects. The grandeur of the surrounding mountain scenery seems to have astonished Mr Campbell. 'The African highlands,' he says, 'spring up to the sight not only with a sterner boldness than our own, but they borrow colours from the sun unknown to our climate, and they are marked in clouds of richer dye. The farthest-off summits appeared in their snow like the turbans of gigantic Moors, whilst the nearer masses glared in crimson and gold under the light of morning.'

Six Years' Residence in Algiers, by Mrs Broughton, published in 1839, is an interesting domestic chronicle. The authoress was daughter to Mr Blanckley, the British consul-general at Algiers; and the work is composed of a journal kept by Mrs Blanckley, with reminiscences by her daughter, Mrs Broughton. The vivacity, minute description, and kindly feeling everywhere apparent in this book, render it highly attractive.

Discoveries in the Interior of Africa, by Sir James Alexander, two volumes, 1838, describe a journey from Cape-Town, of about four thousand miles, and occupying above a year, towards the tracts of country inhabited by the Damaras, a nation of which very little was known, and generally the country to the north of the Orange River, on the west coast. The author's personal adventures are interesting, and it appears that the aborigines are a kind and friendly tribe of people, with whom Sir James Alexander thinks that an extended intercourse may be maintained for the mutual benefit of the colonists and the natives.

A Journal Written During an Excursion in Asia-Minor in 1838, by Charles Fellows, is valuable from the author's discoveries in Pamphylia. Mr Fellows has also written a second work, *Ancient Lycia: an Account of Discoveries made during a Second Excursion to Asia-Minor in* 1840. Two recent travellers, Lieut. J. R. Wellsted, author of *Travels in Arabia, the Peninsula of Sinai, and along the Shores of the Red Sea* (1838), and Lord Lindsay, in his *Letters on Egypt, Edom, and the Holy Land* (1838), supply some additional details. The scene of the encampment of the Israelites, after crossing the Red Sea, is thus described by Lord Lindsay:—

The bright sea suddenly burst on us, a sail in the distance, and the blue mountains of Africa beyond it—a lovely vista. But when we had fairly issued into the plain on the sea-shore, beautiful indeed, most beautiful was the view—the whole African coast, from Gebel Ataka to Gebel Krarreb lay before us, washed by the Red Sea—a vast amphitheatre of mountains, except the space where the waters were lost in distance between the Asiatic and Libyan promontories. It was the stillest hour of day; the sun shone brightly, descending to 'his palace in the occident;' the tide was coming in with its peaceful pensive murmurs, wave after wave. It was in this plain, broad and perfectly smooth from the mountains to the sea, that the children of Israel encamped after leaving Elim. What a glorious scene it must then have presented! and how nobly those rocks, now so silent, must have re-echoed the song of Moses and its ever-returning chorus—'Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea!'

The French authors Chateaubriand, Laborde, and Lamartine, have minutely described the Holy Land; and in the *Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia, and the Holy Land*, by J. L. STEPHENS, the latest information respecting these interesting countries will be found.

Various works on India have appeared, including a general political history of the empire, by SIR JOHN MALCOLM (1826), and a *Memoir of Central India* (1823), by the same author. *Travels in the Himmalayah Provinces of Hindostan and the Punjaub, in Ladakh and Cashmere, in Peshawar, Cabul, &c. from* 1819 *to* 1825, by W. MOORCROFT and GEORGE TREBECK, relate many new and important particulars. Mr Moorcroft crossed the great chain of the Himmala mountains near its highest part, and first drew attention to those stupendous heights, rising in some parts to above 27,000 feet. A *Tour through the Snowy Range of the Himmala Mountains* was made by MR JAMES BAILLIE FRASER (1820), who gives an interesting account of his perilous journey. He visited Gangootrie, an almost inaccessible haunt of superstition, the Mecca of Hindoo pilgrims, and also the spot at which the Ganges issues from its covering of perpetual snow. In 1825 Mr Fraser published a *Narrative of a Journey into Khorasan, in the years* 1821 *and* 1822, *including an Account of the Countries to the north-east of Persia.* The following is a brief sketch of a Persian town:—

Viewed from a commanding situation, the appearance of a Persian town is most uninteresting; the houses, all of mud, differ in no respect from the earth in colour, and, from the irregularity of their construction, resemble inequalities on its surface rather than human dwellings. The houses, even of the great, seldom exceed one storey; and the lofty walls which shroud them from view, without a window to enliven them, have a most monotonous effect. There are few domes or minarets, and still fewer of those that exist are either splendid or elegant. There are no public buildings but the mosques and medrassas; and these are often as mean as the rest, or perfectly excluded from view by ruins. The general *coup-d'œil* presents a succession of flat roofs, and long walls of mud, thickly interspersed with ruins; and the only relief to its monotony is found in the gardens, adorned with chinär, poplars, and cypress, with which the towns and villages are often surrounded and intermingled.

The same author has published *Travels and Adventures in the Persian Provinces*, 1826; *A Winter Journey from Constantinople to Tehran, with Travels through Various Parts of Persia*, 1838, &c. Mr Fraser has now settled down on his patrimonial estate of Reelig, Inverness-shire, a quiet Highland glen. Among other Indian works may be mentioned *The Annals and Antiquities of Rajasthan*, by LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JAMES TOD, 1830; and *Travels into Bokhara*, by LIEUTENANT, afterwards SIR ALEXANDER BURNES. The latter is a narrative of a journey from India to Cabul, Tartary, and Persia, and is a valuable work. The accomplished author was cut off in his career of usefulness and honour in 1841, being treacherously murdered at Cabul. LIEUTENANT ARTHUR CONOLLY made a journey to the north of India, overland from England, through Russia, Persia, and Affghanistan, of which he published an account in 1834. MISS EMMA ROBERTS, in the following year, gave a lively and entertaining series of *Scenes and Characteristics of Hindostan, with Sketches of Anglo-Indian Society.* This lady went out again to India in 1839, and was engaged to conduct a Bombay newspaper; but she died in 1840. Her *Notes of an Overland Journey through France and Egypt to Bombay* were published after her death. Another lady, MRS POSTANS, has published (1839) *Cutch, or Random Sketches taken during a Residence in one of the Northern Provinces of Western India.* The authoress resided some years in the province of Cutch, and gives a minute account of the feudal government and customs, the religious sects and superstitions of the people. The aristocratic distinctions of caste are rigidly preserved, and the chiefs are haughty, debauched, and cruel.

[*Sacrifice of a Hindoo Widow.*]

[From Mrs Postans's 'Cutch, or Random Sketches,' &c.]

News of the widow's intentions having spread, a great concourse of people of both sexes, the women clad in their gala costumes, assembled round the pyre. In a short time after their arrival the fated victim appeared, accompanied by the Brahmins, her relatives, and the body of the deceased. The spectators showered chaplets of mogree on her head, and greeted her appearance with laudatory exclamations at her constancy and virtue. The women especially pressed forward to touch her garments—an act which is considered meritorious, and highly desirable for absolution and protection from the 'evil eye.'

The widow was a remarkably handsome woman, apparently about thirty, and most superbly attired. Her manner was marked by great apathy to all around her, and by a complete indifference to the preparations which for the first time met her eye. From this circumstance an impression was given that she might be under the influence of opium; and in conformity with the declared intention of the European officers present to interfere should any coercive measures be adopted by the Brahmins or relatives, two medical officers were requested to give their opinion on the subject. They both agreed that she was quite free from any influence calculated to induce torpor or intoxication.

Captain Burnes then addressed the woman, desiring to know whether the act she was about to perform were voluntary or enforced, and assuring her that, should she entertain the slightest reluctance to the fulfilment of her vow, he, on the part of the British government, would guarantee the protection of her life and property. Her answer was calm, heroic, and constant to her purpose: 'I die of my own free will; give me back my husband, and I will consent to live; if I die not with him, the souls of seven husbands will condemn me!' * * *

Ere the renewal of the horrid ceremonies of death were permitted, again the voice of mercy, of expostulation, and even of intreaty was heard; but the trial was vain, and the cool and collected manner with which the woman still declared her determination unalterable, chilled and startled the most courageous. Physical pangs evidently excited no fears in her; her singular creed, the customs of her country, and her sense of conjugal duty, excluded from her mind the natural emotions of personal dread; and never did martyr to a true cause go to the stake with more constancy and firmness, than did this delicate and gentle woman prepare to become the victim of a deliberate sacrifice to the demoniacal tenets of her heathen creed. Accompanied by the officiating Brahmin, the widow walked seven times round the pyre, repeating the usual mantras, or prayers, strewing rice and coories on the ground, and sprinkling water from her hand over the bystanders, who believe this to be efficacious in preventing disease and in expiating committed sins. She then removed her jewels, and presented them to her relations, saying a few words to each with a calm soft smile of encouragement and hope. The Brahmins then presented her with a lighted torch, bearing which,

'Fresh as a flower just blown,
And warm with life her youthful pulses playing,'

she stepped through the fatal door, and sat within the pile. The body of her husband, wrapped in rich kinkaub, was then carried seven times round the pile, and finally laid across her knees. Thorns and grass were piled over the door; and again it was insisted that free space should be left, as it was hoped the poor victim might yet relent, and rush from her fiery prison to the protection so freely offered. The command was readily obeyed; the strength of a child would have sufficed to burst the frail barrier which confined her, and a breathless pause succeeded; but the woman's constancy was faithful to the last. Not a sigh broke the death-like silence of the crowd, until a slight smoke, curling from the summit of the pyre, and then a tongue of flame darting with bright and lightning-like rapidity into the clear blue sky, told us that the sacrifice was completed. Fearlessly had this courageous woman fired the pile, and not a groan had betrayed to us the moment when her spirit fled. At sight of the flame a fiendish shout of exultation rent the air; the tom-toms sounded, the people clapped their hands with delight as the evidence of their murderous work burst on their view, whilst the English spectators of this sad scene withdrew, bearing deep compassion in their hearts, to philosophise as best they might on a custom so fraught with horror, so incompatible with reason, and so revolting to human sympathy. The pile continued to burn for three hours; but, from its form, it is supposed that almost immediate suffocation must have terminated the sufferings of the unhappy victim.

First Impressions and Studies from Nature in Hindostan, by LIEUTENANT THOMAS BACON, two volumes, 1837, is a more lively but carelessly-written work, with good sketches of scenery, buildings, pageants, &c. The HON. MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE, in 1842, gave an account of the kingdom of Cabul, and its dependencies in Persia, Tartary, and India; and *A Narrative of Various Journeys in Beloochistan, Affghanistan, and the Punjaub*, by CHARLES MASSON, Esq. describes with considerable animation the author's residence in those countries, the native chiefs, and personal adventures with the various tribes from 1826 to 1838. MR C. R. BAYNES, a gentleman in the Madras civil service, published in 1843 *Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in the East, an Overland Journey to India*, &c. His remarks are just and spirited, and his anecdotes and descriptions lively and entertaining.

[*Remark by an Arab Chief.*]

An Arab chieftain, one of the most powerful of the princes of the desert, had come to behold for the first time a steam-ship. Much attention was paid to him, and every facility afforded for his inspection of every part of the vessel. What impression the sight made on him it was impossible to judge. No indications of surprise escaped him; every muscle preserved its wonted calmness of expression; and on quitting, he merely observed, 'It is well; but you have not brought a man to life yet.'

[*Legend of the Mosque of the Bloody Baptism at Cairo.*]

Sultan Hassan, wishing to see the world, and lay aside for a time the anxieties and cares of royalty, committed the charge of his kingdom to his favourite minister, and taking with him a large amount of treasure in money and jewels, visited several foreign countries in the character of a wealthy merchant. Pleased with his tour, and becoming interested in the occupation he had assumed as a disguise, he was absent much longer than he originally intended, and in the course of a few years greatly increased his already large stock of wealth. His protracted absence, however, proved a temptation too strong for the virtue of the viceroy, who, gradually forming for himself a party among the leading men of the country, at length communicated to the common people the intelligence that Sultan Hassan was no more, and quietly seated himself on the vacant throne. Sultan Hassan returning shortly afterwards from his pilgrimage, and, fortunately for himself, still in disguise, learned, as he approached his capital, the news of his own death and the usurpation of his minister; finding, on further inquiry, the party of the usurper to be too strong to render an immediate disclosure prudent, he preserved his incognito, and soon became known in Cairo as the wealthiest of her merchants; nor did it excite any surprise when he announced his pious intention of devoting a portion of his gains to the erection of a spacious mosque. The work proceeded rapidly under the spur of the great merchant's gold, and, on its completion, he solicited the honour of the sultan's presence at the ceremony of naming it. Anticipating the gratification of hearing his own name bestowed upon it, the usurper accepted the invitation, and at the appointed hour the building was filled by him and his most attached adherents. The ceremonies had duly proceeded to the time when it became necessary to give the name. The chief Moolah, turning to the supposed merchant, inquired what should be its name? 'Call it,' he replied, 'the mosque of Sultan Hassan.' All started at the mention of this name; and the questioner, as though not believing he could have heard aright, or to afford an opportunity of correcting what might be a mistake, repeated his demand. 'Call it,' again cried he, 'the mosque of me, Sultan Hassan;' and throwing off his disguise, the legitimate sultan stood revealed before his traitorous servant. He had no time for reflection: simultaneously with the discovery, numerous trap-doors, leading to extensive vaults, which had been prepared for the purpose, were flung open, and a multitude of armed men issuing from them, terminated at once the reign and life of the usurper. His followers were mingled in the slaughter, and Sultan Hassan was once more in possession of the throne of his fathers.

The recent war in Affghanistan, and the occupation of the Sinde territory by the British, have given occasion to various publications, among which are, a *History of the War in Affghanistan*, by MR C. NASH; *Five Years in India*, by H. G. FANE, Esq. late aid-de-camp to the commander-in-chief; *Narrative of the Campaign of the Army of the Indus in Sinde and Cabul*, by MR R. H. KENNEDY; *Scenes and Adventures in Affghanistan*, by MR W. TAYLOR; *Letters*, by COLONEL DENNIE; *Personal Observations on Sinde*, by CAPTAIN T. POSTANS; *Military Operations at Cabul, with a Journal of Imprisonment in Affghanistan*, by LIEUTENANT VINCENT EYRE; *A Journal of the Disasters in Affghanistan*, by LADY SALE, &c. These works were all published in 1842 or 1843, and illustrate a calamitous portion of British history.

Of China we have the history of the two embassies—the first in 1792–94, under Lord Macartney, of which a copious account was given by SIR GEORGE STAUNTON, one of the commissioners. Further information was afforded by SIR JOHN BARROW'S *Travels in China*, published in 1806, and long our most valuable work on that country.* The second embassy, headed by Lord Amherst, in 1816, was recorded by HENRY ELLIS, Esq. third commissioner, in a work in two volumes (1818), and by DR ABEL, a gentleman attached to the embassy. One circumstance connected with this embassy occasioned some speculation and amusement. The ambassador was required to perform the *ko-tou*, or act of prostration, nine times repeated, with the head knocked against the ground. Lord Amherst and Mr Ellis were in-

clined to have yielded this point of ceremony; but Sir George Staunton and the other members of the Canton mission took the most decided part on the other side. The result of their deliberations was a determination against the performance of the ko-tou, and the emperor at last consented to admit them upon their own terms, which consisted in kneeling upon a single knee. The embassy went to Pekin, and were ushered into an ante-chamber of the imperial palace.

[*Scene at Pekin, Described by Mr Ellis.*]

Mandarins of all buttons* were in waiting; several princes of the blood, distinguished by clear ruby buttons and round flowered badges, were among them: the silence, and a certain air of regularity, marked the immediate presence of the sovereign. The small apartment, much out of repair, into which we were huddled, now witnessed a scene I believe unparalleled in the history of even Oriental diplomacy. Lord Amherst had scarcely taken his seat, when Chang delivered a message from Ho (Koong-yay), stating that the emperor wished to see the ambassador, his son, and the commissioners immediately. Much surprise was naturally expressed; the previous arrangement for the eighth of the Chinese month, a period certainly much too early for comfort, was adverted to, and the utter impossibility of his excellency appearing in his present state of fatigue, inanition, and deficiency of every necessary equipment, was strongly urged. Chang was very unwilling to be the bearer of this answer, but was finally obliged to consent. During this time the room had filled with spectators of all ages and ranks, who rudely pressed upon us to gratify their brutal curiosity, for such it may be called, as they seemed to regard us rather as wild beasts than mere strangers of the same species with themselves. Some other messages were interchanged between the Koong-yay and Lord Amherst, who, in addition to the reasons already given, stated the indecorum and irregularity of his appearing without his credentials. In his reply to this it was said, that in the proposed audience the emperor merely wished to see the ambassador, and had no intention of entering upon business. Lord Amherst having persisted in expressing the inadmissibility of the proposition, and in transmitting through the Koong-yay a humble request to his imperial majesty that he would be graciously pleased to wait till to-morrow, Chang and another mandarin finally proposed that his excellency should go over to the Koong-yay's apartments, from whence a reference might be made to the emperor. Lord Amherst having alleged bodily illness as one of the reasons for declining the audience, readily saw that if he went to the Koong-yay, this plea, which to the Chinese (though now scarcely admitted) was in general the most forcible, would cease to avail him, positively declined compliance. This produced a visit from the Koong-yay, who, too much interested and agitated to heed ceremony, stood by Lord Amherst, and used every argument to induce him to obey the emperor's commands. Among other topics he used that of being received with our own ceremony, using the Chinese words, 'ne nun tih lee'—your own ceremony. All proving ineffectual, with some roughness, but under pretext of friendly violence, he laid hands upon Lord Amherst, to take him from the room; another mandarin followed his example. His lordship, with great firmness and dignity of manner, shook them off, declaring that nothing but the extremest violence should induce him to quit that room for any other place but the residence assigned to him; adding that he was so overcome by fatigue and bodily illness as absolutely to require repose. Lord Amherst further pointed out the gross insult he had already received, in having been exposed to the intrusion and indecent curiosity of crowds, who appeared to view him rather as a wild beast than the representative of a powerful sovereign. At all events, he intreated the Koong-yay to submit his request to his imperial majesty, who, he felt confident, would, in consideration of his illness and fatigue, dispense with his immediate appearance. The Koong-yay then pressed Lord Amherst to come to his apartments, alleging that they were cooler, more convenient, and more private. This Lord Amherst declined, saying that he was totally unfit for any place but his own residence. The Koong-yay having failed in his attempt to persuade him, left the room for the purpose of taking the emperor's pleasure upon the subject.

During his absence an elderly man, whose dress and ornaments bespoke him a prince,* was particularly inquisitive in his inspection of our persons and inquiries. His chief object seemed to be to communicate with Sir George Staunton, as the person who had been with the former embassy; but Sir George very prudently avoided any intercourse with him. It is not easy to describe the feelings of annoyance produced by the conduct of the Chinese, both public and individual: of the former I shall speak hereafter; of the latter I can only say that nothing could be more disagreeable and indecorous.

A message arrived soon after the Koong-yay's quitting the room, to say that the emperor dispensed with the ambassador's attendance; that he had further been pleased to direct his physician to afford to his excellency every medical assistance that his illness might require. The Koong-yay himself soon followed, and his excellency proceeded to the carriage. The Koong-yay not disdaining to clear away the crowd, the whip was used by him to all persons indiscriminately; buttons were no protection; and however indecorous, according to our notions, the employment might be for a man of his rank, it could not have been in better hands.

Lord Amherst was generally condemned for refusing the proffered audience. The emperor, in disgust, ordered them instantly to set out for Canton, which was accordingly done. This embassy made scarcely any addition to our knowledge of China. MR JOHN FRANCIS DAVIS, late chief superintendent in China, has published two interesting works, which give a full account of this singular people, so far as known to European visitors. These are, *Sketches of China, partly during an Inland Journey of Four Months between Pekin, Nankin, and Canton*; and *The Chinese: a General Description of the Empire of China and its Inhabitants*. The latter work was published in 1836, but has since been enlarged, and the history of British intercourse brought up to the present time. Mr Davis resided twenty years at Canton, is perfect in the peculiar language of China, and has certainly seen more of its inhabitants than any other English author. *The Journal of Three Voyages along the Coast of China*, in 1831, 1832, and 1833, by MR GUTZLAFF, a German, is also a valuable work. The contraband trade in opium formed a memorable era in the history of Chinese commerce. It was carried on to a great extent with the Hong merchants; but in 1834, after the monopoly of the East India Company had been abolished, our government appointed Lord Napier to proceed to Canton, as special superintendent, to adjust all disputed questions among the merchants, and to form regulations with the provincial authorities. The Chinese, always jealous of foreigners, and looking upon mercantile

* The buttons, in the order of their rank, are as follows:—ruby red, worked coral, smooth coral, pale blue, dark blue, crystal, ivory, and gold.

* They are distinguished by round badges.

employments as degrading, insulted our superintendent; hostilities took place, and trade was suspended. Lord Napier took his departure amidst circumstances of insult and confusion, and died on the 11th of October 1834. The functions of superintendent devolved on Mr Davis. 'The Chinese, emboldened by the pacific temperament of our government, proceeded at length to the utmost extent; and not satisfied with imprisoning and threatening the lives of the whole foreign community, laid also violent hands on the British representative himself, claiming, as the purchase of his freedom, the delivery of the whole of the opium then in the Chinese waters—property to the amount of upwards of two millions sterling. After a close imprisonment of two months' duration, during which period our countrymen were deprived of many of the necessaries of life, and exposed repeatedly, as in a pillory, to the gaze and abuse of the mob, no resource was left but to yield to the bold demands of the Chinese, relying with confidence on their nation for support and redress: nor did they rely in vain; for immediately the accounts of the aggression reached London, preparations commenced for the Chinese expedition.'* After two years of irregular warfare, a treaty of peace and friendship between the two empires was signed on board her majesty's ship Cornwallis, on the 29th of August 1842. This expedition gave rise to various publications. LORD JOCELYN wrote a lively and interesting narrative, entitled *Six Months with the Chinese Expedition*; and Commander J. ELLIOT BINGHAM, R.N. a *Narrative of the Expedition to China*. *Two Years in China*, by D. MACPHERSON, M.D. relates the events of the campaign from its formation in April 1840 to the treaty of peace in 1842. *Doings in China*, by LIEUTENANT ALEXANDER MURRAY, illustrates the social habits of the Chinese. *The Last Year in China, to the Peace of Nankin*, by a Field Officer, consists of extracts from letters written to the author's private friends. *The Closing Events of the Campaign in China*, by CAPTAIN G. G. LOCH, R.N. is one of the best books which the expedition called forth.

[*Chinese Ladies' Feet.*]

[From Captain Bingham's Narrative.]

During our stay we made constant trips to the surrounding islands; in one of which—at Tea Island—we had a good opportunity of minutely examining the far-famed little female feet. I had been purchasing a pretty little pair of satin shoes for about half a dollar, at one of the Chinese farmers' houses, where we were surrounded by several men, women, and children. By signs we expressed a wish to see the *pied mignon* of a really good-looking woman of the party. Our signs were quickly understood, but, probably from her being a matron, it was not considered quite *comme il faut* for her to comply with our desire, as she would not consent to show us her foot; but a very pretty interesting girl of about sixteen was placed on a stool for the purpose of gratifying our curiosity. At first she was very bashful, and appeared not to like exposing her Cinderella-like slipper, but the shine of a new and very bright 'loopee' soon overcame her delicacy, when she commenced unwinding the upper bandage which passes round the leg, and over a tongue that comes up from the heel. The shoe was then removed, and the second bandage taken off, which did duty for a stocking; the turns round the toes and ankles being very tight, and keeping all in place. On the naked foot being exposed to view, we were agreeably surprised by finding it delicately white and clean; for we fully expected to have found it otherwise, from the known habits of most of the Chinese. The leg from the knee downwards was much wasted; the foot appeared as if broken up at the instep, while the four small toes were bent flat and pressed down under the foot, the great toe only being allowed to retain its natural position. By the breaking of the instep a high arch is formed between the heel and the toe, enabling the individual to step with them on an even surface; in this respect materially differing from the Canton and Macao ladies; for with them the instep is not interfered with, but a very high heel is substituted, thus bringing the point of the great toe to the ground. When our Canton compradore was shown a Chusan shoe, the exclamation was, 'He yaw! how can walkee so fashion?' nor would he be convinced that such was the case. The toes, doubled under the foot I have been describing, could only be moved by the hand sufficiently to show that they were not actually grown into the foot. I have often been astonished at seeing how well the women contrived to walk on their tiny *pedestals*. Their gait is not unlike the little mincing walk of the French ladies; they were constantly to be seen going about without the aid of any stick, and I have often seen them at Macao contending against a fresh breeze with a tolerably good-sized umbrella spread. The little children, as they scrambled away before us, balanced themselves with their arms extended, and reminded one much of an old hen between walking and flying. All the women I saw about Chusan had small feet. It is a general characteristic of true Chinese descent; and there cannot be a greater mistake than to suppose that it is confined to the higher orders, though it may be true that they take more pains to compress the foot to the smallest possible dimensions than the lower classes do. High and low, rich and poor, all more or less follow the custom; and when you see a large or natural-sized foot, you may depend upon it the possessor is not of true Chinese blood, but is either of Tartar extraction, or belongs to the tribes that live and have their being on the waters. The Tartar ladies, however, are falling into this Chinese habit of distortion, as the accompanying edict of the emperor proves. 'For know, good people, you must not dress as you like in China. You must follow the customs and habits of your ancestors, and wear your winter and summer clothing as the emperor or one of the six boards shall direct.' If this were the custom in England, how beneficial it would be to our pockets, and detrimental to the tailors and milliners. Let us now see what the emperor says about little feet, on finding that they were coming into vogue among the undeformed daughters of the Mantchows. Not only does he attack the little feet, but the large Chinese sleeves which were creeping into fashion at court. Therefore, to check these misdemeanours, the usual Chinese remedy was resorted to, and a flaming edict launched, denouncing them; threatening the 'heads of the families with degradation and punishment if they did not put a stop to such gross illegalities;' and his celestial majesty further goes on and tells the fair ones, 'that by persisting in their vulgar habits, they will debar themselves from the possibility of being selected as ladies of honour for the inner palace at the approaching presentation!' How far this had the desired effect I cannot say. When the children begin to grow, they suffer excruciating pain, but as they advance in years, their vanity is played upon by being assured that they would be exceedingly ugly with large feet. Thus they are persuaded to put up with what they consider a necessary evil; but the children are remarkably patient under pain. A poor little child about five years old was brought to our surgeon, having been most dreadfully scalded, part of its dress adhering to the skin. During the painful operation of removing the linen, it only now and then said 'he-yaw, he-yaw.'

* Macpherson's 'Two Years in China.'

CAPTAIN BASIL HALL.

The embassy of Lord Amherst to China was, as we have related, comparatively a failure; but the return voyage was rich both in discovery and in romantic interest. The voyage was made, not along the coast of China, but by Corea and the Loo-Choo islands, and accounts of it were published in 1818 by MR MACLEOD, surgeon of the Alceste, and by CAPTAIN BASIL HALL of the Lyra. The work of the latter was entitled *An Account of a Voyage of Discovery to the West Coast of Corea, and the Great Loo-Choo Island.* In the course of this voyage it was found that a great part of what had been laid down in the maps as part of Corea consisted of an immense archipelago of small islands. The number of these was beyond calculation; and during a sail of upwards of one hundred miles, the sea continued closely studded with them. From one lofty point a hundred and twenty appeared in sight, some with waving woods and green verdant valleys. Loo-Choo, however, was the most important, and by far the most interesting of the parts touched upon by the expedition. There the strange spectacle was presented of a people ignorant equally of the use of fire-arms and the use of money, living in a state of primitive seclusion and happiness such as resembles the dreams of poetry rather than the realities of modern life.

Captain Basil Hall has since distinguished himself by the composition of other books of travels, written with delightful ease, spirit, and picturesqueness. The first of these consists of *Extracts from a Journal Written on the Coasts of Chili, Peru, and Mexico,* being the result of his observations in those countries in 1821 and 1822. South America had, previous to this, been seldom visited, and its countries were also greater objects of curiosity and interest from their political condition, on the point of emancipation from Spain. The next work of Captain Hall was *Travels in North America*, in 1827 and 1828, written in a more ambitious strain than his former publications, and containing some excellent descriptions and remarks, mixed up with political disquisitions. This was followed by *Fragments of Voyages and Travels*, addressed chiefly to young persons, in three small volumes; which were so favourably received that a second, and afterwards a third series, each in three volumes, were given to the public. A further collection of these observations on foreign society, scenery, and manners, was published by Captain Hall in 1842, also in three volumes, under the title of *Patchwork.*

MR H. D. INGLIS.

One of the most cheerful and unaffected of tourists and travellers, with a strong love of nature and a poetical imagination, was MR HENRY DAVID INGLIS, who died in March 1835, at the early age of forty. Mr Inglis was the son of a Scottish advocate. He was brought up to commercial pursuits, but his passion for literature, and for surveying the grand and beautiful in art and nature, overpowered his business habits, and led him at once to travel and to write. Diffident of success, he assumed the *nom de guerre* of Derwent Conway, and under this disguise he published *The Tales of Ardennes; Solitary Walks through Many Lands; Travels in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark*, 1829; and *Switzerland, the South of France, and the Pyrenees in* 1830, 1831. The two latter works were included in Constable's Miscellany, and were deservedly popular. Mr Inglis was then engaged as editor of a newspaper at Chesterfield; but tiring of this, he again repaired to the continent, and visited the Tyrol and Spain. His travels in both countries were published; and one of the volumes—*Spain in* 1830—is the best of all his works. He next produced a novel descriptive of Spanish life, entitled *The New Gil Blas*, but it was unsuccessful—probably owing to the very title of the work, which raised expectations, or suggested comparisons, unfavourable to the new aspirant. After conducting a newspaper for some time in Jersey, Mr Inglis published an account of the Channel Islands, marked by the easy grace and picturesque charm that pervade all his writings. He next made a tour through Ireland, and wrote his valuable work (remarkable for impartiality no less than talent) entitled *Ireland in* 1834. His last work was *Travels in the Footsteps of Don Quixote*, published in parts in the New Monthly Magazine.

SIR FRANCIS HEAD.

SIR FRANCIS HEAD has written two very lively and interesting books of travels—*Rough Notes taken during some Rapid Journeys across the Pampas*, 1826; and *Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau*, 1833. The Pampas described is an immense plain, stretching westerly from Buenos Ayres to the feet of the Andes. The following extract illustrates the graphic style of Sir Francis :—

[*Description of the Pampas.*]

The great plain, or Pampas, on the east of the Cordillera, is about nine hundred miles in breadth, and the part which I have visited, though under the same latitude, is divided into regions of different climate and produce. On leaving Buenos Ayres, the first of these regions is covered for one hundred and eighty miles with clover and thistles; the second region, which extends for four hundred and fifty miles, produces long grass; and the third region, which reaches the base of the Cordillera, is a grove of low trees and shrubs. The second and third of these regions have nearly the same appearance throughout the year, for the trees and shrubs are evergreens, and the immense plain of grass only changes its colour from green to brown; but the first region varies with the four seasons of the year in a most extraordinary manner. In winter the leaves of the thistles are large and luxuriant, and the whole surface of the country has the rough appearance of a turnip-field. The clover in this season is extremely rich and strong; and the sight of the wild cattle grazing in full liberty on such pasture is very beautiful. In spring the clover has vanished, the leaves of the thistles have extended along the ground, and the country still looks like a rough crop of turnips. In less than a month the change is most extraordinary: the whole region becomes a luxuriant wood of enormous thistles, which have suddenly shot up to a height of ten or eleven feet, and are all in full bloom. The road or path is hemmed in on both sides; the view is completely obstructed; not an animal is to be seen; and the stems of the thistles are so close to each other, and so strong, that, independent of the prickles with which they are armed, they form an impenetrable barrier. The sudden growth of these plants is quite astonishing; and though it would be an unusual misfortune in military history, yet it is really possible that an invading army, unacquainted with this country, might be imprisoned by these thistles before it had time to escape from them. The summer is not over before the scene undergoes another rapid change: the thistles suddenly lose their sap and verdure, their heads droop, the leaves shrink and fade, the stems become black and dead, and they remain rattling with the breeze one against another, until the

violence of the pampero or hurricane levels them with the ground, where they rapidly decompose and disappear—the clover rushes up, and the scene is again verdant.

M. SIMOND.

M. SIMOND, a French author, who, by familiarity with our language and country, wrote in English as well as in his native tongue, published in 1822 a work in two volumes—*Switzerland; or a Journal of a Tour and Residence in that Country in the Years* 1817, 1818, and 1819. M. Simond had previously written a similar work on Great Britain, and both are far superior to the style of ordinary tourists. We subjoin his account of a

[*Swiss Mountain and Avalanche.*]

After nearly five hours' toil, we reached a chalet on the top of the mountain (the Wingernalp). This summer habitation of the shepherds was still unoccupied; for the snow having been unusually deep last winter, and the grass, till lately covered, being still very short, the cows have not ventured so high. Here we resolved upon a halt, and having implements for striking fire, a few dry sticks gave us a cheerful blaze in the open air. A pail of cream, or at least of very rich milk, was brought up by the shepherds, with a kettle to make coffee and afterwards boil the milk; very large wooden spoons or ladles answered the purpose of cups. The stock of provisions we had brought was spread upon the very low roof of the chalet, being the best station for our *repas champetre*, as it afforded dry seats sloping conveniently towards the prospect. We had then before us the Jungfrau, the two Eigers, and some of the highest summits in the Alps, shooting up from an uninterrupted level of glaciers of more than two hundred square miles; and although placed ourselves four thousand five hundred feet above the lake of Thun, and that lake one thousand seven hundred and eighty feet above the sea, the mighty rampart rose still six thousand feet above our head. Between us and the Jungfrau the desert valley of Trumlatenthal formed a deep trench, into which avalanches fell, with scarcely a quarter of an hour's interval between them, followed by a thundering noise continued along the whole range; not, however, a reverberation of sound, for echo is mute under the universal winding-sheet of snow, but a prolongation of sound, in consequence of the successive rents or fissures forming themselves when some large section of the glacier slides down one step.

We sometimes saw a blue line suddenly drawn across a field of pure white; then another above it, and another all parallel, and attended each time with a loud crash like cannon, producing together the effect of long-protracted peals of thunder. At other times some portion of the vast field of snow, or rather snowy ice, gliding gently away, exposed to view a new surface of purer white than the first, and the cast-off drapery gathering in long folds, either fell at once down the precipice, or disappeared behind some intervening ridge, which the sameness of colour rendered invisible, and was again seen soon after in another direction, shooting out of some narrow channel a cataract of white dust, which, observed through a telescope, was, however, found to be composed of broken fragments of ice or compact snow, many of them sufficient to overwhelm a village, if there had been any in the valley where they fell. Seated on the chalet's roof, the ladies forgot they were cold, wet, bruised, and hungry, and the cup of smoking *café au lait* stood still in their hand while waiting in breathless suspense for the next avalanche, wondering equally at the death-like silence intervening between each, and the thundering crash which followed. I must own, that while we shut our ears, the mere sight might dwindle down to the effect of a fall of snow from the roof of a house; but when the potent sound was heard along the whole range of many miles, when the time of awful suspense between the fall and the crash was measured, the imagination, taking flight, outstripped all bounds at once, and went beyond the mighty reality itself. It would be difficult to say where the creative powers of imagination stop, even the coldest; for our common feelings—our grossest sensations—are infinitely indebted to them; and man, without his fancy, would not have the energy of the dullest animal. Yet we feel more pleasure and more pride in the consciousness of another treasure of the breast, which tames the flight of this same imagination, and brings it back to sober reality and plain truth.

When we first approach the Alps, their bulk, their stability, and duration, compared to our own inconsiderable size, fragility, and shortness of days, strikes our imagination with terror; while reason, unappalled, measuring these masses, calculating their elevation, analysing their substance, finds in them only a little inert matter, scarcely forming a wrinkle on the face of our earth, that earth an inferior planet in the solar system, and that system one only among myriads, placed at distances whose very incommensurability is in a manner measured. What, again, are those giants of the Alps, and their duration—those revolving worlds—that space—the universe—compared to the intellectual faculty capable of bringing the whole fabric into the compass of a single thought, where it is all curiously and accurately delineated! How superior, again, the exercise of that faculty, when, rising from effects to causes, and judging by analogy of things as yet unknown by those we know, we are taught to look into futurity for a better state of existence, and in the hope itself find new reason to hope!

We were shown an inaccessible shelf of rock on the west side of the Jungfrau, upon which a lammergeyer (the vulture of lambs) once alighted with an infant it had carried away from the village of Murren, situated above the Staubbach: some red scraps, remnants of the child's clothes, were for years observed, says the tradition, on the fatal spot.

MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY—MR JOHN BARROW—REV. MR VENABLES.

Since the publication of Dr Clarke's first volume, in which he gave a view of Russia, that vast and in many respects interesting country has been visited by various Englishmen, who have given their observations upon it to the world. Amongst the books thus produced, one of the most amusing is *Recollections of a Tour in the North of Europe*, 1838, by the MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY, whose rank and political character were the means of introducing him to many circles closed to other tourists. MR JOHN BARROW, junior, son of the gentleman already mentioned as author of a work on China, and who has during the last few years, devoted some portion of his time to travelling, is the author, besides works on Ireland and on Iceland, of *Excursions in the North of Europe, through parts of Russia, Finland, &c.* 1834. He is invariably found to be a cheerful and intelligent companion, without attempting to be very profound or elaborate on any subject. *Domestic Scenes in Russia*, by the REV. MR VENABLES, 1839, is an unpretending but highly interesting view of the interior life of the country. Mr Venables was married to a Russian lady, and he went to pass a winter with her relations, when he had an opportunity of seeing the daily life and social habits of the people. We give a few descriptive sentences:—

[Russian Peasants' Houses.]

These houses are in general extremely warm and substantial; they are built, for the most part, of unsquared logs of deal laid one upon another, and firmly secured at the corners where the ends of the timbers cross, and are hollowed out so as to receive and hold one another; they are also fastened together by wooden pins and uprights in the interior. The four corners are supported upon large stones or roots of trees, so that there is a current of air under the floor to preserve the timber from damp; in the winter, earth is piled up all round to exclude the cold; the interstices between the logs are stuffed with moss and clay, so that no air can enter. The windows are very small, and are frequently cut out of the wooden wall after it is finished. In the centre of the house is a stove called a *peech* [*pechka*], which heats the cottage to an almost unbearable degree; the warmth, however, which a Russian peasant loves to enjoy within doors, is proportioned to the cold which he is required to support without; his bed is the top of his peech; and when he enters his house in the winter pierced with cold, he throws off his sheepskin coat, stretches himself on his stove, and is thoroughly warmed in a few minutes.

[Employments of the People.]

The riches of the Russian gentleman lie in the labour of his serfs, which it is his study to turn to good account; and he is the more urged to this, since the law which compels the peasant to work for him, requires him to maintain the peasant; if the latter is found begging, the former is liable to a fine. He is therefore a master who must always keep a certain number of workmen, whether they are useful to him or not; and as every kind of agricultural and outdoor employment is at a stand-still during the winter, he naturally turns to the establishment of a manufactory as a means of employing his peasants, and as a source of profit to himself. In some cases the manufactory is at work only during the winter, and the people are employed in the summer in agriculture; though, beyond what is necessary for home consumption, this is but an unprofitable trade in most parts of this empire, from the badness of roads, the paucity and distance of markets, and the consequent difficulty in selling produce.

The alternate employment of the same man in the field and in the factory, which would be attempted in most countries with little success, is here rendered practicable and easy by the versatile genius of the Russian peasant, one of whose leading national characteristics is a general capability of turning his hand to any kind of work which he may be required to undertake. He will plough to-day, weave to-morrow, help to build a house the third day, and the fourth, if his master needs an extra coachman, he will mount the box and drive four horses abreast as though it were his daily occupation. It is probable that none of these operations, except, perhaps, the last, will be as well performed as in a country where the division of labour is more thoroughly understood. They will all, however, be sufficiently well done to serve the turn—a favourite phrase in Russia. These people are a very ingenious race, but perseverance is wanting; and though they will carry many arts to a high degree of excellence, they will generally stop short of the point of perfection, and it will be long before their manufactures can rival the finish and durability of English goods.

Excursions in the Interior of Russia, by ROBERT BREMNER, Esq. two volumes, 1839, is a very spirited and graphic narrative of a short visit to Russia during the autumn of 1836. The author's sketches of the interior are valuable, for, as he remarks, 'even in the present day, when the passion for travel has become so universal, and thousands of miles are thought as little of as hundreds were some years ago, the number of Englishmen who venture to the south of Moscow seldom exceeds one or two every year.' Mr Bremner is a lively scene-painter, and there is great freshness and vigour about all his descriptions. The same author has published *Excursions in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden*, two volumes, 1840. Before parting from Russia, it may be observed that no English book upon that country exceeds in interest *A Residence on the Shores of the Baltic, Described in a Series of Letters* (1841), being more particularly an account of the Estonians, whose simple character and habits afford a charming picture. This delightful book is understood to be from the pen of a young lady named Rigby.

The most observant and reflecting of all the writing travellers of our age is undoubtedly MR SAMUEL LAING, a younger brother of the author of the History of Scotland during the seventeenth century. This gentleman did not begin to publish till a mature period of life, his first work being a *Residence in Norway*, and the second a *Tour in Sweden*, both of which abound in valuable statistical facts and well-digested information. Mr Laing resided two years in different parts of Norway, and concluded that the Norwegians were the happiest people in Europe. Their landed property is so extensively diffused in small estates, that out of a population of a million there are about 41,656 proprietors. There is no law of primogeniture, yet the estates are not subdivided into minute possessions, but average from forty to sixty acres of arable land, with adjoining natural wood and pasturage.

'The Bonder, or agricultural peasantry,' says Mr Laing, 'each the proprietor of his own farm, occupy the country from the shore side to the hill foot, and up every valley or glen as far as corn can grow. This class is the kernel of the nation. They are in general fine athletic men, as their properties are not so large as to exempt them from work, but large enough to afford them and their household abundance, and even superfluity, of the best food. They farm not to raise produce for sale, so much as to grow everything they eat, drink, and wear in their families. They build their own houses, make their own chairs, tables, ploughs, carts, harness, iron-work, basket-work, and wood-work; in short, except window-glass, cast-iron ware and pottery, everything about their houses and furniture is of their own fabrication. There is not probably in Europe so great a population in so happy a condition as these Norwegian yeomanry. A body of small proprietors, each with his thirty or forty acres, scarcely exists elsewhere in Europe; or, if it can be found, it is under the shadow of some more imposing body of wealthy proprietors or commercial men. Here they are the highest men in the nation. * * The settlers in the newer states of America, and in our colonies, possess properties of probably about the same extent; but they have roads to make, lands to clear, houses to build, and the work that has been doing here for a thousand years to do, before they can be in the same condition. These Norwegian proprietors are in a happier condition than those in the older states of America, because they are not so much influenced by the spirit of gain. They farm their little estates, and consume the produce, without seeking to barter or sell, except what is necessary for paying their taxes and the few articles of luxury they consume. There is no money-getting spirit among them, and none of extravagance. They enjoy the comforts of excellent houses, as good and large as those of the wealthiest individuals; good furniture,

bedding, linen, clothing, fuel, victuals, and drink, all in abundance, and of their own providing; good horses, and a houseful of people who have more food than work. Food, furniture, and clothing being all home-made, the difference in these matters between the family and the servants is very small; but there is a perfect distinction kept up. The servants invariably eat, sleep, and sit apart from the family, and have generally a distinct building adjoining to the family house.'

The neighbouring country of Sweden appears to be in a much worse condition, and the people are described as highly immoral and depraved. By the returns from 1830 to 1834, one person in every forty-nine of the inhabitants of the towns, and one in every one hundred and seventy-six of the rural population, had been punished each year for criminal offences. The state of female morals, particularly in the capital of Stockholm, is worse than in any other European state. Yet in Sweden education is widely diffused, and literature is not neglected. The nobility are described by Mr Laing as sunk in debt and poverty; yet the people are vain of idle distinctions, and the order of burgher nobility is as numerous as in some of the German states.

'Every man,' he says, 'belongs to a privileged or licensed class or corporation, of which every member is by law entitled to be secured and protected within his own locality from such competition or interference of others in the same calling as would injure his means of living. It is, consequently, not as with us, upon his industry, ability, character, and moral worth that the employment and daily bread of the tradesman, and the social influence and consideration of the individual, in every rank, even the highest, almost entirely depends; it is here, in the middle and lower classes, upon corporate rights and privileges, or upon license obtained from government; and in the higher, upon birth and court or government favour. Public estimation, gained by character and conduct in the several relations of life, is not a necessary element in the social condition even of the working tradesman. Like soldiers in a regiment, a great proportion of the people under this social system derive their estimation among others, and consequently their own self-esteem, not from their moral worth, but from their professional standing and importance. This evil is inherent in all privileged classes, but is concealed or compensated in the higher, the nobility, military, and clergy, by the sense of honour, of religion, and by education. In the middle and lower walks of life those influences are weaker, while the temptations to immorality are stronger; and the placing a man's livelihood, prosperity, and social consideration in his station upon other grounds than on his own industry and moral worth, is a demoralising evil in the very structure of Swedish society.'

Mr Laing has more recently presented a volume entitled *Notes of a Traveller*, full of valuable observation and thought.

Travels in Circassia and Krim Tartary, by Mr Spencer, author of a work on 'Germany and the Germans,' two volumes, 1837, was hailed with peculiar satisfaction, as affording information respecting a brave mountainous tribe who have long warred with Russia to preserve their national independence. They appear to be a simple people, with feudal laws and customs, never intermarrying with any race except their own. Farther information was afforded of the habits of the Circassians by the *Journal of a Residence in Circassia* during the years 1837, 1838, and 1839, by Mr J. S. Bell. This gentleman resided in Circassia in the character of agent or envoy from England, which, however, was partly assumed. He acted also as physician, and seems generally to have been received with kindness and confidence. The population, according to Mr Bell, is divided into fraternities, like the tithings or hundreds in England during the time of the Saxons. Criminal offences are punished by fines levied on the fraternity, that for homicide being 200 oxen. The guerilla warfare which the Circassians have carried on against Russia, marks their indomitable spirit and love of country, but it must, of course, retard civilisation.

A Winter in the Azores, and a Summer at the Baths of the Furnas, by Joseph Bullar, M.D. and John Bullar of Lincoln's Inn, two volumes, 1841, furnish some light agreeable notices of the islands of the Azores, under the dominion of Portugal, from which they are distant about 800 miles. This archipelago contains about 250,000 inhabitants. St Michael's is the largest town, and there is a considerable trade in oranges betwixt it and England. About 120,000 large and small chests of oranges were shipped for England in 1839, and 315 boxes of lemons. These particulars will serve to introduce a passage respecting

[*The Cultivation of the Orange, and Gathering the Fruit.*]

March 26.—Accompanied Senhor B—— to several of his orange gardens in the town. Many of the trees in one garden were a hundred years old, still bearing plentifully a highly-prized thin-skinned orange, full of juice and free from pips. The thinness of the rind of a St Michael's orange, and its freedom from pips, depend on the age of the tree. The young trees, when in full vigour, bear fruit with a thick pulpy rind and an abundance of seeds; but as the vigour of the plant declines, the peel becomes thinner, and the seeds gradually diminish in number, until they disappear altogether. Thus, the oranges that we esteem the most are the produce of barren trees, and those which we consider the least palatable come from plants in full vigour.

Our friend was increasing the number of his trees by layers. These usually take root at the end of two years. They are then cut off from the parent stem, and are vigorous young trees four feet high. The process of raising from seed is seldom if ever adopted in the Azores, on account of the very slow growth of the trees so raised. Such plants, however, are far less liable to the inroads of a worm which attacks the roots of the trees raised from layers, and frequently proves very destructive to them. The seed or 'pip' of the acid orange, which we call Seville, with the sweeter kind grafted upon it, is said to produce fruit of the finest flavour. In one small garden eight trees were pointed out which had borne for two successive years a crop of oranges which was sold for thirty pounds. * *

The treatment of orange-trees in Fayal differs from that in St Michael's, where, after they are planted out, they are allowed to grow as they please. In this orange-garden the branches, by means of strings and pegs fixed in the ground, were strained away from the centre into the shape of a cup, or of the ribs of an open umbrella turned upside down. This allows the sun to penetrate, exposes the branches to a free circulation of air, and is said to be of use in ripening the fruit. Certain it is that oranges are exported from Fayal several weeks earlier than they are from St Michael's; and as this cannot be attributed to greater warmth of climate, it may possibly be owing to the plan of spreading the trees to the sun. The same precautions are taken here as in St Michael's to shield them from the winds; high walls are built round all the gardens, and the trees themselves are

planted among rows of fayas, firs, and camphor-trees. If it were not for these precautions, the oranges would be blown down in such numbers as to interfere with or swallow up the profits of the gardens; none of the windfalls or 'ground-fruit,' as the merchants here call them, being exported to England. * *

Suddenly we came upon merry groups of men and boys, all busily engaged in packing oranges, in a square and open plot of ground. They were gathered round a goodly pile of the fresh fruit, sitting on heaps of the dry calyx-leaves of the Indian corn, in which each orange is wrapped before it is placed in the boxes. Near these circles of laughing Azoreans, who sat at their work and kept up a continual cross-fire of rapid repartee as they quickly filled the orange-cases, were a party of children, whose business it was to prepare the husks for the men, who used them in packing. These youngsters, who were playing at their work like the children of a larger growth that sat by their side, were with much difficulty kept in order by an elderly man, who shook his head and a long stick whenever they flagged or idled. * *

A quantity of the leaves being heaped together near the packers, the operation began. A child handed to a workman who squatted by the heap of fruit a prepared husk; this was rapidly snatched from the child, wrapped round the orange by an intermediate workman, passed by the feeder to the next, who (sitting with the chest between his legs) placed it in the orange-box with amazing rapidity, took a second, and a third, and a fourth as fast as his hands could move and the feeders could supply him, until at length the chest was filled to overflowing, and was ready to be nailed up. Two men then handed it to the carpenter, who bent over the orange-chest several thin boards, secured them with the willow band, pressed it with his naked foot as he sawed off the ragged ends of the boards, and finally despatched it to the ass which stood ready for lading. Two chests were slung across his back by means of cords crossed in a figure of eight; both were well secured by straps under his belly, the driver took his goad, pricked his beast, and uttering the never-ending cry 'Sackaaio,' trudged off to the town.

The orange-trees in this garden cover the sides of a glen or ravine, like that of the Dargle, but somewhat less steep; they are of some age, and have lost the stiff clumpy form of the younger trees. Some idea of the rich beauty of the scene may be formed by imagining the trees of the Dargle to be magnificent shrubs loaded with orange fruit, and mixed with lofty arbutuses—

Groves whose rich fruit, burnished with golden rind,
Hung amiable, and of delicious taste.

In one part scores of children were scattered among the branches, gathering fruit into small baskets, hallooing, laughing, practically joking, and finally emptying their gatherings into the larger baskets underneath the trees, which, when filled, were slowly borne away to the packing-place, and bowled out upon the great heap. Many large orange-trees on the steep sides of the glen lay on the ground uprooted, either from their load of fruit, the high winds, or the weight of the boys, four, five, and even six of whom will climb the branches at the same time; and as the soil is very light, and the roots are superficial (and the fall of a tree perhaps not unamusing), down the trees come. They are allowed to lie where they fall; and those which had evidently fallen many years ago were still alive, and bearing good crops. The oranges are not ripe until March or April, nor are they eaten generally by the people here until that time—the boys, however, that pick them are marked exceptions. The young children of Villa Franca are now almost universally of a yellow tint, as if saturated with orange juice.

Travels in New Zealand, by Ernest Dieffenbach, M.D. late naturalist to the New Zealand Company (1843), is a valuable history of an interesting country, destined apparently to transmit the English language, arts, and civilisation. Mr Dieffenbach gives a minute account of the language of New Zealand, of which he compiled a grammar and dictionary. He conceives the native population of New Zealand to be fit to receive the benefits of civilisation, and to amalgamate with the British colonists. At the same time he believes in the practice of cannibalism often imputed to the New Zealanders.

Life in Mexico, during a Residence of Two Years in that Country, by Madame Calderon de la Barca, an English lady, is full of sketches of domestic life, related with spirit and acuteness. In no other work are we presented with such agreeable glimpses of Mexican life and manners. *Letters on Paraguay*, and *Letters on South America*, by J. P. and W. P. Robertson, are the works of two brothers who resided twenty-five years in South America.

The *Narrative of the Voyages of H.M.S. Adventure and Beagle* (1839), by Captains King and Fitzroy, and C. Darwin, Esq. naturalist of the Beagle, detail the various incidents which occurred during their examination of the southern shores of South America, and during the Beagle's circumnavigation of the globe. The account of the Patagonians in this work, and that of the natives of Tierra del Fuego, are both novel and interesting, while the geological details supplied by Mr Darwin possess a permanent value.

Notes on the United States during a Phrenological Visit in 1839–40 have been published by Mr George Combe, in three volumes. Though attaching what is apt to appear an undue importance to his views of phrenology, Mr Combe was a sensible traveller. He paid particular attention to schools and all benevolent institutions, which he has described with care and minuteness. Among the matter-of-fact details and sober disquisitions in this work, we meet with the following romantic story. The author had visited the lunatic asylum at Bloomingdale, where he learned this realisation of Cymon and Iphigenia—finer even than the version of Dryden!

In the course of conversation, a case was mentioned to me as having occurred in the experience of a highly respectable physician, and which was so fully authenticated, that I entertain no doubt of its truth. The physician alluded to had a patient, a young man, who was almost idiotic from the suppression of all his faculties. He never spoke, and never moved voluntarily, but sat habitually with his hand shading his eyes. The physician sent him to walk as a remedial measure. In the neighbourhood, a beautiful young girl of sixteen lived with her parents, and used to see the young man in his walks, and speak kindly to him. For some time he took no notice of her; but after meeting her for several months, he began to look for her, and to feel disappointed if she did not appear. He became so much interested, that he directed his steps voluntarily to her father's cottage, and gave her bouquets of flowers. By degrees he conversed with her through the window. His mental faculties were roused; the dawn of convalescence appeared. The girl was virtuous, intelligent, and lovely, and encouraged his visits when she was told that she was benefiting his mental health. She asked him if he could read and write? He answered, No. She wrote some lines to him to induce him to learn. This had the desired effect. He applied himself to study, and soon wrote good and sensible letters to her. He recovered his reason. She was married to a young man from the neighbouring city. Great fears were entertained that

this event would undo the good which she had accomplished. The young patient sustained a severe shock, but his mind did not sink under it. He acquiesced in the propriety of her choice, continued to improve, and at last was restored to his family cured. She had a child, and was soon after brought to the same hospital perfectly insane. The young man heard of this event, and was exceedingly anxious to see her; but an interview was denied to him, both on her account and his own. She died. He continued well, and became an active member of society. What a beautiful romance might be founded on this narrative!

America, Historical, Statistical, and Descriptive, by J. S. BUCKINGHAM, is a vast collection of facts and details, few of them novel or striking, but apparently written with truth and candour. The work fatigues from the multiplicity of its small statements, and the want of general views or animated description. In 1842 the author published two additional volumes, describing his tour in the slave states. These are more interesting, because the ground is less hackneyed, and Mr Buckingham feels strongly, as a benevolent and humane man, on the subject of slavery, that curse of the American soil.

Two remarkable works on Spain have been published by GEORGE BORROW, late agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society in Spain. The first of these, in two volumes 12mo. 1841, is entitled *The Zincali, or an Account of the Gipsies of Spain.* Mr Borrow calculates that there are about forty thousand gipsies in Spain, of which about one-third are to be found in Andalusia. The caste, he says, has diminished of late years. The author's adventures with this singular people are curiously compounded of the ludicrous and romantic, and are presented in the most vivid and dramatic form. Mr Borrow's second work is termed *The Bible in Spain*, or the Journeys, Adventures, and Imprisonments of an Englishman, in an attempt to circulate the Scriptures in the Peninsula. There are many things in the book which, as the author acknowledges, have little connexion with religion or religious enterprise. It is, indeed, a series of personal adventures, varied and interesting, with sketches of character and romantic incidents drawn with more power and vivacity than those of most professed novelists.

An account of *The Highlands of Ethiopia*, by MAJOR W. CORNWALLIS HARRIS, H. E. I. C. Engineers, three volumes, 1844, also abounds with novel and interesting information. The author was employed to conduct a mission which the British government sent to Sahela Selasse, the king of Shoa, in southern Abyssinia, whose capital, Ankober, was supposed to be about four hundred miles inland from the port of Tajura, on the African coast. The king consented to form a commercial treaty, and Major Harris conceives that a profitable intercourse might be maintained by Great Britain with this productive part of the world.

MISCELLANEOUS WRITERS.

One of the most laborious and successful of modern miscellaneous writers, and who has tended in a material degree to spread a taste for literary history and anecdote, is ISAAC D'ISRAELI, author of the *Curiosities of Literature*, and other works. The first volume of the Curiosities was published in 1791; a second appeared a few years afterwards, and a third in 1817. A second series has since been published in three volumes. The other works of Mr D'Israeli are entitled *Literary Miscellanies; Quarrels of Authors; Calamities of Authors; Character of James I.;* and *The Literary Character.* The whole of these are now printed in one large volume. In 1841 this author, though labouring under partial blindness, followed up the favourite studies of his youth by another work in three volumes, entitled *The Amenities of Literature*, consisting, like the Curiosities and Miscellanies, of detached papers and dissertations on literary and historical subjects, written in a pleasant philosophical style, which presents the fruits of antiquarian research and careful study, without their dryness and general want of connexion.

In the same style of literary illustration, with more imagination and poetical susceptibility, may be mentioned SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, who published the *Censura Literaria*, 1805-9, in ten volumes; the *British Bibliographer*, in three volumes; an enlarged edition of Collins's British Peerage; *Letters on the Genius of Lord Byron*, &c. As principal editor of the Retrospective Review, Sir Egerton Brydges drew public attention to the beauties of many old writers, and extended the feeling of admiration which Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, and others, had awakened for the early masters of the English lyre. In 1835 this veteran author edited an edition of Milton's poetical works in six volumes. A tone of querulous egotism and complaint pervades most of the original works of this author, but his taste and exertions in English literature entitle him to high respect.

JOSEPH RITSON (1752-1803), another zealous literary antiquary and critic, was indefatigable in his labours to illustrate English literature, particularly the neglected ballad strains of the nation. He published in 1783 a valuable collection of English songs; in 1790, *Ancient Songs, from the Time of Henry III. to the Revolution*; in 1792, *Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry*; in 1794, *A Collection of Scottish Songs*; in 1795, *A Collection of all the Ancient Poems, &c. Relating to Robin Hood*, &c. Ritson was a faithful and acute editor, profoundly versed in literary antiquities, but of a jealous irritable temper, which kept him in a state of constant warfare with his brother collectors. He was in diet a strict Pythagorean, and wrote a treatise against the use of animal food. Sir Walter Scott, writing to his friend Mr Ellis in 1803, remarks—'Poor Ritson is no more. All his vegetable soups and puddings have not been able to avert the evil day, which, I understand, was preceded by madness.' Scott has borne ample testimony to the merits of this unhappy gleaner in the by-paths of literature.

The Illustrations of Shakspeare, published in 1807 by MR FRANCIS DOUCE, and the *British Monachism*, 1802, and *Encyclopædia of Antiquities*, 1824, by the REV. T. D. FOSBROOKE, are works of great research and value as repositories of curious information. Works of this kind illustrate the pages of our poets and historians, besides conveying pictures of national manners now faded into oblivion.

A taste for natural history gained ground about the same time with this study of antiquities. THOMAS PENNANT (1726-1798), by the publication of his works on zoology, and his *Tours in Scotland*, excited public curiosity; and in 1789 the Rev. GILBERT WHITE (1720-1793) published a series of letters addressed by him to Pennant and Daines Barrington, descriptive of the natural objects and appearances of the parish of Selborne in Hampshire. White was rector of this parish, and had spent in it the greater part of his life, engaged in literary occupations and the study of nature. His minute and interesting facts, the entire devotion of the amiable author to his subject, and the easy elegance and simplicity of his style, render White's history a universal favourite—something like Izaak Walton's book on angling, which all admire, and hundreds

have endeavoured to copy. The retired naturalist was too full of facts and observations to have room for sentimental writing, yet in sentences like the following (however humble be the theme), we may trace no common power of picturesque painting:—

The evening proceedings and manœuvres of the rooks are curious and amusing in the autumn. Just before dusk they return in long strings from the foraging of the day, and rendezvous by thousands over Selborne-down, where they wheel round in the air, and sport and dive in a playful manner, all the while exciting their voices, and making a loud cawing, which, being blended and softened by the distance that we at the village are below them, becomes a confused noise or chiding; or rather a pleasing murmur, very engaging to the imagination, and not unlike the cry of a pack of hounds in hollow echoing woods, or the rushing of the wind in tall trees, or the tumbling of the tide upon a pebbly shore. When this ceremony is over, with the last gleam of day they retire for the night to the deep beechen woods of Tisted and Ropley. We remember a little girl, who, as she was going to bed, used to remark on such an occurrence, in the true spirit of physico-theology, that the rooks were saying their prayers; and yet this child was much too young to be aware that the Scriptures have said of the Deity—that 'he feedeth the ravens who call upon him.'

The migration of the swallows, the instincts of animals, the blossoming of flowers and plants, and the humblest phenomena of ever-changing nature, are recorded by Gilbert White in the same earnest and unassuming manner.

REV. WILLIAM GILPIN—SIR UVEDALE PRICE.

Among works on the subject of taste and beauty, in which philosophical analysis and metaphysics are happily blended with the graces of refined thought and composition, a high place must be assigned to the writings of the Rev. William Gilpin (1724-1804) and Sir Uvedale Price. The former was author of *Remarks on Forest Scenery*, and *Observations on Picturesque Beauty*, as connected with the English lakes and the Scottish Highlands. As vicar of Boldre, in the New Forest, Hampshire, Mr Gilpin was familiar with the characteristics of forest scenery, and his work on this subject (1791) is equally pleasing and profound—a storehouse of images and illustrations of external nature, remarkable for their fidelity and beauty, and an analysis 'patient and comprehensive, with no feature of the chilling metaphysics of the schools.' His 'Remarks on Forest Scenery' consist of a description of the various kinds of trees. 'It is no exaggerated praise,' he says, 'to call a tree the grandest and most beautiful of all the productions of the earth. In the former of these epithets nothing contends with it, for we consider rocks and mountains as part of the earth itself. And though among inferior plants, shrubs, and flowers, there is great beauty, yet when we consider that these minuter productions are chiefly beautiful as individuals, and are not adapted to form the arrangement of composition in landscape, nor to receive the effect of light and shade, they must give place in point of beauty—of picturesque beauty at least—to the form, and foliage, and ramification of the tree. Thus the splendid tints of the insect, however beautiful, must yield to the elegance and proportion of animals which range in a higher class.' Having described trees as individuals, he considers them under their various combinations, as clumps, park scenery, the copse, glen, grove, the forest, &c. Their permanent and incidental beauties in storm and sunshine, and through all the seasons, are afterwards delineated in the choicest language, and with frequent illustration from the kindred pages of the poets; and the work concludes with an account of the English forests and their accompaniments—lawns, heaths, forest distances, and sea-coast views; with their proper appendages, as wild horses, deer, eagles, and other picturesque inhabitants. As a specimen of Gilpin's manner (though a very inadequate one), we subjoin his account of the effects of the sun, 'an illustrious family of tints,' as fertile sources of incidental beauty among the woods of the forest:—

[*Sunrise and Sunset in the Woods.*]

The first dawn of day exhibits a beautiful obscurity. When the east begins just to brighten with the reflections only of effulgence, a pleasing progressive light, dubious and amusing, is thrown over the face of things. A single ray is able to assist the picturesque eye, which by such slender aid creates a thousand imaginary forms, if the scene be unknown, and as the light steals gradually on, is amused by correcting its vague ideas by the real objects. What in the confusion of twilight perhaps seemed a stretch of rising ground, broken into various parts, becomes now vast masses of wood and an extent of forest.

As the sun begins to appear above the horizon, another change takes place. What was before only form, being now enlightened, begins to receive effect. This effect depends on two circumstances—the catching lights which touch the summits of every object, and the mistiness in which the rising orb is commonly enveloped.

The effect is often pleasing when the sun rises in unsullied brightness, diffusing its ruddy light over the upper parts of objects, which is contrasted by the deeper shadows below; yet the effect is then only transcendent when he rises accompanied by a train of vapours in a misty atmosphere. Among lakes and mountains this happy accompaniment often forms the most astonishing visions, and yet in the forest it is nearly as great. With what delightful effect do we sometimes see the sun's disk just appear above a woody hill, or, in Shakspeare's language,

Stand tiptoe on the misty mountain's top,

and dart his diverging rays through the rising vapour. The radiance, catching the tops of the trees as they hang midway upon the shaggy steep, and touching here and there a few other prominent objects, imperceptibly mixes its ruddy tint with the surrounding mists, setting on fire, as it were, their upper parts, while their lower skirts are lost in a dark mass of varied confusion, in which trees, and ground, and radiance, and obscurity are all blended together. When the eye is fortunate enough to catch the glowing instant (for it is always a vanishing scene), it furnishes an idea worth treasuring among the choicest appearances of nature. Mistiness alone, we have observed, occasions a confusion in objects which is often picturesque; but the glory of the vision depends on the glowing lights which are mingled with it.

Landscape painters, in general, pay too little attention to the discriminations of morning and evening. We are often at a loss to distinguish in pictures the rising from the setting sun, though their characters are very different both in the lights and shadows. The ruddy lights, indeed, of the evening are more easily distinguished, but it is not perhaps always sufficiently observed that the shadows of the evening are much less opaque than those of the morning. They may be brightened perhaps by the numberless rays floating in the atmosphere, which are incessantly reverberated in every direction, and may continue in action after the sun is set; whereas in the morning the rays of the

preceding day having subsided, no object receives any light but from the immediate lustre of the sun. Whatever becomes of the theory, the fact I believe is well ascertained.

The incidental beauties which the meridian sun exhibits are much fewer than those of the rising sun. In summer, when he rides high at noon, and sheds his perpendicular ray, all is illumination; there is no shadow to balance such a glare of light, no contrast to oppose it. The judicious artist, therefore, rarely represents his objects under a vertical sun. And yet no species of landscape bears it so well as the scenes of the forest. The tuftings of the trees, the recesses among them, and the lighter foliage hanging over the darker, may all have an effect under a meridian sun. I speak chiefly, however, of the internal scenes of the forest, which bear such total brightness better than any other, as in them there is generally a natural gloom to balance it. The light obstructed by close intervening trees will rarely predominate; hence the effect is often fine. A strong sunshine striking a wood through some fortunate chasm, and reposing on the tuftings of a clump, just removed from the eye, and strengthened by the deep shadows of the trees behind, appears to great advantage; especially if some noble tree, standing on the foreground in deep shadow, flings athwart the sky its dark branches, here and there illumined with a splendid touch of light.

In an open country, the most fortunate circumstance that attends a meridian sun is cloudy weather, which occasions partial lights. Then it is that the distant forest scene is spread with lengthened gleams, while the other parts of the landscape are in shadow; the tuftings of trees are particularly adapted to catch this effect with advantage; there is a richness in them from the strong opposition of light and shade, which is wonderfully fine. A distant forest thus illumined wants only a foreground to make it highly picturesque.

As the sun descends, the effect of its illumination becomes stronger. It is a doubt whether the rising or the setting sun is more picturesque. The great beauty of both depends on the contrast between splendour and obscurity. But this contrast is produced by these different incidents in different ways. The grandest effects of the rising sun are produced by the vapours which envelope it—the setting sun rests its glory on the gloom which often accompanies its parting rays. A depth of shadow hanging over the eastern hemisphere gives the beams of the setting sun such powerful effect, that although in fact they are by no means equal to the splendour of a meridian sun, yet through force of contrast they appear superior. A distant forest scene under this brightened gloom is particularly rich, and glows with double splendour. The verdure of the summer leaf, and the varied tints of the autumnal one, are all lighted up with the most resplendent colours.

The internal parts of the forest are not so happily disposed to catch the effects of a setting sun. The meridian ray, we have seen, may dart through the openings at the top, and produce a picture, but the flanks of the forest are generally too well guarded against its horizontal beams. Sometimes a recess fronting the west may receive a beautiful light, spreading in a lengthened gleam amidst the gloom of the woods which surround it; but this can only be had in the outskirts of the forest. Sometimes also we find in its internal parts, though hardly in its deep recesses, splendid lights here and there catching the foliage, which though in nature generally too scattered to produce an effect, yet, if judiciously collected, may be beautiful on canvass.

We sometimes also see in a woody scene coruscations like a bright star, occasioned by a sunbeam darting through an eyelet hole among the leaves. Many painters, and especially Rubens, have been fond of introducing this radiant spot in their landscapes. But in painting, it is one of those trifles which produces no effect, nor can this radiance be given. In poetry, indeed, it may produce a pleasing image. Shakspeare hath introduced it beautifully, where, speaking of the force of truth entering a guilty conscience, he compares it to the sun, which

> Fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
> And darts his light through every guilty hole.

It is one of those circumstances which poetry may offer to the imagination, but the pencil cannot well produce to the eye.

The *Essays on the Picturesque*, by Sir Uvedale Price, were designed by their accomplished author to explain and enforce the reasons for studying the works of eminent landscape painters, and the principles of their art, with a view to the improvement of real scenery, and to promote the cultivation of what has been termed landscape gardening. He examined the leading features of modern gardening, in its more extended sense, on the general principles of painting, and showed how much the character of the picturesque has been neglected, or sacrificed to a false idea of beauty. The best edition of these essays, improved by the author, is that of 1810; but Sir Thomas Dick Lauder has published editions of both Gilpin and Price—the latter a very handsome volume, 1842—with a great deal of additional matter. Besides his 'Essays on the Picturesque,' Sir Uvedale has written essays on artificial water, on house decorations, architecture, and buildings—all branches of his original subject, and treated with the same taste and elegance. The theory of the author is, that the picturesque in nature has a character separate from the sublime and the beautiful; and in enforcing and maintaining this, he attacked the style of ornamental gardening which Mason, the poet had recommended, and Kent and Brown, the great landscape improvers, had reduced to practice. Some of Price's positions have been overturned by Dugald Stewart in his Philosophical Essays; but the exquisite beauty of his descriptions must ever render his work interesting, independently altogether of its metaphysical or philosophical distinctions. His criticism of painters and paintings is equally able and discriminating; and by his works we consider Sir Uvedale Price has been highly instrumental in diffusing those just sentiments on matters of taste, and that improved style of landscape gardening, which so eminently distinguish the English aristocracy of the present times.

WILLIAM COBBETT.

William Cobbett (1762-1835), by his *Rural Rides*, his *Cottage Economy*, his works on America, and various parts of his *Political Register*, is justly entitled to be remembered among the miscellaneous writers of England. He was a native of Farnham in Surrey, and brought up as an agricultural labourer. He afterwards served as a soldier in British America, and rose to be sergeant-major. He first attracted notice as a political writer by publishing a series of pamphlets under the name of Peter Porcupine. He was then a decided loyalist and high churchman; but having, as is supposed, received some slight from Mr Pitt, he attacked his ministry with great bitterness in his Register. After the passing of the Reform Bill, he was returned to parliament for the borough of Oldham, but he was not successful as a public speaker. He was apparently destitute of the faculty of generalising his information and details, and evolving from them

a lucid whole. His unfixedness of principle also operated strongly against him; for no man who is not considered honest and sincere, or can be relied upon, will ever make a lasting impression on a popular assembly. Cobbett's inconsistency as a political writer was so broad and undisguised, as to have become proverbial. He had made the whole round of politics, from ultra-toryism to ultra-radicalism, and had praised and abused nearly every public man and measure for thirty years. Jeremy Bentham said of him, 'He is a man filled with *odium humani generis*. His malevolence and lying are beyond anything.' The retired philosopher did not make sufficient allowance for Cobbett: the latter acted on the momentary feeling or impulse, and never calculated the consequence to himself or others. We admit he was eager to escape when a difficulty arose, and did not scruple as to the means, but we are considering him only as a public writer. No individual in Britain was better known than Cobbett, down to the minutest circumstance in his character, habits, and opinions. He wrote freely of himself, as he did of other men, and in all his writings there was much natural freshness, liveliness, and vigour. He had the power of making every one who read him feel and understand completely what he himself felt and described. The idiomatic strength, copiousness, and purity of his style have been universally acknowledged, and when engaged in describing rural subjects, or depicting local manners, he is very happy. On questions of politics or criticism he fails, because he seems resolved to attack all great names and established opinions. He remarks on one occasion that any lady could at the time I wrote, be made a baronet, since Walter Scott and Dudley Coutts Trotter (what a classification!) had been so elevated. 'It has become,' he says, 'of late years the fashion to extol the virtues of potatoes, as it has been to admire the writings of Milton and Shakspeare,' and he concludes a ludicrous criticism on Paradise Lost by wondering how it could have been tolerated by a people amongst whom astronomy, navigation, and chemistry are understood! Yet Cobbett had a taste for what may be termed the poetry of nature. He is loud in his praises of the singing-birds of England (which he missed so much in America), and he loved to write on green lanes and meadows. The following description of his boyish scenes and recollections is like the simple and touching passages in Richardson's Pamela:—

After living within a few hundreds of yards of Westminster Hall, and the Abbey Church, and the Bridge, and looking from my own windows into St James's Park, all other buildings and spots appear mean and insignificant. I went to-day to see the house I formerly occupied. How small! It is always thus: the words large and small are carried about with us in our minds, and we forget real dimensions. The idea, such as it was received, remains during our absence from the object. When I returned to England in 1800, after an absence from the country parts of it of sixteen years, the trees, the hedges, even the parks and woods, seemed so small! It made me laugh to hear little gutters, that I could jump over, called rivers! The Thames was but a 'creek!' But when, in about a month after my arrival in London, I went to Farnham, the place of my birth, what was my surprise! Everything was become so pitifully small! I had to cross, in my post-chaise, the long and dreary heath of Bagshot. Then, at the end of it, to mount a hill called Hungry Hill; and from that hill I knew that I should look down into the beautiful and fertile vale of Farnham. My heart fluttered with impatience, mixed with a sort of fear, to see all the scenes of my childhood; for I had learned before the death of my father and mother. There is a hill not far from the town called Crooksbury Hill, which rises up out of a flat in the form of a cone, and is planted with Scotch fir-trees. Here I used to take the eggs and young ones of crows and magpies. This hill was a famous object in the neighbourhood. It served as the superlative degree of height. 'As high as Crooksbury Hill,' meant, with us, the utmost degree of height. Therefore the first object that my eyes sought was this hill. I could not believe my eyes! Literally speaking, I for a moment thought the famous hill removed, and a little heap put in its stead; for I had seen in New Brunswick a single rock, or hill of solid rock, ten times as big, and four or five times as high! The post-boy, going down hill, and not a bad road, whisked me in a few minutes to the Bush Inn, from the garden of which I could see the prodigious sand-hill where I had begun my gardening works. What a nothing! But now came rushing into my mind all at once my pretty little garden, my little blue smock-frock, my little nailed shoes, my pretty pigeons that I used to feed out of my hands, the last kind words and tears of my gentle and tender-hearted and affectionate mother! I hastened back into the room. If I had looked a moment longer I should have dropped. When I came to reflect, what a change! I looked down at my dress. What a change! What scenes I had gone through! How altered my state! I had dined the day before at a secretary of state's in company with Mr Pitt, and had been waited upon by men in gaudy liveries! I had had nobody to assist me in the world. No teachers of any sort. Nobody to shelter me from the consequence of bad, and no one to counsel me to good behaviour. I felt proud. The distinctions of rank, birth, and wealth, all became nothing in my eyes; and from that moment (less than a month after my arrival in England) I resolved never to bend before them.

There is good sense and right feeling in the following passage on field-sports:—

I like [illegible], that sport in nature [illegible] of humanity, the [illegible] done in the [illegible] health. [illegible] A hunter [illegible] shooter may [illegible] and a drinker; but he is less likely to be [illegible] fond of the [illegible]. Boys will [illegible] something in the way of pastime, and it is better that they take to that which is innocent, healthy, and manly, than that which is vicious, unhealthy, and effeminate. Besides, the scenes of rural sport are necessarily at a distance from cities and towns. This is another great consideration, for though great talents are wanted to be employed in the hives of men, they are very rarely acquired in these hives; the surrounding objects are too numerous, too near the eye, too frequently under it, and too artificial.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

The miscellaneous writings of MR SOUTHEY are numerous, and all are marked by an easy flowing style, by extensive reading, a strain of thought and reflection simple and antiquated, occasional dialogues full of quaint speculation and curious erudition, and a vein of poetical feeling that runs through the whole, whether critical, historical, or political. In 1807 Mr Southey published a series of observations on our national manners and prospects, en-

titled *Letters from England, by Don Manuel Alvarez Espriella*, three volumes. The foreign disguise was too thinly and lightly worn to insure concealment, but it imparted freedom and piquancy to the author's observations. On the subject of the church, on political economy, and on manufactures, Mr Southey seems to have thought then in much the same spirit displayed in his late works. His fancy, however, was more sportive, and his Spanish character, as well as the nature of the work, led to frequent and copious description, in which he excelled.

In 1829 Mr Southey published *Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society*, two volumes, in which the author, or 'Montesinos,' holds conversations with the ghost of Sir Thomas More. The decay of national piety, the evil effects of extended commerce, and the alleged progress of national insecurity and disorganization, are the chief topics in these colloquies, which, though occasionally relieved by passages of beautiful composition, are diffuse and tedious, and greatly overstrained in sentiment. The other prose works of Mr Southey (exclusive of a vast number of essays in the Quarterly Review, and omitting his historical and biographical works already noticed) consist of his early *Letters from Spain*, *A Short Residence in Portugal*, *Omniana*, a collection of critical remarks and curious quotations, and *The Doctor*, five volumes, a work partly fictitious but abounding in admirable description and quaint fanciful delineation of character.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

The Confessions of an English Opium Eater, a small volume published in 1822 (originally contained in the London Magazine), is a singular and striking work, detailing the personal experience of an individual who had, like Coleridge, become a slave to the use of opium. To such an extent had the author carried this habit that he was accustomed to take three hundred and twenty grains a-day. He finally emancipated himself, but not without a severe struggle and the deepest suffering. The 'Confessions' are written by THOMAS DE QUINCEY, a gentleman of extensive acquirements, literary and scholastic, son of an English merchant, and educated at Eton and Oxford. He has contributed largely to the periodical literature of the day, and is author of the admirable memoirs of Shakspeare and Pope in the Encyclopædia Britannica. The following extracts would do credit to the highest names in our original imaginative literature:—

[*Dreams of the Opium Eater.*]

May, 1818.

I have been every night of late transported into Asiatic scenes. I know not whether others share in my feelings on this point, but I have often thought that if I were compelled to forego England, and to live in China, and among Chinese manners and modes of life and scenery, I should go mad. The causes of my horror lie deep, and some of them must be common to others. Southern Asia in general is the seat of awful images and associations. As the cradle of the human race, it would have a dim and reverential feeling connected with it. But there are other reasons. No man can pretend that the wild, barbarous, and capricious superstitions of Africa, or of savage tribes elsewhere, affect him in the way that he is affected by the ancient, monumental, cruel, and elaborate religions of Indostan, &c. The mere antiquity of Asiatic things, of their institutions, history, modes of faith, &c. is so impressive, that to me the vast age of the race and name overpowers the sense of youth in the individual. A young Chinese seems to me an antediluvian man renewed. Even Englishmen, though not bred in any knowledge of such institutions, cannot but shudder at the mystic sublimity of castes that have flowed apart, and refused to mix, through such immemorial tracts of time; nor can any man fail to be awed by the names of the Ganges or the Euphrates. It contributes much to these feelings, that Southern Asia is, and has been for thousands of years, the part of the earth most swarming with human life; the great *officina gentium*. Man is a weed in those regions. The vast empires, also, into which the enormous population of Asia has always been cast, give a further sublimity to the feelings associated with all Oriental names or images. In China, over and above what it has in common with the rest of Southern Asia, I am terrified by the modes of life, by the manners, and the barrier of utter abhorrence and want of sympathy placed between us by feelings deeper than I can analyse. I could sooner live with lunatics or brute animals. All this, and much more than I can say, or have time to say, the reader must enter into before he can comprehend the unimaginable horror which these dreams of Oriental imagery and mythological tortures impressed upon me. Under the connecting feeling of tropical heat and vertical sunlights, I brought together all creatures, birds, beasts, reptiles, all trees and plants, usages and appearances, that are to be found in all tropical regions, and assembled them together in China or Indostan. From kindred feelings I soon brought Egypt and all her gods under the same law. I was stared at, hooted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkeys, by paroquets, by cockatoos. I ran into pagodas, and was fixed for centuries at the summit, or in secret rooms; I was the idol; I was the priest; I was worshipped; I was sacrificed. I fled from the wrath of Brahma through all the forests of Asia; Vishnu hated me; Seeva laid wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris; I had done a deed, they said, which the ibis and the crocodile trembled at. I was buried for a thousand years, in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes, in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids. * *

As a final specimen, I cite one of a different character, from 1820.

The dream commenced with a music which now I often hear in dreams—a music of preparation and of awakening suspense; a music like the opening of the Coronation Anthem, and which, like that, gave the feeling of a vast march—of infinite cavalcades filing off—and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and of final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse, and labouring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, I knew not where—somehow, I knew not how—by some beings, I knew not whom—a battle, a strife, an agony was conducting—was evolving like a great drama or piece of music, with which my sympathy was the more insupportable from my confusion as to its place, its cause, its nature, and its possible issue. I, as is usual in dreams (where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement), had the power, and yet had not the power to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself, to will it; and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantes was upon me, or the oppression of inexpiable guilt. 'Deeper than ever plummet sounded,' I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake, some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms, hurrying to and fro; trepidations of innumerable fugitives, I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad; darkness and lights; tempest and human faces; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were

worth all the world to me, and but a moment allowed—and clasped hands, and heart breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells! and with a sigh, such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells! and again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells!

And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud—'I will sleep no more!'

WILLIAM HAZLITT

One of the most remarkable of the miscellaneous writers of this period was WILLIAM HAZLITT, whose bold and vigorous tone of thinking, and acute criticism on poetry, the drama, and fine arts found many admirers especially among young minds. He was a man of decided genius, but prone to paradox, and swayed by prejudice. He was well read in the old English authors, and had in general a just and delicate perception of their beauties. His style was strongly tinged by the peculiarities of his taste and reading; it was often sparkling, pungent, and picturesque in expression. Hazlitt was a native of Shropshire, the son of a Unitarian minister. He began life as a painter, but failed in attaining excellence in the profession, though he retained through life the most vivid and intense appreciation of its charms. His principal support was derived from the literary and political journals, to which he contributed essays, reviews, and criticisms. He wrote a metaphysical treatise on the *Principles of Human Action*, *Characters of Shakspeare's Plays*, *A View of the English Stage*, two volumes of *Table Talk*, *The Spirit of the Age* (containing criticisms on eminent public characters), *Lectures on the English Poets*, delivered at the Surrey Institution, *Lectures on the Literature of the Elizabethan Age*, and various sketches of the galleries of art in England. He was author also of *Notes of a Journey through France and Italy*, originally contributed to one of the daily journals, an *Essay on the Fine Arts* for the Encyclopædia Britannica, and some articles on the English novelists and other standard authors, first published in the Edinburgh Review. His most elaborate work was a *Life of Napoleon*, in four volumes, which evinces all the peculiarities of his mind and opinions, but is very ably and powerfully written. Shortly before his death (which took place in London on the 18th of September 1830) he had committed to the press the *Conversations of James Northcote, Esq.* containing remarks on arts and artists. The toils, uncertainties, and disappointments of a literary life, and the contests of bitter political warfare, soured and warped the mind of Hazlitt, and distorted his opinions of men and things; but those who trace the passionate flights of his imagination, his aspirations after ideal excellence and beauty, the brilliancy of his language while dwelling on some old poem or picture, or dream of early days, and the undisguised freedom with which he pours out his whole soul to the reader, will readily assign to him both strength and versatility of genius. He had felt more than he had reflected or studied, and though proud of his acquirements as a metaphysician, he certainly could paint emotions better than he could unfold principles. The only son of Mr Hazlitt has with pious diligence and with talent, collected and edited his father's works in a series of handsome portable volumes.

[*The Character of Falstaff.*]

Falstaff's wit is an emanation of a fine constitution; an exuberation of good-humour and good-nature; an overflowing of his love of laughter and good-fellowship; a giving vent to his heart's ease and over-contentment with himself and others. He would not be in character if he were not so fat as he is; for there is the greatest keeping in the boundless luxury of his imagination, and the pampered self-indulgence of his physical appetites. He manures and nourishes his mind with jests, as he does his body with sack and sugar. He carves out his jokes as he would a capon or a haunch of venison, where there is cut and come again; and pours out upon them the oil of gladness. His tongue drops fatness, and in the chambers of his brain 'it snows of meat and drink.' He keeps up perpetual holiday and open house, and we live with him in a round of invitations to a rump and dozen. Yet we are not to suppose that he was a mere sensualist. All this is as much in imagination as in reality. His sensuality does not engross and stupify his other faculties, but 'ascends me into the brain, clears away all the dull crude vapours that environ it, and makes it full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes.' His imagination keeps up the ball after his senses have done with it. He seems to have even a greater enjoyment of the freedom from restraint, of good cheer, of his ease, of his vanity, in the ideal exaggerated description which he gives of them, than in fact. He never fails to enrich his discourse with allusions to eating and drinking; but we never see him at table. He carries his own larder about with him, and he is himself 'a tun of man.' His pulling out the bottle in the field of battle is a joke to show his contempt for glory accompanied with danger, his systematic adherence to his Epicurean philosophy in the most trying circumstances. Again, such is his deliberate exaggeration of his own vices, that it does not seem quite certain whether the account of his hostess's bill, found in his pocket, with such an out-of-the-way charge for capons and sack, with only one halfpenny worth of bread, was not put there by himself as a trick to humour the jest upon his favourite propensities, and as a conscious caricature of himself. He is represented as a liar, a braggart, a coward, a glutton, &c. and yet we are not offended, but delighted with him; for he is all these as much to amuse others as to gratify himself. He openly assumes all these characters to show the humorous part of them. The unrestrained indulgence of his own ease, appetites, and convenience, has neither malice nor hypocrisy in it. In a word, he is an actor in himself almost as much as upon the stage, and we no more object to the character of Falstaff in a moral point of view, than we should think of bringing an excellent comedian, who should represent him to the life, before one of the police offices.

[*The Character of Hamlet.*]

It is the one of Shakspeare's plays that we think of the oftenest, because it abounds most in striking reflections on human life, and because the distresses of Hamlet are transferred, by the turn of his mind, to the general account of humanity. Whatever happens to him, we apply to ourselves, because he applies it to himself as a means of general reasoning. He is a great moraliser; and what makes him worth attending to is, that he moralises on his own feelings and experience. He is not a commonplace pedant. If Lear is distinguished by the greatest depth of passion, Hamlet is the most remarkable for the ingenuity, originality, and unstudied development of character. Shakspeare had more magnanimity than any other poet, and he has shown more of it in this play than in any other. There is no attempt to force an interest: everything is left for time and circumstances to unfold. The attention is excited without effort; the incidents succeed each other as matters of course; the characters think, and speak, and act just as they might do if left entirely to themselves. There is no set purpose, no

straining at a point. The observations are suggested by the passing scene—the gusts of passion come and go like sounds of music borne on the wind. The whole play is an exact transcript of what might be supposed to have taken place at the court of Denmark at the remote period of time fixed upon, before the modern refinements in morals and manners were heard of. It would have been interesting enough to have been admitted as a bystander in such a scene, at such a time, to have heard and witnessed something of what was going on. But here we are more than spectators. We have not only 'the outward pageants and the signs of grief,' but 'we have that within which passes show.' We read the thoughts of the heart, we catch the passions living as they rise. Other dramatic writers give us very fine versions and paraphrases of nature; but Shakspeare, together with his own comments, gives us the original text, that we may judge for ourselves. This is a very great advantage.

The character of Hamlet stands quite by itself. It is not a character marked by strength of will or even of passion, but by refinement of thought and sentiment. Hamlet is as little of the hero as a man can well be; but he is a young and princely novice, full of high enthusiasm and quick sensibility—the sport of circumstances, questioning with fortune, and refining on his own feelings, and forced from the natural bias of his disposition by the strangeness of his situation. He seems incapable of deliberate action, and is only hurried into extremities on the spur of the occasion, when he has no time to reflect—as in the scene where he kills Polonius; and, again, where he alters the letters which Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are taking with them to England, purporting his death. At other times, when he is most bound to act, he remains puzzled, undecided, and sceptical; dallies with his purposes till the occasion is lost, and finds out some pretence to relapse into indolence and thoughtfulness again. For this reason he refuses to kill the king when he is at his prayers; and, by a refinement in malice, which is in truth only an excuse for his own want of resolution, defers his revenge to a more fatal opportunity.

* * *

The moral perfection of this character has been called in question, we think, by those who did not understand it. It is more interesting than according to rules; amiable, though not faultless. The ethical delineations of 'that noble and liberal casuist' (as Shakspeare has been well called) do not exhibit the drab-coloured quakerism of morality. His plays are not copied either from The Whole Duty of Man, or from The Academy of Compliments! We confess we are a little shocked at the want of refinement in those who are shocked at the want of refinement in Hamlet. The neglect of punctilious exactness in his behaviour either partakes of the 'license of the time,' or else belongs to the very excess of intellectual refinement in the character, which makes the common rules of life, as well as his own purposes, sit loose upon him. He may be said to be amenable only to the tribunal of his own thoughts, and is too much taken up with the airy world of contemplation, to lay as much stress as he ought on the practical consequences of things. His habitual principles of action are unhinged and out of joint with the time. His conduct to Ophelia is quite natural in his circumstances. It is that of assumed severity only. It is the effect of disappointed hope, of bitter regrets, of affection suspended, not obliterated, by the distractions of the scene around him! Amidst the natural and preternatural horrors of his situation, he might be excused in delicacy from carrying on a regular courtship. When 'his father's spirit was in arms,' it was not a time for the son to make love in. He could neither marry Ophelia, nor wound her mind by explaining the cause of his alienation, which he durst hardly trust himself to think of. It would have taken him years to have come to a direct explanation on the point. In the harassed state of his mind, he could not have done much otherwise than he did. His conduct does not contradict what he says when he sees her funeral:—

'I loved Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum.'

THOMAS CARLYLE.

The German studies and metaphysics of Coleridge seem to have inspired one powerful writer of the day, THOMAS CARLYLE, author of various works and translations—a *Life of Schiller; Sartor Resartus*, 1836; *The French Revolution, a History*, in three volumes, 1837; *Chartism*, 1839; *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays*, collected and republished from reviews and magazines, in five vols., 1839; a series of lectures on *Hero Worship*, 1841; and *The Past and Present*, 1843. Familiar with German literature, and admiring its authors, Mr Carlyle has had great influence in rendering the works of Goethe, Richter, &c. known in this country. He has added to our stock of original ideas, and helped to foster a more liberal and penetrative style of criticism amongst us. His philosophical theory has been condemned for its resemblance to the Pantheistic system, or idol-worship, Goethe being the special object of his veneration. It is too fanciful and unreal to be of general practical utility, or to serve as a refuge from the actual cares and storms of life. It is an intellectual theory, and to intellectual men may be valuable—for the opinions and writings of Carlyle tend to enlarge our sympathies and feelings—to stir the heart with benevolence and affection—to unite man to man—and to build upon this love of our fellow-beings a system of mental energy and purity far removed from the operations of sense, and pregnant with high hopes and aspirations. He is an original and subtle thinker, and combines with his powers of analysis and reasoning a vivid and brilliant imagination. His work on the French Revolution is a series of paintings—grand, terrific, and ghastly. The peculiar style and diction of Mr Carlyle have with some retarded, and with others advanced his popularity. It is more German than English, full of conceits and personifications, of high and low things, familiar and recondite, mixed up together without any regard to order or natural connexion. He has no chaste simplicity, no 'linked sweetness,' or polished uniformity; all is singular, *objective*, and unidiomatic; at times, however, highly graphic, and swelling out into periods of fine imagery and eloquence. Even common thoughts, dressed up in Mr Carlyle's peculiar costume of words, possess an air of originality. The style is, on the whole, a vicious and affected one (though it may now have become natural to its possessor), but is made striking by the force and genius of which it is the representative.

[*The Succession of Races of Men.*]

Generation after generation takes to itself the form of a body, and forth issuing from Cimmerian night on heaven's missions appears. What force and fire is in each he expends; one grinding in the mill of industry; one, hunter-like, climbing the giddy Alpine heights of science; one madly dashed in pieces on the rocks of strife, in war with his fellow; and then the heaven-sent is recalled; his earthly vesture falls away, and soon even to sense becomes a vanished shadow. Thus, like some wild-flaming, wild-thundering train of heaven's artillery, does this mysterious mankind thunder and flame, in long-drawn, quick-

succeeding grandeur, through the unknown deep. Thus, like a God-created, fire-breathing spirit-host, we emerge from the inane; haste stormfully across the astonished earth, then plunge again into the inane. Earth's mountains are levelled and her seas filled up in our passage. Can the earth, which is but dead and a vision, resist spirits which have reality and are alive? On the hardest adamant some foot print of us is stamped in; the last rear of the host will read traces of the earliest van. But whence? Oh heaven! whither? Sense knows not; faith knows not, only that it is through mystery to mystery, from God and to God.

[Attack upon the Bastille.]

[From the work on the French Revolution.]

All morning, since nine, there has been a cry everywhere, 'To the Bastille!' Repeated 'deputations of citizens' have been here, passionate for arms; whom De Launay has got dismissed by soft speeches through port-holes. Towards noon Elector Thuriot de la Rosière gains admittance, finds De Launay indisposed for surrender, nay, disposed for blowing up the place rather. Thuriot mounts with him to the battlements: heaps of paving-stones, old iron, and missiles lie piled; cannon all duly levelled; in every embrasure a cannon—only drawn back a little! But outwards, behold, O Thuriot, how the multitude flows on, welling through every street; tocsin furiously pealing, all drums beating the *générale*: the suburb Saint-Antoine rolling hitherward wholly as one man! Such vision (spectral, yet real) thou, O Thuriot! as from thy Mount of Vision, beholdest in this moment: prophetic of other phantasmagories, and loud-gibbering spectral realities which thou yet beholdest not, but shalt. 'Que voulez vous?' said De Launay, turning pale at the sight, with an air of reproach, almost of menace. 'Monsieur,' said Thuriot, rising into the moral sublime, 'what mean you? Consider if I could not precipitate both of us from this height'—say only a hundred feet, exclusive of the walled ditch! Whereupon De Launay fell silent.

Wo to thee, De Launay, in such an hour, if thou canst not, taking some one firm decision, rule circumstances! Soft speeches will not serve; hard grape-shot is questionable; but hovering between the two is un-questionable. Ever wilder swells the tide of men; their infinite hum waxing ever louder into imprecations, perhaps into crackle of stray musketry, which latter, on walls nine feet thick, cannot do execution. The outer drawbridge has been lowered for Thuriot; new deputation of citizens (it is the third and noisiest of all) penetrates that way into the outer court: soft speeches producing no clearance of these, De Launay gives fire; pulls up his drawbridge. A slight sputter, which has kindled the too combustible chaos; made it a roaring fire-chaos! Bursts forth insurrection, at sight of its own blood (for there were deaths by that sputter of fire), into endless rolling explosion of musketry, distraction, execration; and overhead, from the fortress, let one great gun, with its grape-shot, go booming, to show what we could do. The Bastille is besieged!

On, then, all Frenchmen that have hearts in their bodies! Roar with all your throats of cartilage and metal, ye sons of liberty; stir spasmodically whatsoever of utmost faculty is in you, soul, body, or spirit; for it is the hour! Smite, thou Louis Tournay, cartwright of the Marais, old soldier of the Regiment Dauphiné; smite at that outer drawbridge chain, though the fiery hail whistles round thee! Never, over nave or felloe did thy axe strike such a stroke. Down with it, man; down with it to Orcus: let the whole accursed edifice sink thither, and tyranny be swallowed up for ever! Mounted, some say, on the roof of the guard-room, some 'on bayonets stuck into joints of the wall,' Louis Tournay smites, brave Aubin Bonnemère (also an old soldier) seconding him: the chain yields, breaks; the huge drawbridge slams down, thundering (*avec fracas*). Glorious; and yet, alas! it is still but the outworks. The eight grim towers with their Invalides' musketry, their paving-stones and cannon-mouths still soar aloft intact, ditch yawning impassable, stone-faced; the inner drawbridge with its back towards us: the Bastille is still to take!

Mr Carlyle is a native of the village of Ecclefechan, in Dumfriesshire, the child of parents whose personal character seems to have been considerably more exalted than their circumstances. He was reared for the Scottish church, but stopped short at the threshold, and, after some years spent in the laborious business of teaching, devoted himself to a literary life.

REV. SIDNEY SMITH—LORD JEFFREY—MR T. B. MACAULAY.

These three eminent men have lately, by the collection and republication of their contributions to the Edinburgh Review, taken their place avowedly among the miscellaneous writers of the present century. Mr SMITH had, about thirty years previous, issued a highly amusing and powerful political tract, entitled *Letters on the Subject of the Catholics, to my Brother Abraham, who lives in the Country, by Peter Plymley*. These letters, after going through twenty-one editions, are now included in the author's works. He has also included a tract on the Ballot (first published in 1839), some speeches on the Catholic Claims and Reform Bill, Letters on certain proposed Reforms in the Church of England, and a few Sermons. Sidney Smith is one of the wittiest and ablest men of his age. His powers have always been exercised on practical subjects, to correct what he deemed errors or abuses, to enforce religious toleration, expose cant and hypocrisy, and to inculcate timely reformation. No politician was ever more fearless or effective. He has the wit and energy of Swift, without his coarseness or cynicism, and a peculiar breadth of humour and drollery of illustration, that are potent auxiliaries to his clear and logical argument. Thus, in ridiculing the idea prevalent among many timid though excellent persons at the time of the publication of Plymley's Letters, that a conspiracy had been formed against the Protestant religion, headed by the pope, Mr Smith places the subject in a light highly ludicrous and amusing:—

'The pope has not landed—nor are there any curates sent out after him—nor has he been hid at St Albans by the Dowager Lady Spencer—nor dined privately at Holland House—nor been seen near Dropmore. If these fears exist (which I do not believe), they exist only in the mind of the chancellor of the exchequer [the late Mr Spencer Perceval]; they emanate from his zeal for the Protestant interest; and though they reflect the highest honour upon the delicate irritability of his faith, must certainly be considered as more ambiguous proofs of the sanity and vigour of his understanding. By this time, however, the best-informed clergy in the neighbourhood of the metropolis are convinced that the rumour is without foundation: and though the pope is probably hovering about our coast in a fishing-smack, it is most likely he will fall a prey to the vigilance of the cruisers; and it is certain he has not yet polluted the Protestantism of our soil. Exactly in the same manner the story of the wooden gods seized at Charing Cross, by an order from the Foreign Office, turns out to be without the shadow

of a foundation: instead of the angels and archangels mentioned by the informer, nothing was discovered but a wooden image of Lord Mulgrave going down to Chatham as a head-piece for the Spanker gun-vessel: it was an exact resemblance of his lordship in his military uniform, and therefore as little like a god as can well be imagined.'

The effects of the threatened French invasion are painted in similar colours. Mr Smith is arguing that, notwithstanding the fears entertained in England on this subject, the British rulers neglected the obvious means of self-defence:—

'As for the spirit of the peasantry in making a gallant defence behind hedgerows, and through plate-racks and hencoops, highly as I think of their bravery, I do not know any nation in Europe so likely to be struck with panic as the English; and this from their total unacquaintance with sciences of war. Old wheat and beans blazing for twenty miles round; cart mares shot; sows of Lord Somerville's breed running wild over the country; the minister of the parish wounded sorely in his hinder parts; Mrs Plymley in fits; all these scenes of war an Austrian or a Russian has seen three or four times over; but it is now three centuries since an English pig has fallen in a fair battle upon English ground, or a farm-house been rifled, or a clergyman's wife been subjected to any other proposals of love than the connubial endearments of her sleek and orthodox mate. The old edition of Plutarch's Lives, which lies in the corner of your parlour window, has contributed to work you up to the most romantic expectations of our Roman behaviour. You are persuaded that Lord Amherst will defend Kew Bridge like Cocles; that some maid of honour will break away from her captivity and swim over the Thames: that the Duke of York will burn his capitulating hand; and little Mr Sturges Bourne give forty years' purchase for Moulsham Hall while the French are encamped upon it. I hope we shall witness all this, if the French do come; but in the meantime I am so enchanted with the ordinary English behaviour of these invaluable persons, that I earnestly pray no opportunity may be given them for Roman valour, and for those very un-Roman pensions which they would all, of course, take especial care to claim in consequence.'

One of the happiest and most forcible of Mr Smith's humorous comparisons is that in which he says, of a late English minister, on whom he had bestowed frequent and elaborate censure—'I do not attack him from the love of glory, but from the love of utility, as a burgomaster hunts a rat in a Dutch dyke, for fear it should flood a province.' Another occurs in a speech delivered at Taunton in 1831:—'I do not mean,' he says, 'to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the lords to stop the progress of reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824 there set in a great flood upon that town—the tide rose to an incredible height—the waves rushed in upon the houses—and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, and squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest.' Illustrations of this kind are highly characteristic of their author. They display the fertility of his fancy and the richness of his humour, at the same time that they drive home his argument with irresistible effect. Sidney Smith, like Swift, seems never to have taken up his pen from the mere love of composition, but to enforce practical views and opinions on which he felt strongly. His wit and banter are equally direct and cogent. Though a professed joker and convivial wit—'a diner out of the first lustre,' as he has himself characterised Mr Canning—there is not one of his humorous or witty sallies that does not seem to flow naturally, and without effort, as if struck out or remembered at the moment it is used. Mr Smith gives the following account of his connexion with the Edinburgh Review:—

'When first I went into the church I had a curacy in the middle of Salisbury Plain. The squire of the parish took a fancy to me, and requested me to go with his son to reside at the university of Weimar; before we could get there, Germany became the seat of war, and in stress of politics we put in to Edinburgh, where I remained five years. The principles of the French Revolution were then fully afloat, and it is impossible to conceive a more violent and agitated state of society. Among the first persons with whom I became acquainted were Lord Jeffrey, Lord Murray (late Lord Advocate for Scotland), and Lord Brougham; all of them maintaining opinions upon political subjects a little too liberal for the dynasty of Dundas, then exercising supreme power over the northern division of the island. One day we happened to meet in the eighth or ninth storey or flat in Buccleuch Place, the elevated residence of the then Mr Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a Review; this was acceded to with acclamation. I was appointed editor, and remained long enough in Edinburgh to edit the first number of the Edinburgh Review. The motto I proposed for the Review was—

'Tenui musam meditamur avena'—
We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal.

But this was too near the truth to be admitted, and so we took our present grave motto from Publius Syrus, of whom none of us had, I am sure, ever read a single line; and so began what has since turned out to be a very important and able journal. When I left Edinburgh it fell into the stronger hands of Lord Jeffrey and Lord Brougham, and reached the highest point of popularity and success.'

Mr Smith is now, we believe, above seventy years of age, but his vigorous understanding, his wit and humour, are still undiminished.

The chief merit and labour attaching to the continuance and the success of the Edinburgh Review fell on its accomplished editor, FRANCIS JEFFREY, now one of the judges of the Court of Session in Scotland. From 1803 to 1829 Mr Jeffrey had the sole management of the Review; and when we consider the distinguished ability which it has uniformly displayed, and the high moral character it has upheld, together with the independence and fearlessness with which from the first it has promulgated its canons of criticism on literature, science, and government, we must admit that few men have exercised such influence as Francis Jeffrey on the whole current of contemporary literature and public opinion. Besides his general superintendence, Mr Jeffrey was a large contributor to the Review. The departments of poetry and elegant literature seem to have been his chosen field; and he constantly endeavoured, as he says, 'to combine ethical precepts with literary criticism, and earnestly sought to impress his readers with a sense both of the close connexion between sound intellectual attainments and the higher elements of

duty and enjoyment, and of the just and ultimate subordination of the former to the latter.' This was a vocation of high mark and responsibility, and on the whole the critic discharged his duty with honour and success. As a moral writer he was unimpeachable. The principles of his criticism are generally sound and elevated. In some instances he was harsh and unjust. His reviews of Southey, Wordsworth, Lamb, and Montgomery, are indefensible, inasmuch as the writer seems intent on finding fault rather than in discovering beauties, and to be more piqued with occasional deviation from established and conventional rules, than gratified with originality of thought and indications of true genius. No excuse can be offered for the pertness and flippancy of expression in which many of these critiques abound, and their author has himself expressed his regret for the undue severity into which he was betrayed. There is some ground, therefore, for charging upon the Edinburgh Review, in its earlier career, an absence of proper respect and enthusiasm for the works of living genius. Where no prejudice or prepossession of the kind intervened, Jeffrey was an admirable critic. His dissertations on the works of Cowper, Crabbe, Byron, Scott, and Campbell, and on the earlier and greater lights of our poetry, as well as those on moral science, national manners, and views of actual life, are expressed with great eloquence and originality, and in a fine spirit of humanity. His powers of perception and analysis are quick, subtle, and penetrating, and withal comprehensive; while his brilliant imagination invested subjects that in ordinary hands would have been dry and uninviting, with strong interest and attraction. He seldom gave full scope to his feelings and sympathies, but they occasionally broke forth with inimitable effect, and kindled up the pages of his criticism. At times, indeed, his language is poetical in a high degree. The following glowing tribute to the universal genius of Shakspeare is worthy of the subject:

Many persons are very sensible of the effect of fine poetry upon their feelings, who do not well know how to refer these feelings to their causes; and it is always a delightful thing to be made to see clearly the sources from which our delight has proceeded, and to trace the mingled stream that has flowed upon our hearts to the remoter fountains from which it has been gathered; and when this is done with warmth as well as precision, and embodied in an eloquent description of the beauty which is explained, it forms one of the most attractive, and not the least instructive, of literary exercises. In all works of merit, however, and especially in all works of original genius, there are a thousand retiring and less obtrusive graces, which escape hasty and superficial observers, and only give out their beauties to fond and patient contemplation; a thousand slight and harmonising touches, the merit and the effect of which are equally imperceptible to vulgar eyes; and a thousand indications of the continual presence of that poetical spirit which can only be recognised by those who are in some measure under its influence, and have prepared themselves to receive it, by worshipping meekly at the shrines which it inhabits.

In the exposition of these there is room enough for originality, and more room than Mr Hazlitt has yet filled. In many points, however, he has acquitted himself excellently; particularly in the development of the principal characters with which Shakspeare has peopled the fancies of all English readers—but principally, we think, in the delicate sensibility with which he has traced, and the natural eloquence with which he has pointed out, that familiarity with beautiful forms and images—that eternal recurrence to what is sweet or majestic in the simple aspect of nature—that indestructible love of flowers and odours, and dews and clear waters—and soft airs and sounds, and bright skies, and woodland solitudes, and moonlight bowers, which are the material elements of poetry—and that fine sense of their undefinable relation to mental emotion, which is its essence and vivifying soul—and which, in the midst of Shakspeare's most busy and atrocious scenes, falls like gleams of sunshine on rocks and ruins—contrasting with all that is rugged and repulsive, and reminding us of the existence of purer and brighter elements—which *he alone* has poured out from the richness of his own mind without effort or restraint, and contrived to intermingle with the play of all the passions, and the vulgar course of this world's affairs, without deserting for an instant the proper business of the scene, or appearing to pause or digress from love of ornament or need of repose; he alone, who, when the subject requires it, is always keen, and worldly, and practical, and who yet, without changing his hand, or stopping his course, scatters around him as he goes all sounds and shapes of sweetness, and conjures up landscapes of immortal fragrance and freshness, and peoples them with spirits of glorious aspect and attractive grace, and is a thousand times more full of imagery and splendour than those who, for the sake of such qualities, have shrunk back from the delineation of character or passion, and declined the discussion of human duties and cares. More full of wisdom, and ridicule, and sagacity, than all the moralists and satirists in existence, he is more wild, airy, and inventive, and more pathetic and fantastic, than all the poets of all regions and ages of the world; and has all those elements so happily mixed up in him, and bears his high faculties so temperately, that the most severe reader cannot complain of him for want of strength or of reason, nor the most sensitive for defect of ornament or ingenuity. Everything in him is in unmeasured abundance and unequalled perfection; but everything so balanced and kept in subordination as not to jostle or disturb or take the place of another. The most exquisite poetical conceptions, images, and descriptions, are given with such brevity, and introduced with such skill, as merely to adorn without loading the sense they accompany. Although his sails are purple, and perfumed, and his prow of beaten gold, they waft him on his voyage, not less, but more rapidly and directly, than if they had been composed of baser materials. All his excellences, like those of Nature herself, are thrown out together; and instead of interfering with, support and recommend each other. His flowers are not tied up in garlands, nor his fruits crushed into baskets, but spring living from the soil, in all the dew and freshness of youth; while the graceful foliage in which they lurk, and the ample branches, the rough and vigorous stem, and the wide-spreading roots on which they depend, are present along with them, and share, in their places, the equal care of their Creator.

Of the invention of the steam-engine he remarks with a rich felicity of illustration—'It has become a thing stupendous alike for its force and its flexibility—for the prodigious power which it can exert, and the ease, and precision, and ductility with which it can be varied, distributed, and applied. The trunk of an elephant, that can pick up a pin or rend an oak, is as nothing to it. It can engrave a seal, and crush masses of obdurate metal before it—draw out, without breaking, a thread as fine as gossamer, and lift up a ship of war like a bauble in the air. It can embroider muslin and forge anchors, cut steel into ribbons, and impel loaded vessels against the fury of the winds and waves.'

How just, also, and how finely expressed, is the following refutation of a vulgar error that even

Byron condescended to sanction, namely, that genius is a source of peculiar unhappiness to its possessors; —'Men of truly great powers of mind have generally been cheerful, social, and indulgent; while a tendency to sentimental whining or fierce intolerance may be ranked among the surest symptoms of little souls and inferior intellects. In the whole list of our English poets we can only remember Shenstone and Savage—two certainly of the lowest—who were querulous and discontented. Cowley, indeed, used to call himself melancholy; but he was not in earnest, and at any rate was full of conceits and affectations, and has nothing to make us proud of him. Shakspeare, the greatest of them all, was evidently of a free and joyous temperament; and so was Chaucer, their common master. The same disposition appears to have predominated in Fletcher, Jonson, and their great contemporaries. The genius of Milton partook something of the austerity of the party to which he belonged, and of the controversies in which he was involved; but even when fallen on evil days and evil tongues, his spirit seems to have retained its serenity as well as its dignity; and in his private life, as well as in his poetry, the majesty of a high character is tempered with great sweetness, genial indulgences, and practical wisdom. In the succeeding age our poets were but too gay; and though we forbear to speak of living authors, we know enough of them to say with confidence, that to be miserable or to be hated is not now, any more than heretofore, the common lot of those who excel.'

Innumerable observations of this kind, remarkable for ease and grace, and for original reflection, may be found scattered through Lord Jeffrey's critiques. His political remarks and views of public events are equally discriminating, but of course will be judged of according to the opinions of the reader. None will be found at variance with national honour or morality, which are paramount to all mere party questions. As a literary critic, we may advert to the singular taste and judgment which Lord Jeffrey exercised in making selections from the works he reviewed, and interweaving them, as it were, with the text of his criticism. Whatever was picturesque, solemn, pathetic, or sublime, caught his eye, and was thus introduced to a new and vastly-extended circle of readers, besides furnishing matter for various collections of extracts and innumerable school exercises.

Francis Jeffrey is a native of Edinburgh, the son of a respectable writer or attorney. After completing his education at Oxford, and passing through the necessary legal studies, he was admitted a member of the Scottish bar in the year 1794. His eloquence and intrepidity as an advocate were not less conspicuous than his literary talents, and in 1829 he was, by the unanimous suffrages of his legal brethren, elected Dean of the Faculty of Advocates. On the formation of Earl Grey's ministry in 1830, Mr Jeffrey was nominated to the first office under the crown in Scotland (Lord Advocate), and sat for some time in parliament. In 1834 he was elevated to the dignity of the bench, the duties of which he has discharged with such undeviating attention, uprightness, and ability, that no Scottish judge was ever perhaps more popular, more trusted, or more beloved. 'It has been his enviable lot, if not to attain all the prizes of ambition for which men strive, at least to unite in himself those qualities which, in many, would have secured them all. A place in the front rank of literature in the most literary age—the highest honour of his profession spontaneously conferred by the members of a bar strong in talent and learning—eloquence among the first of our orators, and wisdom among the wisest, and universal reverence on that judicial seat which has derived increased celebrity from his demeanour—a youth of enterprise—a manhood of brilliant success—and "honour, love, obedience, troops of friends," encircling his later years—mark him out for veneration to every son of that country whose name he has exalted throughout Europe. We need not speak here of those graces of mind and of character that have thrown fascination over his society, and made his friendship a privilege.'*

The *Critical and Historical Essays contributed to the Edinburgh Review*, by T. B. MACAULAY, three volumes, 1843, have enjoyed great popularity, and materially aided the Review, both as to immediate success and permanent value. The reading and erudition of the author are immense. In questions of classical learning and criticism—in English poetry, philosophy, and history—in all the minutiæ of biography and literary anecdote—in the principles and details of government—in the revolutions of parties and opinions—in the progress of science and philosophy—in all these he seems equally versant and equally felicitous as a critic. Perhaps he is most striking and original in his historical articles, which present complete pictures of the times of which he treats, adorned with portraits of the principal actors, and copious illustrations of contemporary events and characters in other countries. His reviews of Hallam's Constitutional History, and the memoirs of Lord Clive, Warren Hastings, Sir Robert Walpole, Sir William Temple, Sir Walter Raleigh, &c. contain a series of brilliant and copious historical retrospects unequalled in our literature. His eloquent papers on Lord Bacon, Sir Thomas Browne, Horace Walpole's Letters, Boswell's Johnson, Addison's Memoirs, and other philosophical and literary subjects, are also of first-rate excellence. Whatever topic he takes up he fairly exhausts—nothing is left to the imagination, and the most ample curiosity is gratified. Mr Macaulay is a party politician—a strong admirer of the old Whigs, and well-disposed towards the Roundheads and Covenanters. At times he appears to identify himself too closely with those politicians of a former age, and to write as with a strong personal antipathy against their opponents. His judgments are occasionally harsh and uncharitable, even when founded on undoubted facts. In arranging his materials for effect, he is a consummate master. Some of his scenes and parallels are managed with the highest artistical art, and his language, like his conceptions, is picturesque. In style Mr Macaulay is stately and rhetorical—perhaps too florid and gorgeous, at least in his earlier essays—but it is sustained with wonderful power and energy. In this particular, as well as in other mental characteristics, the reviewer bears some resemblance to Gibbon. His knowledge is as universal, his imagination as rich and creative, and his power of condensation as remarkable. Both have made sacrifices in taste, candour, and generosity, for purposes of immediate effect; but the living author is unquestionably far superior to his great prototype in the soundness of his philosophy and the purity of his aspirations and principles.

WILLIAM HOWITT, &c.

WILLIAM HOWITT, a popular miscellaneous writer, has written some delightful works illustrative of the 'calendar of nature.' His *Book of the Seasons*, 1832, presents us with the picturesque and poetic features of the months, and all the objects and appearances which each presents in the garden, the field, and the

* North British Review for 1844.

waters. An enthusiastic lover of his subject, Mr Howitt is remarkable for the fulness and variety of his pictorial sketches, the richness and purity of his fancy, and the occasional force and eloquence of his style. 'If I could but arouse in other minds,' he says, 'that ardent and ever-growing love of the beautiful works of God in the creation, which I feel in myself—if I could but make it in others what it has been to me—

The nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being—

if I could open to any the mental eye which can never be again closed, but which finds more and more clearly revealed before it beauty, wisdom, and peace in the splendours of the heavens, in the majesty of seas and mountains, in the freshness of winds, the ever-changing lights and shadows of fair landscapes, the solitude of heaths, the radiant face of bright lakes, and the solemn depths of woods, then indeed should I rejoice. Oh that I could but touch a thousand bosoms with that melancholy which often visits mine, when I behold little children endeavouring to extract amusement from the very dust, and straws, and pebbles of squalid alleys, shut out from the free and glorious countenance of nature, and think how differently the children of the peasantry are passing the golden hours of childhood; wandering with bare heads and unshod feet, perhaps, but singing a "childish wordless melody" through vernal lanes, or prying into a thousand sylvan leafy nooks, by the liquid music of running waters, amidst the fragrant heath, or on the flowery lap of the meadow, occupied with winged wonders without end. Oh that I could but baptize every heart with the sympathetic feeling of what the city-pent child is condemned to lose; how blank, and poor, and joyless must be the images which fill its infant bosom to that of the country one, whose mind

Will be a mansion for all lovely forms,
His memory be a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies!

I feel, however, an animating assurance that nature will exert a perpetually-increasing influence, not only as a most fertile source of pure and substantial pleasures—pleasures which, unlike many others, produce, instead of satiety, desire—but also as a great moral agent: and what effects I anticipate from this growing taste may be readily inferred, when I avow it as one of the most fearless articles of my creed, that it is scarcely possible for a man in whom its power is once firmly established to become utterly debased in sentiment or abandoned in principle. His soul may be said to be brought into habitual union with the Author of Nature—

Haunted for ever by the Eternal Mind.

Mr Howitt belongs to the Society of Friends, though he has ceased to wear their peculiar costume. He is a native of Derbyshire, and was for several years in business at Nottingham. A work, the nature of which is indicated by its name, the *History of Priestcraft* (1834), so recommended him to the Dissenters and reformers of that town, that he was made one of their aldermen. Disliking the bustle of public life, Mr Howitt retired from Nottingham, and resided for three years at Esher, in Surrey. There he composed his *Rural Life in England*, a popular and delightful work. In 1838 appeared his *Colonisation and Christianity*, which led to the formation of the British India Society, and to improvement in the management of our colonies. Mr Howitt afterwards published *The Boys' Country Book*, and *Visits to Remarkable Places*, the latter (to which a second series has been added) descriptive of old halls, battle-fields, and the scenes of striking passages in English history and poetry. Mr and Mrs Howitt now removed to Germany, and after three years' residence in that country, the former published a work on the *Social and Rural Life of Germany*, which the natives admitted to be the best account of that country ever written by a foreigner. Our industrious author has also translated a work written expressly for him, *The Student-Life of Germany*. The attention of Mr and Mrs Howitt having been drawn to the Swedish language and literature, they studied it with avidity; and Mrs Howitt has translated a series of tales by Frederika Bremer, which are characterised by great truth of feeling and description, and by a complete knowledge of human nature. These Swedish tales have been exceedingly popular, and now circulate extensively both in England and America.

JOHN CLAUDIUS LOUDON, &c.

JOHN CLAUDIUS LOUDON (1783-1843) stands at the head of all the writers of his day upon subjects connected with horticulture, and of the whole class of industrious compilers. He was a native of Cambuslang, in Lanarkshire, and pursuing in youth the bent of his natural faculties, entered life as a landscape-gardener, to which profession he subsequently added the duties of a farmer. Finally, he settled in London as a writer on his favourite subjects. His works were numerous and useful, and they form in their entire mass a wonderful monument of human industry. His chief productions are an *Encyclopædia of Gardening*, 1822; *The Greenhouse Companion*; an *Encyclopædia of Agriculture*, 1825; an *Encyclopædia of Plants*, 1829; an *Encyclopædia of Cottage, Villa, and Farm Architecture*, 1832; and *Arboretum Britannicum*, 8 volumes, 1838. The four encyclopædias are large volumes, each exhausting its particular subject, and containing numerous pictorial illustrations in wood. The 'Arboretum' is even a more remarkable production than any of these, consisting of four volumes of close letter-press, and four of pictorial illustrations, and presenting such a mass of information, as might apparently have been the work of half a lifetime to any ordinary man. These vast tasks Mr Loudon was enabled to undertake and carry to completion by virtue of the unusual energy of his nature, notwithstanding considerable drawbacks from disease, and the failure, latterly, of some of his physical powers. In 1830 he married a lady of amiable character and literary talent, who entered with great spirit into his favourite pursuits. The separate publications of Mrs Loudon on subjects connected with botany, and for the general instruction of the young, are deservedly high in public estimation. It is painful to consider that the just reward of a life of extraordinary application and public usefulness, was reft from Mr Loudon by the consequences of the comparative non-success of the 'Arboretum,' which placed him considerably in debt. This misfortune preyed upon his mind, and induced the fatal pulmonary disease of which he died.

Essays on Natural History, by CHARLES WATERTON, Esq. of Walton Hall, is an excellent contribution made to natural history by a disinterested lover of the country; and *Gleanings in Natural History*, by EDWARD JESSE, Esq. surveyor of her majesty's parks and palaces, two volumes, 1838, is a collection of well-authenticated facts, related with the view of

portraying the character of animals, and endeavouring to excite more kindly feelings towards them. Some Scottish works of this kind are also deserving of commendation—as RHIND's *Studies in Natural History;* M'DIARMID's *Sketches from Nature;* MILLER's *Scenes and Legends, or Traditions of Cromarty;* DUNCAN's *Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons,* &c. A love of nature and observation of her various works are displayed in these local sketches, which all help to augment the general stock of our knowledge as well as our enjoyment.

The Thames and its Tributaries, two volumes, 1840, by CHARLES MACKAY, is a pleasing description of the scenes on the banks of the Thames, which are hallowed by the recollections of history, romance, and poetry. The same author has published (1841) *Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions.*

ROBERT MUDIE (1777–1842), an indefatigable writer, self-educated, was a native of Forfarshire, and for some time connected with the London press. He wrote and compiled altogether about ninety volumes, including *Babylon the Great, a Picture of Men and Things in London; Modern Athens,* a sketch of Edinburgh society; *The British Naturalist; The Feathered Tribes of Great Britain; A Popular Guide to the Observation of Nature;* two series of four volumes each, entitled *The Heavens, the Earth, the Sea, and the Air; and Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter;* and next, *Man: Physical, Moral, Social, and Intellectual; The World Described,* &c. He furnished the letter-press to Gilbert's Modern Atlas, the 'Natural History' to the British Cyclopædia, and numerous other contributions to periodical works. Mudie was a nervous and able writer, deficient in taste in works of light literature and satire, but an acute and philosophical observer of nature, and peculiarly happy in his geographical dissertations and works on natural history. His imagination could lighten up the driest details; but it was often too excursive and unbridled. His works were also hastily produced, 'to provide for the day that was passing over him;' but considering these disadvantages, his intellectual energy and acquirements were wonderful.

A record of English customs is preserved in Brand's Popular Antiquities, published, with additions, by SIR HENRY ELLIS, in two volumes quarto, in 1808; and in 1842 in two cheap portable volumes. The work relates to the customs at country wakes, sheep-shearings, and other rural practices, and is an admirable delineation of olden life and manners. The *Every-day Book, Table Book,* and *Year Book,* by WILLIAM HONE, published in 1833, in four large volumes, with above five hundred woodcut illustrations, form another calendar of popular English amusements, sports, pastimes, ceremonies, manners, customs, and events incident to every day in the year. Mr Southey has said of these works—'I may take the opportunity of recommending the Every-day Book and Table Book to those who are interested in the preservation of our national and local customs; by these very curious publications their compiler has rendered good service in an important department of literature.'

JEREMY BENTHAM.

A singular but eminent writer on jurisprudence and morals, MR JEREMY BENTHAM, was an author throughout the whole of this period, down to the year 1834. He lived in intercourse with the leading men of several generations and of various countries, and was unceasingly active in the propagation of his opinions. Those opinions were as much canvassed as the doctrines of the political economists. Mr Bentham was a native of London, son of a wealthy solicitor, and was born on the 5th of February 1749. He was entered of Queen's college, Oxford, when only twelve years and a quarter old, and was even then known by the name of 'the philosopher.' He took his Master's degree in 1766, and afterwards studying the law in Lincoln's Inn, was called to the bar in 1772. He had a strong dislike to the legal profession, and never pleaded in public. His first literary performance was an examination of a passage in Blackstone's Commentaries, and was entitled *A Fragment on Government,* 1776. The work was prompted, as he afterwards stated, by 'a passion for improvement in those shapes in which the lot of mankind is meliorated by it.' His zeal was increased by a pamphlet which had been issued by Priestley. 'In the phrase "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," I then saw delineated,' says Bentham, 'for the first time, a plain as well as a true standard for whatever is right or wrong, useful, useless, or mischievous in human conduct, whether in the field of morals or of politics.' The phrase is a good one, whether invented by Priestley or Bentham; but it still leaves the means by which happiness is to be extended as undecided as ever, to be determined by the judgment and opinions of men. To insure it, Bentham considered it necessary to reconstruct the laws and government—to have annual parliaments and universal suffrage, secret voting, and a return to the ancient practice of paying wages to parliamentary representatives. In all his political writings this doctrine of utility, so understood, is the leading and pervading principle. In 1778 he published a pamphlet on *The Hard Labour Bill,* recommending an improvement in the mode of criminal punishment; *Letters on Usury,* 1787; *Introduction to the Principles of Morals and Politics,* 1789; *Discourses on Civil and Penal Legislation,* 1802; *A Theory of Punishments and Rewards,* 1811; *A Treatise on Judicial Evidence,* 1813; *Paper Relative to Codification and Public Instruction,* 1817; *The Book of Fallacies,* 1824, &c. By the death of his father in 1792, Bentham succeeded to property in London, and to farms in Essex, yielding from £500 to £600 a-year. He lived frugally, but with elegance, in one of his London houses—kept young men as secretaries—corresponded and wrote daily—and by a life of temperance and industry, with great self-complacency, and the society of a few devoted friends, the eccentric philosopher attained to the age of eighty-four. His various productions have been collected and edited by Dr John Bowring and Mr John Hill Burton, advocate, and published in 11 volumes. In his latter works Bentham adopted a peculiar uncouth style or nomenclature, which deters ordinary readers, and indeed has rendered his works almost a dead letter. Fortunately, however, part of them were arranged and translated into French by M. Dumont. Another disciple, Mr Mill, made known his principles at home; Sir Samuel Romilly criticised them in the Edinburgh Review, and Sir James Mackintosh in the ethical dissertation which he wrote for the Encyclopædia Britannica. In the science of legislation Bentham evinced a profound capacity and extensive knowledge: the error imputed to his speculations is that of not sufficiently 'weighing the various circumstances which require his rules to be modified in different countries and times, in order to render them either more useful, more easily introduced, more generally respected, or more certainly executed.' As an ethical philosopher, he carried his doctrine of utility to an extent which would be practically dangerous, if it were possible to make the bulk of mankind act upon a speculative theory.

ISAAC TAYLOR.

A series of works, showing remarkable powers of thought, united to great earnestness in the cause of evangelical religion, has proceeded from the pen of ISAAC TAYLOR, who is, we believe, a gentleman of fortune living in retirement. The first and most popular is the *Natural History of Enthusiasm*, 1829, in which the author endeavours to show that the subject of his essay is a new development of the powers of Christianity, and only bad when allied to malign passions. It has been followed by *Saturday Evening*, the *Physical Theory of Another Life*, &c. The reasoning powers of this author are considerable, but the ordinary reader feels that he too often misexpends them on subjects which do not admit of definite conclusions.

POLITICAL ECONOMISTS.

There have been in this period several writers on the subject of political economy, a science which 'treats of the formation, the distribution, and the consumption of wealth; which teaches us the causes which promote or prevent its increase, and their influence on the happiness or misery of society.' Adam Smith laid the foundations of this science; and as our commerce and population went on increasing, thereby augmenting the power of the democratical part of our constitution, and the number of those who take an interest in the affairs of government, political economy became a more important and popular study. One of its greatest names is that of the REV. T. R. MALTHUS, an English clergyman, and Fellow of Jesus college, Cambridge. Mr Malthus was born of a good family in 1766, at his father's estate in Surrey. In 1798 appeared his celebrated work, an *Essay on the Principle of Population as it Affects the Future Improvement of Society*. The principle here laid down is, that population has a tendency to increase faster than the means of subsistence. 'Population not only rises to the level of the present supply of food, but if you go on every year increasing the quantity of food, population goes on increasing at the same time, and so fast, that the food is commonly still too small for the people.' After the publication of this work, Mr Malthus went abroad with Dr Clarke and some other friends; and in the course of a tour through Sweden, Norway, Finland, and part of Russia, he collected facts in illustration of his theory. These he embodied in a second and greatly improved edition of his work, which was published in 1803. The most important of his other works are, *An Inquiry into the Nature and Progress of Rent*, 1815; and *Principles of Political Economy*, 1820. Several pamphlets on the corn laws, the currency, and the poor laws, proceeded from his pen. Mr Malthus was in 1805 appointed professor of modern history and political economy in Haileybury college, and he held the situation till his death in 1836.

MR DAVID RICARDO (1772-1823) was author of several original and powerful treatises connected with political economy. His first was on the *High Price of Bullion*, 1809; and he published successively *Proposals for an Economical and Secure Currency*, 1816; and *Principles of Political Economy and Taxation*, 1817. The latter work is considered the most important treatise on that science, with the single exception of Smith's Wealth of Nations. Mr Ricardo afterwards wrote pamphlets on the Funding System, and on Protection to Agriculture. He had amassed great wealth as a stockbroker, and retiring from business, he entered into parliament as representative for the small borough of Portarlington. He seldom spoke in the house, and only on subjects connected with his favourite studies. He died, much regretted by his friends, at his seat, Gatcomb Park, in Gloucestershire, on the 11th of September 1823.

The *Elements of Political Economy*, by MR JAMES MILL, the historian of India, 1821, were designed by the author as a school-book of the science. DR WHATELY (afterwards Archbishop of Dublin) published two introductory lectures, which, as professor of political economy, he had delivered to the university of Oxford in 1831. This eminent person is also author of a highly valued work, *Elements of Logic*, which has attained an extensive utility among young students; *Thoughts on Secondary Punishments*, and other works, all displaying marks of a powerful intellect. A good elementary work, *Conversations on Political Economy*, by MRS MARCET, was published in 1827. The REV. DR CHALMERS has on various occasions supported the views of Malthus, particularly in his work *On Political Economy in Connexion with the Moral Prospects of Society*, 1832. He maintains that no human skill or labour could make the produce of the soil increase at the rate at which population would increase, and therefore he urges the expediency of a restraint upon marriage, successfully inculcated upon the people as the very essence of morality and religion by every pastor and instructor in the kingdom. Few clergymen would venture on such a task! Another zealous commentator is MR J. RAMSAY M'CULLOCH, author of *Elements of Political Economy*, and of various contributions to the Edinburgh Review, which have spread more widely a knowledge of the subject. Mr M'Culloch has also edited an edition of Adam Smith, and compiled several useful and able statistical works.

The opponents of Malthus and the economists, though not numerous, have been determined and active. Cobbett never ceased for years to inveigh against them. MR GODWIN came forward in 1821 with an *Inquiry Concerning the Power of Increase in the Numbers of Mankind*, a treatise very unworthy the author of 'Caleb Williams.' In 1830 MICHAEL THOMAS SADLER published *The Law of Population: a Treatise in Disproof of the Superfecundity of Human Beings, and Developing the Real Principle of their Increase*. A third volume to this work was in preparation by the author when he died. Mr Sadler (1780-1835) was a mercantile man, partner in an establishment at Leeds. In 1829 he became representative in parliament for the borough of Newark, and distinguished himself by his speeches against the removal of the Catholic disabilities and the Reform Bill. He also wrote a work on the condition of Ireland. Mr Sadler was an ardent benevolent man, an impracticable politician, and a florid speaker. His literary pursuits and oratorical talents were honourable and graceful additions to his character as a man of business, but in knowledge and argument he was greatly inferior to Malthus and Ricardo. *An Essay on the Distribution of Wealth, and the Sources of Taxation*, 1831, by the REV. RICHARD JONES, is chiefly confined to the consideration of rent, as to which the author differs from Ricardo. MR NASSAU WILLIAM SENIOR, professor of political economy in the university of Oxford in 1831, published *Two Lectures on Population*, and has also written pamphlets on the poor laws, the commutation of tithes, &c. He is the ablest of all the opponents of Malthus.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

In no department, more than in this, has the character of our literature made a greater advance during the last age. The reviews enumerated in

the Sixth Period continued to occupy public favour, though with small deservings, down to the beginning of this century, when a sudden and irrecoverable eclipse came over them. The *Edinburgh Review*, started in October 1802 under circumstances elsewhere detailed, was a work entirely new in our literature, not only as it brought talent of the first order to bear upon periodical criticism, but as it presented many original and brilliant disquisitions on subjects of public concernment apart from all consideration of the literary productions of the day. It met with instant success of the most decided kind, and it still occupies an important position in the English world of letters. As it was devoted to the support of Whig politics, the Tory or ministerial party of the day soon felt a need for a similar organ of opinion on their side, and this led to the establishment of the *Quarterly Review* in 1809. The Quarterly has ever since kept abreast with its northern rival in point of ability. The *Westminster Review* was established in 1824, by Mr Bentham and his friends, as a medium for the representation of Radical opinions. In point of talent this work has been comparatively unequal.

The same improvement which the Edinburgh Review originated in the critical class of periodicals was effected in the department of the magazines, or literary miscellanies, by the establishment, in 1817, of *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, which has been the exemplar of many other similar publications—Fraser's, Tait's, the New Monthly, Metropolitan, &c.—presenting each month a melange of original articles in light literature, mingled with papers of political disquisition. In all of these works there is now literary matter of merit equal to what obtained great reputations fifty years ago; yet in general presented anonymously, and only designed to serve the immediate purpose of amusing the idle hours of the public.

POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

The plan of monthly publication for works of merit, and combining cheapness with elegance, was commenced by Mr Constable in 1827. It had been planned by him two years before, when his active mind was full of splendid schemes; and he was confident that if he lived for half-a-dozen years, he would 'make it as impossible that there should not be a good library in every decent house in Britain, as that the shepherd's ingle-nook should want the *saut poke*.' 'Constable's Miscellany' was not begun till after the failure of the great publisher's house, but it presented some attraction, and enjoyed for several years considerable though unequal success. The works were issued in monthly numbers at a shilling each, and volumes of three shillings and sixpence. Basil Hall's Travels, and Lockhart's Life of Burns, were included in the Miscellany, and had a great sale. The example of this Edinburgh scheme stirred up a London publisher, Mr Murray, to attempt a similar series in the English metropolis. Hence began the 'Family Library,' which was continued for about twelve years, and ended in 1841 with the eightieth volume. Mr Murray made his volumes five shillings each, adding occasionally engravings and woodcuts, and publishing several works of standard merit—including Washington Irving's Sketch-Book, Southey's Life of Nelson, &c. Mr Irving also abridged for this library his Life of Columbus; Mr Lockhart abridged Scott's Life of Napoleon; Scott himself contributed a History of Demonology; Sir David Brewster a Life of Newton, and other popular authors joined as fellow-labourers. Another series of monthly volumes was begun in 1833, under the title of 'Sacred Classics,' being reprints of celebrated authors whose labours have been devoted to the elucidation of the principles of revealed religion. Two clergymen (Mr Cattermole and Mr Stebbing) edited this library, and it was no bad index to their fitness for the office, that they opened it with Jeremy Taylor's 'Liberty of Prophesying,' one of the most able, high-spirited, and eloquent of theological or ethical treatises. 'The Edinburgh Cabinet Library,' commenced in 1830, and still in progress (though not in regular intervals of a month between each volume), is chiefly devoted to geographical and historical subjects. Among its contributors have been Sir John Leslie, Professors Jameson and Wallace, Mr Tytler, Mr James Baillie Fraser, Professor Spalding, Mr Hugh Murray, Dr Crichton, Dr Russell, &c. The convenience of the monthly mode of publication has recommended it to both publishers and readers: editions of the works of Scott, Miss Edgeworth, Byron, Crabbe, Moore, Southey, the fashionable novels, &c. have been thus issued and circulated in thousands. Old standard authors and grave historians, decked out in this gay monthly attire, have also enjoyed a new lease of popularity: Boswell's Johnson, Shakspeare and the elder dramatists, Hume, Smollett, and Lingard, Tytler's Scotland, Cowper, Robert Hall, and almost innumerable other British *worthies*, have been so published. These libraries, however (notwithstanding the intentions and sanguine predictions of Constable), were chiefly supported by the more opulent and respectable classes. To bring science and literature within the grasp of all, a society was formed in 1825 for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, at the head of which were several statesmen and leading members of the Whig aristocracy—Lords Auckland, Althorp (now Earl Spencer), John Russell, Nugent, Suffield, Mr Henry Brougham (afterwards Lord Brougham), Sir James Mackintosh, Dr Maltby (Bishop of Durham),



Henry Lord Brougham.

Mr Hallam, Captain Basil Hall, &c. Their object was to circulate a series of treatises on the exact sciences, and on various branches of useful knowledge, in numbers at sixpence each. The first was published in March 1827, being 'A Discourse of the Objects, Advantages, and Pleasures of Science,' by Mr Brougham. Many of the works issued by this

society are excellent compendiums of knowledge; but the general fault of their scientific treatises has been, that they are too technical and abstruse for the working-classes, and are, in point of fact, purchased and read chiefly by those in better stations of life. Another series of works of a higher cast, entitled 'The Library of Entertaining Knowledge,' in four-shilling volumes, has also emanated from this society, as well as a very valuable and extensive series of maps and charts, forming a complete atlas. A collection of portraits, with biographical memoirs, and an improved description of almanac, published yearly, have formed part of the society's operations. Their labours have on the whole been beneficial: and though the demand for cheap literature was rapidly extending, the steady impulse and encouragement given to it by a society possessing ample funds and large influence, must have tended materially to accelerate its progress. It was obvious, however, that the field was not wholly occupied, but that large masses, both in the rural and manufacturing districts, were unable either to purchase or understand many of the treatises of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Under this impression, the publishers of the present work commenced, in February 1832, their weekly periodical, *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, consisting of original papers on subjects of ordinary life, science, and literature, and containing in each number a quantity of matter equal to that in a number of the society's works, and sold at one-fourth of the price. The result of this extraordinary cheapness was a circulation soon exceeding fifty thousand weekly, and which has now risen to about ninety thousand. *The Penny Magazine*, a respectable periodical, and the *Penny Cyclopædia*, were afterwards commenced by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and attained each a very great circulation. There are numerous other labourers in the same field of humble usefulness; and it is scarcely possible to enter a cottage or workshop without meeting with some of these publications—cheering the leisure moments of the peasant or mechanic, and, by withdrawing him from the operation of the grosser senses, elevating him in the scale of rational beings.

WRITERS ON SCIENCE.

The age has been highly distinguished by a series of scientific writers whose works, being of a popular description, may be said to enter into the circle of general literature. At the head of this class may be placed SIR JOHN HERSCHEL, whose *Discourse on Natural Philosophy* is perhaps the most perfect work of its kind ever published. SIR DAVID BREWSTER also presents a remarkable union of scientific accomplishments with the grace and spirit of a first-rate litterateur. His *Letters on Natural Magic*, *Life of Newton*, *History of Optics*, and various contributions to the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, are equally noted for literary elegance as for profound knowledge. A high place in this walk is due to MR CHARLES BABBAGE, author of the *Economy of Machinery and Manufactures*; a *Ninth Bridgewater Treatise*, &c. The latter work is a most ingenious attempt to bring mathematics into the range of sciences which afford proof of divine design in the constitution of the world, and contains, besides, many original and striking thoughts. The works on geology, by DR BUCKLAND, MR MURCHISON, MR CHARLES LYELL, SIR HENRY DELABECHE, and DR MANTELL, are all valuable contributions to the library of modern science.

Perhaps no writer of the present day has shown in his works a more extensive range of knowledge, united with great powers of expression, than the REV. WILLIAM WHEWELL, master of Trinity college, Cambridge. The *History of the Inductive Sciences*, three volumes, 1837, and the *Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences, founded upon their History*, two volumes, 1840, are amongst the few books of the age which realise to our minds the self-devoting zeal and life-long application of the world's earlier students. Mr Whewell was also the author of that member of the series of Bridgewater Treatises in which astronomy and general physics were brought to the illustration of natural theology. Another modern writer of unusually varied attainments was the late DR JOHN MACCULLOCH, author of a work on the Western Islands of Scotland; a valuable geological one, presenting a classification of rocks; and a posthumous treatise, in three volumes, on the Attributes of the Deity.

The almost infant science of Ethnography has received a powerful illustration from the industrious labours of DR PRITCHARD, whose *Inquiries into the Physical History of Man* is a book standing almost alone in our literature. It tends to show the accidental nature of the distinctions of colour and figure amongst races of men, and to establish the unity of the human species. Dr Pritchard's work on the Celts is also one of considerable value, particularly for the light it throws on the history of language.

The *Architecture of the Heavens*, by PROFESSOR NICHOL of Glasgow, has deservedly attained great popularity as a beautiful exposition of the sublime observations of Sir William Herschel and others respecting the objects beyond the range of the solar system, and of the hypothesis of the nebular cosmogony. It has been followed by a volume of equally eloquent disquisition, under the title of *Contemplations on the Solar System*. The principles of Natural Philosophy have been illustrated with great success in the language of common life, in the *Elements of Physics* by DR NEIL ARNOTT.

The various departments of knowledge connected with medicine have been illustrated by several writers of the highest talent, from whom it is almost invidious to single out the few names which we have room to notice. In physiology, the works of BOSTOCK, LAWRENCE, MAYO, ELLIOTSON, ROGET, FLETCHER, and CARPENTER, stand deservedly high, while the popular treatises of DR COMBE are remarkable for their extensive usefulness, due to their singularly lucid and practical character. The *Curiosities of Medical Experience* by DR MILLINGEN, the treatises of SIR JAMES CLARK on Climate and Consumption, the various tracts of SIR HENRY HALFORD, DR SOUTHWOOD SMITH'S *Philosophy of Health*, and DR COPELAND'S *Dictionary of Practical Medicine*, are but a meagre selection from a great range of medical works of talent calculated for general reading.

ENCYCLOPÆDIAS.

The progress of ENCYCLOPÆDIAS, or alphabetical digests of knowledge, is a remarkable feature in the literature of modern times. The first was the Cyclopædia of Ephraim Chambers, published in 1728, in two large folio volumes, of which five editions were published within eighteen years. As the work of one individual, the Cyclopædia of Chambers is highly honourable to his taste, industry, and knowledge. The proprietors of this work in 1776 engaged Dr Abraham Rees, a dissenting clergyman (1743-1825), to superintend a new and enlarged edition of it, which appeared in 1785, and was well received. They then agreed with the same gentleman to undertake a new and magnificent work of a similar nature; and in 1802 the first volume of Rees's Cyclopædia was issued, with illustrations in

a style of engraving never surpassed in this country. This splendid work extended to forty-five volumes. In 1751-54 appeared Barrow's *New and Universal Dictionary of Arts and Sciences*, and in 1766 another Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, compiled by the Rev. H. Croker, Dr Thomas Williams, and Mr Samuel Clerk. The celebrated French Encyclopédie was published between the years 1751 and 1765. Among the various schemes of Goldsmith, was *A Universal Dictionary of Arts and Sciences*, for which he wrote a prospectus (unfortunately lost), and to which the most eminent British writers were to be contributors. The premature death of Goldsmith frustrated this plan. In 1771 the Encyclopædia Britannica, edited by Mr William Smellie, was published in four volumes quarto, presenting a novel and important improvement upon its predecessors: 'it treated each science completely in a systematic form, under its proper denomination; the technical terms and subordinate heads being also explained alphabetically, when anything more than a reference to the general treatise was required.' The second edition of this work, commenced in 1776, was enlarged to ten volumes, and embraced biography and history. The third edition, completed in 1797, amounted to eighteen volumes, and was enriched with valuable treatises on grammar and metaphysics, by the Rev. Dr Gleig: with profound articles on mythology, mysteries, and philology, by Dr Doig; and with an elaborate view of the philosophy of induction and contributions in physical science, by Professor Robison. Two supplementary volumes were afterwards added to this work. A fourth edition was issued under the superintendence of Dr James Miller, and completed in 1810; it was enriched with some admirable scientific treatises from the pen of Professor Wallace. Two other editions, merely nominal, of this Encyclopædia were published; and a supplement to the work was projected by the late Mr Constable, and was placed under the charge of Professor Macvey Napier. To this supplement Constable attracted the greatest names both in Britain and France: it contained contributions from Dugald Stewart, Playfair, Jameson, Leslie, Mackintosh, Dr Thomas Thomson, Sir Walter Scott, Jeffrey, Ricardo, Malthus, Mill, Professor Wallace, Dr Thomas Young, M. Biot, M. Arago, &c. The supplement was completed in 1824, in six volumes. Six years afterwards, when the property had fallen into the hands of Messrs Adam and Charles Black, a new edition of the whole was commenced, incorporating all the articles in the supplement, with such modifications and additions as were necessary to adjust them to the later views and information applicable to their subjects. Mr Napier was chosen editor, and an assistant in the work of revision and addition was found in the late Dr James Browne, a man of varied and extensive learning. New and valuable articles were contributed by Sir David Brewster, by Mr Galloway, Dr Traill, Dr Roget, Dr John Thomson, Mr Tytler, Professor Spalding, Mr Moir, &c. This great national work—for such it may justly be entitled—was completed in 1842, in twenty-one volumes.

In the interval between the different editions of the Encyclopædia Britannica, two other important works of the same kind were in progress. The Edinburgh Encyclopædia, under the superintendence of Sir David Brewster, was commenced in 1808, and completed in 1830, in eighteen quarto volumes. The scientific department of the work, under such an editor, could not fail to be rich and valuable, and it is still highly prized. The Encyclopædia Metropolitana was begun in 1815, and presented this difference from its rivals, that it departed from the alphabetical arrangement (certainly the most convenient), and arranged its articles in what the conductors considered their natural order. Coleridge was one of the writers in this work; some of its philological articles are ingenious. The London Encyclopædia, in twenty volumes royal 8vo., is a useful compendium, and includes the whole of Johnson's Dictionary, with its citations. Lardner's Cyclopædia is a collection of different works on natural philosophy, arts, and manufactures, history, biography, &c. published in 131 small 8vo. volumes, issued monthly. The series embraces some valuable works: Sir James Mackintosh contributed part of a popular history of England, Sir Walter Scott and Mr Moore histories of Scotland and Ireland, and M. Sismondi one of the Italian republics. Sir John Herschel wrote for it the Discourse on Natural Philosophy, already alluded to, and a treatise on Astronomy; and Sir David Brewster contributed the history of Optics. In natural history and other departments this Cyclopædia is also valuable, but as a whole it is very defective. Popular Cyclopædias, in one large volume each, have been published, condensing a large amount of information. Of these Mr M'Culloch is author of one on commerce, and another on geography; Dr Ure on arts and manufactures; Mr Brande on science, literature, and art; Mr Blaine on rural sports. There is also a series of Cyclopædias on a larger scale, devoted to the various departments of medical science; namely, the Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine, edited by Drs Forbes, Tweedie, and Conolly; the Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology, edited by Dr A. T. Thomson; and the Cyclopædia of Surgery, edited by Dr Costello; each being in four massive volumes, and composed of papers by the first men of the profession in the country.

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THE END.

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